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VORWORT DES HERAUSGEBERS

„Research“, schreibt Garth Fowden in seinem Bericht, „is a solitary affair. Like any affair it demands time, hard work and, above all, empathy“ (94). Ob das wirklich für *jede* Affäre gilt? Im konkreten Fall ergab sich zwischen Einsamkeit und Empathie jedenfalls kein Widerspruch, richtete sich die Einfühlung des Historikers doch zunächst weniger auf seine *fellow Fellows* denn auf Gestalten wie Elias von Nisibis (11. Jahrhundert) oder Edward Gibbon (gestorben 1794); dennoch fährt Garth fort: „one of the strongest impressions left on me from this year is how ideas sparked in conversations around the lunch table“ (a. O.). Die Philosophin Cristina Lafont formuliert den Widerspruch schärfer; bei ihrer Ankunft hatte sie sich darauf gefreut, sich „in a secluded environment“ (132) ganz und gar auf ihr Projekt konzentrieren zu können; im Nachhinein stellt sie fest: *Seklusion* sei mit Sicherheit der falsche Begriff, wenn man das Jahr im Wissenschaftskolleg zu beschreiben versuche; viel zu stark seien die Wechselwirkungen mit anderen Mitgliedern der Gruppe: „The frequent lunches and dinners, meeting Fellows at the numerous colloquia, workshops and reading groups, on the street, in the residence – offered something incredibly valuable: the pulsating and energetic curiosity, intellectual excitement, and courage to try out new things and thoughts that I only remembered from the days as a graduate student“ (133). Der Evolutionsbiologe Jim Costa greift in seinem Bericht auf die Begrifflichkeit des eigenen Faches zurück und skizziert „the interplay between isolation and interchange. On the one hand we biologists understand that, by and large, isolation is necessary for the evolution of new species [...]. And by analogy so too may novel ideas [...] arise and develop through the isolation experienced by individuals [...] or communities. But on the other hand we also see the benefit of mixing things up: cross-pollination as

the fruitful intermixing of different ideas and perspectives“ (84). Zwischen Isolation und Austausch, zwischen Seklusion und Inklusion ergibt sich notwendig eine Spannung; man könnte auch von einem *double bind* sprechen, dem die Fellows ausgesetzt sind: Es bleibt jeder und jedem überlassen, wie er damit umgeht – und welche Bilanz er oder sie daraus zieht.

Diese kann auch ganz einfach ausfallen, wie im Fall des Literaturwissenschaftlers Franco Moretti: „This year, I have just read, with no concern for the possible use of what I was doing. I chose to be a professor because I liked studying more than anything else; but with the passing years, studying has become so hard to do, with the mounting tide of bureaucracy posing as efficiency, that all one reads must immediately be harnessed to a concrete task and produce *results*, as the saying goes. Useful knowledge: the new Victorianism that stifles us all. But if knowledge is to lead in truly new directions, it needs also long periods of freedom – of uselessness. Thanks to the Wiko, I could feel once more the taste of this old truth“ (149).

Das, was Jim Costa *cross-pollination* nennt, kann zu den unterschiedlichsten Folgen führen. Ein Beispiel dafür berichtet der Politologe Hubertus Buchstein: Es ist eine kleine Geschichte, die mir besonders aufschlussreich zu sein scheint. Sie hat ihren Ort bezeichnenderweise nicht in einem Kolloquium oder Seminar, sondern bei Tisch. An einem Donnerstagabend saßen Daniel und Chava Boyarin sowie Froma Zeitlin am selben Tisch wie Hubertus; das Gespräch drehte sich zunächst um ‚Stolpersteine‘ und zog von hier aus weitere Kreise. Dabei geriet auch eine Frage in den Fokus, die Buchstein ganz direkt betraf in seiner Eigenschaft als ehemaligen Vorsitzenden und nunmehr Beiratsmitglied der Deutschen Vereinigung für Politische Wissenschaft. Die DVPW hatte alle drei Jahre einen Preis zu vergeben, der nach dem bedeutenden Politikwissenschaftler Theodor Eschenburg (1904–99) benannt war: Von diesem war kurz zuvor bekannt geworden, dass er 1934 der SS beigetreten war, und der letzte Preisträger hatte in seiner Dankesrede die DVPW ausdrücklich dazu aufgefordert, den Preis nunmehr neu zu benennen. Buchstein hatte Argumente und Gegenargumente abgewogen – aber es fiel ihm schwer, zu einer ihn selbst befriedigenden Einschätzung zu gelangen. „Bis zu diesem Zeitpunkt hatte ich in der causa Eschenburg aus der Sorge heraus, in moralische Selbstgerechtigkeit zu verfallen, folgende Frageperspektive eingenommen: Wie hätte ich mich in einer vergleichbaren Situation verhalten? Für jeden Nachgeborenen, der nicht pathologisch an moralischer Selbstgerechtigkeit leidet, kann die ehrliche Antwort auf diese Frage nur lauten: Ich weiß es nicht!“ (58). Nun führte das Gespräch bei Tisch aber zu einer Umorientierung.

Es „wurde mir klar,“ schreibt Buchstein, „wie einseitig meine bisherige Frageperspektive nach dem eigenen Verhalten geblieben war und wie sehr sie in ihrer Ausschließlichkeit dazu verleitet, sich in eine Art Mitläuferhermeneutik zu verbeißen und dabei den Blick auf die damaligen Opfer [...] regelrecht auszublenden“. Daraus ergab sich die Notwendigkeit, die Frage neu zu formulieren: „Von welchem Verhalten würden wir *wünschen*, es an den Tag gelegt zu haben, wenn wir in einer vergleichbaren Situation gewesen wären? Entsprechend diesen positiv ausgezeichneten Wünschen gehandelt zu haben, macht einzelne Menschen zu Vorbildern für andere, und deshalb wählen wir sie beispielsweise als Namensgeber für einen Preis aus“ (a. O.). Froma Zeitlin und das Ehepaar Boyarin hatten von Theodor Eschenburg sowie von der Diskussion um den nach ihm benannten Preis nicht die leiseste Ahnung: Dennoch führte das Gespräch mit ihnen zu einer Veränderung der Perspektive, die ebenso simpel wie entscheidend anmutet – zu einer kleinen kopernikanischen Wende. Im Rahmen einer Auseinandersetzung unter deutschen Politikern wäre dies kaum denkbar gewesen.

Interaktionen dieser Art sind weder vorherzusehen noch zu planen, und das ist auch ein Glück. Sie sind jedes Mal eine Überraschung – und ein Geschenk. Aber solange das Milieu der Fellows so heterogen und vielfältig bleibt, wie es ist, wird es an solchen Geschenken auch in Zukunft hoffentlich nicht fehlen.

Arbeitsberichte



CIVIL SOCIETY AND THE ARAB SPRING
SADIK J. AL AZM

Born in Damascus, Syria in 1934 and educated at the American University of Beirut; B.A. in Philosophy 1957. Continued graduate studies in Modern European Philosophy at Yale University, Ph.D. 1961. Taught philosophy at Yale, Hunter College in New York City, the American University of Beirut, and Damascus University. Presently, Emeritus Professor of the History of Modern European Philosophy at Damascus University and often Visiting Professor of Contemporary Arab Social and Political Thought at various universities around the world: Princeton; Hamburg; Leipzig; Antwerp; Humboldt University Berlin; Central European University, Budapest; Tohoku University, Sendai, Japan. Fellow at the Netherlands Institute of Advanced Studies, the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars, Washington, DC. Doctor Honoris Causa, Hamburg University; Erasmus Prize, the Netherlands; Leopold Lucas Prize, Tübingen University. Published, both in Arabic and English, on modern European philosophy and intervened, through books, articles, and pamphlets, in the major social, political, religious, and ideological debates raging in the Arab world since the early sixties to the present. Human rights and civil society activist. Recent Publication: *Secularism, Fundamentalism, and the Struggle for the Meaning of Islam. Collected Essays in 3 Volumes* (2013). – Address: Weatherhead Center for International Affairs, Harvard University, 1737 Cambridge Street, Cambridge, MA 02138, USA. E-mail: salazm@wcfia.harvard.edu

I would like to express my deep gratitude to the Wissenschaftskolleg for offering me a Fellowship during 2012–13, at a time of great political upheavals and social turbulence in key Arab countries including my own, Syria, and my adopted country, Lebanon.

Coming to Wiko, my intention was to use this golden opportunity to catch up with myself in terms of completing much work and lots of drafts left unfinished from earlier moments. My hope was to review the English translation of my book *Critique of Religious Thought*, to be published soon by Al-Saqi Books in London. Also, to finish the study I had started earlier on the “Occidentalism” question in light of the grand international debate triggered by Edward Said’s book *Orientalism*, a debate that extended over the last quarter of the 20th century.

I must confess that the highly troubled situation in the Middle East and the revolution and repression in Syria continued to preoccupy my mind at Wiko and strongly distracted me from my other pursuits.

My essay “The Arab Spring and the Return of Islam” was delivered as the opening lecture of the EUME series at Wiko. This essay will soon appear as a chapter in a book on the “Arab Spring and Syria”, to be published in London, edited by Professor Fawaz Gerges of the London School of Economics. I finished a paper in Arabic on “The Arab Spring and Political Islam” and another paper in English on “Civil Society and the Arab Spring”. Also, I managed to finish an article for the journal *Turkish Studies* (Howard University), on “Turkey, Secularism and the EU: A View from Damascus”.

Wiko care and attention provided me the leisure to lecture in Germany and other European countries, to give interviews to the media, to appear on television and radio programs (both Arab and European), and to take part in conferences, panel discussions, and local political rallies. I succeeded in initiating political contacts and discussions with the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the Stiftung Wissenschaft und Politik, the Berg-hof Foundation, and the Körber-Stiftung, all deeply interested in the goings-on in the Arab world and the Middle East in general. This, in addition to direct political activities for the Syrian opposition in Berlin, Cairo, Doha, and Paris.

Given all that, I still managed to make reasonable progress on my original Wiko projects. I am half way through reviewing and editing the English translation of my book, hoping to complete the job by the end of the year. My work on the “Occidentalism” study resulted in a substantial paper on “Translation, Arabic, and the Postmodern”, presented at Wiko’s weekly colloquium last April. Another happy byproduct was the agreement with Gerlach Press in Berlin to bring out my collected essays in English in three volumes.

The experience of living and working at the Wissenschaftskolleg for a whole year is truly inimitable, given the very enriching exchanges, interactions, and debates with and among such a variety of creative persons, experts, top scholars, admirable Fellows, and

friendly colleagues, all hailing from so many diverse disciplines, countries, and cultures. For this, I will remain thankful to the end of my life.

Finally, I would like to express my great appreciation of the care and attention received from the high quality staff at Wiko, always patient, dedicated, and punctual.



DIE REMISE
MARK ANDRE

Professor (M.A.) für Komposition, Hochschule für Musik Carl Maria von Weber Dresden. Geboren 1964 in Paris. Studium der Musikwissenschaft und Komposition am Conservatoire national supérieur de musique et de danse de Paris, an der École normale supérieure in Paris, am Centre d'études supérieures de la Renaissance in Tours und an der Hochschule für Musik und Darstellende Kunst Stuttgart. – Adresse: Marchlewskistraße 20, 10243 Berlin.

Das Jahr, das ich am Wissenschaftskolleg verbracht habe, wird mir wohl unvergesslich bleiben. Ich habe dort nicht nur eine wunderbare Gemeinschaft von Fellows und Mitarbeitern des Kollegs kennen gelernt, sondern fand auch Arbeitsbedingungen vor, wie ich sie noch nie gehabt habe.

Meine Aufgabe war die Fertigstellung einer großen Komposition für die Stuttgarter Oper, die dort im April 2014 uraufgeführt werden soll. Diese Komposition für Musiktheater trägt den Namen „Wunderzeichen“. Die von Patrick Hahn und mir gesammelten Textfragmente stammen von Johannes Reuchlin und Gershom Scholem sowie aus den Büchern der Weisung, von den Evangelien und von dem französischen Philosophen Jean-Luc Nancy. Thema ist die Reinkarnation des Humanisten Johannes Reuchlin (1455–1522) im Heiligen Land in Israel, und zwar auf dem heutigen Flughafen von Tel Aviv. Der Titel leitet sich von einer Äußerung Goethes her, der das Auftreten Reuchlins in seiner Zeit als „Wunderzeichen“ bezeichnete. Für mich bedeutet die Komposition aufgrund ihres Anspruchs und ihrer Komplexität wohl die schwierigste Aufgabe, der ich mich als Komponist bislang gestellt habe. Wenn ich einen Gutteil der Partitur bis zum

Juli 2013 fertigstellen konnte, dann verdanke ich dies ganz wesentlich den besonderen Arbeitsbedingungen in der „Remise“ des Kollegs, der ständigen Unterstützung und Aufmunterung durch den Staff des Kollegs und den vielen Anregungen vonseiten anderer Fellows, die in die Arbeit eingegangen sind, ohne dass ich dies an den Noten im Einzelnen festmachen könnte. Mein besonderer Dank gilt Helmut Lachenmann und Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus.

Ich habe auch die Gelegenheit genutzt, meine Kompositionen bei einer Abendveranstaltung im Kolleg im Juni 2013 zusammen mit der Musikkritikerin Julia Spinola unter dem Titel „Kompositorische Zwischenräume“ einem größeren Berliner Publikum vorstellen zu können. Ebenso dankbar bin ich für zwei Konzert-Rehearsals mit dem Trio Catch und anderen Solistinnen, bei denen ich den Fellows meine Musik im Rahmen eines internen Konzerts erläuterte. Die dreimonatige Präsenz des Diotima-Quartetts im Kolleg wirkte ebenso anregend auf mich wie der längere Aufenthalt von Alfred Brendel und die wiederholten Besuche von Helmut Lachenmann und nicht zuletzt die vielen Gespräche mit anderen Fellows, bei denen ich Dinge lernen durfte, die mir bislang verschlossen waren.

Ich kann nur meinen herzlichen Dank für dieses schöne und produktive Jahr in der Wallotstraße aussprechen.



ON SENSE, THE SENSES, AND SENSIBILITY
KELLY M. ASKEW

Kelly M. Askew is Director of the African Studies Center and Associate Professor of Anthropology and Afroamerican/African Studies at the University of Michigan. Her publications include *Performing the Nation: Swahili Music and Cultural Production in Tanzania* (2002), a finalist for the 2003 African Studies Association Herskovits Award for best scholarly work on Africa; two edited volumes, *African Postsocialisms* (with M. Pitcher, 2006) and *The Anthropology of Media: A Reader* (with R. Wilk, 2002); and articles on topics spanning land rights, nationalism, gender relations, and Hollywood film production. She is also a filmmaker, most recently having completed: 1) “Poetry in Motion: 100 Years of Zanzibar’s Nadi Ikhwan Safaa” (Jahazi Media, 2012) on the history of Zanzibar’s oldest taarab orchestra; and 2) “The Chairman and the Lions” (Documentary Educational Resources, 2013) on the challenges facing a Maasai village, which won the first place at the ETNOFilm Festival (Croatia, 2013) and a Special Jury Award at the Zanzibar International Film Festival (Tanzania, 2013). She has received research grants from the National Science Foundation, Wenner-Gren Foundation, Ford Foundation, Fulbright Association, and USAID. – Address: African Studies Center, University of Michigan, 1080 South University Avenue, Ann Arbor, MI 48109-1106, USA. E-mail: kaskew@umich.edu

Like other Wiko realms cloaked in aura, such as the magical speed with which book requests are granted or the impossible variety of culinary offerings (was ever a menu repeated in the course of our ten months?), when and how the list of the 2012–13 Wiko Fellows was made public remains a mystery to me. It must have occurred several months before we arrived in Berlin, when I was still mired in the obligations and responsibilities

of my regular life in Michigan and dreaming of the moment when I'd fasten my airplane seat belt and feel the relief and release that comes with the start of a journey.

Well before that anticipated moment, I received two curious e-mails. The directors of two institutes in the greater Berlin area invited me to present my work in their respective lecture series during my Wiko year; each considered my research a good fit for their thematic foci on society and emotions, at one institute, and music and emotions, at the other. Perplexed, I expressed gratitude for the invitations but pointed out that I don't engage the topic of emotion in my work and thus was perhaps not an appropriate addition to their programs. In both cases, I met stout resistance: my research on Swahili music and poetry and its deployment in discourses by, about, and against the Tanzanian nation-state, they insisted, was of great interest for its ties to national sentiments and collective emotions. Is it necessarily so? I asked myself. Must poetry and music be forever linked to affect and realms beyond the rational? Can they ever be liberated from Plato's warnings against the power of poetry especially to bewitch, entrance, and cause hearers to lose their senses?

If anything, I had studiously avoided all discussion of affect in my work, my gut response to popular and scholarly stereotypes of African cultural practices as forever subject to emotion and irrationality. Consider the ever-growing literature within African studies on witchcraft, on ecstatic dance and trance, and on healing traditions based on supernatural epistemologies. And link to these the equally prevalent attention to music and poetry as bridges to altered states of being. No, let others pursue those lines of scholarship. I wasn't going to contribute. My work focuses instead on the power of music and poetry to move *minds*, not emotions, souls, and psyches. Music and poetry as modes of reasoning, as methods of political claim-making, as vehicles for social action: *that* is where I position myself as a scholar. There would be no space in my analysis for matters of the heart. I would battle Plato not in terms of his rational approach to politics, but in his exclusion of music and poetry from a rational approach to politics.

So off to Wiko I went, to start a new book project on the uses of populist poetry, both sung and in print, as a vehicle for laying political claims and mobilizing publics in Tanzania, East Africa. Nearly five thousand Swahili poems published in newspapers by ordinary citizens from across the full breadth of Tanzania and spanning five decades of Tanzania's history constitute my raw data. Add to this corpus some 100 rap songs from the 1990s on to enable me to access the poetic politics of Tanzania's youth. Poems from women and men, from Muslims and Christians, from a huge swath of the country's 120+ ethnicities, from youth and elders, from experienced poets and from amateurs. These

would form the focus of my Wiko year, and my first task would be to catalogue them and select a manageable and hopefully representative sample for translation and analysis. After that, I'd separate them into topics relevant to a political history of postsocialist Tanzania (1985–present) including: 1) the privatization of property (especially land), 2) the retraction of the state and public services, 3) new memoryscapes, 4) new labor regimes (including widespread “redundancy”), 5) the privatization of profit (otherwise known as “corruption”), and 6) emerging neoliberal moralities. That's indeed what I managed to do, thanks in part to the assistance I received from famed Kenyan poet and political exile Abdilatif Abdalla, whom Wiko generously allowed me to invite for two weeks of collaborative translation work. What remains now is for me to interweave my selected poems and songs with an analysis of postsocialist Tanzania, exploring how citizens imagine their newly configured state, its future, and its socialist past and how they engage it: my task for 2013–14.

But how to deal with the expectation confronting me at the other institutes and during my *Dienstagskolloquium* discussion that I must not ignore the role of emotions in all this? As the lone sociocultural anthropologist and lone Africanist in my Wiko cohort (a stroke of amazing luck), I'll be forever grateful to my legal theorist, political scientist, historian, literary scholar, and philosopher colleagues who pressed me on this and other points. Our “Democracy” reading group was an especially helpful forum for thinking these matters through. Though I remained resolute in my desire to eschew discussions of collective effervescence or ecstasy, they convinced me that there are rational political purposes to which emotions can be put. Cristina Lafont, thankfully, directed me to a book on *Civil Passions* about how political movements are propelled by emotional responses to injustice and oppression, such as the utterly rational horror one feels in the face of genocide, Third World poverty, or other violations of human rights. Perhaps an obvious point to others, it wasn't obvious to me, given the state of African studies, that rationality and emotion could be productively reconciled. Sense and the senses, I've learned, both constitute sensibility.

So I leave Wiko wiser and not a little emotional. When will I enjoy again such collective intellectual effervescence? This unimaginable freedom to think and debate, read and write, bound only by a daily meal obligation that became a daily reward? When will I feel again the shared thrill of discovery that Marianne the Wiko librarian and I experienced in trying to track down the origins of the quote: *Art is not a mirror held up to society but a hammer with which to shape it* – most commonly attributed to Bertolt Brecht, but also

to Leon Trotsky, Karl Marx, Vladimir Mayakovsky, and Boris Arvatov? Was it not beyond the call of duty for Reinhart to direct me to Brecht's *Short Organum for the Theatre* to search for something resembling this quote? Or for librarian Anja to query the Brecht-Archiv here in Berlin about what that son of this soil might or might not have written on art and political action? For fellow Fellow Andrij to search Russian texts on the quote's possible ties to Trotsky, Marx, Mayakovsky, or Arvatov? For Axel to lead me to Nietzsche's idea of philosophy as a hammer? For Hubertus to e-mail one of the editors of the Marx-Engels-Gesamtausgabe inquiring about Marx as potential originator and receive the clue implicating Arvatov? Or for Franco to introduce me to his team at Stanford to help make quantitative as well as qualitative sense of the overabundance of Swahili poems I've collected? To discuss poetry and the perils of translation with Lian, José, Abdilatif, Eva, and Kamal; diaspora with Daniel; colonialism and its aftermaths with Ussama, Tony, Alessandra, and Gabor; pragmatics, language use, and Maa versus Swahili grammar with Bill and Ben; music with Mark, Maria, Mauricio, and maestro Brendel; global economic challenges with Bruce, Shakti, Gillian, and Teri; global political challenges with Cristina, Anne, Dominique, and Atac; Plato with Froma, Jonas, Avi, and Michael; gender inequities with Gillian, Elora, Sonia, and Delphine; collaborative research and methodologies with Angela, Jack, Jim, Joanna, Emily, and Bob; Kafka's *Das Schloss* and the limitations of political literature with Thorsten; Islam past and present with Sadik, Martin, and Garth; the powers of art with Kendall, Marianne, and Elisabeth; or the powers of emotion with Ulrich, our local champion of passion as productive sentiment?

Ngũgĩ wa Thiong'o, one of Africa's most celebrated novelists, dissidents, and intellectuals, writes, "Art, with its embodiment of notions of creativity and freedom, needs to assert itself. It needs to be active, engaged, insistent on being what it has always been, the embodiment of dreams for a truly human world ... The goal of human society is the reign of art on earth." Tanzanian poets and rappers, in keeping with the original meaning of *poiesis*, bring into being new ideas and possibilities. They generate social action by identifying the practices of the corrupt, and they produce political engagement by insisting on the rights of all Tanzanians but especially those of the outcast (e.g., albinos and widows), the poor, the exploited, and the vulnerable. If they move hearts as well as minds, enraging in order to engage, so much the better, I belatedly concede.



108 DAYS IN BERLIN
ROWAN D. H. BARRETT

I am the Canada Research Chair of Biodiversity Science at McGill University. My work is motivated by a desire to understand the genetic basis of adaptation to changing environments. My research bridges theoretical and empirical approaches in population genetics, evolutionary ecology, and molecular biology to ask questions about the reciprocal interactions between ecological and evolutionary processes, and the mechanisms by which these forces impact genomic variation in natural populations. I have pursued this research program with a variety of key study systems, including stickleback fish, deer mice, and microbes. – Address: Redpath Museum, McGill University, 859 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal, H3A 2K6, Canada. E-mail: rowan.barrett@mcgill.ca; website: barrettlab.ca

I don't keep a written diary, and having failed to follow the advice of experienced Wiko staff to write my yearbook report immediately after concluding my 108-day stay last fall, I found myself struggling to recall precise memories eight months, two international moves, and a new job after leaving Berlin. Fortunately, I do keep an excellent visual diary in the form of my Flickr website (www.flickr.com/photos/rowan_barrett/collections/72157632137524018/)! As I clicked through this digital tapestry I became deeply nostalgic about my time at Wiko and the wonderful city of Berlin. It all came flooding back so quickly! From the nervous excitement of the first forays across the city to Friedrichshain to the bittersweet goodbyes at the *Weißwurstfrühstück* and Villa Walther cocktail crawl, the time could not have been more full or more diverse.

If I could only pick one point of advice to give future Fellows, it is to bring, buy, or borrow a bike for your stay. My wife, Naomi, and I brought our bikes along with us and

these became our passports to explore the city with absolute freedom from train and bus routes or schedules. Berlin is a fantastically bike-friendly city, and this is by far the best way to experience your new home. Just a few scattered highlights from our ever-expanding adventures around the city: spooky relicts of the Cold War adorned with graffiti on Teufelsberg, a cacophony of sounds in the most unlikely of places during the musical festival at Tempelhof Airport, riots of color and smell at the Turkish market, athletic prowess on the pitch and spilled beer in the stands during soccer matches at the Olympic Stadium, smoky air and thudding beats at subterranean night clubs in Kreuzberg, retro treasures amongst the junk and performers at Mauerpark, fantastical art pieces nestled among the office towers in Charlottenburg, snow-blanketed trails crunching under bike tires while cycling in Grunewald Park, opulent architecture in Potsdam, sifting through vintage clothes for sale inside an old shipping container in Prenzlauer Berg, the profound competing for space with the mundane at Art Berlin Contemporary, botanical fireworks at the *Flohmarkt*, austere Soviet monuments in Treptower Park, fiery carpets of yellow and orange leaves along the Hasensprung, and dazzlingly creative street art peering down from walls along the Spree. Every week brings a new surprise in Berlin, and as wonderful as the Wissenschaftskolleg is, excursions out of the Western side of the city are always rewarding!

Ah, and the work? Yes, there was plenty of that too. Being away from my lab bench at Harvard, and also being unable to do my usual field trips to study mice in Nebraska, meant that I could focus on a few key objectives. A large goal for the semester was to write a series of grant proposals that would be instrumental in helping me set up my new lab at McGill University, where I would be starting my first faculty position in a year's time. During September and October I managed to write applications for a Canada Research Chair, a Canada Foundation for Innovation grant, a National Science and Engineering Research Council Discovery grant, and a National Science and Engineering Research Council Research Tools and Infrastructure grant. I am happy to report that these applications were successful, and as I sit here in Montreal a year later I am busy putting the funds to good use and getting my first students set up with their research projects. In November and December I turned to analysis of a large-scale genomics dataset that I had generated from the previous year's field and molecular efforts, and also worked on two manuscripts. The first investigated the genetic basis of adaptive pigmentation in deer mice and has since been published in *Science*. This paper focuses on a classic story of adaptation – rapid evolution of pigmentation of mice inhabiting the Nebraska Sand Hills –

first described by natural historians in the 1940s. In previous work, my colleagues showed that changes in gene expression at a major effect locus (*Agouti signaling protein*) could lead to an overall lighter coat color in mice. In this new paper we dissect the major-effect *Agouti* locus to show, quite surprisingly, that this gene fractionates into multiple smaller-effect mutations, each with a specific effect on pigmentation (e.g., dorsal versus ventral hair color) and showing strong evidence of having been favored by natural selection in the past. The work highlights the extraordinary fine-tuning of genetic and phenotypic variation possible during adaptation and demonstrates the importance of going beyond gene-level resolution to understand the specific mutations implicated in adaptive evolutionary changes. In particular, lighter-colored mice do not evolve through a single change in a gene that simultaneously changes multiple pigmentation traits. Instead, distinct mutations have very precise effects on different aspects of coat color, and together these different changes are assembled through evolution to lead to lighter-colored mouse populations. The second paper investigated the role of molecular plasticity in the temperature tolerance of fish and is currently in review at *Evolution*. We show how temperature-dependent gene expression has been important for allowing marine sticklebacks to colonize freshwater environments, and thereby demonstrate the importance of molecular plasticity in facilitating adaptation to novel environments. In November I also gave talks at the Leibniz Institute of Freshwater Ecology and Inland Fisheries (and enjoyed my bike ride across Berlin to the banks of the Müggelsee, where the institute is located) and at the Institute of Biology at the University of Basel in Switzerland (combined with a quick side trip to the Alps to play in the mountains!).

Throughout all of these months I also participated in the Evolution Discussion Group with a number of other Fellows. This weekly meeting served as an excellent opportunity for us to read a diverse range of papers and learn from each other's different expertise on the topics. I found it very helpful to have a number of non-evolutionary biologists as participants, who expertly forced the rest of us to question (or at least better explain!) many of our deeply held assumptions about various evolutionary principles. This interdisciplinary boiling pot is of course a *raison d'être* of the institute and reflects the simple brilliance of the Wiko endeavor. Bring a group of intellectually curious and extremely diverse people together, place very few restrictions on their time, and let things evolve! Naturally, there can be difficulties in communication when individuals used to being immersed in their own disciplines are forced to try to explain their work to people in wildly different fields, but this is part of the fun, and always an interesting challenge!

I especially enjoyed this opportunity for intellectual exchange with Fellows from the humanities, whose thoroughly alien ways of doing all things academic continually surprised, frustrated, and excited me. I certainly don't think I'll ever hear another talk focused on the elbow of a single sculpture from the Italian Renaissance! Of course, the broader implications of the talk were more profound, and involved the concept of self-referentialism in art. It took some reflection to appreciate that, to the uninitiated, one of my talks could equally be viewed as being solely focused on just a few populations of a single species of little fish! I will always treasure the relationships I developed with Wiko Fellows of all academic stripes, and I remain thankful to the flawless group of professionals working at Wiko to make our lives so easy during those transplanted months. If any of you have the opportunity to pass through Montreal, please contact Naomi and me so that we can try to recreate the collegiality of the Wiko dining room!



WIKOLEAKS
GILLIAN BENTLEY

Gillian Bentley is a Professor of Biological Anthropology at Durham University in the UK. She obtained her undergraduate degree at the University of London and her M.A. and Ph.D. (1987) at the University of Chicago. She has been a postdoctoral researcher at Harvard University and Pennsylvania State University and a Royal Society University Research Fellow at Cambridge University and University College London. Her degrees are in Archaeology of the Ancient Near East, but she became more interested in human biology and particularly human reproductive ecology, which resulted in her retraining in this field through her postdocs. She has conducted fieldwork in Central Africa examining the effects of seasonal nutritional stress on reproductive hormone levels among a group of slash-and-burn horticulturalists in the Ituri Forest. Since 2001, she has been studying the effects of environmental change during childhood on reproductive function across the life course among migrant Bangladeshis in the UK. She publishes papers on her work in a range of anthropological, biological and clinical journals. – Address: Wolfson Research Institute for Health and Wellbeing, Durham University, Queen's Campus, Thornaby, Stockton on Tees TS17 5BA, United Kingdom. E-mail: g.r.bentley@durham.ac.uk

I arrived at Wiko and the Villa Walther on a late summer's day, having driven nine very long hours from the ferry port at Ijmuiden (Amsterdam), accompanied by a plaintive teenage daughter (who most definitely did not want to come to Berlin), a heavily laden car containing possessions adequate for ten and a half months, two stressed-out rabbits, an old, dying hamster (now buried in the garden at the Villa Walther), and a bucketful of live fish (all part of the negotiations to come to Berlin with said daughter). My first

exhausted thought: “I can’t believe we’re here!” was reinforced over the next few weeks by the many pleasant reminders of the extended welcome we would receive at Wiko – from the thoughtful food package in the kitchen that provided our first meal, to the designation of an apartment with chicken wire already around the balcony railings to accommodate the rabbits and prevent any potential bunny (or maybe even daughter) suicides from the fourth floor, to the ever-ready helpful advice from Vera and Funda in reception, the computer-ready, peaceful office that was to provide sanctuary during my stay and the excellent meals that provided constant sustenance. These and many other things are some of the memories that will endure of how much Wiko does to make its Fellows and families feel at home and valued.

Reflecting on the ten-plus months spent here, life at Wiko reminds me somewhat of what it was like being a graduate student in the US and living in an international dorm. True, our accommodations are singularly more up-market than those typical of graduate students, and many of us have children living with us at home, but the same sense of camaraderie and of communal life exists, from the sharing of food to the unlikely intellectual chats through chance encounters in the laundry room or over the garbage bins early in the morning. The same sense of time that characterizes graduate school is also pervasive (at least in the beginning). And, as I reflect on this, I can contemplate what I have gained from this extraordinary and privileged ten months at Wiko. I have had time to write, time to read, time to explore ideas and time to *think*. The value of the latter cannot be overestimated, as the current pressures of being an academic in the UK, by definition, almost preclude thinking time. Add to that the duties of a single mother and time is short indeed! I am going to try to carry with me some of these re-acquired, luxury tools and try to recreate a sense of time and space when I go back home, if at all possible!

Let me not forget the cultural aspects of life in an institution that is lucky enough to be in Berlin. First, I came to Germany unable even to count up to ten in Deutsch, but can happily say that I now have a working command of the German language thanks to our exceptional teachers, Ursula and Eva. I can never thank them enough for opening the door into a whole new language world, and I’m determined to find a course back home when I return so I can continue this journey. Second, of course, there is Berlin’s rich and complicated history that I have been at pains to explore in an attempt to understand that “banality of evil” that characterized the mid-twentieth century in Germany. I’m not sure how close I am to understanding, but I can say that I have learned a great deal more about this period of time through the various historical places I have visited and the books I

have read this year. Then there are the amazing museums that do things on a scale that boggles the mind (think *Pergamon* for starters), the art galleries, the music venues, the lovely Christmas Markets in December ... there is just one thing I have not done all year in Berlin (with some justification). I've resisted the infamous Berlin Currywurst!

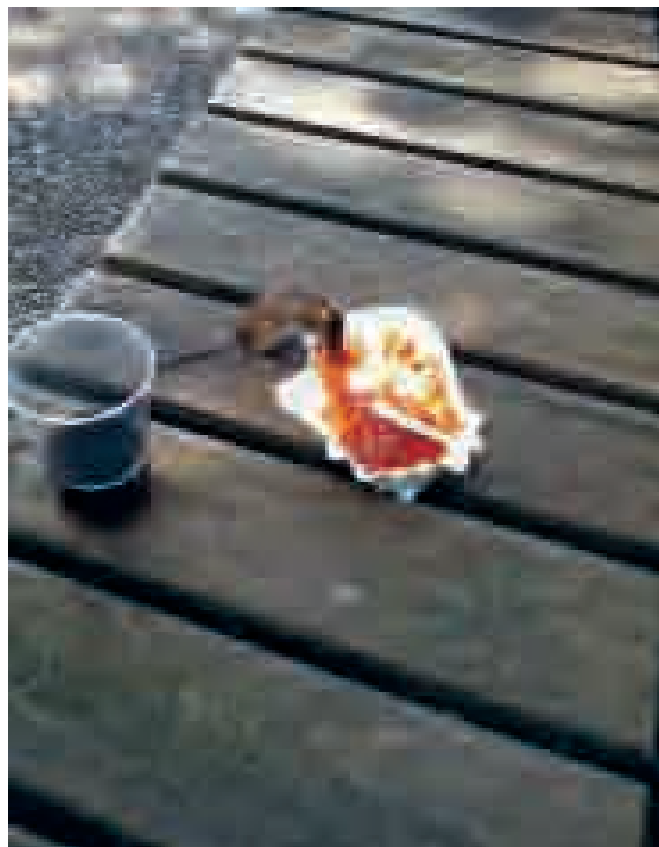
On the academic side, my project at Wiko has been to write papers from a rich dataset that colleagues and I have accumulated from a study of Bangladeshi immigrants to the UK. We have been examining various aspects of their reproductive function and assessing how development in different environments in early life affects levels of hormones, rates of ovulation and patterns of reproductive ageing. We have been able to show that Bangladeshi women who grow up in the UK have very different reproductive profiles from their counterparts who grow up in Bangladesh: the former have an earlier puberty, higher levels of reproductive hormones, higher rates of ovulation and a later age at menopause. The environmental factors that contribute to this changing physiology are a lower exposure to infectious diseases in the UK and a better healthcare system. Our findings argue for the importance of nurture rather than nature during critical childhood years.

In terms of productivity, I've managed to complete 2.5 papers in the time that I have spent in Wiko, which is about 1.5 less than I had hoped. But I also carry with me the numerous other things that I have learned from my new colleagues and friends about music, classics, poetry, history, law and many other areas of life. Like other Fellows who have written before me, the 0.5 of a paper I began is something that I hadn't contemplated before sitting down to read and think in my wonderful Wiko office. It explores further the social and health implications of changes in stages of life history timing that appear to be affecting humans in many contemporary societies.

I procrastinated about finishing this piece up until the last minute (we leave the day after tomorrow) in an effort to deny the inevitable. To finish the piece (Wiko requested that we hand it in prior to departure) is to acknowledge that our time is over, and who wants to acknowledge the end of something that we'd all like to hang on to! So to resist further procrastination, I came down to the Wannsee (which reminds me of Windermere in the English Lake District, and all on the doorstep of Berlin) to escape from packing and boxes, and to reflect some more in its beautiful and peaceful setting about the past ten months. My daughter, enriched and happy from her Berlin experience and also sad to leave, sent

me the following extract in a text Skype that was taken from J. M. Barrie: “Never say goodbye, because saying goodbye means going away and going away means forgetting” (Peter Pan). And, although not scholarly in nature, the quote seems extraordinarily apt for a place like Wiko, where most of us would like to stay forever if we could, and we will certainly never “forget”. We have been reminded by Wiko staff that “once a Fellow, always a Fellow”, so perhaps it is not really goodbye but more “auf Wiedersehen”.

But, sitting here by the Wannsee, contemplating the fabulous vista and enjoying the July sun, I’ve made up my mind. There’s a kiosk opposite, and ... yes, I’m going to do it, I’m definitely going to do it, and do it now! I’m going to walk over, use my newly acquired Deutsch ... I will order and eat my first (and possibly last) ever Currywurst before I leave ...



Die “Raider” Maus – attacking the remains of the Currywurst at the Wannsee (this really happened once I put down the left-overs)! I guess Berlin Mäuse like the local cuisine.



THERE WHERE YOU ARE NOT¹
KAMAL BOULLATA

Kamal Boullata was born in Jerusalem in 1942. He is a graduate of the Fine Arts Academy of Rome and the Corcoran Art Museum School in Washington, DC. Public collections holding his art include the British Museum, London; Alhambra Islamic Museum, Granada; National Gallery of Fine Arts, Amman; Institute of the Arab World, Paris; New York Public Library, New York; Arab Museum of Modern Art, Doha; Bibliothèque Louis Notari, Monaco. As a Fulbright Fellow (1993 and 1994), he conducted research on Islamic art in Morocco and Spain. In 2001, he received a Ford Foundation grant to research post-Byzantine painting in Palestine. Books he edited include *If Only the Sea Could Sleep: Love Poems by Adonis* (2003); *Belonging and Globalization: Critical Essays in Contemporary Art and Culture* (2008). Books he authored include *Palestinian Art from 1850 to the Present* (2009) and *Between Exits: Paintings by Hani Zurob* (2012). – Address: Joachim-Friedrich-Straße 2, 10711 Berlin. E-mail: kamal.boullata@t-online.de

“Paradise without people is not worth stepping in.” This is the Arabic saying that came to mind as I was walking down Koenigsallee. A year’s residency had just come to an end. All the familiar faces of Fellows, their partners and the children had vanished from Grunewald. Being the last to depart, I could not believe how the Institute that was throbbing with life, conviviality and intellectual zest was turned overnight into a desolate place. The departure of most of its staff deepened the desolation. The beauty of the

1 “Dort, wo du nicht bist” the last verse from the Lied “Der Wanderer” adapted by Franz Schubert from a poem by Georg Philip Schmidt.

Institute's setting continued to glow as ever before. But nothing was the same. It was the people at the Wissenschaftskolleg that were the heart and soul of the place: both the distinguished individuals who ran the institution with utmost grace and diligence and the scholars they judiciously selected and with whom together they would constitute a community that I repeatedly heard Fellows liken to a residency in paradise.

The grounds for my personal paradise began to take shape as soon as I learnt how to manage my time between the inevitable "interruptions" of communal living and the drive to focus on the painting project that I considered realizing during my residency. Throughout the first three months, sketches drafted evolved simultaneously with the blossoming of irresistible friendships cultivated mainly over the daily lunches and Thursday dinners.

Once all sketches were completed, I embarked on my painting in the spacious and sunny office space turned into a splendid atelier on the second floor of Villa Jaffé. That is when everything began to flow effortlessly. I have never experienced going through the routines of community living where I have been so intellectually stimulated at the same time as I continued to be totally absorbed by my work. The joy of thinking was energizing as I heard experts present papers in colloquia on subjects I never thought could interest me. It was not the new knowledge that I acquired that moved me as much as it was the thinking I was invited to exercise. At times, this joy of thinking could almost reach the height of pleasure experienced in looking at beauty.

Having been the first painter to be selected as a Fellow, there were times when I could not help but feel like the odd man out. I fully understood how discussions could be a necessity that compels the sharpening of one Fellow's argument or veering the course of another's research; but I could not discuss my own painting as I was in the process of calling it into being. While ideas are communicated by the same means of words one reads on a page, the language of painting is composed of matter that is alien to speech. That is why, when asked to discuss my painting, I frequently felt at a loss for words. If I were really able to express it in words, why paint in the first place? No wonder, it was during those breathless moments of silence we lived all together in anticipation of a Fellow musician's concert to begin that I felt the closest to my Wiko community of Fellows.

From the sessions of the reading group I joined to explore how a work of art could be a subject of discussion, I could trace how the level of pictorial interpretation has been elevated to an "image science" *Bildwissenschaft*. The punch that hits you in your gut upon beholding beauty in a work of art had no place in such discussions. Marianne Koos, who led the reading group, provoked critical and brilliant discussions that awakened my

insatiable interest in the relation between word and image. Marianne also contacted former Fellows including Horst Bredekamp, Gottfried Boehm and Hans Belting, who were instrumental in contributing to the formulation of the “image science”. In retrospect, I can see that the afternoons I spent with Hans Belting were particularly memorable for having allowed me a more personal glimpse of the man whose aesthetic sensibilities and reading of art history embrace a scope and magnitude that I have seldom encountered elsewhere.

While discussions emanating in and outside the sessions of our reading group enriched my general knowledge, it was the interchanges I had with fellow musicians, and listening to their music, that propelled me right back into the throb of what I sensed every time I was facing a canvas.

It all started one day early on in the year when I was having lunch with Angela Gronenborn. We happened to be talking about how our bodies respond differently to sights and sounds when Mauricio Sotelo joined our table. Thinking of how only through poetry we can fathom the welding of the visual and the audial, I turned to Mauricio to ask how he understood Lorca’s expression *sonidos negros* or “dark sounds” when speaking about flamenco. I do not remember his exact words but I do remember that a whole world opened up before us as he spoke. Angela and I were thrilled to learn how since childhood Mauricio found affinities between colour and sound and that today with the aid of a computer he synthesizes it all out in creating his compositions. In describing his music, I noted that he was employing terms traditionally associated with visual expression. Beside “tone” and “colour”, he also spoke of “line”, “edge” and “border” in music. For him, sound could feel “horizontal” or “vertical”, just as the word “architecture” referred to a composition’s structure.

Soon after that day, former Fellow and composer Helmut Lachenmann, whose Streichquartett Nr. 3 “Grido” had been performed by Fellow members of Quatuor Diotima, returned for a few days to rehearse his “Salut für Caudwell” for two guitars. I attended both events. In the rehearsal I noted how, every time the originator of *Musique concrète instrumentale* interrupted the guitarists, he was trying to refine the quality in the infinitesimal rustle of strings. At one point, he likened the tactility of sound he sought to a cat scratching the string. Throughout his interruptions, his prime concern was what he called the “texture” of sound produced – another term associated with the visual.

One day after all Fellows were gone at the end of the lunch break and I was left alone carrying on a conversation with Lachenmann, he asked if he could see my work on the

four triptychs. I told him I have nothing to show before June save for a mountain of pencil drawings on paper and a handful of studies in acrylics on canvas. Though I never let anyone view my embryonic markings, especially no one who never saw my work before, I could not but comply with his wish. Soon after detecting how the so-called Fibonacci sequence of proportional ratios was employed as a skeletal base for structuring my geometric compositions, he launched a discussion on chord progression and temporal proportions by which I sensed how correlations between contemporary music and abstract painting are drawn. I was spellbound by his discourse. We lost all track of time. By evening, as I was walking back to Villa Walther under the gentle floating of snowflakes, I could not help but recall how Adorno once referred to the ear as being the eye's Other.²

Lachenmann's words evoked in me an unflagging zeal to pursue my intuition to learn more about the affinities between music and painting. The impetus he aroused only matched his music's virtuosity in provoking my ears to listen to unprecedented sounds emanating from classical instruments. But it was his student Mark Andre whose work revealed in what sphere the temporal and the spatial arts could merge.

Mark presented several recitals during the year. One afternoon, in his work "... als ... II" for bass clarinet, violoncello and piano, interpreted by Trio Catch, the spatial quality of the Große Kolloquienraum was highlighted when the piercing shriek of the bass clarinet was emitted from the back of the hall as the accompanying performers continued playing before the audience. Understandably, music had always possessed spatial qualities by virtue of the fact that it unfolds in space; Mark, however, has been seeking to expand the dimension of space in his music even beyond the place where it is performed. Hence, he recorded the acoustic quality of places he selected to incorporate their furtive sounds into the body of his composition.

Before coming to the Wissenschaftskolleg, Mark had travelled to Istanbul to take what he calls "acoustic photos" of sounds in mosques, churches and synagogues for his composition titled "üg", which included percussion, wind and string instruments in addition to piano and live electronics. In October 2008, echoes of the centuries-old sanctified spaces in Istanbul wafted throughout the performance in the Alte Oper in Frankfurt. By introducing the sounds of a distant place, Mark's work not only transcended his art's

2 Theodor W. Adorno. "On Some Relationships between Music and Painting." *The Music Quarterly* 79, 1 (Spring, 1995): 66–79.

traditional boundaries; the listener was also made to enter a world of raspy tones and thuds in which the sound of space acquired an unearthly dimension.

During his year at the Wissenschaftskolleg, Mark was working on an opera titled “Wunderzaichen”, for which he had travelled to Jerusalem to take “acoustic photos” within the Basilica of the Resurrection, venerated by pilgrims since the 4th century as the site of the crucifixion, burial and resurrection of Christ. The Basilica is only a few steps from the house in which I was born. I learnt about his trip when one day he joined me for lunch together with the cellist Eeva Rysä. I happened to jokingly comment on how the manufacturer of the bells of our neighbourhood’s Grunewaldkirche must have been the same as that of the Redeemer’s Lutheran Church in Jerusalem because the tone, pitch and rhythmic ring sounded identical. Mark instantly snapped his fingers and said “genau!”. That is how I was assured that his ears have been tuned to the very sounds of the quarter in which I grew up. Then out of the blue he asked if I ever travelled back home through Ben Gurion Airport in Tel Aviv. I pointed out that I was able to travel home only on a tourist visa after obtaining an American passport. He pressed on and asked me to describe the border crossing. I explained that upon arrival at the airport and as soon as the inspector sees my birthplace, I am separated from other passengers and asked to join another line where only Palestinians stood waiting. From there, I am usually led to a side room to be intermittently interrogated by various Israeli agents as to why I was coming back, and I said that last time, the waiting between agents and my renewed interrogation took 6 hours. Eeva turning to Mark exclaimed *sotto voce*, “but this sounds like Reuchlin in your opera!”.

Only weeks after varying encounters with Mark in which he went over with me about the details of my interrogations, I learnt that all four acts of his opera take place at the Tel Aviv Airport. There he had placed the late 15th-century Greek and Hebrew scholar Johannes Reuchlin coming to fulfil his pilgrimage to the Holy Land. After his investigation by the airport authorities, the German scholar is not permitted to cross the borders. There, he dies only to reappear in the last scene.

By incorporating in his music the recorded sounds of a legendary space believed to be the site of Christ’s Passion, Mark Andre sought to capture the memory of the place as the biblical narrative is re-enacted in a contemporary operatic setting. Yet, just as much as sounds of that empty sepulchre could have evoked in the composer the memory of death and resurrection, for the painter in me it was the sights of Grunewald and the ground

under my feet that resuscitated the memory imprinted in this place where simple sounds like a church bell could further convoke sights and sounds of other places.

In the beginning, it was the villa's name where I set up my temporary atelier; "Jaffé" recalled the Arabic sound of "Yafa", the coastal town of Jaffa where I saw the sea for the first time in my life. Here I took my first lesson in German with the formidable Ursula Kohler and learnt to read how to "See, our trees stand / And the houses we live in endure. Only we / We alone drift past all of it – as if air. And all things / Conspire to silence us – we who embarrass them / Yet remain, perhaps, their unsayable hope."³

Right outside the gates of Villa Jaffé, a tiny brass plaque set into the pavement commemorates the former residents Emmy and Georg Braun who sought exile in Shanghai to escape the Nazis. Their son Herbert had preceded them there following his incarceration for six months in Sachsenhausen for his criticism of National Socialism. In 1948, Herbert sailed to Jaffa to settle next door in Tel Aviv. Within four years, however, he left the newly born Jewish state to live back in Villa Jaffé where he ultimately died. Upon crossing the threshold of the house, I often wondered, did Herbert Braun return to Berlin for the same reason that Walter Benjamin, his former neighbourhood resident from Delbrückstraße resisted going there in the first place, rebuffing all enticements pressed by his friend Gershom Scholem?

At the end of a day's work, hearing my footsteps on Wallotstraße after the woman walking her dog was gone, I always felt estranged by an eerie stillness in the air, the trees and the houses. No, "It is not the houses. It is the spaces in between the houses / It is not the streets that exist / It is the streets that no longer exist" that made me often wonder how could it all have happened in this very place "when the world was at its darkest / When the black wings passed over the rooftops."⁴

One day I asked Daniel Boyarin, with whom I shared common friends from Jerusalem and Berkeley, how he feels about residing in Grunewald whose Jewish natives perished in the Holocaust. The Talmudic scholar replied, "I try not to think of it." I thought to myself, perhaps these memories that are not mine continue to haunt me because fresh news from home never ceases to reach me. That week, I had just read on *Ynet: Israel News*

3 Rainer Maria Rilke. *Duino Elegies*, bilingual edition. Translation by Stephen Cohn, Manchester: Carcanet Press, 1989. (2nd elegy).

4 Verses from James Fenton. *A German Requiem*. London: The Salamander Press, 1980.

that on May 29, 2013 a mass grave holding remains of over 200 Palestinians killed in 1948 was uncovered in Jaffa. None were identified.

Crossing over from Wallotstraße to Koenigsallee to return to Villa Walther often reminded me of the habitual way I used to take on foot between Georgetown University and my home on R Street in Washington, DC. The sight of the Rathenau Memorial summoned up the sight of that on Sheridan Circle. In 1922, Foreign Minister in the Weimar Republic Walther Rathenau was killed by right-wing extremists around the curve as he was driven that morning to work. From Villa Jaffé one would have easily heard the rattling discharge of the submachine gun followed by the explosion of the hand grenade tossed into the open car.

In DC, the modest memorial commemorates the 1976 assassination of the exiled Chilean leader Orlando Letelier who served as Foreign Minister in Allende's government. Letelier, a familiar face in our neighbourhood, was driving to work at the Institute of Policy Studies located in the next block to my house. His car, which had been booby-trapped by Pinochet's agents, was rounding up the circle when it exploded. I remember hearing the deafening explosion in my apartment that morning. Its shrillness instantly echoed the thunderous blast I heard one night, and that made our house shudder, when Jerusalem's Old City was under attack in 1948.

It took me until summertime before I mustered enough courage to go through the tunnel in the Grunewald S-Bahn train station and turn right up the stairs to Gleis 17 where one can trace the number of Berlin Jews daily deported to their death camps. The stark bareness of the place was awesome. Utter silence reigned, save for the occasional whiff of breeze as the sun was setting at the end of the platform. I could see it all started a year before I was born and ended when I turned three. In the meantime, thousands were sent from where I stood to their death. I went through the years and read the number of Jews boarding the train day after day. Coming to my day of birth at the other end of the world, I noted that no one was deported that date. But it was no reason to rejoice. When I checked a more detailed chronology of events, I learnt that the following day, when I was just one day old, an inner circle of Nazi officials were invited to observe the effectiveness of the new extermination unit at Sachsenhausen camp where Herbert Braun had been incarcerated two years earlier. That day 96 Jews were murdered for purposes of demonstration.

As the year was winding up, it was our next-door neighbour at Villa Walther who reawakened the memory of the Jaffa Gate neighbourhood in which I grew up. Elizabeth

Key Fowden gave me a book review she had written in which she suggested renaming one of the book's chapters after Joni Mitchell's line, "They paved Paradise and put up a parking lot." That was no joke of hers to season her review of an academic book on sacred sites. The chapter discussed today's state of an Islamic cemetery that lies right outside the walls of our neighbourhood's city gate. Its history has been noted by Arab and Persian chroniclers since the 11th century. In Islam as it is in Judaism, dying in Jerusalem had been considered dying at God's threshold. For Muslims, being buried in Mamilla Cemetery was further considered as being buried in Heaven. Thence, it had historically been the largest Islamic cemetery in Jerusalem and in 1944 it was designated an antiquities site. Its surviving gravestones and funerary shrines honour the remains of some companions of the Arab Prophet, emirs, mystics, scholars, governors, ministers, Jerusalem notables from pre-1948, along with hundreds of men who joined Saladin's army to liberate Jerusalem from the Crusaders. In the Jewish world, Saladin had been hailed as a new Cyrus for inviting Jews back to Jerusalem following their expulsion by the Crusaders. After it fell under Israeli control, however, large parts of the Mamilla Cemetery were bulldozed and converted into a park, a parking lot and public lavatories. The chapter that Elizabeth discussed in her review dealt with the controversy aroused after further Israeli plans called for wiping out the entire cemetery and building on its grounds a Museum of Tolerance.

Indeed "There is no limit to the resourcefulness of recollection."⁵ And yet, it seems neither is there any measure to estimate the human capacity to forget, especially when it concerns the memory of others.

When it comes to personal memory, seeing appears to lead all other senses in prompting memory. Living away from my country of birth for more than four decades, I often wondered in what way the inveterate awareness of the irreconcilability between seeing and memory could have contributed to my intuitive drive towards the language of geometric abstraction in art. Straight lines are nowhere seen in nature save in the sea horizon, a ray of light or a torrent of rain. Yet, despite all the unending allure of the visible world, it had only been through the interrelationships of straight lines as embodied in the mind's eye that I could forge a language of self-expression. It was thanks to the work of European pioneers of abstraction that I was led back to my cultural roots, where I rediscovered a wellspring in the tradition of Islamic art and Arab culture.

5 Ibid.

As for the work I created at Villa Jaffé during my residency, it culminated in a series of 12 geometrically abstract canvases in acrylics conceived together in the form of four large-scale triptychs. They were the subject of a solo exhibition at Wiensowski & Harbord Gallery in Berlin. Titled “Bilqis” after the Arabic name of the Queen of Sheba, the painting series draws upon the perception of transparency and visual ambiguity as narrated in a Qur’anic legend. We are told that Bilqis, upon entering the court of King Solomon, mistook its glass floor for a sheet of water and lifted up her skirt to avoid getting it wet. Over the centuries, glass floors, fountains and glistening ceramic walls were combined to become the aesthetic hallmark of all palatial buildings in the Islamic world. In my colloquium, “Journeying through Transparency”, I attempted to illustrate this fundamental tradition in Islamic art.

In each triptych, vertical and diagonal lines intersect at variable angles to create a horizontal composition. The rhythmic sequence of forms is set in accordance with a geometric formula of proportional ratios originally devised in the 10th century by an Arab mathematician from Baghdad whose formula was later known in Renaissance Europe as the Fibonacci numbering sequence. The transparent layers of free-flowing brushstrokes are sharply delineated by the precision of hard-edged painting. The issuing contrast of overlapping forms stirs a sense of movement punctuated by intermittent flashes of light. Contrary to a perspectival illusion of space, foreground and background become interchangeable. Seeming symmetries and refractions are perceived through the interweaving of polygons and triangles whose correspondence recalls ambiguities intrinsic to geometric arabesques.

Unlike pioneers of abstraction like Klee who played the violin and Kandinsky who played both the piano and cello, I never learnt to play any musical instrument. But painting was the closest medium in which I felt as if I were playing music. Between one brushstroke and another, the process of painting always felt like listening to a musical composition for the first time. In anticipation of hearing an upcoming note, the listener is usually delightfully surprised by the composer’s turn just as I am by the accidental turn of a brushstroke amidst solid angular forms. In the meantime, beneath the order of razor-sharp edges of geometric shapes, the chaos of free-flowing brushstrokes freezes the sound I have heard of the brush thumping on the stretched canvas like a muffled drum. Who was it that once said that Bach’s “Passion According to St. Matthew” was composed with ruler and compass?

Having always sensed that the presence of a painting creates an atmosphere in space the way a musical composition does, I was wondering before embarking on the Bilqis painting series to what extent an abstract painting could succeed in turning its transparencies, spatial ambiguities and allusion of movement into metaphors the way Debussy's "La Mer" does, which is not a representation of the sea but a metaphor for sea-ness? Now that the paintings are behind me, only their viewers can tell. José Burucúa, one of the first Fellows to view all four triptychs, noted how far they are from the *aliquid stat pro aliquo* formula, that is, from being objects standing for something else. As for me, I feel that, no matter the different levels of kinship we may experience with regard to spatial and temporal arts, in their essence painting shall remain a silent form of expression as much as music shall continue to be an eyeless art.

Conversely, during 2013, a work of art was created at the Wissenschaftskolleg by a Fellow's partner whose profession is neither that of a composer nor a painter. Even so, it inspired the viewer to have what Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus would call a "synaesthetic experience". That was the video by Teri Reynolds in which image and sound were elaborately intertwined in a seamless flow. Teri had managed to catch off guard the animated faces of each member of the Wiko community during various outdoor events. The image of the individual's natural movements and the instantaneity of expression flashes at the speed of a torrential musical beat. The absorbed, the amused and the smile-lit faces seen in fleeting moments mirrored the heart of each. Screened just before our last gathering and running for no more than six minutes, Teri's video granted us all ample time to enjoy the evening of our farewell party. For me, it was Teri's face and the sparkle in those faces that her artist's eye captured that personified the year's paradise.

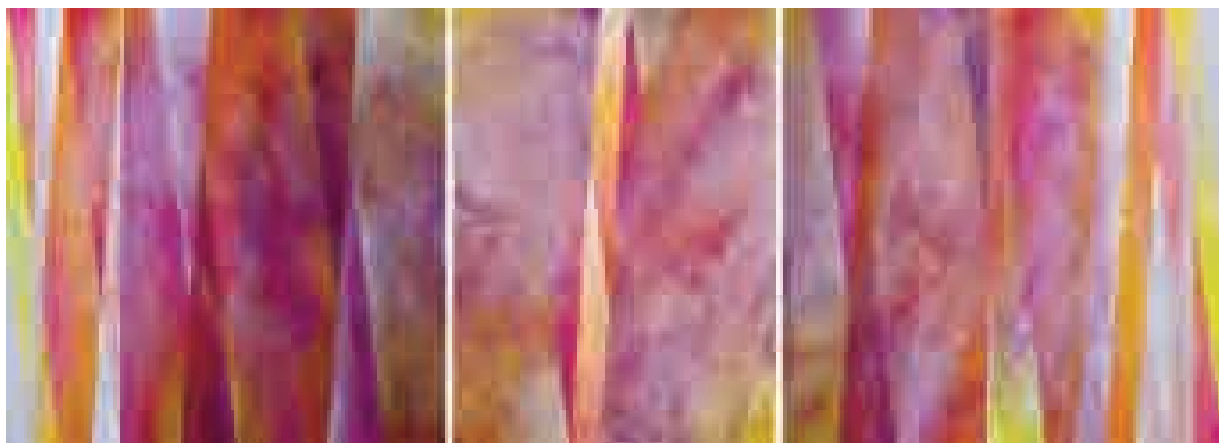


Abb. 1: Kamal Boullata, *Bilqis 1*, 2013. Acrylic on canvas, triptych, 120 × 328 cm

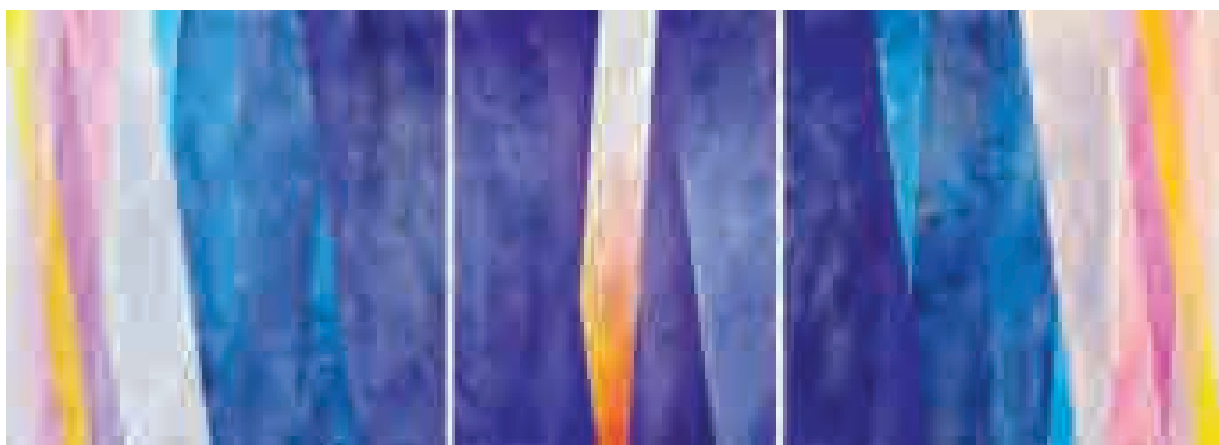


Abb. 2: Kamal Boullata, *Bilqis 2*, 2013. Acrylic on canvas, triptych, 120 × 328 cm

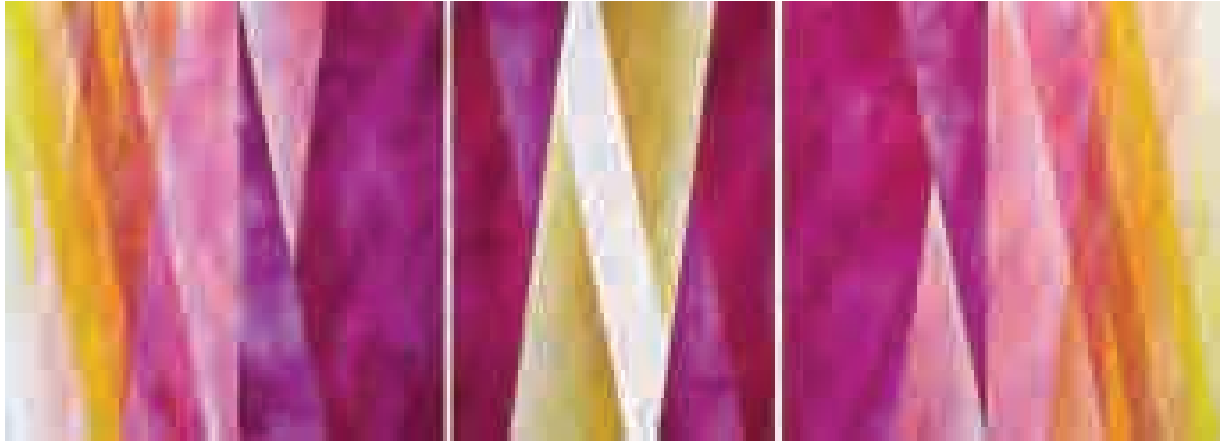


Abb. 3: Kamal Boullata, *Bilqis 3*, 2013. Acrylic on canvas, triptych, 120 × 328 cm

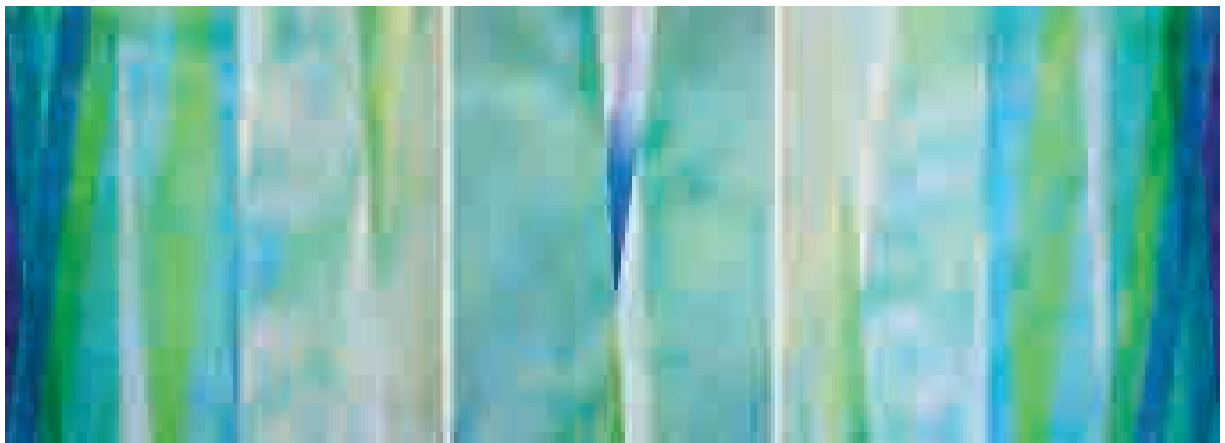


Abb. 4: Kamal Boullata, *Bilqis 4*, 2013. Acrylic on canvas, triptych, 120 × 328 cm

Photos: Steve Sabella



LISTENWISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG
DANIEL BOYARIN

Born in 1946 in New Jersey, USA. Studied Semitic Languages at Columbia University and Talmud at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, New York. Daniel Boyarin is Taubman Professor of Talmudic Culture at the Departments of Near Eastern Studies and Rhetoric at UC Berkeley. Selected Publications: *Socrates and the Fat Rabbis* (2009); *Border Lines: The Partition of Judaeo-Christianity* (2004); *Powers of Diaspora: Two Essays on the Relevance of Jewish Culture* (2002, with Jonathan Boyarin). – Address: Department of Near Eastern Studies, University of California, 250 Barrows Hall, Berkeley, CA 94720-1940, USA. E-mail: boyarin@berkeley.edu

1. Written

- 1.1 Three lectures for *A Traveling Homeland: The Talmud as Diaspora*
 - 1.1.1 “At Home in Babylonia: The Talmud as Diasporist Manifesto”
 - 1.1.2 “In the Land of Talmud: The Textual Making of a Diasporic Folk”
 - 1.1.3 “Looking for Our Routes: The Talmud and the Making of Diasporas”
- 1.2 Expanded into chapters for book from 1.1 (= whole book in draft, save theoretical introduction)
- 1.3 Two chapters for *Imagine No Religion* (book being written with Carlin Barton)
- 1.4 Joint article with Islam Dayeh (co-director Forum Transregionale Studien: Zukunftsphilologie) drafted on shared methods between early modern Talmud commentary and Muslim Fikh research in the same period

2. Delivered

- 2.1 All three lectures from 1.1 at Penn Mellon Lectures: on Transnational Studies
- 2.2 Lecture 1 delivered at the Berlin Institute for Cultural Inquiry
- 2.3 Lecture 2 delivered at Hochschule für Jüdische Studien, Heidelberg
- 2.4 Lectures 1 and 3 from 1.1 as colloquia at Wiko
- 2.5 Lecture 2 from 1.1 at Humboldt University Center for Jewish Studies
- 2.6 Chapter 1 from 1.3 at Topoi, Freie Universität
- 2.7 Lecture 2 from 1.1 delivered at Peter Schäfer's Geburtstagsfest, FU
- 2.8 Talmud Classes given at FU and at Center for Jewish Studies Berlin-Brandenburg
- 2.9 Lecture and Seminar at Complutense University Madrid
- 2.10 Two lectures at Forum Transregionale Studien: Zukunftsphilologie
- 2.11 Lecture at Workshop "Irony" (Wiko)

3. Oral Pleasures or, Dining With the Stars

- 3.1 Frühsammers
- 3.2 Fischers Fritz
- 3.3 Vau
- 3.4 Hartmanns
- 3.5 Facil

4. Proudest Discoveries

- 4.1 Grünfisch (Kreuzberg)
- 4.2 Balikci Ergün (Moabit)

5. Aural Pleasures

- 5.1 Das schlaue Fuchslein (Komische Oper, delightful)
- 5.2 Maria Stuarda (Staatsoper, trying to forget it; abominable)
- 5.3 Rosenkavalier (Komische Oper, moving and beautiful)
- 5.4 Maskenball (Deutsche Oper, exquisite)
- 5.5 Orpheus (Komische Oper, to remember forever)
- 5.6 Der Fliegende Holländer (Staatsoper, also to remember forever; brilliant concept Philipp Stölzl)
- 5.7 Tosca (Staatsoper; worse than Maria Stuarda)

6. Bug Caught

- 6.1 The Ring, caught it from Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus (exposed to Clemens Krauss 1953 Bayreuth); learned to translate title *The Ring of the Nibelung* (not Nibelungs) (see 7.1)

7. Languages

- 7.1 German improved considerably (thanks, dear Eva)
- 7.2 Greek too
- 7.3 Conclusion: Heidegger wrong, German is not a dialect of Greek

8. Fellows

- 8.1 Number I enjoyed: 43
- 8.2 Number I would try to avoid: 0
- 8.3 Number I would be delighted to see again: 22
- 8.4 Number I would be really sad were I never to see again: 10
- 8.5 Number I realistically expect to keep up with (from sad experience): ?
- 8.6 Sadness at that recognition: ineffable
- 8.7 Hope I'm wrong springs ever eternal
- 8.8 Biggest surprises
 - 8.8.1 Falling in love with a physicist, a political scientist, and an economist

9. Regrets

- 9.1 Didn't, after all, go to the gym
 - 9.1.1 Slightly ameliorated by fact that I walked up 81 stairs 1000 times (approx.)

10. Special Thanks

- 10.1 Vera, Lena, Sonja, Andrea, Thorsten, Reinhart, Dennis; and see above 6.1, 7.1
- 10.2 Luca (for efficacious encouragement just when needed)

11. Unforeseen Delights

- 11.1 Diotima Quartet
- 11.2 Mark Andre and his music, a new world of sound
- 11.3 Recognizing that my most significant new intellectual development this year has been musical (See too 6.1)

12. Gallery and Museum Talks: 3 (new experience)
 - 12.1 Amount of “Homi Bhabha *Neid*” assuaged thereby: 1 %
 - 12.2 Number delivered in German: 1

13. Miracles
 - 13.1 Discovering the vitality of a new diasporic Hebrew culture in Berlin, especially young people

14. Waking up anxious: 3 times all year instead of usual 3 times a week at home (priceless)



MUSIK, ERDWÜRMER UND JEAN PAUL 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, Cambridge, 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.

Das Frühjahr ließ sich diesmal Zeit. Dennoch gab es aus den Fenstern der Villa Walther wie stets die schönsten Blicke auf Bäume (erst verspätet sprießend), Seen (deren Oberfläche lange vereist blieb), unverdrossene Enten und, in den letzten Wochen, schwimmende oder brütende Schwäne. Über uns wohnte nicht nur der schwungvolle Diagrammatiker Franco Moretti, sondern auch Kelly Askew, eine reizvolle Figur, die über die Gesänge, Liedertexte und politischen Umstände Tanzanias alles wusste. Ihr Partner, der Sprachwissenschaftler Benjamin Fortson, erkannte mit scharfen Ohren durch drei Stockwerke

hindurch Beethovens c-moll Bagatelle aus Op. 119, als ich sie mir auf einer CD vorspielte. Hier war, wie sich herausstellte, ein Mensch, der mit jeder Note vertraut zu sein schien, die Beethoven uns Pianisten jemals zugemutet hat.

Außer Kelly gab es noch weitere weibliche Fellows, die ihre Kolloquien virtuos beherrschten – der Pianist in mir interessiert sich nämlich auch für die „performance“, die Qualität der Darbietung und Abwicklung. Bei Anne Peters etwa oder Birgitta Whaley waren Klarheit der Gliederung und Deutlichkeit der Diktion auf das Schönste gewährleistet, auch wenn die Beziehung von Biologie und Quantenmechanik über meinen Verstand geht.

Besonders ergiebig waren trotzdem wieder die Biologen. Nach den Oktopussen und australischen Singvögeln (*Cracticus nigrogularis*) der vergangenen Jahre waren es diesmal die Erdwürmer. Deren Bereitschaft, sich von Musik beeindruckt zu lassen, scheint von Darwin erfolgreich erforscht worden zu sein, wobei seine Gattin das Klavierspiel besorgte. Leider wissen wir nicht, welche Musik sie den Würmern vorgespielt hat. Als der die Würmer enthaltende Behälter vom benachbarten Tisch auf den Flügel gestellt wurde, scheint es bei den Tieren eine Reaktion gegeben zu haben. Der Biologe James T. Costa, der mich in den Sachverhalt einweihte, beabsichtigt, einige von Darwins Experimenten mit jüngeren Kollegen zu reproduzieren. Zu meinem Leidwesen fand sein Kolloquium erst nach unserer Abreise statt, so dass ich mich nicht als allfälliger Pianist empfehlen konnte. Wenn in Franz Liszts Klavierklasse in Weimar jemand die Paganini-Variationen von Brahms vorspielte, sagte der Meister an einer bestimmten Stelle immer: „Jetzt kommen die Regenwürmer.“ In meinen Träumen sehe ich sie auf dem Resonanzboden des Flügels herumkriechen.

Für den Musiker bedeutet ein Hörsturz fast den Verlust seiner Identität. Ich habe mich inzwischen, so gut ich konnte, dieser neuen Realität angepasst – als ein anderer Mensch, oder zumindest als reduzierte Variante des vorigen, für den die Stille der Idealzustand geworden ist und der Gesang der Vögel die schönste Musik. Wie kommt ein Hörsturz zustande? In meinem Fall bin ich ziemlich sicher, dass die Manen, nein eher die Lemuren des großen John Cage ihre Hand im Spiel hatten. Es war fast genau an seinem 100. Geburtstag, als der amerikanische Komponist und Pilzsammler mich von oben herab anvisierte und mit der Gelassenheit eines Zen-Buddhisten mein Hörvermögen „präparierte“, so wie er die Klaviere für seine Kompositionen „präpariert“ hatte.

Eine schöne Pflicht, der ich in der Wallotstraße trotz allem nachkam, war die Arbeit an Schuberts großartigem G-Dur Quartett, einem Werk, das Regeln sprengt und neue Perspektiven eröffnet. Bis tief ins 19. Jahrhundert herein galt es, ebenso wie Beethovens „Große Fuge“, als unzumutbar und extrem. Sowohl Beethovens als auch Schuberts späte

Quartette sind im gleichen Zeitraum von wenigen Jahren nebeneinander entstanden, eine Überlegung, die mir Material für meinen nächsten Vortrag, der sich mit dem späten Beethoven beschäftigte, in die Hand gab.

Seit Langem gehört es zu meinen besonderen musikalischen Freuden, Streichquartette zu beraten. Dass ich dies tue, ohne selbst ein Streichinstrument zu spielen, ist dabei kein Hindernis, sondern, wie es scheint, sogar ein Vorteil. Ich danke dem Wissenschaftskolleg, dass es mir, wie schon mehrmals zuvor, Gelegenheit gegeben hat, meiner Passion nachzugehen. In dieser an glänzenden Geigerinnen so reichen Zeit war es kein Zufall, dass auch das gefeierte Cuarteto Casals eine souveräne Primaria besitzt, eine Musikerin, die ihren Stil auf das Quartett überträgt. Dieser Stil eines Ensembles, das sämtliche Schubert-Quartette im Repertoire hat, kam dann im zusätzlich gespielten „Quartettsatz“ besonders schön zur Geltung.

Auf der ästhetischen Seite verdanke ich meinem Aufenthalt die Bekanntschaft mit zwei Persönlichkeiten, die verschiedener nicht sein konnten: dem Dichter Yang Lian, Verkörperung brennender Extraversion, und dem Komponisten Mark Andre, einer in sich gekehrten, fast esoterisch wirkenden Erscheinung. Yang Lians poetische Explosionen und Mark Andres Klänge am Rande der Stille repräsentieren zwei Pole, deren Magnetismus wohl weiter auf uns wirken wird.

Neben Schubert war es Jean Paul, dem ich mich in diesem Gedenkjahr seines 250. Geburtstags zuwandte. Seine unvergleichliche Sprachlust erleuchtet oder verdunkelt beide Seiten: die des aufgeklärten Satirikers und die des schwärmerischen Visionärs. Umso schöner ist es, ihn in seinen Aphorismen und kurzen Notizen aufzusuchen. Niemand könnte ausschweifender, aber auch knapper schreiben. „Sprachkürze gibt Denkweite“ lautet sein berühmter Aphorismus über Aphorismen, an den er sich in seinen Romanen selten gehalten hat. In seinen Aufzeichnungen findet sich der Satz: „Shakespeare hat alle Charaktere gemalt, einen ausgenommen, seinen.“ Wer noch könnte das so hinreißend sagen? Eine Auswahl aus Jean Pauls Aufzeichnungen samt Einführung war ein weiteres Vorhaben, das in Berlin heranreifte.

Dass wir noch einmal dabei sein durften, sehen wir als große Gunst. Was die Lichtgestalten der Bibliothek betrifft, sind mir die Superlative längst ausgegangen. Die Damen des Hauses haben weiterhin, den Erwartungen gemäß, wunderbar gelächelt. Wir wollen jedoch auch die Herren und tragenden Säulen nicht vergessen und allen von Herzen Dank sagen. Um mit Jean Paul zu sprechen: „Ich wollte, sie hätten 4 Hände, damit ich öfter küssen könnte.“



... JUST BY ACCIDENT / WIE DER ZUFALL
SO WILL ...
HUBERTUS BUCHSTEIN

Hubertus Buchstein ist Professor für Politische Theorie und Ideengeschichte an der Universität Greifswald. Geboren 1959 in Eutin, von 1978–85 mit Unterbrechungen Studium der Geschichtswissenschaft, Germanistik, Philosophie und Politikwissenschaft an der Freien Universität Berlin. In diesen Jahren auch politisch als Redakteur bei der Berliner Zeitschrift *radikal* und der Parteizeitung der damaligen Alternativen Liste Berlin engagiert. Nach dem Abschied aus der aktiven Politik Wissenschaftlicher Mitarbeiter und 1989 Promotion mit einer Arbeit über die Gründergeneration des Faches Politikwissenschaft an der FU Berlin. Beschäftigt als Hochschulassistent am Otto-Suhr-Institut Berlin und ebenfalls dort 1997 Habilitation mit einer Studie zum öffentlichen und geheimen Wahlrecht. Zwischenzeitlich 1994–96 als Stipendiat der Alexander von Humboldt-Stiftung an der New School for Social Research in New York und mehrere weitere Auslandsaufenthalte. Seit 1998 in Greifswald und dort geblieben. 2009–12 Vorsitzender der Deutschen Vereinigung für Politische Wissenschaft (DVPW). Mitherausgeber der *Gesammelten Schriften* von Ernst Fraenkel. Aktuelle Themen der Forschung: Politische Verfahren, Geschichte der Politikwissenschaft, Ideengeschichte des Liberalismus sowie Rechtsextremismus im ländlichen Raum. – Adresse: Universität Greifswald, Institut für Politik- und Kommunikationswissenschaft, Baderstraße 6–7, 17489 Greifswald. E-mail: buchstein@uni-greifswald.de

„Hey Hubertus, just by accident / wie der Zufall so will.“ – mit diesen Sätzen machten es mir die Co-Fellows während der gemeinsamen Zeit am Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin leicht, ins Gespräch zu kommen. Denn kaum hatte ich das Thema meines Vorhabens, „Politik des Aleatorischen“, in unserer Vorstellungsrunde zum Besten gegeben, schon

sprudelte es aus vielen Co-Fellows nur so heraus. Ihr zuweilen leicht frotzelnder Stimmenchor kommt mir auch nach dem Abschied vom Kolleg wieder und wieder ins Ohr. Cristina Lafont: „Sollen wir unsere Fellow-Sprecher nicht besser auslosen, anstatt zu wählen?“ Franco Moretti: „Bei Erich Köhler findest Du wunderbare Episoden über die Rolle von Zufälligkeiten im bürgerlichen Roman des 19. Jahrhunderts.“ Anthony Reid: „Hast Du vorhin in den Nachrichten gehört, dass bei der Auswahl des neuen orthodoxen Kirchenoberhauptes zwischen den letzten drei Bewerbern das Los entscheiden soll?“ Avi Lifschitz: „Es gibt einen argumentativen Zusammenhang zwischen Deiner positiven Sicht des Zufallsmoments mit den Theorien der arbiträren Sprachentwicklung im 18. Jahrhundert.“ James Costa: „Für Darwins Evolutionslehre ist das Konzept des Zufalls von fundamentaler Bedeutung.“ Ulrich Steiner: „Die Mortalitätsraten von genetisch identischen Bakterien, die unter identischen Bedingungen leben, weisen eine zufällige, aber gleichwohl regelmäßige Abweichung von knapp 30 Prozent auf.“ Atac Imamoglu: „Auch die Quantenphysik hat den Zufall im Bereich der Naturwissenschaften wieder rehabilitiert.“ Kelly Askew: „Die ‚Berliner Klassenlotterie‘ ist kein Einzelfall, denn der Schulplatz meines Sohnes nördlich von Chicago ist ebenfalls per Losverfahren vergeben worden, frage ihn, wenn Du mehr über das Verfahren wissen möchtest.“ Bruce Kogut: „Wie viel Zufall oder wie viel Missmanagement hat die aktuelle Finanzmarktkrise ausgelöst?“ Franck Chevalier: „In der Musik gibt es bei Stockhausen interessante Kompositionen mit aleatorischen Passagen.“ Ulrich Haltern: „Sei endlich ein echter Mann, Hubertus, und habe die Kraft und den Mut zur eigenen Entscheidung, anstatt dem Losentscheid zu huldigen!“ Christoph Möllers: „Na mein Süßer – die Auslosung der Presseplätze im NSU-Verfahren ist dem Image Deines Lotterie-Themas nicht besonders dienlich, oder?“ Michael Squire: „Auf manche scheinbar zufällig verteilte Buchstabenreihen in Handschriften aus der Spätantike muss man nur lange genug einen analytischen Blick werfen, bis man ihre verborgene Systematik erkennt.“ Gustav Seibt: „Als Goethe im September 1792 wie ein Teufelskerl tolldreist bei Valmy durch den Kugelhagel galoppierte, muss er geglaubt haben, ein vom Zufall Begünstigter zu sein.“ Daniel Boyarin: „An Zufälle glauben? Wir bilden uns doch nur ein, dass wir heute in zufälliger Anordnung gemeinsam hier am Mittagstisch sitzen.“

Soll ich nach dieser beispielhaften Auflistung von spontanen Kommentaren und Diskussionsangeboten nun also zugeben, das Thema meines Projektvorhabens am Wissenschaftskolleg nur deshalb gewählt zu haben, um mit den anderen Fellows leicht ins Gespräch zu kommen? Offiziell bleibe ich bei meiner Begründung für das Thema:

Hinter dem Titel „Politik des Aleatorischen“ verbirgt sich die für die Politikwissenschaft relevante Frage, wie sich das Moment des absolut Ungewissen – also des Zufalls – als Instrument der aktiven Gestaltung von Gesellschaft und Politik systematisch in den Blick nehmen lässt. Der Zufall soll somit weniger im Hinblick auf seine Risiko- und Bedrohungspotentiale als hinsichtlich seiner produktiven politischen Effekte ausgelotet werden.

In der Politischen Philosophie und den Sozialwissenschaften hat der Zufall bekanntlich keinen allzu guten Leumund. Uns Geistes- und Sozialwissenschaftlern ist der kaum zu bändigende Impuls eigen, das Phänomen Zufall unter Kontrolle zu bekommen. Von uns Wissenschaftlern wird erwartet, dass wir eine normative Position stringent begründen, einen Text nachvollziehbar interpretieren oder ein Verhalten kausal erklären und dass wir darauf verzichten, als eine Art Zuflucht den Faktor ‚Zufall‘ ins Spiel zu bringen. Der Zufall wird in unserem epistemologischen Grundverständnis als ein irrationaler Faktor angesehen, den es im gesellschaftlichen Zusammenleben so weit wie irgend möglich auszuschalten gilt. Ein solch rationalistisches Zufallsverständnis liegt auch unserem heutigen Verständnis von Politik zugrunde: Die Politik soll eine Sphäre des vernünftigen Arguments, des gemeinsam gefundenen Kompromisses oder der klug abwägenden Entscheidung sein – die Basismodule des modernen Politikverständnisses sind ‚Vernunft‘ und/oder ‚Interesse‘ und damit das genaue Gegenteil vom blinden Spiel mit dem Zufall.

Bis vor wenigen Jahren hatte sich im Bereich der Geistes- und Sozialwissenschaften wenig an der Dominanz der rationalistischen Sicht auf den Zufall geändert. Auch in der politischen Philosophie sehen sich die fachlich anerkannten Autorinnen und Autoren in ihrer überwiegenden Zahl insoweit in der Tradition der Aufklärung und Emanzipation, dass sie die Ausschaltung bzw. Kompensation von ‚zufälligen‘ menschlichen Eigenschaften und gesellschaftlichen Faktoren in das Zentrum ihrer normativen Betrachtungen stellen. Demgegenüber ist die Entdeckung der produktiven Momente des Zufälligen zunächst in der Musik und in der Dichtung erfolgt: sei es in der Kompositionstechnik von Boulez, in John Cages Aleatrie oder in der aleatorischen Poesie dadaistisch inspirierter Schriftsteller. Neue Anhänger fand der Zufall dann später auch bei einigen postmodernen Autoren wie Lyotard, bei ironischen und unverbesserlich heiteren Skeptikern im konservativen Lager wie Odo Marquard und Hermann Lübke oder bei eigensinnigen Essayisten wie Hans Magnus Enzensberger.

In meinem Buch *Demokratie und Lotterie* (2009) hatte ich einen Teil dieser neuen Debatte aufgenommen und politikwissenschaftlich weiterzuführen versucht. Dabei ging es mir vor

allem darum, den funktionalen Facettenreichtum von Losverfahren als Entscheidungsinstrument in der Politik zu analysieren. Mit meinem Projektvorhaben für das Wissenschaftskolleg hoffte ich, meine bisherigen Überlegungen zu Losverfahren und Demokratie in zwei Richtungen weiterführen zu können. Zum einen hatte ich geplant, das Phänomen ‚Zufall‘ in seinen philosophischen, historischen und konzeptionellen Dimensionen genauer in den Blick zu nehmen und von hier aus nach Verbindungen zu neueren Theorien über die ‚Kontingenz‘ in der Politik zu suchen. Zum anderen beabsichtigte ich eine gründlichere Auseinandersetzung mit der Frage, ob und wie sich mit Hilfe von zufallsgenerierten Entscheidungen bei der Besetzung von Ämtern die viel beklagten Repräsentations-, Transparenz- und Effizienzdefizite in modernen Demokratien abbauen lassen.

Von diesen Plänen bin ich teilweise abgerückt. Die geplante vertiefende Studie zu Zufall und Kontingenz konnte ich mir sparen, als ich auf das neu erschienene Buch von Peter Vogt mit dem Titel *Kontingenz und Zufall: Eine Ideen- und Begriffsgeschichte* stieß, der – wie ich mir neidlos eingestehen musste – die philosophiehistorischen und konzeptionellen Dimensionen der Debatten über Zufall und Kontingenz so gut aufgearbeitet hat, wie ich es vermutlich nicht vermocht hätte. Was nun? Ich realisierte, nun mehr Zeit zum ungeplanten Lesen zu haben und gelangte darüber allmählich zu dem Plan für ein anderes Buch: eine „General Theory of Political Procedures“, ein Buch, das trotz seines nicht unambitionierten Titels vom Seitenumfang eher knapp ausfallen soll.

Zugleich konzentrierte ich mich auf konkrete Fragen, die sich im Zusammenhang mit dem Losentscheid bei der Güterverteilung und bei der Besetzung von politischen Ämtern stellten. Die ehrenvolle Aufforderung des Rektors Luca Giuliani, einen der Publikumsvorträge am Wissenschaftskolleg zu halten, geriet zu einem zusätzlichen Anstoß, die Stadt Berlin nicht nur als Standort, sondern auch als Gegenstand von Forschungen anzusehen. Für die Vorbereitungen des Vortrages mit dem Titel „Würfeln um Gerechtigkeit“ am 16. Januar 2013 sah ich mich unversehens in die Details der ‚Berliner Klassenlotterie‘ – so die lästerliche Bezeichnung für die Auslosung von Gymnasialplätzen im Berliner Schulsystem – versinken und Schülerzahlen, Abbrecherquoten und bezirkliche Verteilungsverfahren nachrechnen; wobei mir der Zufall an dieser Stelle auch insofern half, als Petria Saleh mir die Verbindung zu einem sich als unschätzbar wichtig erweisenden persönlichen Ansprechpartner in der Berliner Schulbehörde aus ihrem persönlichen Bekanntenkreis vermitteln konnte. Das Ergebnis meiner Recherchen lautete, dass das Berliner Verfahren eine im internationalen Vergleich sehr moderate Lotterievariante darstellt und dass es insgesamt als erfolgreich angesehen werden kann. Zusätzlich

beschäftigte ich mich mit einer gleichsam in Echtzeit erfolgenden Beobachtung der Arbeit von zwei verfassunggebenden Versammlungen mit ausgelosten Bürgern in Island und Irland. Dann tüftelte ich an realisierbaren Vorschlägen für den Einsatz von Loskammern für die Festsetzung von Politikerbezügen, von Wahlrechtsregularien und der Parteienfinanzierung herum. Und schließlich wurde der ansonsten eher unterforderte Computer in der Zusammenarbeit mit zwei Kollegen mit einer groß angelegten und auf mehrere Millionen Durchgänge programmierten Simulation beschäftigt, die darauf abzielte, die Wahrscheinlichkeitsvariationen von nach Länderstärke gewichteten Auslosungen für eine auf 16 Mitglieder verkleinerte Europäische Kommission präzise zu berechnen, um auf diesem Weg den Vorbehalten gegenüber einem solchen Reformschritt auch mathematisch gut begründet Paroli zu bieten.

In den mittäglichen Diskussionen im Anschluss an meinen Vortrag am Kolleg erwies sich, dass immer wieder das Fehlen von formeller Verantwortlichkeit für die von ihnen getroffenen Entscheidungen und damit das Problem der unterbrochenen demokratischen Legitimationskette als kritische Vorbehalte gegen die Einsetzung von Losgremien ins Feld geführt wurden – ein Einwand, auf den insbesondere Dieter Grimm in seiner freundlichen, aber in der Sache unnachgiebigen Art mehrfach zu sprechen kam und der darauf insistierte, dass dieser Einwand einer überzeugenden Replik bedürfe, bevor man sich weiter mit praktischen Fragen des Einsatzes von Losgremien beschäftigen könne. Dieser Einwand, mit dem ich nicht nur am Wissenschaftskolleg, sondern später auch im Anschluss an mehrere Gastvorträge an verschiedenen Berliner Institutionen konfrontiert wurde, hat mein Lektüreverhalten in der zweiten Hälfte meines Aufenthaltes am Wissenschaftskolleg nicht unbeeinflusst gelassen. Denn nun beschäftigte ich mich ausführlicher mit konzeptionellen Fragen von ‚politischer Verantwortlichkeit‘ und der Tradition des Amtsbegriffs, mit der Plausibilität der vielzitierten Rede einer ‚ununterbrochenen demokratischen Legitimationskette‘ im Öffentlichen Recht, mit den bis dato vorliegenden empirischen Befunden über das Selbstverständnis und dem Agieren von Bürgern in Loskammern sowie mit verschiedenen Konzepten von ‚political accountability‘ in den aktuellen politikwissenschaftlichen Debatten über die Institutionen von Global Governance – ich bin darauf gespannt, inwieweit meine im Durchgang durch diese Debatten gewonnenen neuen Argumente zur Verteidigung des punktuellen Einsatzes von Losgremien die bisherigen Kritiker werden überzeugen können.

Als ich an meinem Geburtstag im September 2012 am Wissenschaftskolleg ankam, schien die Sonne und ich gewann das Gefühl, für eine gewisse Zeit von sämtlichen

beruflichen Verpflichtungen aus der Vergangenheit abgeschnitten sein zu können. Zusätzlich genährt wurde dieses euphorische Gefühl durch meine lichtdurchflutete Dachkammer in der Weißen Villa, in die ich durch leichtes Öffnen der Zimmertür den Streicherklängen der eine Etage tiefer probenden Gastmusiker des ‚Quatuor Diotima‘ Einlass geben konnte. Alles ist auf dem technisch neuesten Stand und es gibt auch hier die mit dem E-Mail-Anschluss verbundene Drohung permanenter globaler Erreichbarkeit; aber man muss seine E-Mails glücklicherweise nicht täglich lesen. Wie perfekt muss akademische Abgeschlossenheit am Wissenschaftskolleg in der untergegangenen Epoche des ‚Prä-E-Mailikum‘ gewesen sein!

In diese lichten Aussichten warf dann aber meine vorherige Funktion als Vorsitzender der Deutschen Vereinigung für Politische Wissenschaft (DVPW) einen langen Verpflichtungsschatten. Ende September 2012 war in Tübingen der 25. Wissenschaftliche Kongress der DVPW unter dem Thema „Die Versprechen der Demokratie“ durchgeführt worden, und ich freute mich jetzt nach der augenzwinkernden Drohung einiger Kollegen, mich zukünftig im Beirat der DVPW als ‚Altvorsitzenden‘ zu titulieren, auf eine nicht durch verbandspolitische Belange beschwerte Zeit am Wissenschaftskolleg. Doch weit gefehlt, denn in Tübingen brach mit Heftigkeit ein geschichtspolitischer Konflikt aus, über den auch die überregionale Presse ausgiebig berichtete. In der Sache ging es um die Frage, ob die DVPW ihren ‚Preis für das wissenschaftliche Lebenswerk‘ weiterhin nach Theodor Eschenburg benennen sollte oder nicht. Denn mittlerweile hatte sich herausgestellt, dass Eschenburg, der nach seinem Tod 1999 als Namensgeber mit Vorbildcharakter ausgewählt worden war, in seiner Rolle als Wirtschaftsverbandsfunktionär 1938 in die ‚Arisierung‘, also Enteignung jüdischen Eigentums involviert war. Claus Offe, dem der diesjährige Preis zuerkannt worden war (und der im Jahre 1991/92 auch Fellow am Wissenschaftskolleg war), forderte am Schluss seiner Dankesrede die Gremien der DVPW unmissverständlich auf, sich von Eschenburg als vorbildgebendem Namenspatron des Preises zu trennen. Seitdem ist die geschichtspolitische Debatte in der DVPW nicht zur Ruhe gekommen, und die Bewertungen des Wirkens von Eschenburg sowie die Antworten auf die Frage, wie nach dem Bekanntwerden der Vorwürfe mit ihm als Namensgeber umzugehen sei, könnten innerhalb unserer Fachvereinigung kaum konträrer sein. Mir fiel es offen gestanden nicht leicht – nunmehr als Mitglied im Beirat der Vereinigung an der Entscheidung über die Zukunft des Preisnamens beteiligt –, in dieser zeitgeschichtlich vielschichtigen Angelegenheit zu einer eigenen Position zu gelangen. Ein Vertiefen in historische Quellen zur Arisierungspolitik während des Nationalsozialismus

(die dank der Bibliotheksverbindungen des Kollegs immer schnell zur Hand waren) und die Relektüre von mittlerweile klassischen Texte zu den Themen Verantwortung und Vergangenheitsbewältigung waren hilfreich, um mir einen Überblick über die verschiedenen Argumente und Gegenargumente zu verschaffen. Dabei beschäftigte mich auch die Debatte, die in den 1960er-Jahren zwischen Gershom Scholem (später Fellow des ersten Jahrgangs am Wissenschaftskolleg) und Hannah Arendt zu den Motiven der Judenverfolgung und zu Spielräumen von Handlungsalternativen in diktatorischen Regimen geführt wurde.

Aber erst zwei lange donnerstagabendliche Tischgespräche mit Froma Zeitlin sowie Daniel und Chava Boyarin halfen mir bei der eigenen Urteilsbildung entscheidend weiter. Entzündet hatte sich unsere Diskussion über die ‚Stolpersteine‘, auf die man bei Spaziergängen im Stadtteil Grunewald häufig trifft, und hatte sich schnell ausgeweitet über verschiedene Facetten des Themas Deutschland und dem, was wir etwas hilflos als ‚Bewältigung der Vergangenheit‘ bezeichnen. Bis zu diesem Zeitpunkt hatte ich in der Causa Eschenburg aus der Sorge heraus, in moralische Selbstgerechtigkeit zu verfallen, folgende Frageperspektive eingenommen: Wie hätte ich mich in einer vergleichbaren Situation verhalten? Für jeden Nachgeborenen, der nicht pathologisch an moralischer Selbstgerechtigkeit leidet, kann die ehrliche Antwort auf diese Frage nur lauten: Ich weiß es nicht! Erst im Nachklang zu unseren spätabendlichen Gesprächen wurde mir klar, wie einseitig meine bisherige Frageperspektive geblieben war und wie sehr sie in ihrer Ausschließlichkeit dazu verleitet, sich in eine Art Mitläuferhermeneutik oder Täterverstehertum zu verbeißen und dabei den Blick auf die damaligen Opfer (im Fall Eschenburg gelang dem von der Enteignung Betroffenen nur mit großem Glück die Flucht über die grüne Grenze und ins lebensrettende Exil) regelrecht auszublenden. Im Zuge unserer Debatte über die geschichtspolitische Funktion von Denkmälern, Erinnerungsorten und Namensgebungen in Deutschland wurde mir immer mehr bewusst, dass die richtige Frage im Fall des Preisnamensgebers Eschenburg nicht lautet, wie ich selbst vermutlich unter vergleichbaren Umständen gehandelt hätte. Die für die Debatte über Eschenburg als Namensgeber des wichtigsten Preises, den der politikwissenschaftliche Fachverband zu vergeben hat, zentrale Frage lautet stattdessen: Von welchem Verhalten würden wir *wünschen*, es an den Tag gelegt zu haben, wenn wir in einer vergleichbaren Situation gewesen wären? Entsprechend dieser positiv ausgezeichneten Wünsche gehandelt zu haben, macht einzelne Menschen zu Vorbildern für andere, und deshalb wählen wir sie beispielsweise als Namensgeber für einen Preis aus. Dass sich die allermeisten Deutschen

in den Jahren zwischen 1933 und 1945 der Verfolgung von als ‚jüdisch‘ klassifizierten Mitbürgern nicht entgegengestellt haben, ist ein von Historikern hinlänglich beschriebener Tatbestand – respektwürdig wird ein solches Verhalten deswegen jedoch nicht. Ich bin erst während meines Jahres am Wissenschaftskolleg zu der Überzeugung gelangt, dass sich die DVPW von Theodor Eschenburg als Namensgeber für ihren Wissenschaftspreis trennen sollte.

Der schönste Ort am Wissenschaftskolleg ist der Vorbau im Leseraum der Bibliothek in der Weißen Villa. Hier lebt man wie in einem akademischen Terrarium. Man setzt sich zwischen gediegene Möbel, Bücher, Journale und Zeitschriften. Einen Becher Kaffee mitzubringen wird stillschweigend toleriert. Im Hintergrund summt eine beruhigende Geräuschkulisse, in der sich die Vogellaute von draußen mit dem Kaffeetassen- und Tastaturgeklappere der Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeiter der Bibliothek vermengen. Und den Wechsel der Tages- und Jahreszeit verfolgt man in den Farbschattierungen der mächtigen Rotbuche, die vor der Villa steht. Keiner der schwer bepackt in die Bibliothek eilenden Co-Fellows ist ungnädig, wenn man ihren winkenden Gruß nicht erwidert hat, denn sie haben Verständnis dafür, übersehen worden zu sein, da Lesen, Sinnieren oder Schreiben nun einmal wichtiger ist als Grüßen.

Als ich im Zuge der Suche nach zwei schwer zu identifizierenden Texten zudem erfahren durfte, wie sehr man auf die Unterstützung durch die Bibliotheksmitarbeiterinnen und -mitarbeiter zählen durfte und welche zuvor ungeahnten Ausleihmöglichkeiten es in den anderen Berliner Bibliotheken von ansonsten schwer zugänglicher Literatur gab, änderte ich auch andere Arbeitspläne. Im Anschluss an die abschließenden Korrekturarbeiten an einer deutschsprachigen Edition von vermischten politischen Schriften von John Stuart Mill im Akademie-Verlag (der Band ist im Mai 2013 erschienen) stand als nächstes Vorhaben auf mittlere Sicht eine deutschsprachige Neuedition der seit 30 Jahren vergriffenen *Considerations on Representative Government* von Mill im Suhrkamp-Verlag an. Nach den Erfahrungen mit der phantastischen Bibliothekssituation im Wissenschaftskolleg, der Entdeckung einer vollständigen englischsprachigen Mill-Werkausgabe nur zwei Treppen unter meinem Büro sowie im begründeten Vertrauen auf die Expertise der Bibliotheksmitarbeiterinnen für besonders knifflige Literaturwünsche zogen meine Mitherausgeberin und ich diese Editionsarbeiten kurzerhand zeitlich vor.

Das Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin gehört im Rückblick zu einer der schönsten Erfahrungen in meinem akademischen Leben. Eine solche Institution ist in Zeiten unermüdlicher akademischer Betriebsamkeit unschätzbar, weil sie Zeit und Gelegenheit

zur Besinnung und Umorientierung gibt. Selten sah ich mich so vielen kulturellen Anregungen ausgesetzt wie in den Gesprächen mit Co-Fellows, Gästen und den Mitarbeitern am Wissenschaftskolleg; Vergleichbares habe ich nur im Zuge meiner geistigen Horizontöffnungen in den Anfangsjahren meines Studiums an der Freien Universität Berlin Ende der 1970er und später noch einmal während meines anderthalbjährigen Aufenthaltes an der New School for Social Research in New York erlebt. Zwar habe ich nicht all das geschafft, was ich mir für die Zeit am Kolleg vorgenommen hatte; im Gegenzug wurde dafür einiges geschafft, was zuvor nicht geplant war. Und im Hinblick auf die Vollendung des nun modifizierten Buchvorhabens einer ‚General Theory of Political Procedures‘ bin ich durchaus optimistisch.

Wissenschaftliche Publikationen, die während meiner Zeit
am Wissenschaftskolleg entstanden oder fertiggestellt worden sind:

Herausgaben:

John Stuart Mill: Betrachtungen über das Repräsentativsystem (stw 2067). Berlin: Suhrkamp, 2013, 350 Seiten (zus. mit Sandra Seubert).

Die Versprechen der Demokratie – 25. wissenschaftlicher Kongress der Deutschen Vereinigung für Politische Wissenschaft. Baden-Baden: Nomos, 2013, 578 Seiten.

John Stuart Mill. Liberale Gleichheit: Vermischte politische Schriften. Band 7 der *Schriften zur europäischen Ideengeschichte*. Berlin: Akademie-Verlag, 2013, 325 Seiten (zus. mit Antonia Geisler).

Zeitschriftenaufsätze sowie Beiträge in Sammelbänden und Editionen:

2014: „Public Voting and Political Modernization.“ Erscheint in: Jon Elster, Hg. *Secrecy and Publicity in Votes and Debates*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

2014: „Elective and Aleatory Parliamentarism.“ Erscheint in: Kari Palonen und José María Rosales, Hg. *Parliamentarism and Democratic Theory*. London: Budrich.

2014: „Deliberative und aleatorische Demokratietheorie.“ Erscheint in: Oliver Flügel-Martinsen, Daniel Gaus, Tanja Hitzel-Cassanges und Franziska Martinsen, Hg. *Deliberative Kritik – Kritik der Deliberation*. Wiesbaden: Springer.

- 2014: gemeinsam mit Kerstin Pohl: „Braucht die repräsentative Demokratie ein ‚Update‘? Zur Reformdebatte von politischen Verfahren.“ Erscheint in: Bundeszentrale für Politische Bildung, Hg. *Konzepte des Grundgesetzes – Bausteine für die schulische und außerschulische politische Bildung*.
- 2013: gemeinsam mit Tine Stein: „Die ‚Gnade der späten Geburt‘? Politikwissenschaft in Deutschland und die Rolle Theodor Eschenburgs.“ *Blätter für deutsche und internationale Politik* (September 2013): 101–112.
- 2013: „Lostrommel und Wahlurne – Losverfahren in der parlamentarischen Demokratie.“ *Zeitschrift für Parlamentsfragen* 44, 386–405.
- 2013: „Wählen, Losen und politische Gerechtigkeit.“ *Zeitschrift für Politikwissenschaft* 22, 395–406.
- 2013: „The Concept of ‚Self-Binding‘ in Constitutional Theory.“ In: Enrique Peruzzotti und Martin Plot, Hg. *Critical Theory and Democracy*. Oxford, New York: Routledge, 56–80. (= Routledge Innovations in Political Theory 46.)
- 2013: gemeinsam mit Michael Hein und Jakob Jünger: „Die ‚EU-Kommissionslotterie‘. Eine Simulationsstudie.“ In: Hubertus Buchstein, Hg. *Die Versprechen der Demokratie*. Baden-Baden: Nomos, 247–272.
- 2013: gemeinsam mit Sandra Seubert: „Nachwort.“ In: *John Stuart Mill. Betrachtungen über das Repräsentativsystem*. Berlin: Suhrkamp, 289–326.
- 2013: „Die Versprechen der Demokratie und die Aufgaben der Politikwissenschaft. Eröffnungsvortrag zum 25. Kongress der Deutschen Vereinigung für Politische Wissenschaft.“ In: Hubertus Buchstein, Hg. *Die Versprechen der Demokratie*. Baden-Baden: Nomos, 25–43.
- 2013: „Einleitung zum Sonderplenum über ‚Deutsche Nachkriegspolitologen in der Nationalsozialistischen Diktatur‘.“ In: Hubertus Buchstein, Hg. *Die Versprechen der Demokratie*. Baden-Baden: Nomos, 341–347.
- 2013: gemeinsam mit Antonia Geisler: „John Stuart Mill – Ein liberaler Intellektueller im politischen Handgemenge.“ In: *John Stuart Mill: Liberale Gleichheit. Vermischte politische Schriften*. Band 7 der *Schriften zur europäischen Ideengeschichte*. Berlin: Akademie-Verlag, 11–70.
- 2013: „Moderne Demokratietheorien.“ In: Manfred G. Schmidt, Frieder Wolf und Stefan Wurster, Hg. *Studienbuch Politikwissenschaft*. Wiesbaden: Springer, 103–130.



RAPPORT D'UN SÉJOUR À BERLIN JOSÉ EMILIO BURUCÚA

Né à Buenos Aires en 1946. Il a étudié l'histoire de l'art et l'histoire des sciences avec Héctor Schenone, Carlo del Bravo et Paolo Rossi. Ph.D. de l'université de Buenos Aires en 1985. Depuis 2004 il est professeur ordinaire de Problèmes d'histoire culturelle à l'université nationale de San Martín (UNSAM, Argentine), où il fut aussi directeur de la Maîtrise en Histoire de l'art de 2004 à 2008. Il a publié des livres et des articles sur l'histoire de la perspective, les rapports historiques entre les images, les idées, les techniques et les matériaux de la peinture coloniale en Amérique du Sud. Il a travaillé également sur l'histoire du rire dans l'Europe de la Renaissance et la représentation des massacres dans la civilisation de l'Europe moderne. Il a été directeur d'études à l'École des hautes études en sciences sociales de Paris (1999, 2000, 2005), professeur invité au Collège de France (2008, 2013), Winter Visiting Scholar au Getty Research Institute en 2006, Gastwissenschaftler au Kunsthistorisches Institut in Florenz pendant l'hiver 2007, et Fellow au Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin en 2012/13. Il est membre de l'Académie Nationale des Beaux-Arts à Buenos Aires. – Adresse : Escuela de Humanidades – UNSAM, Universidad Nacional de General San Martín, Paraná 145, 5o piso, 1017 Ciudad Autónoma de Buenos Aires, Argentina. E-mail : jose.burucua@gmail.com

Je m'appelle Ringo et je suis venu vivre à Berlin avec mes grands-parents. Cette année, mon grand-père est *fellow* (compagnon) au *Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin* (c'est-à-dire à la *Joyeuse Compagnie d'Hommes de Science et Artistes* de la ville et de toute l'Allemagne). Ma grand-mère a finalement obtenu la permission de son fils – mon père – pour m'emmener ici, puisque je suis l'aîné de ma génération et que je me trouve libre des obligations scolaires

cette année. Aucun de mes frères ni cousines, encore trop petits, ne pouvaient interrompre leur scolarité pour nous accompagner. En plus, Grand-mère a dit que j'apprendrais et découvrirais beaucoup de choses en Allemagne qui me serviraient pour le restant de ma vie, davantage encore que les apprentissages réguliers de mon école. Au début du mois d'octobre, quand nous sommes arrivés, l'automne était dans toute sa splendeur de lumières et de couleurs. Nous en avons profité pour nous balader au *Tiergarten*. J'ai aussitôt trouvé ce jardin merveilleux, un lieu tout spécialement créé à notre mesure. La promenade des bords de la Spree jusqu'à la place du Reichstag fut riche d'émotions pour moi. En effet, Grand-père a voulu parcourir toutes les étapes de ce qu'il appelle le chemin symbolique de l'État National allemand, depuis la période des guerres d'unification des années 60 et 70 qui permirent la fondation de l'Empire des Hohenstau ... non pardon, des Hohenzollern au XIXème siècle, jusqu'à la reconnaissance de la responsabilité des Allemands dans le plan d'élimination des Juifs d'Europe, entrepris au milieu du XXème siècle, par un type vraiment sinistre dont je ne me rappelle pas le nom. Nous avons regardé avec attention le monument dédié au Chancelier de Fer sur lequel figurent des statues que mon grand-père considère seulement comme des allégories mais qui m'effrayent assez. Je vous donne un exemple : la dame guerrière (il paraît que son nom est Germanie) se dresse debout sur un lion qui ne serait qu'un symbole de l'anarchie ou de la barbarie. Grand-mère m'a rassuré en disant que ce lion est mort et bien mort. Mais craignant que ce ne soit qu'une mort relative, je me suis quand même éloigné avec discrétion. Sa taille est énorme et s'il revenait à la vie, j'aurais de gros soucis. Le jeune Nicolas, un ancien élève de mon grand-père, et maintenant son collègue le plus apprécié, nous a accompagnés tout au long de ce premier trajet berlinois. D'ailleurs Nicolas s'est également installé à Berlin pour un semestre afin d'écrire avec Grand-père un livre de référence sur la représentation des massacres à l'époque moderne, projet qui est également celui de mon aïeul en tant que compagnon au Wiko. La nature du sujet qui a réuni maître et ancien disciple à Berlin nous portait, dès notre promenade initiale, à visiter le lieu consacré à la mémoire des Juifs européens tués durant la Deuxième Guerre mondiale le plus important au monde, à savoir le labyrinthe de stèles érigées par le gouvernement allemand à quelques mètres de la porte de Brandebourg. Mes grands-parents ont trouvé sinon magnifique, du moins très émouvant, ce réseau de ruelles orthogonales, étroites, adaptées aux oscillations du terrain, où les personnes qui les traversent apparaissent et disparaissent comme des ombres en passant devant nos yeux. En revanche Nicolas a protesté en disant que le monument était un échec esthétique, voire éthique, car les gens qui

le visitaient, au lieu de se sentir envahis et déchirés par la profondeur des douleurs associées aux souvenirs des assassinés, se mettaient à courir avec insouciance entre les ruelles, à grimper sur les stèles et à sauter de l'une à l'autre avec un esprit festif. À dire vrai, mon comportement enfantin dans ce lieu, qui m'a poussé à pratiquer la course et à me mêler à la joie des petits qui jouaient à cache-cache entre les stèles funéraires, aurait pu constituer une preuve en faveur de l'opinion de notre jeune homme. Mais Grand-père insistait sur le fait que si le public peut s'appropriier d'une façon imprévue et contradictoire toute œuvre d'art mise à sa portée, cela ne signifie pas que l'œuvre doive être considérée comme un échec. Il a dit que cette contradiction entre l'élément fantasmagorique des profils et des silhouettes qui s'évanouissent d'une part, et la participation frivole et tapageuse de certains visiteurs d'autre part, représentait le déchirement éprouvé au souvenir des atrocités commises et servait justement à rendre un peu de cette vie arrachée aux êtres humains victimes du génocide. J'ai entendu à ce moment-là le nom de Warburg et le verbe *nachleben* pour la troisième fois dans la journée. Grand-père, pas plus que Nicolas, n'étaient capables d'échapper à leur obsession. En revenant à la maison de Grunewald, je me suis rendu compte de la beauté de la forêt où se niche la maison des hôtes du Wiko. Grand-mère m'a appris, un par un, le nom des arbres auprès desquels je pourrais m'égayer – le chêne, le saule, le sapin, le cèdre, le platane –, les arbustes, les roseaux aux bords des lacs. Elle m'a aussi averti des risques de gêner ou d'importuner les animaux du bois, qui se laisseront sûrement voir avant l'arrivée de l'hiver : le renard, le sanglier, les oiseaux et, parmi ceux-ci, surtout les cygnes. Malgré leur beauté et leur blancheur, ils s'avèrent souvent des êtres agressifs et violents. J'ai cru alors que Grand-mère exagérait au sujet des cygnes, mais les histoires terrifiantes de persécutions commises par l'animal attribué à Vénus, que j'écouterai plus tard de la bouche des promeneurs solitaires parmi les *fellows*, ont donné pleine raison à Grand-mère.

À vrai dire, l'emploi du temps de Grand-père nous laisse un peu de côté. Il se lève de bonne heure pour assister aux leçons de langue allemande. D'abord, il a suivi le cours des débutants avec Grand-mère. Mais la maîtresse, Ursula, une âme bénie autant qu'intelligente, s'est rendue compte immédiatement que mon aïeul connaissait déjà assez bien les règles grammaticales et qu'il était même capable de traduire certains passages difficiles des classiques. Il a donc été promu, dès la première semaine, dans les cours dictés par Eva. Si pour lui le changement a constitué une petite apothéose, pour nous en revanche, ça n'a pas très bien tourné. Maintenant, il nous abandonne trois matinées complètes : il assiste à la leçon régulière des jeudis, à la classe de perfectionnement le mardi

avant l'heure des assemblées obligatoires de la Compagnie et à la réunion des mercredis où il paraît que les *optimates* de la langue discutent – en allemand ! – à partir des textes sublimes et recherchés de la meilleure tradition locale. Grand-père est ravi et dit sans hésiter que, s'il avait eu Eva comme professeur ne serait-ce qu'un an avant de s'installer à Berlin, il parlerait maintenant très bien cette langue, et non de la façon mal équilibrée qui est la sienne aujourd'hui. Quand même, il manifeste de la joie à se sentir capable de lire couramment les livres allemands d'histoire de l'art, d'histoire tout court et, avec l'aide des dix-huit volumes du *Brockhaus Konversationslexikon* de 1900, le périodique *Die Zeit*. D'autre part, il remarque qu'il peut au moins soutenir un dialogue ou encore improviser quelque harangue en *yiddish* – parce que le *yiddish* est (d'après lui, bien sûr) une sorte d'allemand synthétique, simplifié, qui se fiche pas mal de mettre le participe à la fin de la phrase principale, ou bien le verbe complet au bout de la subordonnée, ou bien des verbes séparables. Un événement prodigieux a prouvé la vérité relative du commentaire. J'en ai été le témoin car Grand-père m'a amené avec lui à cette occasion. Je vous raconte l'histoire. Froma est une des meilleures amies de Grand-père parmi les compagnons. C'est une grande dame spécialiste de la littérature et de la culture de la Grèce classique, une figure consulaire de la philologie. Pépé ne cesse de dire que, grâce à Froma, il a découvert un passage de Longus, dans le prologue de *Daphnis et Chloé*, qui l'a éclairé sur la question du pouvoir des images mieux que les centaines de pages de la *Bildtheorie* développée sur les quatre rivages de l'Atlantique. Je vous le transcris dans la version même du grand-père, qui l'a traduite en français et l'a collée sur son bureau pour l'avoir en permanence sous les yeux :

« Quand je chassais à Lesbos, j'ai eu la meilleure vision que je n'aie jamais eue, dans un bosquet qui était consacré aux Nymphes (« ah, Warburg », s'écrie toujours mon grand-père en arrivant à ce point de la lecture faite à haute-voix) : une image peinte, une histoire érotique. Le bosquet était certes beau, avec ses arbres, ses fleurs et son printemps fertile. Mais la peinture était plus agréable encore, à cause de la grande habileté artistique qui s'y déployait et de son récit érotique. Beaucoup de gens venaient, même de l'étranger, attirés par la célébrité du tableau et du lieu, à la fois pour implorer les Nymphes et admirer la peinture. Dans l'œuvre étaient représentées des femmes qui accouchaient, d'autres qui langeaient leurs fils, des enfants exposés pendant que les animaux des troupeaux les nourrissaient ou bien les bergers qui les levaient dans leurs bras, des jeunes qui se pressaient les uns sur les autres, une incursion des pirates et un assaut des ennemis. Et j'ai vu d'autres choses et tout avait un rapport avec l'amour. Pendant que je contemplais et m'émerveillais, un désir de reproduire la peinture m'a dominé. »

Cela dit, revenons à notre histoire sur le *yiddish*. Voici que Froma a invité Pépé à nous rendre ensemble sur la *Jewish parade* des *Lubawitsch* à Berlin. « Quel endroit pourrait donc être mieux approprié, pour une manifestation de ce genre, que la capitale de l'Allemagne ? », s'est demandé Grand-père. Et nous voilà partis rejoindre les carrosses à la *Ku'damm* et les escorter jusqu'à la synagogue de la *Münstersche Straße*. Là, les organisateurs de la fête avaient placé une estrade où les enfants de la communauté exhibaient leurs talents artistiques de chanteurs et musiciens. Les invités spéciaux de cette journée dédiée à la tolérance et à la paix sont montés sur la scène pour s'adresser à la multitude. Grand-père a été très attentif aux paroles du pasteur protestant et du prêtre catholique mais il me semble qu'il n'a pour ainsi dire rien compris. Quand le rabbin est apparu, finalement, et qu'il a fait son discours, le visage de mon aïeul a resplendi. « Froma, j'ai tout compris, c'est merveilleux, l'allemand n'a plus de secrets pour moi ! Je te remercie tellement de m'avoir emmené ici ! » « Mais, fais attention, le rabbin parle en *yiddish*, pas en allemand », a répondu Froma. « Peu importe, c'est également magnifique. » Après la réplique de Grand-père ont suivi les applaudissements pour le rabbin. Pépé était enthousiasmé par sa trouvaille et il s'est lancé à déclarer publiquement : *Ij bin so glicklij hier zu sein. Ij bin verheiratet mit einer jidischen mädchen, also sind meine kinder und enkel jidisch auch, obwohl ij katholicisch bleibe. Meine familie ist ein gite beispiel von der friden und toleranz, die Sie heute zelebriren. Ij danke Ihnen, meine damen und herren.* Un habitué des *Lubawitsch* a étreint chaleureusement Grand-père et lui a offert une bière, mais il a fallu suivre Froma qui était déjà partie vers le *Café Grosz*, un endroit magique, évocateur, qu'elle seule pouvait nous faire connaître. Le garçon a porté un petit coussin pour que je puisse m'asseoir confortablement.

Il est nécessaire que je reprenne le discours sur le quotidien de Pépé. Tous les mardis, il assiste religieusement et avec onction aux conférences des collègues qui jalonnent les réunions du grand séminaire. Il insiste sur le fait qu'il apprend là des choses à ce point inattendues et insolites, qu'il n'aurait jamais pu imaginer que quelqu'un puisse les étudier, en particulier des biologistes et des physiciens. Je me limite à transcrire le mieux possible les phrases de synthèse qu'il met à la fin des notes prises par lui pendant les conférences, avec un soin qui laisse tout le monde perplexe. (Il y en a qui, avec raison d'après Grand-mère, prennent le grand-père pour une sorte de maniaque, mais personne ne sait, sauf moi, qu'il prépare une chronique détaillée de toute sa vie à Berlin, les nouvelles connaissances, les personnes qu'il admire et qui le surprennent, les expériences tirées de l'art, de l'architecture et des paysages qu'il adore, les rêves et les cauchemars qui l'assaillent

pendant la nuit, les théories qu'il échafaude à partir de l'expérience de ce pays dont il dit qu'il l'avait laissé de côté jusqu'à présent bien qu'il soit l'axe de l'histoire européenne.) De tous les collègues des sciences naturelles, Sonia et Birgitta lui ont semblé les plus hardies, la première à cause du retour qu'elle propose au bien-fondé des idées évolutives de Lamarck, la deuxième par les explications quantiques des phénomènes biologiques qu'elle avance, ainsi que par sa vision historique des rapports entre la physique du monde des particules et celle des sciences de la vie. (Je vous prie de ne pas me demander ce que ce sont les *quanta*, les traits acquis par la pression de l'environnement qui deviennent héréditaires, les principes d'indétermination et complétude. Je soupçonne que Grand-père n'a qu'une notion confuse de ces choses. Imaginez donc ce qu'il en est pour moi !) Atac a transporté Pépé dans une sorte de *nirvana* nationaliste, exceptionnel chez lui, quand il a présenté les paradoxes du monde quantique illustrés avec des citations de Borges. Jimmy a réveillé tant de souvenirs de sa propre jeunesse lorsqu'il a reconstruit les itinéraires géographiques et intellectuels de Darwin, y compris les voyages en Patagonie et en Terre de Feu. Les recherches de Gillian relatives aux effets de l'ambiance physique et sociale sur la fertilité et la sexualité des femmes du Bangladesh immigrées en Angleterre ont fait les délices de Grand-mère qui, comme vous le savez déjà, est gynécologue à Buenos Aires. L'auto-analyse d'Angela des travaux scientifiques, du cadre de leur production, des façons utilisées pour les publier et les valider, c'est-à-dire, au sujet des pratiques académiques qui sont à la base de la création des *papers*, est apparue aux yeux de Grand-père comme un tour de force bien accompli, un examen lucide des formes de la multiplication du savoir à notre époque. Jack a érigé un système de la vie et de la société, fondé sur la dialectique entre coopération et conflit, qui a fasciné Pépé et l'a fait songer à Buffon. (Je reviens sur le fait que je copie ce que je trouve écrit à l'encre bleue dans le cahier de notes de Grand-père. C'est lui qui a utilisé cet étrange mot de « dialectique » dont il paraît qu'on a oublié la signification.) Pépé a trouvé intrépide et prometteur l'essai fait par Joanna de projeter une matrice topologique sur le mécanisme des retraites et de chercher son articulation productive au problème du financement universitaire. Quant aux théoriciens du droit, leurs éclairages ont vraiment abasourdi mon aïeul, que ce soit le projet de donner une définition universelle de la norme juridique, entrepris par Christopher dans le sillage de la pensée analytique, ou l'idée d'incorporer les questions sur l'amour et la passion à l'ordre des lois, exposée par Ulrich dans une voie différente tracée par un philosophe allemand du droit dont le seul nom soulève l'esprit de combat de mon ancêtre. En revanche, des explorations qu'il avait prises au début pour des objets propres de l'enfer du *Baldus* l'ont

attiré et enthousiasmé après l'écoute des explications par leurs auteurs au séminaire (Anne et Hubertus) : *primo*, la défense des droits des animaux prise comme une étape nécessaire qui couronnera le processus historique de la quête de liberté, égalité et fraternité, engagée en 1789 (j'aurais tant aimé écouter et applaudir Anne jusqu'à mon dernier soupir « et mourir de plaisir ») ; *secundo*, l'incorporation du hasard et du loto dans les méthodes de sélection des inspecteurs populaires qui doivent exercer le contrôle démocratique des pouvoirs légaux.

Il va sans dire que Grand-père s'est trouvé plus à l'aise auprès des humanistes, puisqu'il fait partie de leur régiment dans la *Joyeuse Compagnie*. Les investigations conduites par Kelly et William dans leurs champs de l'anthropologie et de la linguistique lui ont paru d'une qualité supérieure, hautement inspirées, non seulement au vu de leur valeur scientifique mais également humaine : Kelly a fouillé dans la musique et la poésie populaires de la Tanzanie contemporaine pour découvrir leur enjeu politique ; William a démontré le très haut degré de flexibilité grammaticale des langues parlées à présent parmi les peuples austronésiens, ce qui permet de récupérer non seulement une expérience idiomatique unique au monde mais encore la dignité des cultures dédaignées par l'hégémonie occidentale. D'après Pépé, un des sommets du séminaire a été la présentation par Franco de l'analyse quantitative des mots utilisés dans le théâtre classique depuis la Grèce jusqu'à Racine et Shakespeare. Pour deux raisons : la première, c'est que le projet de Franco est une réponse courageuse, en même temps que solide, au défi posé par l'irruption des ordinateurs dans la recherche des sciences humaines ; la deuxième réside dans le dévoilement d'une manière de lire, appelée « lecture éloignée » par l'ami italien de Grand-père, qui s'appuie sur la prise d'une distance émotionnelle du lecteur par rapport au texte et qui occupera probablement le centre des pratiques culturelles dans un futur prochain (Pépé assure que Franco et lui partagent le même désarroi par rapport à cette forme de lecture et qu'ils continueront à cultiver la vieille habitude de se laisser engloutir par le texte). Avec les historiens d'art, bien sûr, Grand-père a éprouvé une grande empathie et s'est réjoui des inquisitions dignes de détectives de : 1) Marianne sur les rapports entre Manet et Boucher, inconnus jusqu'à ce jour, et centrés sur le labeur plastique et optique autour du double versant de la peau représentée dans les portraits et celui de la surface du tableau, étant entendue comme la peau de la peinture ; 2) Michael sur les calligrammes de Publilius Optatianus Porphyrius, poète latin ignoré de l'époque de Constantin dont la création la plus étonnante consistait à superposer le dessin de chaque calligramme sur des lettres latines, qui étaient aussi des lettres majuscules de l'alphabet grec, de telle façon que

le texte puisse se charger d'une autre signification si on l'arrachait du cadre latin pour le lire en grec ; 3) Alessandra sur les catégories, multiculturelles avant la lettre, relevées par deux intellectuels ibériques du XVI^{ème} siècle, don Antonio de Guevara et Francisco de Holanda, qui ont eu un contact direct avec les prodigieux objets de l'art des peuples non-européens d'outre-mer : leurs points de vue ébauchaient une théorie du développement de l'art plus riche, polyvalente et ouverte à l'élargissement du monde que celle de notre Vasari ; 4) Jonas sur les enchevêtrements entre mots et images développés par la culture de l'Antiquité tardive, spécialement par le roman alexandrin *Éthiopique* d'Héliodore (en plus, son sujet convergeait avec les thèmes de Michael et de Froma). Le grand-père s'étonne encore du fait que, étant historien d'art, il se sente mieux parmi les historiens tout court. J'ai plusieurs fois entendu Nicolas dire que Pépé reste toujours un peu positiviste, d'où sa familiarité avec les enfants de Clio. Quoiqu'il en soit, l'aïeul était si content d'entendre ses collègues de cœur qu'il n'a pas voulu ébaucher la moindre critique aux présentations, mais les a accueillies pratiquement comme des vérités dévoilées après un grand travail classique sur les sources. Il soutient qu'il a découvert des réalités inconnues du passé grâce aux conférences de Tony et d'Ussama : la première, consacrée à deux aspects de l'histoire du Sud-Est asiatique, 1) les rapports entre catastrophes naturelles d'une part et développement économique et social d'autre part, 2) le poids des formes non étatiques d'organisation des communautés dans le devenir politique des nations modernes de la région. Quant à la contribution d'Ussama, il s'agit d'un récit méthodique de la désintégration de l'Empire turc au XIX^{ème} siècle, de l'analyse du passage d'un projet multi-confessionnel et multiculturel à la formation d'un État national culturellement homogène à partir les années 20 du XX^{ème} siècle. Ainsi, Ussama a établi que les origines du sectarisme musulman actuel résident plus dans la pression politique exercée par les puissances occidentales sur la Turquie que dans une évolution interne des mouvances islamiques entre 1850 et 1918. Pour sa part, Garth, spécialiste de l'Antiquité tardive, de la Grèce byzantine et de l'expansion arabe, a convaincu Grand-père du besoin de changer la périodisation traditionnelle de l'histoire de la Méditerranée. Il faudrait penser le premier millénaire comme une unité culturelle qui embrasse aussi bien l'époque des Antonins que la civilisation des califats. Toutes deux seraient le résultat d'un héritage conscient du legs gréco-romain formé pendant sept siècles avant Jésus-Christ. Delphine a fait un exposé élégant sur les pratiques quotidiennes de l'Assemblée Nationale française et mis en relief la signification politique de l'organisation des services des députés, des cérémonies et des espaces créés pour le fonctionnement du pouvoir législatif de la République. Avi a parlé

de ses études dans le champ de l'histoire intellectuelle de l'illustration, qui visent à dévoiler les recherches accomplies par les philosophes, les penseurs de l'illuminisme écossais et Moses Mendelssohn à propos des limites de l'humain, de sa perfection possible et de son imperfection inévitable. Martin a étonné Grand-père avec ses découvertes sur la présence d'une idée islamique de l'unité de Dieu dans la théologie des antitrinitaires des XVI^{ème} et XVII^{ème} siècles. Gustav a proposé une périodisation nouvelle pour le devenir de l'Allemagne depuis le X^{ème} siècle jusqu'à la chute du Mur. Cette distribution du temps historique permet d'identifier le territoire de la Saxe comme la scène où se sont déroulés les événements fondamentaux de l'évolution allemande : la création du Saint Empire, la Réforme religieuse, le développement de l'*Aufklärung*, la constitution des premiers États modernes, l'affrontement du capitalisme et du communisme pendant la Guerre froide. Pépé a beaucoup étudié l'historiographie ukrainienne de l'ère postsoviétique pour écrire l'introduction à la conférence d'Andrii consacrée à cet autre sujet. Après avoir parcouru les critiques de son collègue contre l'appropriation de l'enseignement et de l'écriture de l'histoire par les pouvoirs politiques des anciens pays de l'Est, Grand-père a souligné la valeur morale ainsi que scientifique du travail d'Andrii :

« De la liste des sujets qui se trouvent au cœur de ses intérêts et textes, on en conclut que la mission d'un vrai historien peut devenir une profession risquée. Un historien honnête comme lui, qui cherche sans relâche la vérité, devient facilement la cible de l'arrogance et du despotisme des puissants. Même dans des régimes qui utilisent la manipulation politique du récit historique, l'emploi des données et des interprétations comme propagande au bénéfice du gouvernement, la simulation cynique de changements culturels et pédagogiques dont le but est d'anesthésier les citoyens et d'étouffer leurs aspirations à une vie nouvelle et meilleure, Andrii a pu, jusqu'à présent, résister à de telles pressions. Tout porte à croire qu'il continuera sur cette voie, pour le bien de notre savoir et l'admiration de ses collègues qui, comme moi, jouissent d'une existence plus facile et confortable. »

Pépé a trouvé colossale l'intervention de Daniel, le plus grand talmudiste de notre temps et compagnon de cette année. Daniel a introduit un concept nouveau, révolutionnaire, de la diaspora juive du Moyen-Âge. D'après lui, les rabbins et talmudistes de cette époque jusqu'à la fin du XVI^{ème} siècle, ont considéré la dispersion de leurs communautés comme une « colonisation productive », une « dissémination » qui renforçait l'élection divine du peuple juif pour porter la Torah aux quatre coins de la terre. Rien de plus éloigné, par conséquent, d'un peuple qui, affecté d'une sensibilité larmoyante, ne voudrait rien tant que le retour à sa patrie perdue. L'irradiation spirituelle du message contenu

dans ses livres sacrés et ses commentaires, là est la patrie du Juif. Mais mon grand-père ne s'était pas rendu compte que cette position historique de Daniel ne pouvait que le placer très loin du sionisme contemporain. Quand les cousins parisiens de Grand-mère sont venus nous rendre visite, Pépé a voulu les présenter à notre talmudiste favori. Nos parents français sont des sionistes convaincus et, en voyant que Daniel porte la *kippa*, ils ne se sont pas privés de lui demander ce qu'il pensait du développement actuel d'Israël. Ils étaient sûrs que la réponse serait parfaite, mais l'interrogé a dit : « Si Israël continue sur la voie où il est maintenant, dans quelques années à peine il tombera *in the deepest doom* ». Tout a bardé, bien sûr. Quand même, Daniel, qui est notre voisin au troisième étage de l'ancien pavillon de la Villa Walther, nous a invités à participer à une célébration très importante. Quand un savant comme lui finit de lire un des livres du Talmud, il faut qu'il fasse une fête avec les amis. Il récite un passage du livre, il l'explique et sa femme, Chava dans notre cas, raconte une histoire, généralement satirique, liée à la lecture. Mon aïeul était dans son *nirvana*, cette soirée-là, quoique la réunion ait eu un caractère nettement talmudique.

Un peintre palestinien, Kamal, et un poète chinois, Yang, brillent au sein de la *Joyeuse Compagnie*. Kamal a organisé une exposition des tableaux qu'il a peints pendant son séjour à Berlin. C'est un travail d'investigation sur les éléments chromatiques et spatiaux que les phénomènes de transparence intègrent à l'expérience visuelle. Du point de vue symbolique, les quatre grandes toiles qu'il a montrées se lient aux quatre éléments, le feu, l'eau, l'air et la terre, grâce aux tonalités prédominantes dans chaque tableau et aux proportions utilisées dans la composition des structures du dessin. Yang, pour sa part, a lu ses poèmes pendant une séance du séminaire des mardis, après une introduction préparée et lue par mon grand-père. Pépé a souligné que le noyau de la poétique de Yang se concentre autour de l'événement le plus traumatique de sa vie : l'exil consécutif au massacre de Tian'anmen. Le fait de vivre à l'étranger a donné paradoxalement à l'artiste une liberté et une douleur qui, au moment de leur convergence, lui ont permis de briser et de faire exploser les éléments linguistiques de son discours poétique, pas seulement des phrases, mais des mots eux-mêmes, des sons, des significations et des formes visuelles de l'écriture chinoise. Ce remaniement des mots et des caractères donne lieu à une organisation cristalline et harmonieuse des poèmes qui révèle les contenus de l'esprit de Yang et son monde esthétique intime (Rappelle-toi, lecteur, que je me limite à reproduire les synthèses écrites par mon grand-père dans son cahier de notes).

Il est clair que toute la famille était concentrée sur l'exploit de Pépé quand il a donné sa propre conférence sur les massacres du monde moderne et leurs représentations. Il m'a

interdit d'y assister parce qu'il craignait de devenir trop nerveux s'il me voyait parmi le public. J'ai collecté, de toute manière, plusieurs témoignages des gens que j'aime : il paraît que son succès a été relatif mais, au moins, personne n'est resté indifférent. Cristina, la mère d'un de mes meilleurs amis du Wiko, a fait une introduction généreuse et pleine de chaleur. Je reparlerai de Cristina aussitôt. Des idées présentées par mon grand-père, je n'en dirai rien puisque Nicolas et lui ont pu finir le livre concernant le thème. Quiconque y porte un intérêt pourra consulter le volume qui sera publié à Buenos Aires après notre retour. Je transcris seulement la fin du texte lu au séminaire :

« Je crois qu'une recherche comme celle-ci peut créer une distance, un *Denkraum* en termes de Warburg, entre les faits traumatiques et la personne qui essaye de les narrer ou de les expliquer. La distanciation permet qu'il devienne possible de regarder les horreurs. Elle ne donne pas de solution au problème des limites de la représentation, mais nous permet d'éviter les risques de la paralysie, du silence ou bien du refus de la compréhension d'un passé si terrible. La recherche des formules historiques utilisées pour raconter ou peindre les massacres nous aide aussi à comprendre deux choses importantes. La première nous rapproche de ce qu'on pourrait appeler le contexte du massacre, les chaînes des causes et effets qui l'entourent, même si son noyau reste au-delà de notre portée. La deuxième nous donne les outils pour examiner les ressources symboliques des acteurs de l'extermination, qui ont utilisé ces formules avant que les défenseurs des victimes ne se les soient appropriées afin de se souvenir et de comprendre les choses passées. Elle devient un rappel du fait que la représentation du conflit social, traité à la façon d'une scène de chasse, ou d'une apocalypse, ou bien décrit comme une foule maléfique d'ombres et de fantômes, peut exister *avant même* le moment où le système de terreur, de crimes contre l'humanité, de génocides ne soit mis en action. »

Passons à d'autres choses, un peu plus agréables que ces affreux sujets qui occupent l'esprit de l'aïeul. D'abord, la musique de la *Joyeuse Compagnie*, un chapitre plaisant et sublime à la fois de la vie dans notre société d'hommes de lettres et de savants. Mark, un compositeur sensible et éclairé, bon compagnon de Pépé, est en train d'écrire un opéra sur l'existence et les rêves de Johannes Reuchlin, l'hébraïste de la Renaissance que Goethe appela « homme merveilleux ». Il a organisé deux concerts de ses œuvres instrumentales que Grand-père a beaucoup appréciées puisqu'elles sont imprégnées d'un sentiment religieux difficile à définir. Pépé a été très impressionné par les expériences de Mark avec des sons petits, petits, jaillis d'un océan de silence, par les sonorités nouvelles obtenues d'anciens instruments joués d'une façon insolite, par exemple, le frottement de l'arc sur

les parties rigides d'un violoncelle, le changement continu de l'embouchure d'un basson, l'intervention directe de l'exécutant sur le cordage à l'intérieur du piano. Mark ausculte aussi le bruit et le silence et prend des « photos sonores » des lieux – comme le Saint-Sépulcre à Jérusalem. Dans l'activité musicale du Wiko, des concerts ont été également inclus, donnés par d'autres compagnons. Les membres de l'ensemble de cordes *Diotima* ont joué les quatre quatuors de Schönberg et les derniers *opera* de Beethoven. Mon ancêtre dit que les fistons du *Diotima* lui ont appris comment le système dodécaphonique est capable de produire un monde indépendant de mélodies *cantabili* et d'harmonies nouvelles, opposé et plus apte que le diatonisme classique pour convoier la recherche de sens et les émotions de la société contemporaine. Une intervention d'Alfred, fameux pianiste autrichien qui ne joue plus mais étudie les quatuors de Schubert au sujet desquels il prépare un livre, a déployé précisément les mystères de la composition d'une des œuvres en sol majeur. Ce fut la seule occasion où Grand-père a accepté de m'emmener au concert pour ouïr la musique produite par la *Joyeuse Compagnie*. Et pourtant ... je suis un spécialiste et j'aime beaucoup la musique classique. Le printemps avait déjà commencé et nous avons pu rester dehors, dans la véranda du jardin. Sur le plan de la délectation des sens, les déjeuners et les dîners ont un rôle essentiel au Wiko. Lena, Katarzyna et Yves sont les maîtres de la cuisine où ils nous préparent des mets délicats. Pépé, habitué fidèle, tient des statistiques et affirme que jamais, de toute l'année, un menu n'a été répété une seule fois. J'y vais tous les premiers jeudis du mois, journée des familles et des enfants. Lena exauce mes désirs et m'offre mon plat préféré : des saucisses rôties avec une purée (elle sait que mon foie ne résisterait pas aux frites, que j'ai goûtées avec grand plaisir il y a longtemps mais qui ont failli me faire mourir).

Vers la fin du mois de janvier, Grand-mère a dû regagner l'Argentine. « J'ai beaucoup de travail. Il y a une queue de patientes qui m'attendent. » Ce n'était pas la vérité pure. En réalité, elle souffrait de ne pas voir mes frères cadets, les jumeaux, qui ont célébré leur deuxième anniversaire le 8 juin. Mémé dit que Jérôme sera médecin et Léon ingénieur et je me demande toujours sur quelle base elle affirme une chose pareille. Grand-père croit en avoir trouvé une justification dans l'appartenance de la grand-mère à la « colonisation productive » dont parle Daniel. Ce départ a fait sombrer Pépé dans la dépression. Nos voyages à la découverte de l'Allemagne ont cessé. Le seul que je n'aie pas partagé a été celui que mes grands-parents ont organisé sans Nicolas vers Hambourg et Lübeck. Ils n'ont pas loué cette fois-là une maison pour s'y loger et ont dû s'installer dans un hôtel où les petits comme moi sont mal vus. Je vous assure qu'il y a eu un long débat sur la question

de savoir si je devais ou non rester à Berlin. Grand-mère a été tranchante. « Ringo sera ta meilleure compagnie. Tu seras obligé de le promener trois fois par jour et cela te fera un bon exercice. » De toute façon, lorsque Nicolas est parti à son tour, Grand-père s'est retrouvé au bord de l'anéantissement. En fait, c'est moi qui l'ai sauvé du désastre ainsi que les voyages entrepris par sa cousine de Fontainebleau, Marie-Françoise, qui est venue souvent nous rendre visite, à nous et à sa fille habitant Berlin. Il est rigolo quand même que, pendant ces derniers mois sans Mémé, je me suis amusé plus que jamais à Berlin. L'aïeul s'est rendu fréquemment chez les camarades qui ont pris particulièrement soin de lui : Kelly, Sonia, Alessandra, Dominique, Lily, Leslie, Helen, Froma, Franco surtout, Cristina et Bruce. J'ai adoré les visites aux deux derniers parce qu'ils ont des enfants comme moi qui ne vont pas à l'école : Nino est le fils de Cristina et Axel tandis que Momo est la fille de Monika et Bruce. Grand-père a été ébloui par les séances de Cristina et de Bruce au séminaire : il soutient que leurs conférences se sont nouées autour du grand problème de notre monde, la pauvreté. Chacun d'eux est parti de principes divers. Bruce, d'un concept de l'économie et des salaires qui s'inscrit dans les théories keynésiennes, les théories du développement à la Prebisch ou à la Myrdal et les idées de Stiglitz ; Cristina, d'une notion assez radicale des *desiderata* de l'égalité, à mettre au-dessus des intérêts financiers et des équilibres budgétaires des nations. Bien que le passé gauchiste de Pépé le pousse à se placer du côté de Cristina, il a confessé que le point de vue de Bruce apportait la solution nécessaire pour garantir les ressources d'une action mondiale contre le fléau de la pauvreté. J'étais bien content aussi du fait que le grand-père avait commencé à me traîner avec lui dans son bureau. Il imitait en ça son ami Bruce (malgré ses 67 ans, Pépé est un peu adolescent et a toujours besoin d'un ami qui devienne le *magister* idéal pour toutes choses des plus importantes aux plus banales). Un jour, au petit matin, Momo se mit à aboyer et moi à lui répondre. Le scandale était infernal. Les autorités elles-mêmes ont demandé à nos parents respectifs de nous garder à la maison. J'ai accusé le coup durement car j'avais amorcé un rapport intéressant avec Scarlett, la fille séduisante de Sabine et de Dennis. En plus, elle me tenait bien au courant des nouvelles du bâtiment principal où elle habite. Je commençais à tout savoir de l'administration de la *Joyeuse Compagnie* ainsi que de la vie de ses Olympiens. Je crois que Momo était jalouse et qu'elle m'a joué un mauvais tour. *But, she is always happy*, s'excusa Bruce. Toujours est-il que je tiens fermement à ma théorie. La visite chez Delphine, Dominique et leurs enfants m'était pratiquement interdite à cause de la chatte Fantômette qui règne dans leur appartement. Sans parler de mes relations affreuses avec les lapins de Gillian, Angel & Star, qui passent leur journée au balcon

à faire toutes sortes d'excentricités, à chuchoter et à espionner les gens qui passent. Enfin, j'ai pu consolider mon amitié avec le grand Nino chez Cristina. Quels dialogues merveilleux avons-nous maintenant en espagnol ! Le modèle de nos conversations est une pièce majeure de notre littérature : le *Colloque des Chiens*, écrit par Miguel de Cervantès. J'aime prendre la partie de Scipion, et Nino, celle de Berganza. Nos aventures sont un peu plus monotones et petites-bourgeoises que celles des molosses du XVIIème siècle. Nous aussi, cependant, avons accompli de longs voyages, tant en voiture qu'en avion. Un week-end, Cristina, Axel, Pépé et les frères jumeaux de Nino sont partis vers Auschwitz et Cracovie et nous ont laissés avec Ula chez Nino. Nos entretiens furent dignes de Platon ... ou de Rabelais plutôt, tandis que nos parents sont revenus dans un état lamentable de désarroi.

Des Olympiens, selon l'appellation de Grand-père, je n'ai que deux ou trois choses à dire. Toutes mes références viennent des témoignages de Scarlett, tête un peu frivole, ou bien de Pépé, tête toujours timide et effrayée. Thorsten est un jeune homme calme, cultivé et sympathique, qui exerce le pouvoir *suaviterinmodo, fortiterinre* (j'utilise l'expression du grand-père sans la comprendre trop). Scarlett, lorsque je la fréquentais, le trouvait beau. Elle était follement amoureuse de lui. Luca est le Jupiter de la *Compagnie* et il en a vraiment l'allure. Son savoir pourrait se comparer à celui des enfants de Chronos et de Rhéa. Quant à son corps, revêtu d'une toge, et son visage, ils ont été reproduits plus de cent fois, bien avant sa naissance, au deuxième étage de l'*Altes Museum*. Je parie qu'il a toujours inspiré trop de respect et un brin de peur à Grand-père qui, dans cet Olympe, préfère se rendre chez Vera, admirer sa beauté, s'éprendre de sa gentillesse et causer avec elle en espagnol. Il aime aussi s'installer chez les bibliothécaires (Pépé considère qu'elles sont les meilleures de la planète) ou bien chez Reinhart, le président du club de jouissance des compagnons. Avec Reinhart, mon aïeul pourrait passer des journées entières à causer de peinture, musique, littérature. C'est grâce à son conseil et à sa culture que mon grand-père a laissé de côté le sujet des massacres pour revenir à son ancienne passion de l'histoire du rire. Reinhart lui a présenté Flögel et sa *Geschichte des Groteskekomischen, ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Menschheit*, sujets dont Pépé aura d'emblée le monopole au sud du Tropic du Capricorne.

Excusez-moi, chers amis, si je me suis abandonné aux méandres de la mémoire, si j'ai sauté d'une affaire à l'autre sans enchaînement. Nous, les chiens, nous souvenons ainsi des faits et des choses. En plus, l'attente du retour de Grand-mère, qui se produira sans doute un de ces jours, m'a ôté le calme dont on a besoin dans des circonstances pareilles. De toute façon, grâce au secours de Robert et de Marie-Françoise mon récit est sûrement meilleur

que celui que Grand-père aurait pu écrire. Il est dans un état lamentable, le pauvre. Il m'a prié de m'occuper de cette corvée à la veille de la fin d'une vie plaisante, et particulièrement créative à la fois.

Ringo (vc. José Burucúa)



ANGEL EVENT: A YEAR EXPLORING
THE WIKO ARCHIPELAGO
JIM COSTA

A New Yorker by birth, I have called the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina home since 1996. I studied biology and philosophy at Cortland College, New York (B.S., 1985), and insect ecology (M.S., 1988) and population genetics and social evolution (Ph.D., 1992) at the University of Georgia. Following four years at Harvard’s Museum of Comparative Zoology, I joined the faculty at Western Carolina University in 1996 and became Executive Director of UNC’s Highlands Biological Station in 2006. My main research interests over the years have focused on insect social evolution (seen from a caterpillar’s point of view) and the history of evolutionary thinking. My 2006 book *The Other Insect Societies*, completed while a Fellow of the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study at Harvard, aimed to challenge the prevailing social evolution paradigm, while in *The Annotated Origin* (2009) I aimed to make Darwin’s landmark book accessible to a broader readership. At the Wiko I completed complementary books on the naturalist Alfred Russel Wallace: *On the Organic Law of Change* (2013) and *Wallace, Darwin, and the Origin of Species* (forthcoming), are my homage to the unsung co-discoverer of evolution by natural selection. – Address: Highlands Biological Station, 265 N. Sixth Street, Highlands, NC 28741, USA. E-mail: costa@email.wcu.edu

I.

As a field biologist and a student of the history of evolutionary thinking, my admiration of the great explorer-naturalists convinced me that Marcel Proust was incorrect when he said, “The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes but in having

new eyes". New eyes are important, but the comparative perspective afforded by new landscapes can inspire new ways of seeing even more profoundly. And what a gift my year here has been, a full immersion in the Wiko, Berlin, Germany, Europe, providing a comparative perspective nonpareil. Between cityscape and "Wikoscape", my year has been one of delight and frustration, insight and puzzlement, admiration and sadness, inspiration and false starts – all felt at one time or another as I explored the facets of this endlessly interesting city, pondered our colloquia, enjoyed myriad conversations, and was transported by our musical interludes at the Wiko.

I sit in the Villa Walther as I write this, looking out on the sun-dappled and breeze-swayed trees crowding the banks of the Herthasee. (Contrary to general belief, the sun *does* shine in Berlin on occasion, albeit on rare days and even then only briefly.) In little more than twenty-four hours, BA flights 983 & 227 will jet me and my family home from this continent to ours – from the Old World to the New, but from our "new world" to old: our new Berlin home of the past year to our old and familiar one. It's a bittersweet departure – we look forward to being reunited with family and friends and our comfortable home in the Blue Ridge, yes, but Leslie and our boys and I will miss Berlin and the Wiko, each in our own way. For Leslie it might be our new friends, Wiko conviviality, great public transportation, and Nazar. For our kids it would likely be friends, *Fußball*, noodle boxes and Döner Kebabs, and the freedom of a car-free existence and a city navigated by bus and S- and U-Bahn with ease. Me? Ah, I will miss my fellow Fellows, the blissful cocoon of my book-strewn office in the Neubau, Bruce dropping in for a chat. I will miss the ready smiles of Ursula, both Veras, and Funda, the convivial and delicious meals cooked up by Lena, Daniela, Yves, and their team, and the good cheer, conversation, and helpfulness of Sonja, Anja, Marianne, and Kirsten in the library, ever-ready to procure obscure literature. I will miss being able to throw myself into my work with abandon, fueled by the divine coffee machine of the restaurant, and I will miss our pleasant *Pausen*: lunch, colloquia, chats over coffee, our weekly dinners and long after-dinner conversations, all manner of angel and non-angel events.

My comrades alternately delighted, intrigued, puzzled, and dismayed me with their varied presentations: Middle Eastern socio-politics and history, quantum entanglement, reproductive physiology, *Bildtheorie* ... and we learned where the love was.

II.

Where did the year go? I devoted much of it to the naturalist Alfred Russel Wallace (1823–1913), the inveterate traveler, collector, and naturalist who, rather like Tom Paine, had a hand in not one but two revolutions (albeit scientific and not political): founding modern biogeography and co-founding modern evolutionary biology. What was to have been my Darwin year at the Wiko – work on a book on Darwin’s experiments – turned into my Wallace year, putting me in the venerable and sizable company of Wiko Fellows who for one reason or another ended up working on something *other* than what they had planned on. In my case, the shift was not wholly unexpected. My Wallace project, initially undertaken with friend and colleague Andrew Berry, consisted of an annotated transcription of Wallace’s most important field notebook from his epic journey in the “Malay Archipelago” (mainly modern-day Indonesia), spanning the years 1854 to 1862. The project was already underway, and I had expected it to be completed before my arrival at the Wiko. Early last summer, however, my co-author suddenly found that he had to drop out, leaving me with the option of completing the book solo or letting the project wither. I was determined to carry on not simply for the sake of the time and effort already put into it, but in an odd way, perhaps, for Wallace’s sake: intended as a celebration of Wallace’s evolutionary insights pre-*Origin of Species*, with a planned release at the culmination of the Wallace Centennial in late 2013, I was convinced from the time that I proposed the project in 2011 that this notebook would be of immense interest to historians and biologists, prompting, I hoped, a reassessment of the remarkable scope of Wallace’s insights and labors in pursuit of a solution to “the species question” – the origin of species.

Wallace’s contrast with Darwin is remarkable. Unlike Darwin, who came to his own understanding of evolution (then called “transmutation”) almost reluctantly soon after the conclusion of his voyage round the world, Wallace had actually set out to travel precisely to solve the species question. That he succeeded in this little more than a decade after setting out to do so is astonishing, given the obstacles: Wallace was self-educated, relatively poor, and had no social standing or connections – nearly the opposite of Darwin’s circumstance in every respect. Yet he was also tenacious, clever, resourceful, and determined. By a curious twist of fate, having hit upon the principle of natural selection, Wallace ended up sending his announcement of the discovery to Darwin, of all people. Had he sent it directly to a journal we might be speaking of “Wallaceism” today, but as it

turned out Darwin's friends rallied to ensure that his own priority-preserving private writings on the subject would be presented alongside of Wallace's paper.

In our time, biologists, historians, and others seem to hold contrasting views of Wallace and his legacy. Some lionize Wallace and maintain that he is the true discoverer of natural selection, one whose ideas were unfairly appropriated by Darwin and his circle. Others detract from his legacy by dismissing him as a mere collector who got lucky, one who himself said that he was glad that it fell to Darwin to give the world a book like the *Origin of Species*, as he would not have been up to the task. The one camp lauds Wallace by undermining Darwin, while the other lauds Darwin by knocking Wallace. Both camps are wrong, I believe, and do a disservice to both naturalists. Darwin and Wallace each deserve laurels, and while there is no question about this in regard to Darwin, it seemed (unfairly or not) that a case had to be made for burnishing Wallace's star. I became convinced that Wallace's hitherto unpublished "Species Notebook", as one historian labeled it, is the single most important document we have showcasing Wallace's far-ranging creativity.

The notebook project has come to fruition, and then some. Leslie took on completing the transcription while I worked on annotations and analysis, burning the noontime oil (this was Berlin in winter, remember). In fall 2013, Harvard have published the notebook in facsimile with transcription and commentaries. Along the way, some interesting side-projects arose: a companion volume with a more detailed analysis of the notebook is in the works (titled "Wallace, Darwin, and the Origin of Species", it is scheduled for a June 2014 publication with HUP), as are several papers. One, an exploration of Wallace's creative proposals to make life easier for working naturalist-taxonomists, was published in the *Bulletin of Zoological Nomenclature*. Wallace was ahead of his time: he would be delighted to know that several of the proposals he made in the Species Notebook (for example, his plan for a cooperative inter-institutional "library of natural history" and the idea of an international panel to regulate the naming of new species) have been realized.

In another paper, published in *Theory in Biosciences*, I argue for a reassessment of Wallace's intention behind his two most important "evolutionary" papers, from 1855 and 1858. The notebook supports the hypothesis that Wallace wrote these papers in a dialog, of sorts, with the eminent geologist Charles Lyell, who had published the most effective attack on the idea of species change at the time. It is now clear that Wallace aimed his papers at Lyell, with some of the same arguments against Lyell also found in the Species Notebook. There is no question that Lyell recognized the power of Wallace's arguments: he initiated his own series of private notebooks on the species question as a result of

Wallace's 1855 paper, and urged his friend Darwin to publish, recognizing that Wallace was hot on his trail. Ironically, when Wallace sent his famous 1858 paper on natural selection to Darwin, it was so that Darwin would pass it on to Lyell. In another twist, Wallace's critique of Lyell in the notebook also reveals Wallace's own plan for a pro-transmutation book: a book that was not to be, since the events put into motion by his 1858 paper resulted in Darwin going public and hastily editing down his planned tome on the subject into a more manageable size: his "abstract" that we know as *On the Origin of Species*, published in November 1859. Wallace received his copy while still deep in Southeast Asia, lavished praise on it, and quietly shelved his own plans for a book arguing for transmutation. One historian suggested that Wallace might have titled his unrealized book "On the Organic Law of Change", and following his cue I adopted this as the title for the published version of the Species Notebook. In its way the publication of the Notebook, made possible by my Wiko year of immersion thinking, reading, discussing, and writing, is in spirit a realization of Wallace's "book that should have been" – an homage to Wallace in this centennial year of his death.

III.

It may be easy to wax nostalgic now that summer is safely here, forgetting the frigid and sun-starved state of the place most of the year. But even at its bleakest, Leslie and our boys and I enjoyed navigating the city and culture – usually, but not always, successfully. Maybe because Wallacean voyages of discovery were often on my mind, I sometimes fancied that we were explorers in our own fashion, from the "Wiko Archipelago" (invoking Wallace and not Solzhenitsyn) to more distant lands on the "Berliner See". In the exploring tradition, here are a few entries from my field notebook (curiously similar to Wallace's in layout) as we struggled to understand the natives and the place:

[7]

15 Sept. 2012

Beware check-out @ Lidl; check-out person ~~apoplectic~~ *very unhappy* if more than ~5 microseconds taken to bag groceries *plus icy stares from customers in line*

Local custom: throw all groceries back into cart as quickly as possible after scanning, sort out pile and bag groceries elsewhere. – schnell

NB – on doors, “Drücken” = PUSH

Common blackbird (*Turdus merula*, Linn. 1758) sleek black cousin of American robin – large chirpy flocks at Wiko; lovely

[28]

6 Oct. 2012 – Hackescher Markt S-Bahn

Just before departing platform in the train “Einstein, bitte” announced. ?Why? Seems unlikely to be advertising for the coffee shop – otherwise the announcement should be made on arrival, not as the doors are closing and the train leaving. Perhaps Oct. is a month of celebration of Einstein — his B-day? check this. **could be educational – a public service message, to learn about the great scientist?* or, Hackescher perhaps Einstein’s home or birthplace? [note: could be *Einsteigen?*]

– ? Zurück kein Bitte ? check this.

[40]

23 Dec. 2012

– Dark, *dark*, DARK. No sun. Endlessly overcast, bleak. Check latitude **Berlin 52.52° N, 13.41° E* – In future AVOID this lat. in winter.

(? what are symptoms of vitamin D deprivation?)

Christmas Markets & lights everywhere – festive. I suspect tho designed to distract from miserable climate.

** Döner kebabs !!! These help get through winter; Glühwein too.

Fresh snow on iced-over ponds – fox tracks, bird tracks, squirrel tracks. What dramas do their intersections reveal?

[55]

10 Jan. 2013

Attended lecture at Wiko, in Deutsch; curious knocking on tables at conclusion –

??Pretzels & wine? Inquire into origins of this odd combination

[62]

25 Jan 2013

Restaurant's coffee machine – would anyone mind if I moved this to my office for awhile? { must have it.

Ping-pong table tennis here = blood sport at Wiko / careful who you play
[*lg. umbrella is useful as shield when walking thru during match*]

[69]

28 Feb. 2013

R. T. – exceptional organism. “genau in your genauishness”??

der Bus M19 ist unser Freund!! (**beware stairs careening around Koenigsallee curve!)

Humboldt statue @ Unter den Linden glorious; note nice cerambycid, & sphingid caterpillar

Cupid & Psyche at Altes Museum – insectan and avian.

– Pilgrimage to see Berlin Archaeopteryx, Museum für Naturkunde — Wunderbar!!

Flowers @ Empfang – lovely!

[85]

Ides of March 2013

Villa Walther metaphor for Berlin; past half obliterated, eras grafted

Happiness = flowers from Adenauerplatz U-Bahn!

Thanks ≠ danke; always add schön, sehr (helpful tip from Hubertus)

Deutsch incomprehensible to ossified brains like mine. Ursula is a saint.

Practical Deutsch to use with teenage boys:

nein, Junge (very handy with Addison & Eli)

genau!

kein, nicht, nay, nein (so many ways to say NO)

Ich weiß nicht.

Bitte?

Ja

Kinder, essen! (schnell!)

“Raus” gets better response than “Vamoose”

Layers of history here - like geol. strata. Records of upheaval, erosion, continuities, breaks. Difficult to map. There is tragedy in the unconformities.

IV.

Yes, in many respects our Berlin year brought out the anthropologists in us – keen to observe and understand, compare and contrast, gain insight into context. Thinking about the odd reversal of new and old worlds for my family and me puts me in a mind of Alessandra Russo's colloquium, reflecting on how worlds new and old, continents apart, rejuvenate and inspire one another. Looking back on this Wiko year and all that I have seen, heard, experienced, pondered, discussed, and accomplished, biological metaphors along these lines inevitably come to mind – I am a biologist, after all. One such metaphor relates to the interesting interplay between isolation and interchange. On the one hand we biologists understand that, by and large, isolation is necessary for the evolution of new species, since contact and admixture bind individuals and populations together and prevent their divergence. And by analogy so too may novel ideas and traditions arise and develop in striking ways through the isolation experienced by individuals, groups, or even whole communities. But on the other hand we also see the benefit of mixing things up: cross-pollination as the fruitful intermixing of different ideas and perspectives.

In a curious roundabout way, this idea relates to another colloquium – that of Sonia Sultan on “nature” and “nurture” – and my own work on Darwin, Wallace, and the history of evolutionary thinking. The question of the relative importance of “nature” (via genetics, in modern terms) or “nurture” (learning, experience) in shaping behavior has been around for centuries (Pope touched on it in 1734, in his *Essay on Man*: “*Whether with reason, or with instinct blest | Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best*”). Aiming to undermine the natural theology tradition that Pope reflected, Darwin tended to focus on instinct and its variations, and so leaned toward the “nature” end of the spectrum. Wallace, on the other hand, was thinking more along the lines of cross-pollination, admixture, cultural interchange: sometime in the late 1850s he wrote in his Species Notebook that “a race remaining isolated will ever remain stationary, and this is the case with birds. Each species is generally confined to a limited district in which the circumstances are similar and give rise to no diversity of habits.” Modern biologists would agree with

Wallace, recognizing the importance of learning and experience in interplay with genetics. In this regard Wallace was once again ahead of his time. He certainly would have appreciated the Wiko philosophy of interdisciplinary and intercultural interaction and engagement: a discipline, institution, or scholar remaining isolated “will ever remain stationary”; mix things up, promote cross-pollination, spark new ideas, collaborations, currents ...

Our “Angel Event” in the Wiko Archipelago this year has been magical indeed, but all too brief, alas. Wallace got to explore his archipelago over eight years, to good effect. Hmmm ... I wonder if Luca might consider ...

Works completed at Wiko

- Costa, J. T. (2013). *On the Organic Law of Change: A Facsimile Edition and Annotated Transcription of Alfred Russel Wallace's Species Notebook of 1855–1859*. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 559 pp.
- Costa, J. T. (2014). *Wallace, Darwin, and the Origin of Species*. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. (Forthcoming spring 2014)
- Costa, J. T. (2013). “Synonymy and its Discontents: Alfred Russel Wallace’s Nomenclatural Proposals from the ‘Species Notebook’ of 1855–1859.” *Bulletin of Zoological Nomenclature* 70: 131–148.
- Costa, J. T. (2013). “Hamiltonian Inclusive Fitness: A Fitter Fitness Concept.” *Biology Letters* 9, 6: 20130335.
- Costa, J. T. (2013). “Engaging with Lyell: Alfred Russel Wallace’s Sarawak Law and Ternate Papers as Reactions to Charles Lyell’s *Principles of Geology*.” *Theory in Biosciences*, 132(4): 225–237.
- Costa, J. T. (2013). “On the Organic Law of Change: Alfred Russel Wallace and the Book that should have been.” *Evolve* [Natural History Museum, London] 17: 30–33.
- Costa, J. T. (2013). “Wallace on the Evolutionary Trail.” *Current Biology* 23(24): R1069–R1071.



THE YEAR OF LIVING SUNLESSLY
WILLIAM A. FOLEY

Born in 1949 in Providence, Rhode Island. 1971, A.B. Brown University; 1973, M.A. University of California, Berkeley; 1976, Ph.D. University of California, Berkeley. 1976–88, Lecturer, Senior Lecturer, Department of Linguistics, Faculty of Arts, Australian National University; 1988–99, 2003–07 Head of Department of Linguistics, University of Sydney; 2009–11, Director of the Writing Center and Director of Academic Writing. Present position: Professorial Chair in the Department of Linguistics at the University of Sydney. Publications: *The Papuan Languages of New Guinea* (1986); *The Yimas Language of New Guinea* (1991); *Anthropological Linguistics: An Introduction* (1997); “Determinism and Universals: the Arguments from Linguistics.” In *Complexities*, edited by Susan McKinnon and Sydel Silverman (2005). – Address: Linguistics F12, University of Sydney, Sydney, NSW 2006, Australia. E-mail: william.foley@sydney.edu.au

By all accounts, the winter of 2012/13 was a particularly long and dark one, said to have been the darkest in some sixty years (although I note that some entries in previous year-books by former Fellows make similar observations). In the month of February, I understand, the sum total of sunlit hours was less than five. This presented an especial challenge for this immigrant from the bright, sun-drenched subtropics of the Antipodes, so used to clear blue skies and dazzling beaches. But I am pleased to report that the cold and darkness outside was more than compensated by the warmth and stimulation of Wiko, both from my Co-Fellows and the invariably helpful and inveterately cheerful staff of the Institute. My thanks to all of them and particularly to the kitchen staff, who five times a week prepared special meals for me to fit with my dietary restrictions. And, although it lacks real

beaches, the cultural and social life of Berlin dazzled me regularly, so that in spite of the climate, I learned to love this city and all it offers. I have Parisian friends who claim Berlin as the cultural capital of Europe, high praise indeed from Parisians, but in my view this claim is wholly justified.

I arrived at Wiko on a bright day in late August and immediately got into the rhythm of the place. The first three weeks were spent in intensive German. The only regret of my year here is that my spoken German never got as fluent as I would have liked; there were just too many other wonderful offerings to sample to give it the priority it deserved, and it does seem that English has become the *de facto* language of daily interaction among Fellows at Wiko. Following the three weeks of very enjoyable intensive German classes, the academic year at Wiko began in earnest, a rich and varied weekly diet of colloquia, concerts, occasional movies, and the always stimulating conversations over lunch or Thursday dinner with other Fellows, their partners, or Wiko staff. The colloquia exposed me to fields that I knew next to nothing about. Presenters made much-appreciated efforts to make their colloquia intelligible to non-initiates and for the most part succeeded. Lunch or dinner conversations ranged over topics in biology, anthropology, philosophy, history, or politics (often politics, there was an American election during my tenure here). Conversations continued in the hallways or offices. Such conversations will be my most treasured memories of my time here. They enriched my understanding of so many topics, with so many smart and accomplished Fellows and partners here: philosophy with Cristina, Axel, and Jonas, biology with Sonia, James, Jack, Rowan, Joanna, and Ulrich, anthropology with Kelly and Gillian, history with Froma, Daniel, and Tony, and politics with everybody, but especially Ulrich. And, of course, linguistics with Johanna, who was here from January working on a related and parallel project, and Ben Fortson. And the staff of Wiko with their own intellectual backgrounds provided still further riches; I especially cherished my conversations with Thorsten, who explained much to me about German history and culture, an area of endless fascination to the anthropologist in me. And who can forget that rich cast of extras, the guests, and the serendipity of chance meetings. Over one Thursday dinner with Luca, I met a psychiatrist who had done extensive fieldwork in New Guinea in the same area in which I work, someone whose publications I knew well, but had never met. An enthusiastic conversation ensued well into the night, sprinkled with Tok Pisin idioms. This is the way the academy should work, but unfortunately rarely does outside Wiko, as the current short-term horizon of academic institutions renders such rambling intellectual exploration next to impossible. Wiko is

such a unique and immensely valuable place, one where new and vulnerable ideas can be incubated and allowed to grow without the external performance measurements so much a hallmark of universities today. May it ever be so.

Unlike many other Fellows who came to Wiko to complete a project in progress, I came to commence one. Although initially trained as a linguist, I have for at least the last twenty-five years worked with an interdisciplinary focus. My work has been mainly in anthropological linguistics, a hybrid discipline of linguistics and anthropology, obviously, but also I have been interested in research findings from cognitive and developmental psychology. My status on the border of linguistics, as an outsider with an anthropological gaze, gives me pause when I look at the current status of the discipline. Although the Chomskyan revolution in the 1960s provided a much-needed rigor and new direction in linguistics then, it has become increasingly obvious to me that the Chomskyan paradigm had been largely exhausted by the 1990s and is now more of a hindrance to new breakthroughs in linguistics than a productive research strategy. The extreme subjectivism and abstractness of the Chomskyan paradigm, for which the goal of linguistic description is to describe the competence of an idealized speaker/hearer in a completely homogenous community, seems to me to cut linguistic inquiry off from any real engagement with language as spoken in any actual, inherently diverse community and in ongoing communication within such communities. This subjectivism, not surprisingly, is tied to psychologism, the idea that language is what goes on inside the heads of speakers/hearers, that it is essentially a mental phenomenon, but again this view jars with my anthropological understanding of language as a social and cultural phenomenon, as an assemblage of practices for the expression of meaning in a publicly disclosed sphere. Nor can I, as someone highly influenced by American pragmatist philosophers like Dewey and Peirce and phenomenologists like Heidegger and Charles Taylor, accept a view, as any Chomskyan framework must, that reduces public behavior like the communication of meaning to private knowledge or mental representations: meaning does not transmit information between heads or minds; rather it discloses things in a public space between interlocutors through the medium of the body. It is not minds that talk, but bodies, that is, human organisms in a sociocultural environment, and this skill cannot be reduced to mental knowledge without both excessive abstraction from and simplification of the actual phenomena under study. In my view, linguistics must now move on from its patrimony from the period in the 1960s and 1970s when the methodological assumptions of the Chomskyan revolution bore rich fruit in understanding the grammatical properties of

human language; they no longer seem to offer a way to glean deeper understandings of the rich diversity of human linguistic practices.

So, in light of this insight that it is bodies that talk, in a word, organisms, it seems the discipline that may offer the most as a way forward for linguistics is not psychology, but biology. This was the first principle behind my project at Wiko. Researchers in the “softer” social and cognitive sciences are often cited as having “physics envy”. I must admit that, before coming to Wiko, I had an incipient case of biology envy, but I must also report that a year of fortnightly meeting with an evolution reading group that consisted of a core cluster of biologists has cured me of it: there seems to be as much disagreement about fundamentals in that discipline as in linguistics. Still, I learned a great deal about biology, evolution, and their controversies from that reading group and its often raucous meetings, which will stand me in good stead as I continue to work on my project. Thanks, Ben, Bob, Bruce, Emily, Franco, Jack, James, Joanna, Johanna, Rowan, Shakti, Sonia, Tanja, and Ulrich.

The Chomskyan paradigm argues that the universality of language acquisition regardless of genetic background supports its claim for a pan-human innate mental foundation for language, and as a consequence, research within this paradigm downplays variation in favor of the universal cognitive substrates for language. But it is not language that is acquired, but individual languages, and the world’s languages exhibit great diversity, so any adequate approach to linguistics must take variation as basic, not marginal. Furthermore, the world’s pattern of linguistic diversity closely matches that of biological diversity; most of the world’s languages, like species, are in the tropical zone and in particular in the rain forest countries of Central Africa, Southeast Asia and Australasia, and the Amazon Basin. So the second principle behind my project at Wiko was that the sub-discipline of biology most likely to be relevant to linguistics was ecology or population biology, the study of the diversity of species in a habitat, their variation and demographic changes, and their niche interactions with the environment. I began to think of languages, their interactions, and their changes in time in a similar way. Questions of linguistic variation became central: how it develops and propagates, how languages interact and affect each other, and, most importantly, what constraints operate on variation. Linguistic variation cannot be unconstrained. Languages have to be learnable, so neurological and cognitive structures do impose constraints on what languages can be like. Still the great diversity of human languages indicates a good deal of latitude here, a large space in which a great variety of possible languages is permitted.

My third principle was methodological: I wanted to study a linguistic property for which there was good cognitive and developmental psychological research that would give me grounds for proposing cognitive constraints operating for that property. The proposed universal distinction between noun and verb was perfect, as there was already a good deal of work on the conceptual categories underlying this distinction, that of objects versus events. Awareness of a cognitive category of object has been well attested for very young prelinguistic infants, as young as two and a half months. An early robust cognitive category of event has proven to be much more elusive; only around age one is there any evidence for it and even that is equivocal. This tallies with linguistic evidence: all languages have much larger inventories of nouns than verbs. All languages have at least several thousand nouns, but there are languages in New Guinea with under a hundred verbs. But even more striking is that languages of the Southeast Asian region across various families often lack a sharp noun-verb contrast; many words are flexible, i.e., function as both parts of speech. Among the languages of the world this is a rare trait. Most languages have sharply contrasting noun and verb classes, with either no overlap, or a very small one, like in Latin, the paradigmatic case for our tradition of grammatical description, which has 10% flexibility, mostly for words that describe properties like “cold”. But Tagalog of the Philippines has 77% flexible words.

The development of this trait of flexibility was then an excellent site to study variation over space and time. Flexibility is a rare trait. What favors its preservation or attenuation? What is its distribution across both geographical space and semantic space within languages? What happens when languages divergent for this trait interact? Tagalog is a member of the Austronesian language family, the world’s largest in both number of languages, over 1200, and geographical extent, from Taiwan and Southeast Asia all the way to Hawaii and including Madagascar, but excluding most of New Guinea and all of Australia. In particular, in New Guinea there are languages of some 40 distinct language families, the so-called Papuan languages, which I know well, and these are languages typically with no flexibility at all. So what happens when Austronesian languages that inherit high flexibility from their Southeast Asian homeland come into long-term contact with Papuan languages with no flexibility, especially given that flexibility is already rare cross-linguistically, an indication that it is cognitively disfavored and hence subject to easy attrition?

Most of my time at Wiko was spent developing a database of Austronesian languages that addressed these questions. I needed to know the flexibility rates of basic words across

a range of semantic categories in a number of Austronesian languages in different genetic subgroups and geographical areas, from Taiwan, the Philippines, Indonesia, New Guinea, Polynesia, and Micronesia. Johanna Nichols and I developed a list of some 180 basic words across a range of semantic and ontological categories, such as properties, animals and plants, artifacts, body parts, kin terms, natural phenomena, bodily events, postures, emotions and psychological states, activities, and caused accomplishments. All the forms derived for each of these words were entered into the database to ascertain their degree of flexibility. This was a very labor-intensive task and involved many hours of careful sifting through grammars and dictionaries for each language. Week after week, and then month after month, passed by, while I built the database with languages drawn from across the Austronesian-speaking world. By the end of my fellowship in July I had completed this task for fourteen Austronesian languages, and, by smiling fortune, my Wiko colloquium took place in late June, so I was able to report the results of my yearlong research to my Co-Fellows there. The final output of my project will be a detailed monograph, but here are a few summarized findings: 1. Flexibility rates drop as a function of distance from Southeast Asia. This makes sense from an ecology point of view: without reinforcement from interaction with other languages with high flexibility rates as in Southeast Asia, the rates drop as a result of being cognitively disfavored. 2. Flexibility almost disappears among the Austronesian languages of coastal mainland New Guinea that are in long-term intensive contact with speakers of Papuan languages with no flexibility. 3. Flexibility is surprisingly high again in Polynesia although ancestral Polynesian populations migrated through New Guinea on their journey to Polynesia. Mitochondrial DNA indicates that Polynesian populations descend from Asian-origin, Austronesian-speaking women, who transmitted the typical Southeast Asian trait of high flexibility. 4. Flexibility is not uniform across all semantic or ontological categories. Rather, regardless of a language's base rate of flexibility, some categories such as kin terms or artifacts always show higher rates, while others like animals and plants or caused accomplishments exhibit significantly lower rates. The latter provide evidence for what might be called "natural ontology": animals and plants are individuated objects par excellence and hence must be nouns, while caused accomplishments strongly favor being construed as events and so verbs.

I believe this approach modeled on ecology and population biology holds great promise for a recasting of how we do linguistic description and theorizing. This project was just a small first step; other people elsewhere, particularly in Europe, are working on parallel or complementary approaches. After some fifty years of dominance by America-based

researchers, the best and most innovative work in linguistics is now done in Europe, at the two Max Planck institutes that focus on this discipline and at various universities and research centers in northern Europe. Given the central role that the lexicon plays in all current theories of grammar, studies of how the lexicon is structured in languages, especially when structured in cross-linguistically unusual ways, as in these Austronesian languages, is a crucial step in rethinking how to do linguistics.

Finally, I need to admit that around the middle of February, when the lack of sun was really getting me down, and the making of a database for Tongan a bit tedious, Joanna Masel-Monti, Oliver Monti-Masel, and I went off to Tropical Islands, a former Zeppelin hangar in Brandenburg converted into a tropical resort complete with beaches, lakes, waterfalls, Thai restaurants, and a constant 26 degrees (it was minus 8 and snowing outside), for a day of fun and frolic on the beaches and in the saunas and steam rooms. It got me through to mid-April, when the sun returned. I strongly recommend it to any future sun-starved Fellows.



DISPLACEMENTS AND RECONSTRUCTIONS GARTH FOWDEN

Garth Fowden is Sultan Qaboos Professor of Abrahamic Faiths at the University of Cambridge. Born in 1953 in Norwich, England, he was educated at Merton College, Oxford, held research posts at Peterhouse and Darwin College, Cambridge, and taught at Groningen University before moving to Greece in 1985. He has held visiting appointments at Princeton, Ann Arbor and Paris. Some publications: *The Egyptian Hermes: A Historical Approach to the Late Pagan Mind* (1986); *Empire to Commonwealth: Consequences of Monotheism in Late Antiquity* (1993); *Qusayr ‘Amra: Art and the Umayyad Elite in Late Antique Syria* (2004); *Before and After Muhammad: The First Millennium Refocused* (2013). – Address: Faculty of Divinity, University of Cambridge, West Road, CB3 9BS Cambridge, United Kingdom. E-mail: garth.fowden@divinity.cam.ac.uk

In September 2012, I traded a view of Mt Parnassos for one of the Weiße Villa. The Greece I left was in a state of social unrest: colleagues at the Institute of Historical Research of the National Research Foundation in Athens were working without basic tools like toner for the photocopier machine, and shopkeepers in my village were closing their doors for good. Everyone was talking about a return to the basics; but we all knew that generations raised in the city have no idea how to go back to the country to plant broad beans.

Syria too – an enduring focus of my scholarly interests – was coming apart, but no one spoke of their hope for a return to a simpler way of life. In April, a blast destroyed the minaret of the Umayyad mosque of Aleppo, a famous tribute in stone to the layering and intersection of cultures. In the same month, my friend and host when I lived in Aleppo,

Mor Grigorios Yohanna Ibrahim, was taken hostage and as I write no one knows whether he is still alive.

There was an urgency to finish my book *Before and After Muhammad: The First Millennium Refocused* and write as much of its narrative complement *The First Millennium: From Augustus to Avicenna* as I could before the end of June 2013. The urgency was personal since I underwent a transformation unique in Wiko history (or so I was told): arriving as a Greek researcher and departing as a Cambridge professor, but one with considerably reduced time for writing. This was not just a personal deadline, as my vocation as a historian is to present a view of the world from the Mediterranean to Afghanistan in the First Millennium AD in which religious and philosophical culture among Jews, Christians and Muslims matured through controversies that created the foundations for the world of both conflict and creative encounter in which we live today.

Research is a solitary affair. Like any affair of the heart it demands time, hard work and, above all, empathy. This empathy makes it possible for us to work as scholars across the constrictions of time. Here at the Wiko I may have spent more time with Gibbon and the eleventh-century Syrian historian Elias of Nisibis than with my contemporaries, but one of the strongest impressions left on me from this year is how ideas sparked in conversations around the lunch table belong to the on-going conversations at tables across time and space. Conversations with the Rektor were always stimulating, in particular one about Alois Riegl and a few passing discussions about the Berlin museums. Here the subject of reconstructions comes into my year's work and experience. An essential part of my First Millennium project is to rethink the relationship of the Islamic world to European history. The question of how we represent artefacts goes to the heart of this challenge. The carefully cultivated connections linking the Wiko and EUME to scholars in Berlin and further afield who are engaged with the problem of Europe and the Middle East constitute another tangible cooperation across time, now with figures such as Alois Riegl, Josef Strzygowski, Wilhelm von Bode and Carl Becker. The latter's vision of the mediating role Islamic civilization played between Antiquity and the medieval and Renaissance art of Europe is a palpable presence in the "Archaeological Promenade" of the Museumsinsel. While the arts of Asia and Africa are destined to be moved from the Dahlem complex to the resurrected Berlin Palace – Humboldtforum (whose foundation stone was laid by the Federal President on 12 June 2013), those of the Islamic world remain symbolically embedded in the Pergamonmuseum.

Embodied in this reorganization of the Berlin museums is a potential shift in how we think about Islamic and European cultures. It also makes us reconsider our use of space to formulate cultural connections. We are moving beyond the rigid essentializing of Islamic artistic production as depicted in Banister Fletcher's famous "Tree of Architecture", published in 1924 and widely reproduced in histories of art, in which the strong, straight trunk leading from Greek, Roman and Romanesque grows ever upward to modern European and American architecture, while "Byzantine" and "Saracenic" architecture figure merely as exotic, static, medieval offshoots. But the tree can also be seen as a more flexible image of creative encounter, as in Kendall Baker's photographic and sculptural installation entitled "Unmaking the Center", about which he wrote: "Over the year, the studio philosophy of un-making and un-centering expanded to include the relationship between human markings on natural forms. I became interested in the ubiquitous rectangles painted on roadside trees as measured markings. The tree grows, the marks stretch, are repainted, stretch again as new growth sprouts chaotically and is cut back. And yet, these markings are 'on' the tree even as they do not belong to it." A better image of the robust tree of First Millennium encounters would be hard to find.

Thanks to the Wiko's generous definition of *Wissenschaft*, our tables included not only neuroscientists and anthropologists, but also poets, composers and musicians. This year another visual artist also gifted as a sculptor of words, Kamal Boullata, affirmed the place of art in scholarly conversations that grow outward to engage the wider public. His work, springing not from trees but from the living rock of Jerusalem, also forces us to keep shifting our spatial conceptions in a way surprisingly similar to my own efforts to open the geographical horizons in which we think about European history. It is perhaps the lightness of touch and considered discretion so distinctive of the Wiko leadership that places such a diverse group of people together for one year of *wikotium*, an inspired and only seemingly effortless orchestration in which we were all happy and grateful players.



ÉCRIRE, DIT-ELLE
DELPHINE GARDEY

Professeure d'histoire contemporaine à l'université de Genève (Suisse) depuis 2009. Directrice du Master et de la formation doctorale et de l'Institut en études de Genre. Née en 1967 en France. Formation d'historienne et sociologue (Doctorat à l'université Paris 7, 1995 ; habilitation à l'École des hautes études en sciences sociales, 2007). Ancienne Humboldt fellow au Max-Planck-Institut für Wissenschaftsgeschichte et au Zentrum für Interdisziplinäre Frauen- und Geschlechterforschung à la Technische Universität de Berlin. Publications : *La dactylographe et l'expéditionnaire. Histoire des employés de bureau, 1890–1930* (2001) ; *Ecrire, calculer, classer. Comment une révolution de papier a transformé les sociétés contemporaines* (2008) ; à titre d'éditrice : *Le féminisme change-t-il nos vies ?* (2011) et à titre de co-éditrice : *L'invention du naturel. Les sciences et la fabrication du féminin et du masculin* (2000) ; *L'engendrement des choses : des hommes, des femmes et des techniques* (2002). – Adresse : Institut des Études Genre. Faculté des Sciences économiques et sociales. Université de Genève, 40 Bd du Pont d'Arve, 1211 Genève, Suisse. E-mail : delphine.gardey@unige.ch

D'une année entièrement dédiée à l'écriture il est question de laisser la trace de ces quelques pages. Ironie de l'histoire, cette invitation se présente peu de jour avant que la corde de l'instrument ne rompe. L'épaule, le bras et la main éprouvés par un accident et hautement sollicités dans le long hiver berlinois ne répondent plus à l'appel. Le 21 juin 2013 la crise surgit de nulle part. Douleur atroce, immobilisation totale, morphine. Le handicap et la peine sont durables. De la main, il ne m'est même plus possible de signer mon nom. Soudainement, et contre toute attente, la scripte infatigable laisse la place à un être sans bras, et donc sans voix. L'auteure n'est plus.

En cette fin de séjour au Wissenschaftskolleg le temps est donc à la méditation sur la contingence et la nécessité. Pour écrire, il ne suffit pas d'avoir le cadre idéal que constitue le Wiko, il faut aussi avoir deux mains, l'une n'étant pas l'égale de l'autre. J'assiste au naufrage physique de l'auteure. Le livre en cours repose sur la table de travail comme une provocation. Là où règne l'inachevé, l'anéantissement menace. D'écrire à détruire, il n'y a qu'un pas. Pace Marguerite Duras.

D'écriture il n'est donc plus question : comment penser sans mains ?

Historienne du typewriter, du dictaphone et autres systèmes Pathé Frères, taxonomiste des brachygraphies, tachygraphies et autre short-hand, je sais les conditions matérielles, sociales et corporelles de production de l'écriture. Exploratrice des continents technoféministes, je connais maintes propositions théoriques sur les formes multiples et démultipliées de l'incorporation. Le sujet n'est pas son corps, il existe avec et sans lui. Les techniques sont des médiations qui contribuent à la redéfinir. Les limites entre le sujet et les techniques sont à l'heure digitale toujours plus indémêlables. Le « soi » peut dépasser ses propres déterminations physiques. Si le transgenering est un fait, qu'en est-il du transwritering ? Comment devenir cyborg auteure ? Une opération chirurgicale et la prise d'hormones au long cours sont-elles suffisantes ?

Pour demeurer pensante sans être écrivante, il me faut devenir post-écrivante. Cela implique à l'évidence une rééducation cognitive conséquente : parvenir à savoir avant mes mains ce que je pense et avant ce qui s'écrit, ce qui est à écrire. Faut-il avouer au monde les faiblesses d'un tel bricolage, les limites d'un tel équipement ?

Que faire ? (Si j'ose invoquer ici Lénine pour penser cette « révolution » toute personnelle).

Marguerite vient de nouveau à mon secours et donne sens en une phrase à une année de travail berlinois :

« Si on savait quelque chose de ce qu'on va écrire avant de le faire, avant d'écrire, on n'écrirait jamais, ce ne serait pas la peine. Écrire, c'est tenter de savoir ce qu'on écrirait si on écrivait » (Marguerite Duras, *Écrire*, Paris, Gallimard, 1993).

Le climax Durassien cède alors la place à la tragédie grecque (mais pour le meilleur). Étendant leur empire jusqu'aux sommets des Alpes de Haute-Provence (lieu de villégiature et de convalescence), les Dieux, qui semblaient avoir un temps déserté les cieux favorisés de la forêt de Grunewald, interrompent cette méditation, me rendant (non sans douleur) l'usage des deux mains.

Écrire, son rapport, peut-elle.

L'écriture du rapport ne peut donc être différée ou ajournée pour raisons médicales.

Cependant, l'approche de la rentrée universitaire, le retour dans la jungle de la vie académique, la profusion des collègues, mails, réunions, étudiants, cours et autres rapports et obligations administratives m'obligent à un arbitrage. Faute du temps nécessaire à l'écriture d'un rapport véritable (les contradictions éventuelles entre chacun de ses termes sont laissées à l'appréciation des lectrices et des lecteurs) et vu le retard conséquent pris en toutes choses du fait de mon handicap, je me vois dans l'obligation de livrer ici la transcription brute des idées et réflexions enregistrées sur disque de cire pendant cette période critique et aux fins de nourrir le rapport idéal qui ne sera finalement pas écrit.

//Extraits des réflexions orales en vue de l'écriture du rapport pour le Wiko enregistrées sur dictaphone Edison modèle 1913 durant l'été 2013//

Disque 1. Villars-Colmars, Alpes-de-Haute-Provence, France. 15 juillet 2013. Disque 2. Même lieu. 23 juillet 2013. Disque quasi entièrement fondu au soleil. Disque 3. Même lieu. 2 août 2013. Transcription : maison de repos. Bord du Lac Léman, Genève, Suisse. 15–20 août 2013.

Blanc

« L'objet de cette année au Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin consistait à écrire un livre. Ce livre, fruit de nombreuses années de recherche préalables dans les archives, peut être décrit comme racontant une histoire inédite et peu ordinaire de l'Assemblée nationale de la Révolution française à la fin des années 1940. Le propos est, en effet, de regarder l'institution, son émergence et son développement < de l'intérieur > en s'intéressant à ce qu'il est concrètement nécessaire de régler et d'organiser pour faire vivre une entité aussi abstraite et complexe qu'une assemblée souveraine et représentative. »

Interruption

« Remarque : se souvenir que pour certains co-fellows il n'y a rien d'évident à travailler sur une institution aussi locale que l'Assemblée nationale (française). Cet argument déconcertant au premier abord amène plusieurs

réflexions. Le caractère local du local. Quel affront que de dire à une ressortissante du pays de Voltaire, Rousseau et Olympe de Gouges que son histoire est une histoire locale ! Il faut tenir ferme. »

Blanc

« ... Le fait qu'enquêter et écrire sur l'histoire de l'Assemblée nationale en France depuis ses origines jusqu'aux années de l'après Seconde Guerre mondiale puisse être considéré comme relevant d'une histoire ou d'une approche < locale > me semble à la fois à revendiquer et à défendre mais aussi à contredire. »

Inaudible

« ... Certes, il est bien question de raconter une histoire, et plus précisément une histoire < autre > ou une < autre > histoire d'une institution (l'Assemblée nationale en France). Il est question de le faire avec des sources d'archives neuves, insolites, drôles, étonnantes, inattendues que sont les archives très < privées > de l'Assemblée. Il est encore de le faire d'une façon déconcertante en parlant d'objets, de situations et de personnages triviaux qui ne compteraient a priori pas comme acteurs collectifs majeurs de ce récit. »

Blanc

« ... Dans l'épaisseur de ce qui est alors découvert et donné à voir, il est question de souligner les modalités contingentes et fragiles d'émergence et de mise en forme sociale d'une utopie. Au-delà de ce qui relève du surgissement ou de l'évènement, il est donc aussi question de penser les conditions de stabilisation et de reproduction de cette mise en forme. C'est-à-dire les modalités propres à cette histoire et cette institution, mais possiblement généralisables à d'autres histoires et à d'autres institutions ou justement à la compréhension de ce que < sont > et de ce que < font > les institutions (politiques). »

Interruption

« Ici je pense que je marque un point. Le deuxième suit. »

Blanc

« ... À ce stade, la question a d'ores et déjà gagné en généralité ou en « universalité » d'une façon qui excède le contenu même de son projet politique. Pourtant, on ne peut écarter les prétentions et les réalisations de ce projet politique et historique en matière « d'universalité ». La question devient alors plus générale : elle l'est, d'abord, et à l'évidence, parce que l'Assemblée nationale française inaugure dans l'ordre des possibles. Elle est en elle-même « histoire », elle est « l'histoire en marche » et une histoire qui, dans ses principes et ses réalisations, transcende la localité (fut-elle décisive) de l'histoire nationale. En un mot, écrire sur l'histoire de l'Assemblée nationale (française) c'est écrire sur l'histoire des théories et de la pratique des démocraties (occidentales) contemporaines. »

Interruption. Bruits. Inaudible

« Stop, il faut que je m'arrête. C'est beaucoup trop abstrait. Trop ambiguë aussi. L'universalité, je ne la défends pas, je cherche à éventuellement la comprendre. Mais fondamentalement mon projet est ailleurs. Il faut aussi faire le lien avec ce qui m'arrive et toutes les considérations liées à l'équipement de l'auteure, ce lien pouvant aussi être une façon d'intégrer le Wiko comme « équipement ». »

Blanc

« ... De bricolage, des matérialités, de l'équipement, de ce qui conditionne et soutient, il est aussi et principalement question dans ce travail au long cours sur l'histoire de l'Assemblée nationale comme institution. »

Interruption. Long blanc. Une partie du disque a fondu.

« Est-ce que cela vaut la peine de mentionner le fait qu'il suffit de passer une année au Wiko pour comprendre ce que cela veut dire une institution entièrement dévouée à réaliser et mettre en œuvre une utopie ? »

Blanc

« Le Wiko – staff, organisation, personnalités, femmes, hommes, règles explicites et implicites, rites et culture, jardin, renard, cuisine et excursions – n'écrit pas de livre ou d'articles, ne réalise pas de travaux scientifiques. Pourtant, sans le Wiko (ou en dehors du Wiko), le travail réalisé par les fellows ne serait sans doute pas le même. Le Wiko est un lieu bâti et organisé pour faire vivre une utopie : la liberté accordée à une personne, pour une année, de < faire science > ou de < faire œuvre > en suivant un chemin qu'il ou elle définit comme sien. De cette liberté, il ou elle pourra faire plus ou moins bon usage : se détourner complètement de son projet initial, découvrir des mondes, champs et domaines autres, se perdre ou se retrouver dans la relation aux autres, et à l'étrangeté et la différence de leurs propres projets, itinéraires, histoires, langues et cultures. »

Interruption

« Se perdre. Bon, c'était ma crainte, je ne me suis pas perdue. Pas bougé de mon cap. À en perdre un bras ... Est-ce qu'il faut pour autant dénoncer quelques petits camarades ? Non, il n'est sans doute pas nécessaire de parler des fellows perdus – certains étant sauvés in extremis par l'arrivée de l'hiver, d'autres ne survivant pas à ce régime de liberté. Quoi qu'il en soit, ne pas mentionner de noms. »

Blanc

« ... Enquête sur l'invention de l'Assemblée nationale comme espace de souveraineté inédit, le livre se propose de revisiter l'histoire des démocraties occidentales contemporaines par le biais des matérialités. Le programme

visé en un sens à renverser la question posée en son temps par Langdon Winner : « Do Artefacts have Politics ? ». »

Interruption

« Ne pas oublier : il faut retrouver la date de parution originale de l'article et dire en deux mots de quoi il parle. »

Blanc

« ... Paru en 1980, cet article engage une nouvelle réflexion dans le champ de la sociologie des techniques en observant comment un pont (donnant ou non la possibilité à certains véhicules d'accéder aux plages de Long Island depuis New York) se trouvait avoir incorporé des relations sociales, c'est-à-dire des relations de pouvoir. »

Blanc

« « ... Do Politics have Artefacts ? », proposerais-je donc, ironiquement, pour contribuer à une nouvelle anthropologie technique du politique. »

Interruption

« Tiens, je ne suis pas la première à renverser l'expression. Bernward Joerges l'a fait en 1999 dans *Social Studies of Science*. »

Blanc

« « ... Do Politics have artefacts ? » serait ainsi le moyen de proposer une « description » plus riche ou plus « réaliste » des « modes d'existence » des institutions politiques. »

Interruption

« Bon ici, évidemment, citer Bruno Latour. »

Blanc

« ... un moyen de passer du < design > de l'objet aux < formes > ou aux < infrastructures > des idées. »

Interruption

« Faut-il en parler ? : au bout d'une année de discussion dans le cadre du groupe de réflexion < démocratie > que nous avons constitué avec des co-fellows juristes, anthropologues, politistes, philosophes, économistes etc., il n'est pas sûr que nous soyons véritablement parvenu à communiquer sur certains sujets. Certes, chacun a fait un bout de chemin, plein de bonne volonté vers l'autre, mais est-ce qu'on peut parler d'hybridation fertile ? Je serai curieuse de disposer d'un double décimètre capable de mesurer qui a été le plus < déplacé > par ces échanges. Quelque chose d'important a pourtant eu lieu. Chacun peut mesurer la localité de l'autre : d'où il est, ce dont il parle, avec quels outils. Fait étrange, la < localité > des autres est toujours plus visible que la sienne. Pire, la prétention des autres à faire de l'universel avec ce qui nous apparaît comme éminemment local revêt parfois les traits de l'impérialisme le plus évident. »

Blanc. Bruits

« Je ne devrais pas parler de cela. L'effacer. »

Blanc

« Au contraire. C'est au cœur de ce que le Wiko suscite. C'est un théâtre pour une année. Unité de lieu et de temps. Comment savoir ce qui advient de cette situation : pour les personnes, ce qu'elles sont et ce qu'elles font. Le fait que la < localité > de ses objets, de son savoir, de ses approches, de ses

outils, de sa culture, devienne un objet < bon à penser >, c'est déjà quelque chose. Que l'échange échoue ou qu'il ait lieu importe finalement peu. »

Interruption

« Faut-il dire que je ne suis pas parvenue à finir la rédaction de mon livre ? »

Blanc

« Ce n'est sans doute pas indispensable, mais pour moi c'est clair que cette année a été décisive. J'ai beaucoup avancé. Le livre ne vit plus seulement dans ma tête. Il existe, il est sur le point d'être achevé. Par ailleurs, j'ai beaucoup écrit, sur d'autres sujets, d'autres articles, le cyborg est un clin d'œil pour le temps passé, cette année encore, en compagnie de Donna Haraway. »

Blanc

« Finalement, et cela peut paraître paradoxal. Le vrai bilan de cette année pour moi, le vrai luxe, c'est cette solitude (et les interruptions heureuses de certains de mes co-fellows). Désolée, mais je dois de nouveau citer Marguerite Duras :

< La solitude de l'écriture, c'est une solitude sans quoi l'écrit ne se produit pas, ou il s'émiette exsangue de chercher quoi écrire encore > (*Écrire*, 1993). »

Blanc

« Finir avec Marguerite Duras. Il n'y a pas mieux. »



DIE ERTRÄGLICHE LEICHTIGKEIT
DES SEINS
JONAS GRETHLEIN

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Die vielleicht einzige Zumutung, der das Wissenschaftskolleg seine Fellows aussetzt, ist der Abschlussbericht für das Jahrbuch. Nicht nur sind alle enkomiaistischen Topoi von früheren Jahrgängen erschöpft und in mannigfaltigen Varianten durchdekliniert worden. Es ist auch schwierig, wenn nicht unmöglich, ein Jahr so ganz ohne zeitlichen Abstand zu resümieren. Von Erfahrungen, Begegnungen und Anregungen überwältigt, fühlt man sich ein bisschen wie Stendhals Fabrice del Dongo, der orientierungslos auf dem Schlachtfeld von Waterloo herumirrt, ohne zu wissen, welchem Ereignis er gerade beiwohnt. In besonderer Weise dürfte dies auf Fellows zutreffen, die wie ich ohne fertiges Buchmanuskript das Wissenschaftskolleg verlassen.

Ich war aber, das sei zu meiner Entlastung vorgebracht, nicht mit der Absicht nach Berlin gekommen, dort ein Buch abzuschließen. Vielmehr wollte ich das Jahr nutzen, um ausgiebig zu lesen und in Ruhe zu denken, unabdingbar für ein Projekt, das in fahrlässiger

Weise die Grenzen meiner Fachkompetenz überschreitet: eine Untersuchung von Bildern und Erzählungen als komplementäre Formen der Reflexion, mit der wir uns in der Welt einrichten. Weder die kontinentale Philosophie noch evolutionsbiologische Ansätze geben, meine ich, befriedigende Antworten auf die Frage nach der Funktion von Kunst: Wo eine ontologische Ästhetik ins Esoterische abzudriften droht, führt die Vermengung von Genese und Funktion schnell in die Banalität. Gemeinsam ist vielen Arbeiten beider Traditionen und auch der analytischen Philosophie mangelnde Sensibilität für Medialität und Geschichte: Der Begriff der Kunst macht es leicht, über die Unterschiede zwischen verschiedenen Ausdrucksformen und ihre historisch-kulturellen Besonderheiten hinwegzusehen.

Demgegenüber bescheidet sich mein Projekt mit zwei Formen, Bild und Erzählung, und versucht ihre anthropologische Funktion in der Spannung zwischen Phänomenologie und historischer Semantik zu bestimmen. Lessings *Laokoon* drängt sich als Ausgangspunkt auf, wenn man seine Bestimmung von Poesie und Malerei als temporal und spatial nicht nur dynamisiert, sondern funktionalistisch erweitert. Bild und Erzählung sind formal durch Zeit und Raum bestimmt und lassen uns zugleich auch über sie reflektieren. Diese Reflexion hat nicht die Gestalt propositionaler Aussagen, sondern ist als Rekonfiguration lebensweltlicher Aktivitäten, mit denen wir uns in Zeit und Raum orientieren, ungleich tiefer. Antike Narrationen und bildliche Darstellungen bieten sich als Gegenstand für einen solchen Ansatz an: sie sind hochreflexiv und betonen den Erfahrungscharakter der Rezeption. Damit können sie helfen, die Anämie zu überwinden, an der die Ästhetik unter den Auspizien des Poststrukturalismus und der Kritischen Theorie krankte.

Während mir die Erzähltheorie von früheren Arbeiten vertraut war, eröffnete die Bildwissenschaft ein neues Terrain. Das Jahr im Grunewald hat mir die einzigartige Möglichkeit gegeben, mich hier einzuarbeiten und in Ruhe eigene Gedanken zu formen. Neben einem theoretischen Kapitel zur Erzählung und einer Fallstudie zu Heliodors *Aithiopiķa*, der *summa* antiker Erzählkunst, sind ein Kapitel zur Theorie des Bildes und, zur Illustration des Ansatzes, eine Untersuchung von zwei Motiven in der antiken Vasenmalerei entstanden. Nicht minder kostbar als die Zeit ohne Lehr- und Verwaltungspflichten waren die Anregungen, die ich in der Diskussion nach meinem Kolloquium und den sich anschließenden Gesprächen erhielt. Sie haben mir vor allem geholfen, die Diskrepanz zwischen den transhistorischen Annahmen der Phänomenologie und dem Ansatz der historischen Semantik in ihrer Tiefe zu erfassen und als fruchtbare Spannung

zu begreifen. Während meine Erwartungen hier weit übertroffen wurden, sind sie von der Lesegruppe zur Bildwissenschaft enttäuscht worden. Nur selten ist es uns gelungen, die reiche kunstgeschichtliche Expertise in einen fruchtbaren Dialog mit der Bildtheorie zu bringen. Zu oft begannen lange Redebeiträge mit Formulierungen wie: „I haven't read Panofsky, but I think ...“

Die Arbeit an meinem Projekt wurde auch bereichert durch das Berliner Kulturleben, vom Berghain, dem Maschinenraum des Dionysos im Niemandsland am Ostbahnhof, bis zu den apollinischen Höhen der einzigartigen Theater- und Opernwelt Berlins. Inszenierungen von Katie Mitchell etwa regten neue Gedanken über das Verhältnis zwischen Immersion und Reflexion in der Rezeption von Theater an, und Ausstellungen wie die zur Kunst zwischen 1945 und 1969 in der Neuen Nationalgalerie boten eine anregende Kulisse für das Nachdenken über die Nuancen der ikonischen Differenz.

Mindestens ebenso wichtig wie die Muße zur Arbeit am eigenen Gedanken, wenn auch zeitlich manchmal mit ihr konfligierend, war das Studium generale der Dienstkolloquien. Der hier und bei den gemeinsamen Essen gepflegte intellektuelle Austausch über Disziplinengrenzen hinweg realisiert ein Ideal von *universitas*, das Bürokratie und Ordinarienherrlichkeit, zumindest meiner Heimatinstitution, leicht in Vergessenheit geraten lässt. Nach einigen Jahren Heidelberger Professorium wusste ich das Berliner Provisorium zu schätzen. Sei es die Kontroverse zwischen Juristen und Philosophen um Gerechtigkeit, die Neujustierung des Verhältnisses von Natur und Kultur aus evolutionsbiologischer Perspektive oder das Ringen um eine globale Geschichtsschreibung – es war eine Lust, über all diese Themen zu sinnieren und zu diskutieren. So bereichernd das Leben und Arbeiten am Wissenschaftskolleg auch waren, die schönsten Erfahrungen des *annus mirabilis* durfte ich jenseits seiner Mauern machen.

Den letzten Wochen an einem Ort haftet gewöhnlich etwas Magisches an: Im Angesicht des Umzugs verliert die Routine des Alltags ihre Schwere. Verrichtungen, welche die Wiederholung hat erstarren lassen, beleben sich neu, die immer wieder gegangenen Wege werden kürzer und oft (nicht mehr) Gesehenes scheint auf in neuem Licht. Wenn ich in den vergangenen Wochen wenig von dieser Verzauberung des Alltäglichen gespürt habe, mag es daran liegen, dass ich einfach zu beschäftigt war. Vielleicht zeigt es aber auch an, dass es dem Wissenschaftskolleg gelungen ist, diese Leichtigkeit des Seins für ein ganzes Jahr zu verstetigen. Seinen Mitarbeitern, die den Rahmen dafür geschaffen, und den Fellows, die ihn gefüllt haben, sei herzlich gedankt!



STEPPING OUT OF THE LABORATORY
AND ACROSS CULTURES
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Und du erbst das Grün
vergangner Gärten und das stille Blau
zerfallner Himmel
R. M. Rilke, *Das Buch von der Pilgerschaft*

This year was an experiment – very different from the experiments that normally fill my days. Like numerous experiments, this one failed. I thought if I would work hard and find the right kind of data, then the right sentences, those that would adequately describe my project and findings, would appear.

As an experimental scientist I fully recognize that most failed experiments translate into understanding and advancement, but not necessarily of the expected kind. I began the year with a conviction that working at the intersection of scientific disciplines and benefitting from collaboration across disciplinary boundaries has become increasingly

important for basic scientific discovery. This is what shapes my own scientific work. Indeed, it was gratifying that during my Wiko stay our highly collaborative efforts within the Pittsburgh HIV Center that I direct culminated in the determination of an all-atom HIV capsid structure and its publication in *Nature*.

During my year at Wiko I learned that my training as a chemist/biophysicist left me ill-equipped to make significant advancements in testing hypotheses in an area remote from experimental science. I leave Wiko with new awareness of the discourse that is played out in the social science literature and more questions than answers about our ability to quantify the gains that may result from multidisciplinary inquiry.

Meeting the other Fellows, I immediately envied them for their clearly delineated projects, half-written books and disciplinary identities: they stated their fields without hesitation – anthropology, law, history, philosophy, evolutionary biology – while I was struggling to find the most applicable label for myself whenever I was asked about my line of work and Wiko plans – physical chemist? biophysicist? structural biologist? – but embarking on a study on evaluating the results of working in interdisciplinary teams in the natural sciences. I had nothing in hand apart from access to databases and my ideas about the values of teamwork. My tangible product – at least, for now – is an article written with a former Wiko Fellow and Philosopher of Science, Sandra Mitchell, on pluralism in representational perspectives in scientific discovery – the result of a two-year dialogue and discussion that finally came to fruition during my year in Berlin. For intangibles, I can point to new awareness of methods and objectives of my colleagues in the humanities, new appreciation of the creative process in the arts, and new depth of understanding of world crisis – especially in the Middle East.

Did my life and style of working change while at Wiko? Yes and no. The interactions with scholars in the humanities were enriching intellectually and Tuesday's colloquia allowed me to learn or re-acquaint myself with topics like "Sectarianism in the Ottoman Empire", "Islamic Christianity", and the entanglement between art and politics. Sadly, however, it didn't seem to translate into impulses for my own project – there was no discussion/reading group that I fit into, leaving me most of the time feeling oddly insular, retreating to my office to immerse myself in reading or writing scientific papers.

Was it a coincidence that my colloquium was on the 7th of May, the same day that C. P. Snow delivered his *Rede* lecture at Cambridge 54 years ago? Are the two cultures alive and well? Has the gap between scientists and "literary intellectuals" narrowed or widened? I only hope that what I felt as a "gentlemanly disdain" for science that perturbed Huxley and Snow was simply due to my own shortcomings.



LÄRMENDE STILLE
ULRICH HALTERN

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Wer in die Wallotstraße 19 einzieht, weiß, dass es ans Weltverlassen geht. Schlägt die Tür hinter einem zu, ist der Lärm des Hannoveraner und Berliner Hauptbahnhofes – vor allem beim Lächeln der Türhüterin Vera Schulze-Seeger, die einem das Gefühl vermittelt, dieser Eingang sei tatsächlich nur für einen selbst bestimmt – nur noch eine ferne Erinnerung. Das Lachen und Weinen meiner in Hannover gebliebenen Kinder war so weit weg, wie ich es seit sechs Jahren nie für möglich gehalten hätte. Das hier war nicht das Zufallen einer Haustür, sondern ein sich schließender Kokon.

Die mit Verfallsdatum versehene und dadurch immer einen Abstandhalter zur Verfügung stellende alternative Heimat im Paralleluniversum des Wallotstraßenkokons ist

geschützt und warm; nicht mild, aber auf höchstem professionellen Niveau bergend und behütend. Sie setzt dem Lärm draußen zunächst eine ungewohnte Stille entgegen, mit der ich erst umzugehen lernen musste; Konzentration stellte sich nicht automatisch ein, sondern wollte nach langer Zeit der Hetze wieder erlernt werden.

W7 ist ein ausgezeichnete Ort zum Neulernen. Er ist kemenatenartig verborgen, so dass sich außer den wunderbaren Heike Hein, Camilla Mazur und Ursula Wachholz sowie den ausdrücklich Geladenen kaum jemand dorthin verirrt. Er besitzt einen geheimen Tunnel zurück in die Wiko-Welt: eine steile, enge Treppe, an deren Fuß ein Drucker verborgen ist, und eine unscheinbare Tür, die Zugang zum Wiko-West Wing ermöglicht – dem Flur von Rektor, Sekretär, Dieter Grimm, Katharina Wiedemann, Katharina Biegger, Uta Benner, Christiane Schimak und vielen anderen. Die Tür ist wie eine Membran, vor der man verharren, auf Geräusche (etwa das freudig-betriebsam heraufklingende Stimmengewirr von Abendempfangen) und vor allem in sich selbst hinein lauschen kann, bevor man entscheidet, ob man das noch warme Druckdokument wieder mit nach oben in den Schutz der eigenen Weiterverarbeitung nimmt oder dem Risiko des Lichts der Öffentlichkeit preisgibt. Meist suchte ich mit dem ungarischen Text in der Hand den Weg zu der zauberhaften und scharfsinnigen Katharina Wiedemann, um dort Ideen zu sammeln oder loszuwerden und schließlich, so oder so bereichert, über die laut knarrende Repräsentationstreppe nach ganz unten zur Kaffeemaschine zu stiefeln.

Dort fand ich ausnahmslos den unplanbaren Austausch über alle Grenzen hinweg, den das Wiko plant und fördert. Die unzähligen Gespräche am Kaffeeautomaten machten diesen zu einer metaphysischen Maschine, die Erfahrungen und Gedanken in füllhornähnlichem Reichtum produzierte. Einerseits also blendet der Kokon Wallotstraße Störungen aus wie ein Noise-Cancelling-Kopfhörer, der ein gegenpoliges Signal zum Lärm draußen erzeugt – auch wenn man sich aktiv an der Front der Lärmreduktion engagieren muss, indem man der heimatuniversitären Verwaltungskrake entschlossen die herübergierenden Arme abschlägt und dabei manchmal lärmende Niederlagen einsteckt, vom Wohlstandslärm der Laubwegbläser und Villensanierer bis hin zum Karriere-lärm der institutionellen Verlockungen. Andererseits transportiert die Wiko-Welt, um beim Kopfhörerbild zu bleiben, auch ihre eigenen faszinierenden Schwingungen. Hier ist der nächste Lernprozess angelegt: die Wahl der Musik, von der man sich davontragen lässt.

Einfach war die Wahl nicht und auch nur begrenzt steuerbar. Viel hing davon ab, wer sich gerade Kaffee holte, wer Zeit hatte, wer mich und wen ich mochte. Die besten

Gespräche hatte ich mit denjenigen, deren eigenes Fach von meinem weit entfernt war. Es dauert eine Weile, doch findet man eher häufig als selten eine gemeinsame Sprache, in der disziplinäre Disziplin hin- und hergeschüttelt wird. Gleiches gilt für die unzähligen Angebote Berlins, die ich sorgfältig und sparsam auszusuchen versuchte und doch dort am glücklichsten wurde, wo ich es am wenigsten erwartete.

Das impliziert eine gewisse Enttäuschung dort, wo ich Erwartungen hatte. Eine richtete sich auf den Jungbrunnen Wiko. Wer in W7 wohnt, findet sich auf einen Lebensraum reduziert, der in Enge und Weite die Versprechungen des Studiums heraufbeschwört. Ich erwartete demgemäß eine Verjüngung auf etwa 23 Jahre. Enttäuschenderweise – und auf überraschende Weise überraschend – ist dies eines der Versprechen, die das Wiko nicht halten konnte. Aus dem auch von eigenen Befindlichkeiten ablenkenden Stress Zuhause befreit, sandte mir mein Körper nun recht deutliche, mein Alter betonende Botschaften.

Auch die anderen Fellows waren keine jugendlich unbeschriebenen Blätter mehr, auf die sich die neue Idee konventionslos notiert. Es war naiv zu erwarten, dass *noise-cancelling* gleichbedeutend mit *milieu-cancelling* sein würde und disziplinäre Verteidigungsimpulse ganz unterdrückt wären. Der rosa Teppichboden des Wiko vermag einiges zu schlucken; zugleich aber ist er in seiner alten, leicht vergilbten Pracht eine Erinnerung an das überkommen Ehrwürdige, das hier seine Bahnen zieht. Schlecht ist das nicht, im Gegenteil. Es muss nicht alles mitte-schnittig loftähnlich sein, und gerade uns Juristen liegt mehr an Abwägung als an Radikalität. Die beglückende Auserwähltheit des Wiko-Fellowships kündigt neben Alleinstellung auch Einfügung in eine lange, demütig stimmende Genealogie anderer Auserwählter an, die nicht nur in die Zukunft deutet.

Beglückende Momente – wie die Beethoven-Konzerte des Quatuor Diotima und die Zigarette danach, die Gespräche mit Katharina Wiedemann und anderen, die Lesung von Georg Klein und die Diskussionen mit Ina Hartwig (die beide meine Gäste waren), die Tischtennismatches mit Christoph Möllers und dem unbesiegbaren Thorsten Wilhelmy, der Spaziergang mit Daniela Gogel und ihrem Hund, der Austausch über Adam mit Luca Giuliani und über Blumenberg mit Thorsten Wilhelmy und das nächtelange Klavierspielen am Flügel im Großen Kolloquiumsraum in der leeren, dunklen Villa – sind im Wiko ebenso an der Tagesordnung wie Niederlagen. Meine größte Niederlage – neben den kleineren, nicht abzustellenden Lärmirritationsniederlagen durch Verhandlungen über einen Ruf und einen Vortrag vor der Staatsrechtslehrervereinigung über das sich wenig harmonisch einfügende Thema des Finanzföderalismus – erlebte ich im Hinblick

auf mein Arbeitsprojekt, das sich um Gewalt, Folter und das Böse drehte. Getrennt von meinen Kindern musste ich einsehen, dass es unmöglich war, über das Böse im Politischen zu schreiben. Mit der Zeit kehrte sich das Projekt um, so dass ich begann, einen langen Essay über das Gegenteil, über Liebe im Politischen zu verfassen. Die These wurde immer plausibler, dass auch die politische Imagination die Elemente und Objekte der Liebe – Familie, Kinder, Sex – als mehr als nur Metaphern verwendet. Sie erschienen mir zunehmend als Chiffre für ein Universum an Bedeutungen, das den privilegierten Platz von Vernunft und Gerechtigkeit in Frage stellt. Die politische Theorie und Philosophie, deren Kategorien sich fieberhaft in immer gleichen Spiralen zwischen dem Öffentlichen und dem Privaten drehen, ließen mich bei der Analyse weitgehend allein und muteten an wie Theorien einer Welt ohne Liebe. Doch wenn ich mich umschaute, auch im Wiko, sah ich weder die Universalität vertragsmäßig organisierter Vernunft noch die Partikularität sexuellen Begehrens, sondern eine Welt von Sinn und Bedeutung, die auch durch Liebe errichtet wurde. Es ist mir nicht gelungen, den Essay ganz abzuschließen; doch wundert das angesichts der Wucht und Komplexität seines Gegenstandes und meines langsamen Herantastens? Das gegenstrebig sich ergänzende Projekt des Gewalt-Essays wird sich, stärker juristisch eingekleidet, parallel entwickeln lassen, vielleicht in größerer Nähe zu Tochter und Sohn, die den nötigen Halt verleihen können.

Was bleibt? Eine große Liebe – zum Wiko, zum wunderbaren Staff, zu den liebevollen, vielleicht manchmal zu liebevollen Diskussionen in den Dienstagskolloquien, zu Kendall Bakers Kunst, zur großen Gemeinschaftlichkeit und Einsamkeit in der stillen, lebendigen Weltverlassenheit des Haupthauses. Und ein Foto der schneebedeckten Wallotstraße als Screensaver, das mich an das, sagen wir es deutlich, beschissene Wetter 2012/13 erinnert.



WHAT DOES A PHYSICIST DO AT WIKO? ATAC IMAMOGLU

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“What does a physicist do at Wiko?” This was the question Franco Moretti asked me when we first met. In one variant or other, the question popped up several times during the first few months. I don’t think I ever gave a satisfactory answer back then. The best I can do at the moment is to describe what I regard as my accomplishments, with the hope that they shed some light on the question – at least in the case of this particular physicist.

My research field is low-energy physics: I investigate the properties of ultra-small solid-state systems at temperatures only a few degrees above absolute zero. In deciding to come to Wiko, I was convinced that I should use my time to learn about something completely new – an endeavour that would be very difficult in my home institution. I chose to study quantum biology – an emerging interdisciplinary field that aims at answering a *prima facie* intriguing question: are there biological processes that rely on quantum physics to enhance their efficiency, or are there functionalities that cannot be explained using classical mechanics?

The proposal I found particularly intriguing describes how migratory birds use quantum physics to sense the earth's magnetic field orientation, which in turn enables them to navigate. Together with Birgitta Whaley, we decided that we would study the proposal, termed magnetoreception, at length. While Birgitta and our guest Peter Hore were teaching me the basics of proteins incorporating optically active co-factors, two issues became clear to me.

The first realization has to do with the limits of interdisciplinary research: to prove a hypothesis such as magnetoreception requires a number of experiments utilizing vastly different experimental techniques, ranging from optical spectroscopy of single proteins, through chemical studies of signalling pathways, to behavioural studies of live migratory birds. In stark contrast to the usual problem-solving endeavours in our discipline, the physics or physical chemistry experiments that we would identify and implement cannot answer the overarching question in a conclusive manner. The same is true for the experiments that a biologist would carry out, and we do not even know where to start with a critical analysis of each other's experimental results.

The second and more important realization concerns the weakness of the definition of what quantum biology is. Our current understanding of all matter is based on quantum mechanics; this is particularly true for the structure and dynamics of molecules such as amino acids and co-factors that make up the proteins. A feature that distinguishes quantum physics from its classical counterpart is the possibility of finding a given system in a coherent superposition of its available states. According to the accepted paradigm of non-relativistic physics, classical dynamics emerges as a limit of quantum mechanics, when the system at hand interacts strongly with its environment. For time scales that are long compared with those governing this interaction, quantum coherence is lost and a simple classical description of the system in only one of the available states at any given time becomes accurate. Conversely, if we investigate the dynamics of any system on time scales that are short compared with those determining its coupling to the environment, we should find signatures of a coherent superposition of states. If all chemistry and biology are based on the implicit assumption of quantum coherence at short enough time scales, what does it mean to talk about quantum biology?

To address this conundrum, we developed a new description of a chemical or biological process as a quantum measurement. Typically, a quantum measurement describes information extraction about a quantum system by a classical meter. We turned this construction around to show that, when it comes to describing optically activated biochemical

processes, the protein acts as a quantum meter designed to determine the properties of a classical input, such as the incident light intensity or the orientation of an external magnetic field. Remarkably, this counter-intuitive formulation allowed us to identify two different scenarios identified by the so-called commutation relation between the meter and the measurement Hamiltonian. In the first class of processes, the two Hamiltonians are not compatible (i.e. do not commute); when this is the case, the time scale over which quantum coherence survives has only a quantitative effect on the process. We argue that for this class, which includes the extensively studied photosynthesis, quantum coherence is circumstantial. For the second class of processes, in which the two Hamiltonians are compatible, the measurement interaction leads to different phases only for different quantum meter states. Extraction of this phase information requires an interferometric measurement, which is possible only if the quantum coherence persists on time scales exceeding those corresponding to the reciprocal energy difference between the meter states. In this case, the presence of quantum coherence makes a qualitative difference; without it, measurement is simply not possible.

At present, the only known biological process that falls into this interesting second class is magnetoreception. We nevertheless hope that our formulation will prove to be useful in seeking out and identifying other biological processes in which quantum coherence plays an essential role.

My discussions with our short-term visitors Peter Hore and Jörg Wrachtrup, as well as our local colleague Robert Bittl from FU Berlin, focussed mainly on the issue of identifying experiments that will allow us to determine the spin coherence time in cryptochrome – the protein that is believed to play the central role in magnetoreception. These discussions led me to design a single protein in a cavity experiment, which should not only allow us to determine the coherence time scales, but also to demonstrate the sensitivity of the protein to the orientation of the earth's magnetic field.

I have to admit that, during a sizeable fraction of my stay at Wiko, I did very little work on quantum biology! Instead, I worked on my German skills, read about the emergence of the nation state, learned early 20th-century Ottoman history, followed/analysed the demonstrations that shook Turkey and continued my usual research activity that I carry out jointly with Ph.D. students and postdocs in Zurich. Tuesday colloquia and the ensuing lunch discussions were truly enlightening for me, since they allowed me to learn about stimulating ideas and to see how the academicians in different fields formulated their questions. Overall, the year at Wiko was – *mit Abstand* – the most stimulating in my career.

Going back to the original theme of the essay, I could say that for this physicist, being a Fellow at Wiko meant meeting and befriending truly extraordinary people, exposure to a vast variety of ideas from the arts to the humanities and the opportunity to develop an original way of thinking about a problem that lies well outside his area of expertise. What more could he have asked for?



CONFESSIONS
BRUCE KOGUT

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I came to Berlin troubled, where a cauldron of unholy loves was seething and bubbling all around me.

Portions of a manuscript consisted of published and unpublished articles going back two decades; ideas, many of them, though well received, published often in disparate fields, were far from integrated. I dreamt of the completion of this book project; our shaman Gaston did not have the only dreams at the Wiko. The Wiko represented the

necessary respite, I had already read the testimonies of past Fellows who said the same: a rare moment to complete that project, to be freed of the temporal demands, and to recover what had seemed to be lost labor's love.

And then there was the reflection of Berlin, a city whose own division once gave and still gives a psychotic energy without a sense of defined destiny, and worse, a city that prefers the abandonment of destiny and its definition. This had its dangers. I knew this city first when it was walled, from “the other side/*drüben*”, and I had returned often during a certain period, to see its “turn”, and even if the middle way proposed in those first heady months proved nightmarish, other middle ways were found and explored. The city still emanated an allure, without a pretext of innocence that nobody would believe, or want to, anyway – innocence is not why one comes to Berlin. I had often been on the verge of returning; I had not, and each time, there was an inevitable, though reasoned, regret.

I thought of times of an adolescent reading. Is Berlin what Mann foresaw in his *Death in Venice*, an island crushed by the weight of its history, sinking lugubriously into the high water table? Or is Berlin the new *Amerika*, Kafka's farcical and yet magical description of the new land, angels trumpeting greetings to the arriving émigrés? (How much nicer to write this than to be immigrants, those huddled masses, to which my grandparents belonged!) Winter surely slanted heavily toward the sinking weight of history – I still see our visiting son, walking along the banks of the Hubertussee, his head held low, his shoulders folded like the *Sunday New York Times* after everyone has read their bulimic share, the mist and fog at his feet, oh woe, this was just the harbinger of a winter that greyed our days long into the spring.

Then came finally a spring and summer. Birgitta lent us her book on *Prominente in Berlin-Grunewald*. Returning from a lovely bicycle ride to the Schlachtensee that ended in a light rainfall, my wife and I returned to the Villa Walther, sitting in the summer terrarium that became our living room, elm branches and green leaves encasing our glassed apartment. I opened Birgitta's book and found, “Ingeborg Bachmann, die beinahe kultisch verehrte österreichische Schriftstellerin, war wieder einmal mit ihrem Fahrrad im Grunewald unterwegs, wie so oft nahm sie die gewohnte Route vom Dianasee zum Grunewaldsee, durch das Naturschutzgebiet Hundekhefenn, vorbei am Jagdschloss, bis nach Schlachtensee. Sie liebte diese Fahrradausflüge ...” Here Bachmann joined our winter reading of her stories (thanks Eva!) with our daily experience of the Grunewald and its forests that Bachmann had lovingly cycled before us. Spring was the fruit of that winter, and the year suddenly took on a promising clarity.

Meanwhile, toward the middle of my stay, my work on the transmission of productivity also began to pick up, and I decided to focus my efforts while in Berlin on the Weimar period. As I am not an historian, those miners of history whose dirty hands wash and polish the gems into analytical narratives, I tried ever so hard to stay focused on the economic facts and data that I needed for my project. Let's just say I read a lot of material outside of economic history and archival research.

This deviation brought me, inexorably, into the dangerous reading of Carl Schmitt. I was unprepared. His name came up infrequently, but persistently, at the Wiko. His shade, much like that of Hamlet's father, is even found in previous *Jahrbücher*, including notably a short description of a seminar held in 1986/87 that the media were prohibited to attend. That the yearbook should take note proudly of their banning of the media to permit "free discussion" provokes curiosity. Unfortunately, no information as to the content of that day was found in the files at the Wiko, though the essay by the seminar organizer Bernd Rütters in the 1986/87 *Jahrbuch* focuses on the law in Nazi Germany.

Hubertus twice gave me the advice to look at the *Begriff des Politischen*, the Concept of the Political. Ulrich appeared to play with Schmitt, mischievously, craftily. Over one weekend in June at the Wiko, Dieter Grimm ran an intensive course on the constitutionalism of Schmitt for his Humboldt law students, leading them hand in hand across this territory, with Orpheus-like words not to look back, should they want to see light. Stephen Greenblatt (*Jahrgang* 1996/97) noted in his *Bericht* that he found the books of Schmitt to "be often disturbing and even loathsome" – he read them all the same.

I read Schmitt in June, essentially focusing on just the *Begriff*, and I confessed to Luca my reading of this forbidding material. It seemed on my part a betrayal to make an effort not only requiring time, but also engendering a strange ambivalence to read such a text that exposed the fragility of Weimar Germany and foreshadowed its coming descent into hell (and to the tragedy of my European family). Luca said to me something about the dangers of such a reading, while presenting me with his enchanted smile that suggested, hope abandoned, Weimar has disappeared either way, you might as well look at hell. I wrote him the next day.

"Yes, Schmitt is be-deviling ... he appears to be the strong masculine devil type, not the sneaky one who gets you to eat an apple or drink too much wine on a Thursday night. I am the devil, here is my tail, my horns, here are my views on enemies, friends, war, the necessity of the fight. This is the prefiguration of what is to come, you know this already, choose a side." I added, "Wiko in any event does not bear the liability."

But Wiko does bear the responsibility for those tempted to gaze around; this world, however reconstituted from year to year, is bound to confront you. Daniel, who is one of earth's treasures, said to me, "I did not care for you much at first, you seemed to be a technocrat." "Thank you Daniel," I said sincerely, "for technocracy, technology, numerology, all of this to me has a beauty and deep appeal." But the year made clear that this aesthetic could not easily satisfy a more famished humanistic analysis. People wanted, demanded an articulation of a transparent valued position.

I gained something intellectually important from these well-motivated confrontations. The project with which I came migrated from the sentiment to recover invested time to an excitement over a different framing and gestalt. The historical transmission of productivity linked to my current work in inequality. How are the gains of innovation shared, fairly or unequally? The punctuating impetus was the conversations, often on unrelated subjects, with many of the Fellows, current and past, sometimes in person, sometimes via their writings. It started with Menachem, a gentle intellectual giant, who pioneered the economic studies in fairness, and the conversation developed further in tutorial (how else to describe it?) with Cristina. Lunch with Claus Offe and Bruno Frey, frequent meetings with Jürgen Kocka, and a delightful evening with Hubertus to hear Wolfgang Streeck's engaging though desultory analysis of the current situation – these all led to a rethinking of fairness that is posed by economic innovation. Many discussions with Sasha Disko, a recent Ph.D. graduate in history from NYU who was as much my colleague as any other, consisted of mounting step by step a spiraling staircase through archives and period sources that led to eventual illumination. An interesting invitation to hold a public lecture at the ESMT on inequality produced a talk that encouraged my drift toward fairness and the innovative role of the State that consolidated around a simple question: where have the workers and the working class gone?

There were also of course the serendipitous lessons from which I benefited. Due primarily to Bill's organizing efforts and animation, we had a very successful evolutionary biology group bi-weekly meeting. I was interested in harnessing for the research that I do the causal machinery of genetics that crunches through complex interactions among genes to identify their effects on phenotypic expression. Whereas I did not learn much about these machines once the younger life scientists left, I did learn a lot about the diversity of work within biology, biologists' arguments (thanks in large part to Sonia's intoxicating evening lecture), and the emergence of gene markers in cultural anthropology research to map cultural pathways of diffusion. The latter dovetails with recent work

in economics. A colleague at Columbia (Jae-Suk Yang) and I began in April to recombine economics and linguistic anthropology research and produced an early draft by June on investment flows in a gravity model of economic networks, augmented by genetic and language distances. In addition, an articulate article by Joanna Masel on evolvability and neutrality helped the final revision of a paper using an N-K landscape model applied to organizations and was duly cited in the publication.

I noticed also during our evolutionary meetings that Robert utilized a heuristic to push heartily his knowledge into the public domain, and also to pull knowledge from others. (You can see his method at work in his 2008/09 *Jahrbuch* entry.) Jack utilized an analogous heuristic. How do you know this? Styles differ, but the underlying dialectic was to make explicit what was tacit or unobserved and ultimately to learn.

This was a good model and I tried to follow it in my own way. The democracy reading group was stimulating, even if less immediately consequential. The cliché that a jaundiced eye always sees yellow describes the attractor state that individually all wanted to avoid but collectively sometimes were doomed to visit; all pairs of eyes have their preferred color. Yet, there were many poetic moments, such as the discussion on sectarianism, consocial democracy and Lebanon, led by Ussama, which seemed to respond to former Fellow Fritz Scharpf's comments (*Jahrbuch* 2007/08). Scharpf, the much-admired former director of the Max Planck Institute for the Study of Societies, wrote that, having left law for political science 40 years ago, "it was truly amazing to return to a literature that was preoccupied with the internal logic of dogmatic systems, but which at the same time claimed to guide the effective decisions of judicial authorities". Maybe Paul Schmid-Hempel (*Jahrbuch* 2006/07) was right: the Wiko is an ivory tower. Yet, Montaigne looked out the window and complained that "opinions are grafted upon one another; ... whence it comes to pass that he who is mounted highest has often more honor than merit". I learned from Jim Costa that biologists adopt an organism early in their career, they know their wasps and stickleback fish; it is not a bad way to do science despite the stings.

Our anthropologists seemed to have figured this out. A few of us wanted a more organized exchange to discuss our research that had implications for public policies. I don't think I ever heard a "no" at the Wiko. Belatedly, we asked Thorsten if we could sequester a room, coffee and *Kuchen*, and a bottle of wine for a day to discuss *Policies for Poverty and Disease*, a workshop jointly organized by Kelly, Gillian, Shakti, and me. "Of course" was the answer, even though our chosen day coincided with the *Beirat* meeting. Kelly discussed her research on the social contradictions of land reform in Tanzania; Gillian

explained in greater detail her work on the health effects of migration of Bangladeshi migrants to the UK; Shakti and I discussed our related projects on cooperation in rural India, especially in reference to microfinance; and Teri Reynolds, a medical doctor, presented her work on emergency medicine in Tanzania. Fellows came in and out, questions were asked, and we learned a lot. It was fun too.

My preferred mode, not always personally followed, is to begin with the “small” and to ask, sometimes by simulations, what are the macro consequences. This approach is now called “computational social science” and it is not a bad description of the methodological engine in this analysis. Former Fellow Carlo Ginzburg (who also wrote about Bachmann in his *Bericht* in 1997) came to stay with us in June and July, and there was a clear happiness that, so late in our year, such energy could still be felt in the air. Froma, our muse, was ecstatic. The maestro of microhistory had arrived; I did not know of this idea.

I decided to take to it immediately, for it expressed a fundamental agreement that was conducive to a subversive view: action and actors are local; ideas transport, but also mutate. It also indulged my jaundiced eye for seeing history as a complex and evolving network. This micro-macro view (whose originator was James Coleman, *Jahrgang* 1981!) is the foundation of the generative computer simulations that analyze and simulate complex networks with which I have *played*. Before coming here, I had thought of the possibility of a working group on generative history, in which actors much like genes form complex network interactions. Some say this type of approach is the death of the humanities. It is the other way around – especially in a time of world history where the danger of skating on thin ice is inevitable and requires compensatory new tools. The play is to say “end fact, try fiction”, contextual knowledge matters here but let’s simulate the implications of a conjecture. Is this allowed? I think this moment has arrived.

This was a musical year, Quatuor Diotima, Alfred Brendel, the iterant Helmut Lachenmann, Mauricio Sotelo, Mark Andre. Belonging to this music was the poetry of Lian Yang, whose reading in Chinese sounded its own tonal beauty. The year ended visually, with the art of Kamal Boullata and Kendall Baker. Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus was our Mephistopheles in these matters. He led us to many discoveries in music and in literature, and he has my deepest thanks.

Every Fellow feels the deepest gratitude for the kindness and competence of the Wiko staff – of the library I could write volumes of gratitude. We all fall in love with the usual suspects, but we also have our private loves, mine including a weakness for those from *drüben*. There is another gratitude that we did not expect to experience, and that has been

the life of children at the Wiko, and the sharing of the joy and thrill of the elements that inspire and perturb their lives. It has been no doubt noted elsewhere in this Yearbook that we have been a harmonious *Jahrgang*. I venture the hypothesis that our community was the dearer because of the laughter, occasional tear, and passion of the children we were all allowed to adopt, sadly on short-term loan.

And I acknowledge the loyal companionship of Momo, our 5 kg Tchit-zu, who boxes above her weight.

The Wiko was a cauldron, and unholy loves were entertained and enjoyed, dismissed or retained. I indulged in these sins, much was learned, and friendships were made.



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MIT HANDLUNGSMACHT
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Gekommen bin ich ans Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin mit dem Ziel, mein Forschungsprojekt zur Umschreibung von Bildoberflächen mit Metaphern, die dem menschlichen Körper entlehnt sind, weiterzuführen, zu vertiefen und methodologisch zu verdichten. Wieso, so meine zentrale Frage, wurden in historischen Kunsttraktaten und in der Kunstliteratur Oberflächen von Bildern als „Haut“ bezeichnet (pelle / buccia / cutis / peau / épiderme), wenn Begriffe wie „Oberfläche“ (surface / superficie) durchwegs zur Verfügung standen? Weshalb wurden Farben als „lebendig“ apostrophiert und mit

Fleisch verglichen, bestimmte Farbschichten und Formen des Farbauftrages als „tote Farbe“ titulierte (dootverf / dootverwsel / dead coloring) oder dort, wo die mimetische Illusion der Lebendigkeit nicht funktioniert, als reine Schminke, ein Färben und Schmierren (empiastrare / tingere bene / farder / teindre) kritisiert? Wie diese Begrifflichkeit erkennen lässt, wurden Bilder selbst „im Zeitalter der Kunst“ nicht als totes Material, sondern als gleichsam organische Wesen verstanden, die leben, atmen, auf Reize reagieren können. Hier scheint eine Form der Animation von Bildern am Werk, im Sinne einer Anerkennung der ihnen eigenen, im Akt der Wahrnehmung erfahrbaren, aktiven Handlungsmacht. Oberflächenmetaphern wie die oben genannten thematisieren das (materielle) Bild als Ergebnis einer medialen Verkörperung, das kaum losgelöst vom Betrachter und dessen (lebendigem, vergänglichem) Körper gedacht werden kann. Und dennoch ist hier kein simpler Animismus am Werk. Vielmehr gilt es, das Spannungsfeld zu erkennen, das zwischen der komplexen kunsttheoretischen Bezugnahme auf eben diese organischen (somatischen) Metaphern und der Reflexion der genuinen Bedingungen des Bildes als Bild in den Bildern selbst besteht (ihrer Flächigkeit und „toten“ Materie also); ein Spannungsfeld, das von Künstlern in ihren ausgeführten Werken auch aktiv thematisiert worden ist. Ausgehend von meinen Studien zu Caravaggio oder Liotard war es mein Ziel, weitere Kapitel zu erarbeiten, die erlauben, einen Bogen von der Kunst des 16. bis ins späte 19. Jahrhundert zu spannen und damit ein näheres Verständnis vormoderner Bildlichkeit in ihrer Entwicklung zu erschließen.

Dieses Forschungsprojekt war dann auch Gegenstand meines Vortrags im Dienstagskolloquium, und ich werde die überwältigenden Reaktionen meiner Mit-Fellows aus den verschiedensten Disziplinen nicht vergessen, die, ungeachtet der fachlichen Differenzen und Distanzen, ungewöhnlich produktive und wache Fragen stellten. Besonders die aufmerksamen Bemerkungen von Martin Mulsow, Daniel Boyarin, Luca Giuliani und Cristina Lafont haben mich weiter über das Vorgetragene nachdenken lassen. Doch wäre es verfehlt, diesen Aufenthalt auf wissenschaftliche Ergebnisse alleine zu reduzieren – so wichtig sie sind: Das Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin hat eine andere Dynamik, wird von einem anderen Geist inspiriert als von einem zielstrebigen Ausarbeiten mitgebrachter Forschungsprojekte. Blicke ich auf das Jahr zurück, so sind es die unerwarteten Irritationen, die die nachhaltigsten Erfahrungen bilden.

Und die begannen spätestens mit der Vorstellung der Bibliothek und ihren grenzenlosen Möglichkeiten. Etwas besorgt, ob ich die am heimischen Schreibtisch zurückgelassene Literatur vor Ort auch wirklich finden würde, wurde mir bald klar, dass ich am

Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin ohne Fachbibliothek für die eigene Disziplin besser mit Büchern versorgt sein würde denn an jedem Spezialinstitut. Die unbegrenzte Zahl der entlehnbaren Werke ließ mich sogleich meine Regale füllen – um dann angesichts der mich anstarrenden Konvolute über das Jahr hinweg ein immer schlechteres Gewissen zu entwickeln. Dennoch bin ich der Bibliothek, und ganz besonders Sonja Grund, unendlich dankbar, die mir nicht nur den schönsten Arbeitsplatz eingerichtet hat (bis mich der harsche Winter mit zweistelligen Minusgraden dezidiert von dort vertrieb), sondern mich auch mit eigeninitiativen Buch- und Quellenrecherchen immer weiter in die Tiefen meines Projektes verschwinden ließ – zeitökonomisch keineswegs ein kluger Schritt, der allerdings zu neuen, fruchtbaren Ideen führte.

Produktive Irr-Itationen gingen zweifellos auch von meinen Mit-Fellows aus. Skeptisch interessiert, welche Dynamiken der wissenschaftliche Austausch zwischen allen nur denkbaren Fachbereichen generieren würde, mit Klassischen Altertumswissenschaftlern wie Nanophysikern, mit Wirtschaftswissenschaftlern wie Biologen, und ob denn unsere bildwissenschaftlichen Fragen so differenten Disziplinen vermittelt werden könnten, war es ein wertvolles Erlebnis für mich, dass jedes Kolloquium Stoff für bereichernde Beobachtungen bot – und seien dies nur die Traditionen der Präsentation in den verschiedenen Fachbereichen oder die möglichen Formen der pointierten Diskussion. Und es war eine erfreuliche Erfahrung für mich, dass eine genaue, detaillierte Bildanalyse umgekehrt offenbar (fast) alle Disziplinen erreicht. Diesen Eindruck erweckten zumindest die folgenden Mittag- und donnerstäglichen Abendessen, die, anfänglich mit etwas Widerstand angenommen, im Laufe des Jahres wohl nicht nur für mich zu einer freudigen Quelle des Austausches wurden; Fixpunkte des Zusammentreffens, von denen ich staunend über die Breite der möglichen Gesprächsthemen heiter inspiriert an meinen Schreibtisch zurückkehrte. Viel zu häufig, um die Wissenschaft alleine zum Thema zu machen, enthüllten sich mir dort die Persönlichkeiten und Lebensentwürfe, Wünsche und Ideen meiner Mit-Fellows, die in ihrer kollegialen Art eine bleibende Bereicherung bilden.

Eine bereichernde Irr-Itation waren zudem die Diskussionen im engeren Arbeitskreis zu „Bildwissenschaften/Bildtheorie“, ein keineswegs originelles Thema, wie mich Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus bald wissen ließ, wenn unsere Gruppe auch zweifellos einzigartig war. Was liest man in einem Arbeitskreis, der die Interessen aller Partizipierenden fruchtbar verbinden soll? Wir haben uns auf das „alte/neue“ (Meta-)Thema der (Handlungs-)Macht der Bilder verlegt, um schließlich auf die klassischen Autoren (wie Warburg

und Cassirer) zurückzukommen. Diese Auswahl war nicht immer ganz leicht: Zum einen galt es zu realisieren, dass ein guter Teil der Debatte, die von deutschsprachigen Kunsthistorikern ausgegangen war und in den letzten Jahrzehnten weitergeführt worden ist, unter nicht deutschsprachigen WissenschaftlerInnen nur in ihren englischen Vertretern angekommen ist. Für manche allzu bekannt, waren viele dieser Schriften für andere durchwegs eine Entdeckung. Und das spätestens im Moment, wenn wir bestimmte Autoren nicht nur lesen, sondern sogleich auch persönlich ins Kolleg zu uns einladen konnten. Mit ihnen über wissenschaftliche Grenzen hinweg ins Gespräch zu kommen, und das dann besonders glücklich, wo es spontan geschah (im endlich frühlingshaften Garten des Hauptgebäudes, umgeben von blühenden Magnolien vor sattem Grün), ist zweifellos ein Privileg, welches das Wissenschaftskolleg als Institution ungleich gut ermöglichen kann. Besonders beeindruckt haben mich hierbei die Kenntnisse, die notwendig zusammenfließen, wenn Personen aus so verschiedenen Kulturen und mit unterschiedlichsten Biografien, Wissenschaftler wie Künstler, zusammenfinden und ihre reichen Kenntnisse von Sprache, Philosophie, aber auch künstlerischer Praxis zur Verfügung stellen. Besonders viel gelernt habe ich von den sensiblen Beobachtungen meiner Kollegen José Burucúa und Kamal Boullata, Letzterer mit unschätzbaren Kenntnissen der arabischen Sprache und einer subtilen künstlerischen Praxis, die unsere Diskussionen oft in andere, unerwartete Bahnen lenkte.

Wobei die Widerstände der Sprache stets präsent waren. Mag das Konversieren in vier Sprachen an den Mittags- und Abendtischen problemlos vonstattengehen: Nicht ist das der Fall, sobald die Wissenschaft zur Frage steht. Überraschenderweise habe ich dieses Jahr mehr Zeit mit den Grenzen von Sprache verbracht denn in irgendeinem anderen Jahr. Und das vielleicht gerade deshalb, weil mir zum ersten Mal ein kompetenter Übersetzer ins Englische zur Seite stand (ein großartiger Service des Wissenschaftskollegs, der genauso wie die wunderbare IT-Abteilung unbedingt erhalten und ausgebaut werden sollte). Eine der sehr deutlichen Erfahrungen aus diesem Jahr ist zu meinem Bedauern, dass die deutschsprachige Wissenschaftslandschaft „außerhalb“ so gut wie nicht existiert. (Wie erstaunlich für mich, das Erstaunen meiner Mit-Fellows wahrzunehmen, wie reich die deutschsprachige Wissenschaft und Kultur vom Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin aus betrachtet doch eigentlich ist.) Doch wenn es nicht nur um das Vermitteln von Informationen geht, sondern auch um Wissenschaftstraditionen, die gerade in unserem Fach der Kunstgeschichte/Bildwissenschaften im Deutschen fußen? Wenn die Art zur Frage steht, wie etwas rhetorisch vorgebracht wird, wenn Begrifflichkeiten in anderen

Sprachen einfach nicht existieren – wie lässt sich der Verlust möglichst reduzieren? Unser Lesekreis war letztlich ein Forum auch für diese Fragen (sehr unterstützt von der sprachlichen Sensibilität von Elizabeth Key Fowden), weil wir stets versuchten, Begrifflichkeiten nachzugehen, gemeinsam nach Worten fahnden mussten, die sich allzu oft als unzureichend für alle enthaltenen Konnotationen erwiesen. Diese – wenn man sie ernst nimmt – Unzählbarkeit der Sprache, ihre immer wieder aufscheinende unkontrollierbare Handlungsmacht, ist eine Herausforderung, die wohl jeden Jahrgang aufs Neue beschäftigen wird, nicht ohne die Gewissheit, dass gerade diese sprachlichen Widerstände das Potenzial in sich bergen, eine erhöhte Sensibilität für die Lücken und nicht übersetzbaren Teile unserer internationalen und transdisziplinären Forschung zu generieren.

Einige der Mit-Fellows haben sich nach diesem Jahr entschieden, in Berlin zu bleiben, trotzdem sie kein Deutsch sprechen oder aber ihre persönliche Geschichte wohl gegen diesen Ort spricht. Das ist ein großes Argument für die Stadt, die mich persönlich allerdings aufgrund ihrer Weitläufigkeit nicht selten auch in meiner Entdeckerfreude gebremst hat. Zu Beginn meines Aufenthalts noch enthusiastisch zu den zahlreichen Tagungen eilend, die mir einmal alle so nahe erschienen, musste ich bald erleben, dass die großen Distanzen angestrebte Kontaktnahmen auch blockieren können. Wenn die Museen und Ausstellungen bis zuletzt mein Ziel blieben, war nach einigen Monaten klar, dass die Schaubühne zu meinem liebsten Theater würde – nicht nur wegen ihres aktuell innovativen Programms, sondern auch ihrer relativ raschen Erreichbarkeit halber. Aufgrund der Fülle des Angebots, die nicht nur das Kolleg allein, mit all seinen Abendvorträgen, Workshops, öffentlichen Konzerten, Empfängen und Einladungen, sondern auch die Stadt Berlin als solche bietet, war ich vermutlich nie zuvor so hin- und hergerissen zwischen den verschiedenen Möglichkeiten – um am Ende letztlich nichts davon wahrzunehmen.

Zumindest, was den letzten Monat anbelangt: Ich schreibe diese Zeilen von meinem heimischen Schreibtisch aus. Ein unglücklicher Unfall hat mich im Juni aus diesem Wissenschaftsjahr hinauskatapultiert. Ein schockartiger Schnitt, den ich (entgegen den ärztlichen Ratschlägen der traumatischen Chirurgie) so nicht gleich wahrhaben wollte – allerdings irgendwann annehmen musste. Und letztlich war es dann auch nicht das tatsächliche Ende dieses Aufenthalts: Mit der gewohnt überbordenden Großzügigkeit und findigen Hilfsbereitschaft, die das Wissenschaftskolleg schon das ganze Jahr über ausgezeichnet hatte, konnte ich die Infrastruktur von meinem heimischen Schreibtisch aus weiter nutzen, sodass sich vereinbarte Deadlines einhalten ließen: Neben meinem

Forschungsprojekt hat das Jahr nicht nur erlaubt, meine Habilitationsschrift ins individuell gestaltete Layout zu führen, sondern auch die Beiträge eines englischsprachigen Bandes über Liebe in der Renaissance weiter zu redigieren und, neben verschiedenen Vorträgen zu unterschiedlichen Epochen und diversen Themen, einen größeren Aufsatz zur *agency* von frühneuzeitlichen Porträtmedaillons in einer englischen Peer-Review-Zeitschrift unterzubringen – nicht zuletzt dank der produktiven Kommentare meiner (im englischen Wissenschaftsfeld beheimateten) Kollegen Michael Squire und Avi Lifshitz. Anders als meine Mit-Fellows schreibe ich diesen Bericht also nicht mehr an meinem Schreibtisch des Wissenschaftskollegs und dennoch voll der wachen Erinnerungen und fortwirkenden Bilder. Die lebendige Handlungsmacht dieser Bilder ist garantiert.



UNFORGETTABLE WIKO
CRISTINA LAFONT

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I was very enthusiastic in anticipation of my year’s stay at the Wiko. After 17 years of living, raising children, and taking part in North American academic and civic life, I would finally get a chance to spend a whole year in Germany again, maybe even to recover connections to my past as a graduate student in Frankfurt, but also to give my children the opportunity of trying out the European way of life under ideal conditions. The only downside seemed that I wouldn’t return to the Frankfurt region (the place I lived for many years and where my partner is from) but to an unfamiliar place called

Berlin. On the other hand, the different lines of research I had been following in previous years were starting to converge on an encompassing research project. Getting the opportunity to concentrate all my energies on this project without distractions in a secluded environment looked like a dream at the time. Needless to say, I did not have the faintest idea of the degree to which both Berlin and the Wiko are quite exceptional places.

The city was the first to overturn my initial doubts and take me in. I knew that coming back to Europe after so many years would be somewhat cathartic, but I did not expect to find myself right from the beginning in such a vibrant, intellectually exciting, culturally exuberant, but also warm and welcoming place as Berlin. For a European who has always been politically interested in knowing about European history like myself, it was almost breathtaking to note that, with every new day and every place I went to, some Berlin detail would appear to illustrate some important historical phase, event, or action. No matter whether it was the horror and infinite sadness at Gleis 17 or the paving stones tracing the former Berlin Wall on the ground when hurrying through some street, there is no place where Berlin does not remind you that you are walking through a looking glass of European and world history.

Since I arrived early to take care of the integration of my family into Berlin life, the realization of what being at the Wiko would mean was slow in the beginning. To be sure, the degree to which the staff helped us settle in and resolved problems with a snip of their magic fingers, all the time with a friendly smile or a laugh to spare, was astounding from the start. Nothing seemed easier than getting the kids into a school that had no spots, getting a work permit for my partner in the middle of an immigration torment let loose by the German authorities, or of seeing our Fellow friends getting equipped with exactly the kind of car they needed. From my past experience of how difficult it can be to manage such things in Germany on my own, I could only gasp at the ease exuding from staff and personnel. But it was really when the other Fellows arrived and life at the Institute began as laid out in its routines that the extent to which Wiko reality would completely outdo my initial dreams, too, became crystal clear. “Seclusion” – a main feature of my initial dream – is probably about the last word that comes to mind to anyone familiar with this wonderful institution. This is true not only because it is situated in an exciting metropolis, but mainly because one constantly interacts with others academically in a welcoming environment that is populated by a mixture of a thoughtfully selected diverse group of outstanding minds from all over the world. Backed by the perfect infrastructure of helpers, the Fellows begin to seem to move more like spoiled ethereal figures in the realm

of thought than as humans having to deal with the small and large adversities of everyday life. But there is more. In fact, the Wiko proved to be different from my dreams in almost every respect, always for the better. In contrast to my fantasies of seclusion, the systematic use of what Thorsten Wilhelmy called “interruptions” – the frequent lunches and dinners, meeting Fellows at the numerous colloquia, workshops, and reading groups, on the street, in the residence – offered something incredibly valuable: the pulsating and energetic curiosity, intellectual excitement, and courage to try out new things and thoughts that I only remembered from the days as a graduate student. The invigorating effects of the constantly inspiring and interesting presence of so many high-octane researchers who are excited to find out about one another’s projects, thoughts, ideas, and interests turned out to crucially depend on these recurrent “interruptions”. Affixing desks to lunch and dinner tables proved to be a surprisingly efficient but very discreet steering instrument to bring about, as if by magic, the effect of having the Fellows get to know one another, stay on the ball in their begun conversations, and to spin further ideas issued at the last dinner. As in the movies, the flight from my dreams to Wiko reality got better the longer it lasted – and had a tough ending when it was over. The toughness of leaving the Wiko, however, had mostly to do with something I had not even imagined in my dreams: that I would meet and forge (hopefully long-lasting) friendships with so many wonderful human beings. This is the most unexpected and dearest gift of the Wiko.

Although it should be clear by now that I am not writing this report as a celebration of having exactly executed my initial plans, the year at Wiko was and keeps being enormously stimulating and productive. The merit for this goes clearly to the combination of savviness and luck on the part of the selection committee. It was luck that wonderful new friendships emerged; although this is not really part of a research center’s job description, it still happened. The main satisfactions concerning the Fellows’ research agendas, however, were not serendipitous. They came from the interdisciplinary fertility and the availability of relevant research expertise by other Fellows for everyone’s agendas. The former has to do with the factor of intellectual stimulation that no other institution than an Institute of Advanced Study like the Wiko can offer. It is the opportunity to get to know on a professional but not specialist-targeted level the point of all the other Fellows’ research activities. The interdisciplinary showcasing of top-notch intellectual approaches to next to any phenomenon, from musical expression through quantum biology to Indonesian history, opens up so many unexpected avenues of thought, but also so many worked-out perspectives on parts of the world, that being present at the Tuesday talks alone already stirs up

one's mind more than anywhere else. One is inevitably seduced to leave the security of and comfortable float along one's own professional trajectory and to make one's own for a while the problems and questions in other areas. The additional constant flow of events, offerings, and tempting activities made the sense inescapable that one had not yet taken full advantage of everything interesting offered in this germinating ground.

In terms of finding perfect matches of expertise and interest, I received so many impulses, questions, and proposals for my research in the lively reading groups and workshops in political science, political philosophy, and law that we organized at the Wiko that it will take a while until I can totally exploit all the effects of the year in my work. As the year progressed, many of the relationships that began with common interests got closer and developed into professional friendships that I hope will last for a long time and enrich each of our future academic lives. This, again, as far as I can tell, was not an isolated but a general phenomenon. There were reading groups in biology and evolution, art theory and history that had analogous effects on those participating in them. The surprising thing was that such deepened disciplinary cooperation did not at all result in segmentations of the whole group of Fellows, but rather nurtured a common sense of everyone getting what they needed – a sense that was greatly enhanced by the brilliantly staffed and professionally run library service that left no wishes unfulfilled and even covered some that had not been dreamed of.

What the Wiko contributed to my project specifically emerged from the intensive contacts and exchanges I was able to entertain with the political scientists, legal scholars, and social scientists – but also members of other disciplines – of this year's Fellow group who participated in reading groups and workshops I was part of. These contacts helped me greatly in pushing forward my concern for ways of rethinking and shaping the global political space in more democratic ways with special attention to the central role that human rights may play in such a change of landscape. I had already realized that this part of my project requires not only adopting a global perspective, but also, crucially, extra-philosophical expertise in political science and international law. I felt extremely lucky to find among the Fellows some who were not only interested in exactly these matters, but also, in some cases, actually kindred spirits as well. The intersection of specialized interests allowed me to use the interdisciplinary nature of the Wiko to quickly learn much I did not even know I needed to know. The presence of relevant expertise provided by the composition of the group and the institute's interdisciplinary nature thus ideally combined to advance an important conceptual part of my research project, with a lot of

fun as an extra goodie. For all the different parts of my overall project concerning deliberative democracy in the global arena and global justice, I could count on the conversations and discussion with political scientists and legal scholars to reshape and refine my views, as well as to develop them in directions that now look promising for the future. In this way it would be more accurate to say that I continued my project than that I finished it, and that I continued it by opening new areas of future investigation rather than accomplishing the closure of old ones. From my post-Wiko perspective, some of these areas now seem rather preliminary than proper parts of what I need to say.

However, it was not only the presence of the relevant specialists that did this, but also a clear trend or common perception among many Fellows this year. There was a shared background assumption shaping many of the research projects of my fellow Fellows. All of them articulated the need to adopt a global perspective that overcomes nationalistic, state-centric assumptions that have been dominant throughout the 20th century while it treats all regions and people of the world as of equal concern and thus avoids the pitfalls of an unreflected Western bias. Some of the Fellows were occupied with such a perspective change for systematic reasons (as specialists in international law, for example), others for choice of topic (colonial and postcolonial art, history, literature), others because they were keenly aware of the need to reconceive the political world in new terms in the course of their political or social and anthropological studies, and still others for the extra-European location of the focus of their studies. This dominant trend strengthened my sense that such a change of perspective is desirable into the conviction that it is well overdue at this historical juncture. The intellectual stimulation, life, and fun of the Wiko that helped me think these things through can hardly be overstated. Thanks to all of you for an unforgettable year!



THE ENCHANTED WOODS
SHAKTI LAMBA

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The thing about the Wiko is that it is hard to pin down. It reminds me of a series of stories called “The Faraway Tree” by Enid Blyton that I read as a child. A group of children discover an extraordinary tree in the enchanted woods surrounding their home. The branches of this tree reach into the clouds and when the children climb up to the top they step through a portal into a magical world. These worlds come and go so that each time they climb up the tree they step into a different world, which they are free to explore, but must leave before it moves on. If they do not leave in time, they get stuck in that world until the next time it returns to the Faraway Tree. Life at the Wiko was just like that; every time you climbed up the tree you never knew what magic world awaited you.

Sometimes it was dreamy and other times a little topsy-turvy, but each time it was new and often surprising. My three months at the Wiko and in Berlin were a time of discovery.

On a personal level, it was a continuous struggle trying to find an equilibrium that best divided my time between social life at the Wiko, the delights of Berlin and what we were all basically meant to be doing ... work. The Grunewald at my doorstep, with its lakes to swim in, leafy paths to go running on and the infamous Devil's Mountain ("Teufelsberg") to explore did not make life any easier. But one can only complain so much about the problem of plenty without losing all credibility. From all this, my message to future Fellows: You are not alone.

During my time in Berlin, I began the groundwork for two new projects that will form a significant part of my research programme for the next few years. One of them relates to microfinance and the other to the effects of demography and, in particular, sex-biased migration on the evolution and maintenance of cooperation among humans. I am grateful to many people, and especially (but certainly not limited to) participants of the weekly evolution group, for discussions that stimulated and clarified my thoughts on many related issues. However, the big discovery for me was nothing even remotely related to these projects that I brought with me to the Wiko, but instead a renewed fascination with quantum physics and its potential interface with biology, courtesy of an exquisite talk by Atac Imamoglu. These introductions are the Wiko's forte.

It is easy to overlook the people who keep this enterprise running, not because they are not noteworthy, quite the contrary. It is because the flaws are so few that one forgets that there is an instrument to start with. I remember the precise moment that I became fully aware of this. It was a few days after the first winter snow and at lunchtime I heard that some of the Fellows had come into the Kolleg to find a pair of cleats in their pigeonholes and not because they asked. The anticipation, good humour and kindness of everyone who looked after us cannot be appreciated enough.

I cannot say I finished anything during my time at the Wiko, neither a paper nor a conversation. In balance, I left with more beginnings than endings. I see this as proof of concept; a place like this should exist.

The following is a list of projects/publications that I worked on during my time at the Wissenschaftskolleg

Lamba, S. “A comparison of the economic literature on microfinance and the evolutionary literature on cooperation.” In *Applied Evolutionary Anthropology: Darwinian Approaches to Contemporary World Issues*, edited by Mahari A. Gibson and David W. Lawson. Springer, 2014.

Lamba, S. “Social learning in cooperative dilemmas” (submitted).

Lamba, S. and V. Nityananda. “The evolution of self-deception: fooling yourself helps fool others” (submitted).

Three grant applications to the Royal Society, British Academy and Economic and Social Research Council (UK) respectively, all of which were successful.



FROM IMPERFECTION
TO Dr. STRANGELOVE:
THOUGHTS ABOUT A YEAR
AT THE WISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG
AVI S. LIFSCHITZ

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An experiment in the formation of a community – this is how various past Fellows have defined their experience of the Wiko. I would suggest transcending the singular in this formula: the year of 2012/13 was, for me, a set of on-going experiments in the creation of multiple communities, all subsumed under the larger, liberal Church of the Fellow Assembly as seen on Tuesday mornings or Thursday evenings.

This perspective established itself slowly but soundly from the outset. In the beginning was the C-Gruppe of the intensive language course. In late August/early September, when the Wiko was yet to be awakened from its summer slumbers and before being exposed to the magical dishes of Lena and her staff, the five of us met: Franco Moretti, Delphine Gardey, Atac and Özlem Imamoglu and me (to be joined over the last few days

by the charming Mike Squire and Chris Whitton). We immediately warmed to each other and embarked on lively (German!) discussions of literature, philosophy, quantum physics, prime numbers and the comparative merits of different academic systems, noting *en passant* that the Wiko was a second degree of academic alienation for us. We all work and teach outside our countries of origins, and Berlin was yet another way for us to experience the internationalisation of academia. This small community proved resilient: throughout the year I was fortunate enough to taste Özlem's legendary Hünkar Beğendi, smoke Delphine's eucalyptus mini-cigarettes – and beyond many discussions of Kleist, Benjamin, history, literature and classicism – to sample several of Franco's exquisite pasta dishes.

This communal experience quickly expanded into the full size of our annual class, with various parallel small communities in its midst: the thematic reading groups, partners for musical experiments in the city centre, Froma Zeitlin's innumerable lunch guests – and not least, the random yet invigorating meetings on the first floor of the Neubau, resulting in many fascinating conversations outside, on the threshold of and inside our offices.

These were not merely disruptions or interruptions, which – as Thorsten Wilhelmy warned us at the outset – are an integral part of such a collegiate institution. They were also an intellectual spur to rethink the outlines and framework of this year's project. My initial idea concerned a comparison between two discourses on imperfection in the Enlightenment, which had hitherto been examined in almost complete isolation from one another. Eighteenth-century authors were fascinated by several “imperfect” groups they placed in the grey zone between bestiality and humanity: feral children, deaf-mutes, so-called idiots and speaking apes. In the same period, the discourse on imperfect (or perfect) rights and duties enjoyed a substantial revival. My aim was to explore the links between these two domains, partly in order to question the biological turn in the humanities from a historical perspective and to ask whether eighteenth-century authors apotheosized “bare life” or “mere humanity”. Yet throughout the year I realized this could be a launching pad for a wider examination of *idées reçues* on the Enlightenment, and especially of its manifestations in Germany. This has become the wider focus of my current project, for which I am indebted to invigorating conversations with guests from the Berlin academic community – as well as to insights garnered from many fellow Fellows: from Jonas Grethlein, who provided me with a classicist's take on historicism, to Bruce Kogut's economic view of progress. Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus's persistent enthusiasm, advice and good spirits were particularly significant for the finer tuning of my project.

Yet there was life beyond research and Grunewald. Indeed, the initial heading of this report was supposed to be “The Wissenschaftskolleg, or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the 19th Century”. Dr. Strangelove, a somewhat deranged scientist and the protagonist of the eponymous 1964 film, might not be the most obvious figure with which to summarise a year at the Wiko. Having learned about the quirks and idiosyncrasies of forty-something scholars from around the world, I am still not certain whether anyone among us would qualify as the Dr. Strangelove of the class of 2012/13 (though some would be likelier candidates than others). However, the conversion experience described in the title of Stanley Kubrick’s film is a fitting description of my own year in Berlin beyond the academic work. I arrived at the Wiko as an enthusiast for all matters Baroque who tended to dislike most of what was produced between 1800 and 1900. Yet over the year I gradually opened myself to nineteenth-century aesthetics on various levels. Particularly helpful was a heavy dose of the wonderful productions in this Wagner-Jahr: from the new Parsifal at the Deutsche Oper, so vigorously discussed by Jonas Grethlein and Gustav Seibt, to a rare performance of Rienzi and – of course – Tannhäuser, following Daniel Boyarin’s interpretation of the opera as an ur-Zionist symbol. These were accompanied by many more concerts of nineteenth-century music, discussions of theatre and literature with Franco Moretti and José Burucúa and teaching myself the history of the Wiko’s villas as well as the neighbourhood surrounding them. All proved to be unexpected pleasures stimulated by the open-ended and open-minded atmosphere so typical of the Wiko.

This experience would not have been possible without the renowned generosity, kindness and effectiveness of the Wiko staff. Without them, we could not have created our different yet juxtaposed communities on the Wallotstraße and the Koenigsallee. At the end of the day, the audacious experiment of confining forty-something academics in Grunewald proved much more sociable and successful than it could have otherwise been. As a coda for these reminiscences, I cannot resist repeating Gustav Seibt’s point in the 2013 issue of *Köpfe und Ideen*, which originated in one of our many lively conversations: a unique form of earthly bliss would be a permanent fellowship in the permanent Wiko year of 2012/13.



WIKO RECOLLECTIONS
USSAMA MAKDISI

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My year in Berlin feels almost impossibly elusive.

For those of you who have not experienced car culture USA, it is very hard indeed to explain the contrast of emotions and senses that have overwhelmed me since my return.

Wiko was about working and wonderful colleagues and the most brilliant staff with whom I have had the pleasure of interacting, from the extraordinary German teacher in Ursula Kohler, to the superb library staff headed by Sonja Grund, to the ever-charming and helpful reception staff of Vera Schulze-Seeger and Funda Erdogan, to the kitchen staff directed by Lena Mauer, and to Andrea Bergmann and her colleagues who started it all. There are many other names that I should include here – just about every person associated with Wiko seemed genuinely happy to be and work there. That is not something that can be said of most institutions.

The courtesy, frankness, and even, if this is the correct term, modesty of the seemingly omniscient formally academic staff was also extraordinary, especially the Rector Luca Giuliani, Secretary Thorsten Wilhelmy (with whom I also enjoyed some memorable football viewing experiences, even if one of them included Bayern defeating Arsenal), and the indefatigable Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus.

But for me, as I think back on this year, Wiko was also about experiencing, taking in, and walking in an extraordinary city – about being free from a car, and the myriad dependencies that it creates, and seeing our children Sinan and Nur grow over a year by taking buses alone (the M19 especially and the X10 to JFKS), and in Sinan's case, also S-Bahns and U-Bahns on his own. And bicycling through the gorgeous Tiergarten and invariably to one or the other excellent espresso shops in Mitte or Kreuzberg that are all quite a distance away from Grunewald. And then, of course, there were the train rides across Germany.

The relative remoteness of Villa Walther, compounded by the fact that Andrii, Olesia, Elora, and I inhabited the two apartments set away from all the rest (perhaps Hubertus' aleatory procedure may be one way to think about allocating apartments in the years ahead), the getting kids up and ready to catch a bus in the dark of winter, and the sheer length of winter were minor (for me, at least) issues. I liked the snow, and I loved watching the city go by in winter colors sitting at the top of the M19.

The academic side of things was delightful, of course. I would say it was almost predictably so. The Tuesday colloquia were stimulating affairs. My colleagues were a remarkably congenial group. I finished two-thirds of a draft of a book. My participation in the EUME program run by the excellent Georges Khalil was also rewarding. The last month of talks were especially intense. If anything, they reinforced the strong sense that was with me throughout my year that my Wiko experience was but a wonderful punctuation in my and my family's life: how often, as I get older, will I be afforded such an opportunity to make so many new friends in such a protected and tranquil environment?

Some I know, or at least have good reason to believe, that Elora and I will see again; others I am not sure when or how, but the memories of the warmth and courtesy and affability I will carry with me and be delighted, I am sure, to suddenly remember and smile when I least expect it.

A truly spectacular place. As fortunate as we were to experience the Wiko for a year, and through it Berlin, Berlin too is fortunate to have Wiko.



WHAT SHOULD A SCHOLAR WORK ON? JOANNA MASEL

Joanna Masel was born in 1974 in Melbourne, Australia. She studied genetics, mathematics and the history and philosophy of science at the University of Melbourne and completed a D. Phil. in Zoology at Oxford University in 2000 with Lord Robert May. She then did postdoctoral training at Stanford University with Marc Feldman before taking a position at the University of Arizona in 2004. She has worked in a range of fields, including the mechanism of prion replication, the psychology behind human cooperation and within-host HIV dynamics. Since 2002, her research has focused on evolutionary theory. Within this field, her main interests are the robustness and evolvability of biological systems. – Address: Department of Ecology & Evolutionary Biology, University of Arizona, 1041 E Lowell St, Tucson, AZ 85721, USA. E-mail: masel@email.arizona.edu

Knowledge is a wonderful thing for its own sake. But there are an infinite number of things about which one might acquire knowledge. Which path should a scholar follow? The “useful” or the “interesting”?

I began my scientific career trying to do something useful by figuring out how prions, the nasty agents behind mad cow disease, multiply in our brains, and of course how to stop them. In this corner of science, you can find big money and big egos. Who is right can unfortunately take precedence over what is right. I discovered new knowledge, but I came to believe that neither this nor I could make a difference in the face of more powerful forces.

Eventually I found my way to arcane but foundational questions in evolutionary theory instead. My new disciplinary colleagues, working in relative obscurity, are driven by the desire to know the truth. We communicate with one another in the precise language of

mathematics, a habit that helps us resolve surprisingly many disagreements, or at least gain insight into their true nature. It is a wonderful discipline in which to be an intellectual.

Over the years, however, my scruples about the practical uselessness of my adopted field grew louder. I had just begun planning a new project about how relative arms races among competitors interact during evolution with selection on absolute fitness assessed against an external standard. This project attuned me to whether statements were true at the level of individuals or at the level of groups. Once attuned, I heard discordant statements everywhere, including places that really matter.

“Everybody should go to college” is great advice for most individuals, but economists have long realized that things are not so simple for the group. Many benefits of college can be explained by “costly signaling theory”. Even if a good student learns nothing in college of any use, employers still want to hire him, because people who do well in college tend to be good employees, too. His college degree is a signal of his quality. Exclusive social networks are another good reason for an individual to go to a name-brand university, but it is of course impossible for everybody to be in the in-club, just as it is impossible for everybody to signal that their abilities are above average. Many economists know this, but struggle to get the message out to the public and to policy makers.

“Everybody should save more money for their retirement” is also good advice for most individuals, but not for the world. You can’t eat piles of saved money; what we need to save is wealth. Saved dollars are used to buy assets, whether shares, bonds, or other kinds of property or loans. For everybody buying such an asset, somebody must be selling it. Not everybody can buy at the same time; if they try, prices will go up until somebody weakens and sells. If we want to provide for the baby boomers’ retirement, we need to do work today to create new assets that will generate a stream of concrete benefits in the future. These new assets do not magically appear on their own, despite the negative real interest rates available today. Somebody needs to make them, not just buy them.

The two issues are related. The biggest opportunities today to create new assets are in human capital. At the end of the day, somebody will need to feed, shelter, and nurse the old, who will soon make up a much larger fraction of the population than ever before. The more skills we give our young people now, the better they will run the future economy when there are so few of them left of working age.

I felt the seesaw pulling me away from the esoteric equations of theoretical population genetics and towards the need to be useful by writing about this problem and informing

people about solutions. The more people I could reach, the better; so a popular book about the difference between money and wealth suggested itself.

This book project began as no more than a fantasy. The world of science is competitive, and what “counts”, sometimes quite literally, are grant dollars, journal articles, and citations. A popular economics book will bring me none of these. My colleagues will not understand. They won’t hold the book against me as a negative, but they will see a hole in my career, as though the time I spent writing it was a very long vacation. We are, at heart, social creatures. I couldn’t write this book at home, seeing, every day, people who placed no value on the project.

Then my husband insisted that we spend our sabbatical year in Berlin. I found out more about the Wissenschaftskolleg and realized that I could live out my fantasy there. At the Wiko, writing a book is normal. Indeed, whatever I choose to do here is accepted and assumed to be valuable. This is perhaps the greatest and most liberating gift that the Wiko gives. It is up to me to make the best use of it. It is up to me to decide how best to be a scholar, what is really important, and where to apply my mind and limited time.

We all struggle with the tension between becoming a specialized expert in one field and having the broad general knowledge that allows creative and productive cross-fertilization and sometimes leads us into another field altogether. Many people are surprised that an evolutionary biologist would venture fearlessly into economics, even after they hear that I have published in economics before. But interestingly, none of those skeptics are economists or evolutionary biologists. These two are actually sister disciplines, far closer than people think. Both study competition, both study cooperation, both study honest costly signals or “handicaps”. The science of evolution, ecology, and behavior applies just as well to humans as it does to other animals. My forays from biology into economics were no larger leaps than other career jumps I have made within biology. The much larger, more difficult jump has been that from technical journals to a popular book.

Despite circumstances as good as I could possibly hope for, I was not able to leave the world of science completely behind this year. I shut my research group down to one lone student, but past lab members still had papers in the pipeline to be completed and revised, and I needed to write grant applications to fund my future group. And I am still junior enough to perceive, perhaps mistakenly, some conferences and other scientific travel as indispensable to my career. None of these distractions from my book project were wasted. Indeed in my last month, which I spent exclusively on one new grant application, I made

what I think are profound breakthroughs in the very biological questions that first led me to this book project. But all this was work I could have done at home.

I left my old world 50 % behind this year, and that 50 % was enough to write 2/3 of my book. My more habitually book-writing Wiko colleagues (and now friends) tell me this is good, and as a social animal, this reassurance means a lot to me. Now my challenge is to take some of the Wiko-world back home with me, maybe 25 %, so that I complete the book in the next year. The Wiko helped me pursue what I believe to be important, sheltering me from negative judgment while I took my first steps. Now I need only the faith to continue along that path, whose end is already coming into view. And once this is done, to ask myself again, without boundaries, what is the best question for me to ask next.



THE YEAR OF LIVING SIMPLY
FRANCO MORETTI

Franco Moretti was born in Italy in 1950 and studied at the University of Rome. After working at various Italian universities, he moved to the United States in 1990; he teaches Literature at Stanford, where he has founded the Literary Lab. He is the author of various books (most recently, *Distant Reading* and *The Bourgeois*), is a frequent contributor to the *New Left Review*, and has twice been a Fellow at the Wissenschaftskolleg. – Address: English Department, Stanford University, Building 460, Stanford, CA 94305-2031, USA. E-mail: moretti@stanford.edu

It's the hour before dawn, in the beautiful room full of windows of this fourth-floor flat that feels so strangely like home. It's still dark, as I zap mosquitos with the electric racket from the Chinese market; I hear the voices of the imams and the call of the roosters; in a few minutes, the crows will start cawing, and the day will begin – here in Dar es Salaam, where Teri, my wife, works in the Emergency Room of the big public hospital. Here, last August, I was telling a German doctor that I was about to spend a second year at the Wissenschaftskolleg. A *second* year? he asked. But that can be dangerous. What if it's worse?

It was better. Different, for sure. Mostly because of an 8-year-old boy named Kai, who was not born in 1999–2000, and spent almost half of the year alone with me, with Teri working in Dar. I woke him up every day at 6:15 for his accursed school bus; brought him breakfast in bed – at least *that* – and then we'd get down to wait, in icy darkness. The only

light, in the Villa Walther, would be in a dining room window across from our door; but one morning that too was dark, and Kai blurted out: Look: even *they* are still asleep!

Work was different, too. That other time, I had just started editing a 5,000-page collection entitled *Il romanzo* that was published in Italy between 2001 and 2003. All I did that year had to do with novels: Tuesday colloquium and bedtime reading, morning e-mails, lunch conversations, library research – everything. In 2012/13, I have been working on tragedy instead. Mostly, I have taken pages and pages of notes – the Greeks, Shakespeare, Lope, Calderón, Racine, Chikamatsu, Soyinka ... And the critics: Scherer, Szondi, Menéndez Pinal, Bradley, Vernant, Benjamin, Maravall ... Eventually, I will try to write a book on tragedy, and specifically on tragic conflict; but this year, I have just *read*, with no concern for the possible use of what I was doing. I chose to be a professor because I liked studying more than anything else; but with the passing years, studying has become so hard to do, with the mounting tide of bureaucracy posing as efficiency, that all one reads must immediately be harnessed to a concrete task and produce “results”, as the saying goes. Useful knowledge: the new Victorianism that stifles us all. But if knowledge is to lead in truly new directions, it needs also long periods of freedom – of uselessness. Thanks to the Wiko, I could feel once more the taste of this old truth.

As 2013 began moving towards spring, then summer, and the balance sheet for the year loomed larger and larger, the words of the title – “The year of living simply” – occurred to me right away. That’s what it felt like. I went out a few evenings, mostly to the Schaubühne, where I discovered how liberating a radical lack of taste can be for the intelligence: play after play, shamelessly reshaped into bold new understandings of the classics. But mostly, I divided myself between Kai and the Kolleg; once his school bus was gone, a long jog in the ghostly light of the snow at dawn; then intense mornings in Wallotstraße; afternoons at home; then maybe another Fellow to dinner. I understood the pleasure of biking (in San Francisco, where we live, it’s a torment); I saw new places, and recognized everywhere the plain, square houses of 1900–30 that I like so much. All was simple; all was pleasant. A *Biedermeier* shell, around those tragic stories of violence and death.

One thing that had not changed was the staff – the legendary staff of the Wissenschaftskolleg. In fifteen years, some of them had left, of course, but many were still there, and the atmosphere had also remained the same: that mix of efficiency and friendliness

that smooths all friction between the Fellows and everyday life. No wonder we are all so nice to each other! But we were also not bad, we of '13, with our little circles that overlapped in so many ways. There was the quintet that met as five perfect strangers on the first day of the *C-Gruppe* of the German language course and emerged from two stammering weeks bound together by unshakable complicity. The neighbors next door, a floor below, across the court; the windows that you slowly learned to recognize. The Real Scientists who gathered to discuss evolution and who taught me so many things about the world (and a few about Scientists, too). There were the endlessly varied configurations in the cafeteria, all good, and the reading groups – and the exclusive club of the ping-pong players. When we were all together, on Tuesday morning, or on those enchanted Diotima afternoons, seeing so many faces I liked and admired felt almost too much.

My previous time in Berlin, I left having written a slim essay – well below the average of those around me. But the mental freedom I had enjoyed had given me the idea for a brief series of lectures that took my work in an entirely new direction. This time, too, I co-authored a slim essay for the Literary Lab. But, once again, the unpredictable synergy of the Wiko sparked a series of research projects – on World Bank reports, negotiations about climate change, Supreme Court environmental rulings, the changing semantics of fitness, Swahili newspaper poetry – which might represent an even greater turning point for my work, making me step outside of literature and straight into the contemporary world. That had also been one of the hopes behind my last book, *The Bourgeois*, but one I had found myself incapable of pursuing, so much so that the introduction to the book acknowledged its being “an exclusively historical study, with no true link to the present” as a clear and bitter defeat. The next few years will be my revenge.

If the gods had understanding and wisdom where men are concerned, writes Euripides in one of his tragedies, those who were good would win a double youth as a sign of their virtue. I have serious doubts about my virtue, and the *Beirat* of the Wiko is not a gathering on Mount Olympus. But for this new year in Berlin, which has felt so magically like a second youth, the gods have indeed all my gratitude.



DER MITTELPUNKT DER WELT MARTIN MULSOW

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Als ich im September ankam, gab es schon einige Bekannte, die mich herzlich begrüßten: Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus, Georges Khalil, Wolf Lepenies. Die Mitarbeiter des Wiko waren schnell vertraut, den Ort kannte ich. Und jetzt? Die Wohnung in der Villa Jaffé beziehen, mit ihrer riesigen Deckenhöhe, den großen Fenstern auf das helle oder auch tiefdunkle Grün draußen, und die Stille und Abgeschlossenheit genießen. Nur der Schreibtisch und ich, sonst nichts. Zunächst galt es für einige Zeit, alte Schreibverpflichtungen wegzuarbeiten. Ein Aufsatz über die Mysterien von Eleusis in der Interpretation zweier Aufklärer des späten 18. Jahrhunderts stand am Anfang; dann kamen einige andere

kleine Sachen. Und zu schreibende DFG-Anträge, denen ich auch durch den Umzug nach Berlin nicht entkommen war. Immerhin war die Thematik reizvoll: Hofkultur und Wissen, am Beispiel von Gothaer Gelehrten um 1700. Damit hatte ich mich die letzten zwei Jahre beschäftigt und musste nun meine eher locker gestrickten Ausführungen in dichte Antragsprosa umgießen, Fragestellungen formulieren und den Wegen eines melancholischen Hofjuristen folgen, der die Tage im staubigen Archiv verbracht hatte, sich aber abends ein Theologengewand überstreifte und dicke lateinische Wälzer über Bußbrieten im Frühchristentum schrieb. Mich beschäftigte – und beschäftigt – das Doppelleben dieses Mannes, seine zweigeteilte Arbeitsökonomie, und sein für einen Lutheraner so ganz und gar untypisches theologisches Profil.

Doch das war ja gar nicht mein eigentliches Projekt. Das bestand darin, ein Buch über „Islamisches Christentum“ zu schreiben, über heimliche Begegnungen zwischen christlichen Antitrinitariern und Moslems. Dazu gab es hier in Berlin beste Voraussetzungen. Direkt einen Stock unter mir war das Projekt „Der Nahe Osten in Europa – Europa im Nahen Osten“ angesiedelt und da gab es Gesprächspartner genug, die mir Hinweise auf arabische Quellen und Denkweisen geben konnten. Denn ich hatte das Buch als Abenteuer für mich angelegt, als einen Weg, der mich von der mir vertrauten Zeit des späten 17. Jahrhunderts aus rückwärtsführen sollte, bis ins arabische Mittelalter. Ich hatte bereits größere Skizzen zum Hugenotten Aubert de Versé und seinem hasardeusen Treffen mit dem marokkanischen Botschafter in London; damit wollte ich beginnen, und dies baute ich aus. Und ich hatte einige halbfertige Texte zum Heidelberger Theologen Adam Neuser, der zum Trinitätsgegner geworden war und schließlich als Moslem in Istanbul endete. Ich konzentrierte mich vor allem auf diesen Fall und arbeitete meine Texte aus. Neuser hatte als Spion gearbeitet und er hatte in seinen Aufzeichnungen eine Geheimschrift benutzt, die ich entschlüsselte. Das war faszinierend, aber die Faszination trug mich nicht, wie ich gehofft hatte, weiter zurück zu anderen Kapiteln, in tiefere Zeitschichten vor der Neuzeit.

Im Laufe des Winters schob sich stattdessen mehr und mehr ein anderes, neues Projekt in den Vordergrund. Ich hatte im Sommer in einem winzigen Archiv in Thüringen die Notizbücher des großen Numismatikers Andreas Morell entdeckt, eines Zeitgenossen und Freundes von Leibniz. Und nicht nur die Notizbücher voller faszinierender Zeichnungen, sondern sogar ganze Kästen von Münzabdrücken aus getrocknetem Fischleim. Das war zunächst nur kurios, doch dann übte das Material zunehmend seinen Sog auf mich aus. Wie hatte dieser Mann gearbeitet? Wie hatte er seine tausenden von Notizen

und Zeichnungen sortiert, wie wollte er damit die antiken Münzen klassifizieren, zu denen er Zugang hatte? Als Lorraine Daston mich einlud, im Januar darüber in Oxford zu sprechen, war das ein Anlass, erste Überlegungen anzustellen. Es folgte eine Reise nach Dessau, wo ich – nach detektivischem Suchen – die Reste der Bibliothek entdeckte, mit der Morell gearbeitet hatte. Es war eine Reise zwischen Bangen und Hoffen. Ich weiß noch, wie ich jubiliert habe, als mir die Entdeckung gelungen war, und wie sehr es mich dann enttäuschte zu erfahren, dass neunzig Prozent der Bücher bei den Luftangriffen des Zweiten Weltkriegs vernichtet worden waren. Aber immerhin: zehn Prozent waren tatsächlich noch da. Und weitere Reisen ließ mich das Projekt machen, das nach und nach zu einem Buchprojekt wurde: Ich fuhr nach Bern und sah mir in den Katakomben des Historischen Museums ein Ölporträt Morells an, das bisher völlig unbekannt war. Sein einziges authentisches Porträt. Mir ist diese biografische und persönliche Dimension immer wichtig, sie treibt mich an, auch wenn am Ende die Münzzeichnungen die Helden des Buches sein sollen, nicht die Person.

Die Herausforderung, die das Morell-Buch für mich darstellt, liegt nicht nur darin, mich mit der Münzkunde auf ein fremdes Terrain zu wagen (das mag ich; Carlo Ginzburg hat einmal gesagt, neue Felder sind für ihn wie Skifahren im Neuschnee), sondern auch einen neuen Darstellungsstil zu finden. Wie lässt sich ein biografischer Rahmen mit Erzählungen über Münzen und Analysen des Zeichenstils verbinden, ohne trocken zu werden? Wie bekomme ich eine persönliche Note in die Geschichte, ähnlich wie Edmund de Wall mit seinem „Hasen mit den Bernsteinaugen“, den ich in Berlin las? Gern hätte ich darüber noch mit anderen Fellows geredet, aber ich war noch nicht so weit.

Und noch eine weitere Thematik hat mich in diesem Jahr beschäftigt – und beschäftigt mich immer noch. Das ist die Frage, wie sich meine Disziplin, die frühneuzeitliche Ideengeschichte, entprovinzialisieren und globalisieren lässt, ohne dabei an Seriosität zu verlieren. Mein eigenes „islamisches Christentum“-Projekt war dabei für mich ein Beispiel: Viel mehr als bisher gewohnt sollten wir Geisteswissenschaftler, so glaube ich, uns auf eine Zusammenarbeit mit anderen Forschern aus anderen Gebieten (wie etwa der Arabistik) einlassen. Das Wiko ist dafür natürlich der geeignete Ort. Aber ich möchte noch weiter gehen: Langfristige Dialoge und gemeinsam verfasste Artikel und Bücher wären anzustreben, und Konferenzen, bei denen Tandems, keine einzelnen Redner, auftreten. Ich habe im Frühjahr die Früchte der Zusammenarbeit, die ich vor mehreren Jahren mit dem Islamwissenschaftler Kevin van Bladel hatte, aufbereitet, anlässlich einer Tagung in Münster, wo ich über die Idee von „Präadamiten“ vom sassanidischen Persien

bis ins europäische 17. Jahrhundert geredet habe. Vor allem aber habe ich versucht, methodologische Ideen über eine ideengeschichtliche Verflechtungsgeschichte zu entwickeln. Im Oktober habe ich darüber in Potsdam vorgetragen, im Juni an der FU in Berlin.

Und noch wiederum eine andere Thematik. Man sieht, dieses Jahr war zerfahren und fruchtbar zugleich. Kein Abtauchen in ein einziges großes Thema, sondern Tanzen auf vielen Hochzeiten, angeregt durch Gespräche am Mittagstisch, aber auch durch Quellenfunde, vor allem in Gotha, wo ich sonst arbeite. Dort gibt es einen großen unerschlossenen alchemischen Nachlass, und kurz vor meiner Ankunft in Berlin hatte ich ein Sommerseminar über diese Alchemie abgehalten. Das wirkte nach. Etliche Wochen habe ich damit verbracht, genauer zu verstehen, worum zwei Gothaer Alchemiker gestritten haben, wenn sie sich über ihre Herstellungsweise des „sophischen Mercurius“ nicht einig waren. Noch immer fühle ich mich hier als Anfänger, auf der anderen Seite habe ich den Eindruck, ein riesiges Gebiet betreten zu haben, auf das sich viele Forscher nicht trauen, weil es so unverständlich ist – zugleich aber wichtiger, als viele denken.

Der April bedeutete eine Zäsur in meinem Wiko-Aufenthalt. Wegen eines Krankenhausaufenthaltes war ich vier Wochen lang nicht in Berlin. Als ich wiederkam, hatte ich den Eindruck, einen Schritt verpasst zu haben, den die anderen inzwischen gemacht hatten, denn die Kommunikation und der Zusammenhalt unter den Fellows war nun noch ein ganzes Stück dichter als ohnehin schon zuvor. Es war nicht ganz einfach, den Faden wiederaufzunehmen und auch die dunklen Wolken über mir nicht zu dominant werden zu lassen. Erst nach einer Weile gelang mir das, und ich konnte die letzten Monate, die so schnell vergangen sind, genießen. So viele Fellows sind mir dabei ans Herz gewachsen (die Mitarbeiter wie Thorsten, Luca, Reinhart, Katharina, Eva, Lena oder Sonja aber nicht zu vergessen). Von Franco habe ich gelernt, wie sich Kreativität in die computer-gestützten Visualisierungen bringen lässt, und hoffe, noch oft mit ihm Umgang zu haben; mit Daniel war es immer spannend, über den Talmud zu reden und dabei spazieren zu gehen, oder auch nur Witze zu machen; Garth und Elizabeth möchte ich nicht mehr missen und werde sie schon bald besuchen; Hubertus und Ulrich beim Frühstück, viele Gespräche mit Avi, Bruce, Marianne, Alessandra, Shakti und anderen – all das war große Bereicherung. Und ich war und bin immer noch beeindruckt, wie sehr die ganze Welt an diesem einen Ort im Grunewald versammelt ist: wenn Kamal, den ich schnell ins Herz geschlossen hatte, über Jerusalem in den frühen 1960ern erzählte, Gabor vom Ungarn vor und nach der Wende, Andrii, der mich mit seiner Zuversicht so beeindruckt hat, von den

schwierigen Verhältnissen in der Ukraine, Lian von China und all seinen Poeten im Exil, Tony und Helen (die uns in Erfurt besucht haben) von Australien oder Indonesien.

Mein Workshop zusammen mit meinem alten Freund Peter Miller über die Frage „Was there an Antiquarianism in the Islamic World?“ war ein Höhepunkt gegen Ende meines Jahres, ein dichter Tag voller Anregungen, die erst noch fruchtbar zu machen sind. Ein anderes Zuckerli zum Schluss war der kleine, etwas verrückte Aufsatz für die *Zeitschrift für Ideengeschichte*, den zu schreiben ich mir gegönnt und in dem ich die Disziplin der „Politischen Bukolik“ erfunden habe. Jim hat mich dafür zoologisch beraten (über Korallen und Kokosnüsse), Daniel jüdisch und David Freedberg kunsthistorisch – und das alles, um die Sammlung und Ergüsse eines furchtbar schrägen Helmstedter Professors der Frühaufklärung zu verstehen.

Der Rhythmus dieses Jahres war durch das wochenendliche Pendeln nach Erfurt gesetzt. In diesem Rahmen spielte sich das Leben und Forschen ab. Was bleibt in Erinnerung? Ein langer Nachmittag mit dem Schriftsteller Georg Klein auf der Wiko-Terrasse, Gespräche mit den Kunsthistorikern Bredekamp, Belting und Böhm, angenehme Lehrstunden bei Werner Daum über antike Rollsiegel, für die ich mich so begeistere, Treffen in der Suhrkamp-Villa an der Rehwiese, die Berliner Museen, die ich mit zunehmendem Genuss besucht habe (und die ich in Erfurt vermisse), die singende Stimme Rebeccas beim Pilates, Bewegungen nach Grinberg, Erkundungsgänge durch Kreuzberg und Prenzlauer Berg. Mein Verhältnis zu Berlin hat sich gewandelt. Früher war ich der Stadt immer ambivalent gegenüber, sie schien mir zu groß, zu diffus. Das ist jetzt anders, sie ist mir heimischer geworden. Und ihr Zentrum liegt jetzt im Grunewald, in der Wallotstraße.



SILENTIUM
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I have given this summary a title in a language no longer to be heard (at least not in any natural way, i.e. as pronounced by native speakers) because my work in Wiko and my life in Berlin unexpectedly turned out to be driven by encroaching silence – to their even more unexpected benefit.

I came to the Wissenschaftskolleg to work on a joint project with Bill Foley, looking cross-linguistically at the roles of nouns and verbs on the deepest levels of grammar and lexicon. We had both been working along these lines for ten years or so. His interests centered on the perennially thorny question of whether Tagalog and its sister languages can be analyzed as having no noun/verb distinction at all (since most basic stems can easily be used as either noun or verb and inflected accordingly, much like the English “jump” or

“wash” or “drive” but with more and different inflectional morphology), and if so how to handle this theoretically. I had been surveying languages that had both nouns and verbs as roots but differed in which was the fundamental building block in the lexicon. For instance, in Proto-Indo-European, most lexical words have verbal roots (e.g. English “tooth”, German “Zahn”, Latin “dens”, and their cognates go back to an ancestral participle from the verb “eat”, so that a tooth is an “eater”); in modern English and most other European languages, nominal roots are more common, and in languages of the eastern Caucasus the noun-based pattern is so extreme that basic, underived verbs are a closed class that cannot be expanded (so that the elementary lexical notion “bite” is expressed with a phrasal derivative, “tooth strike”). Bill had determined that Tagalog-like part-of-speech flexibility is found in a few other languages around the Pacific Rim but is rare otherwise. I had found that native North American languages are mostly verb-based while Eurasian languages are mostly noun-based. We set out to survey more languages more rigorously and determine the geography and diachronic trajectories of noun/verb flexibility and noun-based/verb-based lexicons and trace their implications for prehistory and the settlement of the Americas. For this I needed to work out correlations with some other typological parameters, and I also needed to work out some questions of coding and interpretation in order to represent the results in distance-based, neighbor-joining phylogenetic diagrams.

I had hoped that the cross-linguistic survey could be done with a list of 80 to 100 words to be looked up and categorized as to the part of speech of the word itself and the part of speech of its basic root or stem. But we found that we needed closer to 200 words to cover major semantic fields. The work was arduous and time-consuming – about a week per language working at a normal pace, and more where additional research needed to be done on etymology, historical grammar, and synchronic grammar. Complicating the issue, word formation is neglected in most recent grammars, necessitating a search for older grammars, which predate modern linguistics and require careful interpretation. It became a race against time to try to cover enough languages to have any hope of detecting any geographical or historical pattern.

Problems struck in March. I have moderate inherited age-related hearing loss, wear a hearing aid, and had to work hard to participate meaningfully in the lunch and dinner conversations or hear lectures and questions in the high-ceilinged seminar rooms and classrooms. In March I had a two-week bout of the dizziness and tinnitus that presage another hearing drop, and when that cleared I found I had crossed some threshold: multi-conversation

situations went from difficult to impossible, seminar rooms and classrooms went from requiring effort to imposing major obstacles. Panic and a sense of urgency set in as I realized the next bout of this recurring event could put me entirely out of most human company, lectures, conferences, etc. and de facto expel me from science. My Wiko project is out of the ordinary in linguistics and will go well only if in these earlier stages I can have meaningful discussions with colleagues. At all stages it will require travel to libraries and consultations with field linguists and native speakers. I realized I have to hurry, in the short run to get this project into discussable shape and get reportable joint results together, all by the end of the Wiko term, and in general to bring all-important projects to completion or at least a state where they can be completed in isolation. I began extending my library work hours, sleeping less, exercising less, pushing harder, and foregoing the concerts, sightseeing, and museum and gallery visits I had planned. By about mid-June, with the stepped-up work pace, I had surveyed enough languages that a basic picture fell into place, confirming my expectations, fitting nicely into Bill's findings, and generally validating my understanding of how the Pacific Rim linguistic population had influenced all of Eurasia and North America. We also both found evidence that flexible lexical stems are most common in sociolinguistically isolated and low-contact languages, while in major inter-ethnic languages and lingua francas most word roots are either noun or verb. This is contrary to what has usually been assumed by linguists, but between us we have enough languages to show that it is a firm pattern. So, a big success overall, though some mopping up is still needed.

Only in the Wiko setting could all of this have been possible. Discussions with other Fellows and especially the Evolution Reading Group made me aware of the tools and methods that exist for describing spreads of innovations across populations. Colloquia, discussion groups, seminars, and conversations with other Fellows clarified many issues, and as I had hoped they generally expanded my understanding of predication, entities vs. properties, intertranslatability, perspective, and countless other relevant broader topics. I learned more about other disciplines and how their practitioners think and work than I had in four decades at my own university. As a totally unexpected boon, the colloquium series on quantum phenomena, in occasional remarks that were small asides in their own research questions, suggested the likely acoustic nature of the rare hearing problem I have in addition to general loss of acuity (timing properties and individual variation in how interference patterns in the incoming sound waves are processed could explain why a high-ceilinged small room turns all speech to hash for me while for most people it is an acoustic enhancement). So, an affliction turns into a research topic.

Compensating for the doubled work pace were many happy things that could only have happened in Wiko and in Berlin. Working with Eva von Kügelgen both in classes and individually I had the great satisfaction of talking in German about German with someone, an expert, who is sophisticated both linguistically and pedagogically and is deeply interested in what mistakes foreigners make and why. Her careful presentations on word formation improved the German survey for the project. I also had the great satisfaction of seeing my German competence expand to the point that I could use it easily for lexical research. Since I did my first few wordlist surveys in the Wiko library using its collection of bilingual dictionaries, I became aware of the consistent excellence of the Langenscheidt series, now my first choice in bilingual dictionaries (despite the garish yellow covers).

At one point, working on Chukchi (far northeastern Siberia), I wanted to see what was available on its distant sister Itelmen. A reportedly useful dictionary proved not to be available in Germany, but the ever-resourceful and ever-vigilant Wiko librarians tracked down and produced the earlier edited field dictionary that the one I sought was compiled from. Written by a 19th-century Polish ethnographer, it was a trilingual dictionary with Itelmen words glossed in Polish and Latin, enabling me to put my high-school Latin and my Slavistic training together in a way I had never anticipated. Not long before this I had given a talk in the lively and forward-looking program in international Polish studies at Viadrina University Frankfurt (Oder), further connecting to the Polish side of things, and still earlier I had had the good fortune to familiarize myself with the superb Oxford Latin Dictionary in the Wiko library – a resource I might have bypassed for a dictionary with a smaller wordlist had I done this survey at home in Berkeley. So the Wiko setting brought together what would otherwise have been very disparate threads.

Also by rare chance good fortune, the Wiko library proved to have a fine pair of bilingual dictionaries for Catalan that I had never seen (furthermore graced with attractive covers that made them a joy to use) and I was able to add this language to my general lexical typology database. A huge benefit of working in Berlin was finding the excellent and comprehensive holdings of dictionaries of Eurasian languages in the Staatsbibliothek on Potsdamer Platz.

Other pleasures were the snowy winter; the wonderful natural light in the Wiko library reading room; running in the Grunewald forest (running alone in any forest without fear for my safety would be unusual in the US); renewing ties with colleagues in various German universities; seeing a new generation of young Caucasianists, most of them

trained in Germany, growing in sophistication and emerging as leaders. It was a joy to work with the dedicated and all-knowing Wiko library staff and more generally to work in a library with such a high ratio of librarians to scholars. Another joy was the dedicated and all-knowing and ever-available IT staff and the high ratio of IT staff to Fellows. Another was the administrative staff, enormously knowledgeable, helpful, and pleasant. And again the high ratio: It was wonderful to be in an institution where there are enough staff that all of them have time to do their jobs (at my university, budget cuts have reduced administrative staff and doubled or tripled the workloads of the remaining staff beyond what is humanly possible) and everyone respects everyone as a result. The attendance of not only Fellows and Rektor but also some visitors and staff made for a level of collegiality one almost never finds in a university.

In a word, the project findings, the day-to-day quality of life, and all manner of chance good fortune in library findings and interactions with other Fellows more than outweighed the grueling pace of work and sense of urgency. Only in Wiko, only in Berlin, and only in this year could all of this have happened to come together so well. *Ex silentio serendipitas.*



LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, ANIMALITÉ
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Das Wetter im Jahr 2012/13 war wohl das schlechteste seit Gründung des Wissenschaftskollegs. Es herrschte Permafrost bis Ende April, war aber nicht kontinuierlich kalt genug, um auf dem Herthasee, Koenigssee oder Halensee Schlittschuh fahren zu können. Der Mai war von Dauerregen geprägt. Innen aber leuchtete es, innen im Wiko, und aus allen Fellows heraus. In mir brannte es das ganze Jahr.

Hier habe ich das neue Projekt „Liberté, égalité, animalité“ begonnen (und dazu auch meinen Kolloquiumsvortrag gehalten). *Global Animal Law* ist für mich ein komplett neues Thema, ein Rechtsgebiet, das erst erfunden werden muss, Publikationen kamen (noch)

keine heraus. Wo sonst soll man so etwas angehen, wenn nicht hier? Außerdem habe ich – neben diversen Kleinigkeiten – zwei Bücher fertig geschrieben: Anne Peters, *Jenseits der Menschenrechte: Die Rechtsstellung des Individuums im Völkerrecht* (Tübingen: Mohr Siebeck, 2014) sowie Andrea Bianchi/Anne Peters (Hg.), *Transparency in International Law* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2013).

Soweit zum *output*. Wichtiger ist vielleicht, einen Eindruck zu vermitteln, wie dieser zustande kam und welchen unschätzbaren Beitrag das Wiko hier leistete. Meine sehr kurzfristige Einladung verdanke ich der Allwissenheit des Auswahlgremiums und der Weitsicht des vor meinem Eintreffen ausgeschiedenen Sekretärs Joachim Nettelbeck. Die Entscheider dachten (zu Recht): Jetzt oder nie mehr! – und so rief mich Nettelbeck erst im Juni 2012 an. Umso dankbarer bin ich meiner Fakultät und dem Rektorat der Uni Basel, dass sie diesen Aufenthalt möglich gemacht haben. Das Jahr war ein bisschen überschattet durch Berufungsverhandlungen mit der Max-Planck-Gesellschaft und meiner damaligen Heimatuniversität Basel. Letztlich war aber diese kreative Pause, bevor ich ins MP-Geschirr gespannt wurde, optimal.

Schon früh in meinem akademischen Werdegang hatte ich vom Wissenschaftskolleg als mythischem Ort gehört. Es ist aber in Wirklichkeit noch viel besser und schöner als alle Erzählungen. Während im normalen Universitätsbetrieb alles darauf ausgerichtet ist, uns vom Arbeiten an eigentlich Wichtigem abzuhalten, war hier alles darauf eingerichtet, Freiraum für das Schreiben zu schaffen.

Mein Zimmer im Neubau war eine echte Klausur, Schlaf- und Arbeitszimmer in einem. Die Erinnerung an Studentenzeiten war angenehm. Der Raum ist wunderbar hell mit Blick in Äste, später in dichtes Grün. Vögel und Eichhörnchen turnten darin herum. Zur Verfügung stand ein perfekter Bildschirm für vormittägliches Schreiben und ein superhilfsbereiter und kompetenter IT-Service für meine nicht ganz seltenen läppischen und nervigen IT-Probleme. Bereit stand auch ein perfekter Lesesessel für die nachmittägliche Lektüre (Katharina Biegger verriet, das Modell hieße „Cinema“).

Glücksmomente: Direkt aus dem Bett steigend den Computer anzuwerfen und los-schreiben. Fliederduft bis in mein Zimmer. Lesen auf der eigenen Terrasse neben der Teeküche des Neubaus. Duft der Lindenblüten am Sommernachmittag. „Skinny dipping“ (neue Vokabel für mich) im Teufelssee. Um elf Uhr abends mit dem Rad von der Oper zurückradeln, und die Nachtigall singt in der Wallotstraße. Fast erschreckend wurde mir als verkopfter Kosmopolitin die Zugkraft und das emotionale Reservoir von Heimat spürbar. Die Tatsache, dass sich das Wiko nur wenige Fahrradminuten von meinem

früheren Großelternhaus (jenseits der S-Bahn-Linie in Eichkamp) befindet, trug peinlicherweise zu meinem Wohlbefinden bei.

Wir Fellows bildeten eine echte Gemeinschaft, jedenfalls empfand ich das so. Eine Welle der wechselseitigen Sympathie trug uns. Unsere Ausgangsvermutung war, dass wir alle die Besten in unseren Fächern waren. Das musste niemand mehr den anderen beweisen. Es überwog die intensive Neugierde, etwas über unsere Arbeit und Kultur zu erfahren. Die von der unermüdlichen Cristina Lafont immer wieder zusammengerufene *reading group* „democracy“ erlaubte einen intensiveren fachlichen Austausch.

Manchmal fragte ich mich, ob ich „zu viel“ Zeit in meinem wunderbaren Arbeitszimmer verbracht habe und zu kurze Zeit am Mittagstisch. Im Vergleich zu meinem sonstigen Lebensstil (Käsebrot vor dem Computer) war der Lunch am Wiko in kulinarischer, sozialer und kultureller Hinsicht massiv angereichert. Für mich wäre eine Ausdehnung dieser Mittagsmahlzeiten auf mehrere Stunden gegen mein etwas zwanghaftes Naturell gegangen, wohingegen die kurzen Pausen ideal waren.

Mein Kolloquium habe ich persönlich als große Herausforderung an- und sehr ernst genommen. (Fast) alle anderen Fellows haben das ebenso getan. (Alle Kolloquien lieferten Einblicke in die Kultur der jeweiligen Disziplin und boten Anlass für immer wiederkehrende Gespräche.)

Auf meinen Vortrag „Jenseits der Menschenrechte: Das subjektive internationale Recht“ in der Reihe „Rechtskulturen“ erhielt ich sehr viel Kritik – Kritik, die mir natürlich zu schaffen machte, nachdem ich zwölf Jahre an dem Thema gearbeitet und sich nie jemand dafür interessiert hatte. Ein kurzer und im Prinzip positiver *FAZ*-Bericht über den Abend war ermutigender.

Weil sehr viele Juristen in der Hauptstadt konzentriert sind, absolvierte ich zahlreiche Besuche und lud recht viele Gäste zum Lunch ein, phasenweise beinahe zu viele, da ich dadurch Gespräche mit Fellows verpasste. Ich hielt auch viele Vorträge in diversen Berliner Kontexten – wie es in einem Jahresbericht des letzten Jahres heißt: Man wird weitergereicht und weiterempfohlen. Abends ging ich fast immer aus, um meinen Oper- und Konzertbedarf nach 18 Jahren Kinderaufzucht zu stillen und einen Vorrat anzuhäufen, der für die nächsten 18 Jahre reichen muss. Schwierigste Kartenwünsche wurden von Vera Schulze-Seeger erfüllt, die auch in allen anderen touristischen und Alltagsaspekten Rat wusste und Tipps gab.

Alles Materielle im Wiko war schön, elegant und gediegen. Der Steinway im Kolloquiumsraum hatte einen großartigen Klang, von mir selbst nur stümperhaft und zu

selten bespielt. Die Einladungspolitik des Wiko erlaubte mir, Ignacio Gutiérrez aus Madrid einzuladen und ein bisschen mit ihm über Menschen- und Tierwürde zu diskutieren.

Mein Dank geht an den gesamten Staff des Wiko, der insgesamt und in allen seinen Gliedern herausragend professionell, kompetent, herzlich und großzügig ist – ich behaupte, dass keine Institution der Welt mit einem derartigen *Corps* existiert und bewundere das dahinter stehende Personalgeschick. Alle sind in ihrem Bereich Spitzenkräfte. Ich nenne stellvertretend nur einige, beginnend mit meiner Reinigungskraft Ursula. Rektor und Sekretär so unglaublich gebildet, geistig beweglich und von interdisziplinärer Offenheit, dass es eine reine Freude ist. Alexandra Kemmerer mit dem Programm Rechtskulturen als begnadete Netzwerkerin, wie man auf Neudeutsch wohl sagen darf. Sie schenkte mir einen ganzen Workshop! Der phänomenale Bibliotheksservice, geleitet von der ausgezeichneten Flötistin (und Ping-Pong-Spielerin) Sonja Grund, als maßgeblicher Ermöglicher der Arbeit. (Mein einziger Kummer ist, dass ich am Ende längst nicht alle Bücher gelesen habe, die ich bestellt hatte). Die Permanent Fellow-in Lorraine Daston als *role model* für die Tätigkeit an einem Max-Planck-Institut. Die kreative Lena und das Küchenteam, die nach unserer Abschiedsparty den Dreck wegräumten und außerdem zwei Wochen lang, während des Besuchs meiner Familie, vegane Speisen zubereiteten, die sogar dem carnivoren Sohn schmeckten. Katharina Biegger, die mich mit einschlägigen Artikeln aus *Le Monde* versorgte und absolut stilsicher in Sachen Möblierung beriet. Der begnadete Fotograf Maurice Weiss, der sich einen Nachmittag Zeit für ein Fotoshooting nahm.

Schließlich danke ich meinem Ehemann Heiner Schwenke, der während dieses Jahres den Haushalt in Basel geführt hat, die jugendlichen Kinder betreut und die Tiere versorgt hat. Ohne meinen Mann wäre ich weder in die Lage gekommen, dieses Geschenk angeboten zu bekommen, noch hätte ich es annehmen können. Die Skype-Verbindung sowie die Auswahl zwischen fünf easyJet-Verbindungen Berlin–Basel täglich (!) machten diese Familienkonstellation sehr gut erträglich.

Das tröstlichste Wort des Abschieds sprach Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus: „Einmal Fellow, immer Fellow“.



PHANTOMGRENZEN
ANDREI G. PLEȘU

Andrei G. Pleșu wurde 1948 in Bukarest geboren. Er studierte Kunstgeschichte und Philosophie, war Lizentiat 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: *Das Schweigen der Engel* (2008); *Wer in der Sonne steht, wirft Schatten* (2000); *Eliten – Ost und West* (2000); *Reflexion und Leidenschaft: Elemente einer Ethik des Intervalls* (1992). – Adresse: New Europe College, Stradă Plantelor 21, 023971 Bukarest 2, Rumänien.
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Wieder einmal hat mir das Wissenschaftskolleg – fast beharrlicher als je zuvor – die Ausführung einer euphorischen Transdisziplinarität angeboten. Shakespeare scheint der privilegierte Treffpunkt der Literaturkritiker, der Philosophen, Anthropologen, Philologen, der Juristen und Biologen geworden zu sein. In diesem Zusammenhang schien mir die Einladung, an einer Debatte über *Phantomgrenzen* (in Europa) teilzunehmen, die Ende Juni vom Centre Marc Bloch in Berlin veranstaltet wurde, mehr als beachtlich. Zwei Monate hatte ich im großen Kolloquienraum genau das erlebt: Die Grenzen zwischen den Fachgebieten nahm ich als „Phantomgrenzen“ wahr. In diesem Kontext schien der Vortrag, den ich in einem engen Kreis am Wiko gehalten habe (*Critique of Exegetical Reason*), nicht besonders inspiriert gewesen zu sein. Um meine mutmaßliche Niederlage nicht zu vergessen, habe ich mir ein fiktives Gespräch vorgestellt, das analogisch die Art

von Debatte wiedergibt, die mein Vortrag hervorgerufen hat. Selbstverständlich handelt es sich um eine Halbfiktion. Beliebige Ähnlichkeiten mit realen Personen sind zufällig ...

Der trendy Akademiker: Ich habe mehrere Einwände bezüglich des Gleichnisses vom verlorenen Sohn. Erstens, warum „der Sohn“ und nicht „die Tochter“? Wäre es aus soziologischer und anthropologischer Perspektive nicht viel interessanter gewesen, wenn ein Mädchen von zu Hause weggegangen wäre? Sie hätte dann, beispielsweise, schwanger zurückkehren können. Erst dann hätten wir eine interessante Debatte gehabt, einschließlich der *gender*-Problematik, der Jurisprudenz, der gemeinschaftlichen Solidarität usw. Übrigens, warum kommt dem „Verlorenen“ der Vater entgegen? Hatte er keine Mutter? Wo sind die Frauen in dieser Parabel?

Ein konservativer (wenn nicht sogar reaktionärer) Kommentator: Gut, aber sie fügen im Text und im Kontext der Parabel ein Thema hinzu, das weder mit dem Palästina des 1. Jahrhunderts noch mit der Absicht des Erzählers zu tun hat.

Der trendy Akademiker: Ich lebe in der heutigen Welt und habe die Fragen meiner Zeit. Warum soll ich das besagte Gleichnis ansonsten noch lesen? Einfach nur als historisches Dokument?

Der konservative Kommentator: Ich gebe natürlich zu, dass sich das Gleichnis auch an den gegenwärtigen Leser richtet, aber nur an den Leser, dessen Fragen mit den Fragen des Textes übereinstimmen. Der Leser, der mehr über die Stellung der Frau (und des Feminismus) in der Spätantike erfahren will, muss eine andere Bibliografie durchblättern.

Der ausgeglichene (leicht postmoderne) Akademiker: Sie können der wissenschaftlichen Neugierde doch keine Grenzen setzen. Im Prinzip hat jeder Leser das Recht zu jeder Frage. Umso mehr der gelehrte Leser, der Wissenschaftler.

Der konservative Kommentator: Einverstanden. Aber ich bezweifle die Legitimität der Interrogation ganz und gar nicht, möchte sie umso weniger zensieren. Worauf ich hindeute, ist ihre Unangemessenheit. Ich habe nichts gegen die Frage, wie viele Fischarten es in den Seen gab, in denen diejenigen aus dem Gleichnis vom Fischnetz fischten, oder wie viel Öl zur Zeit der zehn Jungfrauen nötig war, um eine Lichtschnuppe brennen zu lassen. Ich behaupte nur, dass die Antwort auf diese Fragen nicht zu einem besseren Verständnis der besagten Parabeln beitragen kann.

Der ausgeglichene Akademiker: Was aber, wenn mich nicht ein gutes Verständnis der Gleichnisse interessiert, hingegen ihre dokumentarische Substanz, die historiografisch nützliche Information, die sie beinhalten?

Der konservative Kommentator: Sie erinnern mich an eine Dissertation, die den Titel „Die Problematik der Obstetrik und Gynäkologie in Shakespeares Theaterstücken“ trug. Denken Sie nicht, dass Shakespeare große Augen gemacht hätte, wenn er gewusst hätte, dass er aus einer solchen Perspektive „gelesen“ wird?

Der ausgeglichene Akademiker: Wohl möglich. Aber was wenn die besagte Dissertation durch diese Wahrnehmung von Shakespeares Theaterstücken mit interessanten Befunden zur europäischen Geschichte der Obstetrik und Gynäkologie beigetragen hat?

Der konservative Kommentator: Ich würde mich wundern! Aber auch in einem solchen Fall bin ich weiterhin der Meinung, dass jeder Text, und vor allem ein bedeutender Text, das Recht hat, in Konkordanz mit seiner eigenen *Intention* untersucht zu werden. Darüber hinaus spreche ich aus der Perspektive derjenigen, die beim Lesen der Gleichnisse oder von Shakespeare, vor allem eben die Gleichnisse oder Shakespeare verstehen wollen. Bis zuletzt ist alles auf die Frage „Warum liest man einen gewissen Text?“ zurückzuführen. Holt man sich aus der Bibliothek einen Band von Mallarmé, um zu erfahren, was für einen Einfluss der Schnurrbart im 19. Jahrhundert auf die lyrische Kreativität haben konnte? Oder was im Allgemeinen ein Schnurrbart ist? Hat es einen Sinn – wie es einige berühmte Theologen der ersten Jahrhunderte leider bereits getan haben –, sich zu fragen, wie die christliche Verdauung funktionierte? Denn, wenn Er schon aß und trank, kann man – nicht wahr? – davon ausgehen, dass auch in Seinem Fall die Nahrungsaufnahme alle Etappen der menschlichen Physiologie durchging.

Der ausgeglichene Akademiker: Sie sprechen, als ob die „Intention“ des Textes bekannt wäre. Können wir aber sicher sein, dass wir sie kennen? Woher nehmen Sie sich die Autorität, die originäre Intention des Textes zu ersetzen?

Der konservative Kommentator: Ich nehme eine Intention in Betracht, die seit 2000 Jahren Exegese und europäischer Kultur bestätigt wurde. Dazu auch die Überzeugung, dass jeder Text einen spezifischen Status hat. Die Evangelien wurden nicht geschrieben, um das Problem der Sklaverei im Römischen Reich oder die Technologie der Fundamente in der städtischen Architektur zu illustrieren (siehe die Parabel über das Haus auf dem Felsen).

Der trendy Akademiker: Ich fühle mich frustriert. Sie behaupten, dass das Problem der christlichen Verdauung uninteressant ist. Darf ich sie also nicht interessant finden? Darf

ich nicht einer anderen Meinung sein als Sie? Nun gut, es interessiert mich sogar, ob Jesus' Mutter Monatsblutung hatte!

Der konservative Kommentator (zunehmend reaktionär): Ich wünsche Ihnen eine Antwort, die Ihr Leben verändern wird! So oder so, wenn Sie „interessante“ Lösungen auf Ihre Fragen finden möchten, empfehle ich Ihnen, Dan Brown zu lesen. Die Evangelien werden Ihnen nicht viel helfen können.

Der ausgeglichene Akademiker: Kein Grund zum Streit. Das ist ja die Schönheit des akademischen Lebens. Jeder hat sein Recht. Hauptsache ist, dass wir denjenigen gegenüber, die andere Meinungen vertreten, tolerant sind!



SCHOLEM, ILLICH, MONTINARI ...
DER ERSTE JAHRGANG DES WISSEN-
SCHAFTSKOLLEGS ZU BERLIN
UWE PÖRKSEN

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Die Anregung, meine Erinnerung an die Anfänge des Berliner Wissenschaftskollegs festzuhalten, ging vom Kolleg aus. Ich habe sie gern aufgegriffen. Es war ein Vergnügen und in mancher Hinsicht eine Entdeckungsreise, dieses intensive akademische Jahr noch einmal Revue passieren zu lassen. Was ich festgehalten habe, ist kein objektiver Bericht über die Anfänge eines in Deutschland neuartigen Instituts oder gar seine allgemeine Beurteilung, sondern eine subjektive Erzählung von den Anregungen, die von der durch ein solches Institut geschaffenen Situation ausgehen können. Sie ermöglichte vieles: auch, sich einzuschließen und sich auf eine Auftragsarbeit oder ein Hauptwerk zu konzentrieren. Ich habe mir Zeit genommen, mich umzusehen und den inneren Schreibtisch arbeiten zu lassen.

Die Erinnerung gilt einem gründlich vorüberlegten, aber dann rasch und mutig aus der Taufe gehobenen Provisorium, von dem nicht gesichert war, ob es mehr als drei Jahre

überleben würde. Drei Polen hatten zu Beginn noch kein Visum, andere Fellows waren beruflich noch nicht frei, einige zuerst Angefragte hatten vorläufig absagen müssen, Gerschom Scholem und Frau Fanja, Hans-Egon und Inge Holthusen waren vorläufig im Hotel untergebracht.

Westberlin lag damals als Insel, von einer Mauer umgeben, in der DDR und wurde per Flug oder durch zwei Grenzübergänge erreicht. Die vier polnischen Fellows des Jahrs 1981/82 erlebten im Dezember von hier aus die in Warschau sowjetisch durchgesetzte Jaruzelski-Diktatur. Die Errichtung eines atomaren Raketenschirms auf deutschem Boden hatte in der Bundesrepublik eine heftige Debatte und die Friedensbewegung hervorgerufen. Die Studentenbewegung bebte nach, hatte Universitätsprofessoren vertrieben und Fachkollegen entzweit. Und seit Georg Pichts Diagnose einer deutschen „Bildungskatastrophe“ und der die Universitätslandschaft entschlossen und gründlich verändernden Bildungspolitik der späten 60er- und frühen 70er-Jahre war die Rede von einer „Massenuniversität“ keine bloße Phrase.

Das Kolleg war eine Antwort auf diese sehr veränderte, erweiterte Bildungs- und Ausbildungssituation und hatte es anfangs mit Attacken der Freien Universität und der Presse zu tun, weil Peter Wapnewski, die unvermeidlich öffentliche Stimme, das Institut als notwendigen Ort der „Exzellenz“ und „Elite“ eingeführt hatte – Tabuwörter in diesen Jahren –, während die Universität zu hervorragender Forschung nicht mehr in der Lage sei. Der „Stil des Hauses“ wurde zu einem beliebten Gespött, noch jetzt wurde ich im Kolleg gefragt, ob wir tatsächlich wie Gralsritter in einer Kutte am Tisch gesessen hätten. Mir waren die Stilfragen weniger wichtig, aber die hochgeschraubte öffentliche Erwartung und Selbstdarstellung erschien nicht nur mir als ernste Belastung und Hindernis.

Um das Kolleg in der Öffentlichkeit zu verankern, waren einige weltbekannte oder doch weitbekannte Köpfe eingeladen und wirksame Schwerpunkte gesetzt worden.

Israel: Das Berliner Gründungsvorbild, Princetons Institute for Advanced Study, hatte 1933 die deutschen Juden Einstein und den Kunsthistoriker Panofsky aufgenommen. Das Kolleg verstand sich unter anderem auch als Antwort. Gerschom Scholem hat die letzten gesunden Monate seines Lebens von Mitte Oktober bis Mitte Dezember auf die anregendste Weise in Berlin verbracht. Sein Eröffnungsvortrag über den Einfluss der häretischen Kabbala auf die europäische und speziell deutsche Geistesgeschichte hat ein Thema angestoßen, das, erweitert um die historische und abweichlerische Begegnung des Judentums mit dem Christentum und das Verhältnis beider Religionen zum Islam bis in die Gegenwart Thema des Kollegs geblieben ist. Der Politologe und Systemanalytiker Yehezkel Dror

lieferte in seinem Vortrag „Islands of Excellence“, übrigens dem einzigen englischen Fellow-Vortrag während des ersten Jahrgangs, eine politische Analyse der Gegenwart, die in ihrer Tragweite vielleicht erst beim Wiederlesen im Jahrbuch 1981/82 erkennbar wird.

Osteuropa: Dem ersten Jahrgang gehörten vier polnische Historiker an. Sie hatten ein gemeinsames Thema und eine dezidierte Methode. Die Methode lautete: Quellen und nochmals Quellen. Wissenschaft ist die Erschließung neuen Materials. Und ihre Neigung galt durchgehend der Kultur Europas, der gemeinsamen Kulturwelt vor dem intoleranten Nationalismus. Auch hier erschließt sich die Dimension ihres Themas erst ganz seit 1989. Die „mentale Osterweiterung“ war schon in den folgenden 80er-Jahren ein konstantes Thema des Kollegs geworden.

Pädagogik und Zeitkritik: Hellmut Becker hatte dem Kolleg als Fellows das Kontrastpaar Ivan Illich („Schulen helfen nicht“) und Hartmut von Hentig nahegelegt. Illich verweigerte sich einem „Schaukampf“ mit dem ihm befreundeten Hentig. Dessen Bericht von einer Krise der von ihm gegründeten Bielefelder „Laborschule“, in der sein Begriff von der Schule als „Polis“ in bedrohlichen Konflikt mit einer im revolutionären Sinn linken Kollegengruppe geraten war, erwies sich als zeitnahes Thema.

In dieser Hinsicht setzte auch Dietz Bering Akzente. Vor dem Hintergrund seiner Geschichte der „Intellektuellen“ im 20. Jahrhundert war sein authentischer Bericht über den Tod des mit ihm befreundeten Studenten Benno Ohnesorg (Juni 1966), der den Studentenaufstand zu einem historischen Faktor werden ließ, und sein Thema „Der Name als Stigma“ am Beispiel des deutsch-jüdischen Berliner Polizeipräsidenten vor 1933 ein Spiegel dieser politischen Epoche.

Ivan Illich spielt in meinem Rückblick eine zentrale Rolle, ich habe am eingehendsten mit ihm gesprochen, von ihm gelernt, mich mit ihm befreundet. Seine Analysen der „verschulten Gesellschaft“, der neuartigen Rolle der Experten, der Ökonomisierung der Medizin oder der Entwicklungspolitik als Kulturzerstörung machten ihn mir zum weitestgehendsten Kopf unseres Jahrgangs. Er war bereits auf dem Weg, nachdem seine vorzüglich recherchierten Warnungen weltweit zur Kenntnis genommen waren, aber wenig Wirkung gezeigt hatten, die Selbstverständlichkeiten der technischen Zivilisation durch Europas Geschichte in Frage zu stellen und wählte als Kollegthema ein hochinteressantes, freilich leicht missverständliches Beispiel: „Gender“, die Geschichte der Geschlechtertrennung und ihrer Aufhebung.

Unser Gespräch über mein Thema, die Geschichte der Naturwissenschaft und ihrer Sprache, speziell meine Untersuchung der darwinschen Schlüsselbegriffe „Struggle for

Life“ und „Natural Selection“ oder Freuds „Sexualität“ und ihrer gesellschaftlichen oder auch politischen Wirkung veranlasste ihn, mir eine Arbeit über der Wissenschaft entlehnte Schlüsselbegriffe in der Gegenwart vorzuschlagen. Wir kamen in ein intensives Gespräch – am Ende stand (1988) mein (meistgelesenes) Buch *Plastikwörter: Die Sprache einer internationalen Diktatur*. (Man könnte heute auch sagen „der Mobilmacher einer ökonomischen Globalisierung“.)

Ich hatte in Berlin das Glück, mit meinem Arbeitsgebiet Wissenschaftsgeschichte und Wissenschaftssprache, das bei meinen Kollegen in der Germanistischen Linguistik kein Interesse fand, plötzlich auf Anerkennung und Aufmerksamkeit zu stoßen, kam darüber ins Gespräch mit Rudolf zur Lippe, mehrfach mit Wolf Lepenies, Helga Nowotny, die mich auf den Thomas S. Kuhn vorwegnehmenden Ludwik Fleck aufmerksam gemacht hatte.

Rudolf zur Lippe, der in der Ausgangsanalyse einiges mit Illich gemeinsam hatte, wurde mir schrittweise dadurch interessant und anregend, wie er durch seine Themen „Geometrisierung“ und „Sinnenbewusstsein“, „Körpergeschichte“ und „Plurale Ökonomie“ behutsam Zukunftsmöglichkeiten auslotete – fast als Gegenfigur.

Was den Begriff der Sprache anging, verband mich seit der gemeinsamen Zeit und dem Austausch an der Freiburger Universität das meiste mit Hans-Martin Gauger – auch die Zweifel in Hinsicht auf die formalisierenden Sprachanalysen, die in der damals „Modernen Linguistik“ (Chomsky zum Beispiel) Hochkonjunktur hatten. Gauger war Sprecher („Magister Ludi“) unseres Jahrgangs, organisierte Kolloquien und regte Erzählabende an (Hentig, Holthusen, Illich). Sein Hauptthema in Berlin war eine komparatistische deutsch-spanische Grammatik.

Mazzino Montinari hielt vierzehntägig ein Abendkolloquium, „Nietzsche lesen“, das ich nie versäumt habe. Es ließ die fatale Wirkung, die Nietzsche in der NS-Zeit gehabt hat, sozusagen auf sich beruhen, fragte „Was hat Nietzsche wirklich gesagt?“ und machte auf eindringliche Weise den Aufklärer zum Thema – auch das war Symptom einer Zeitwende.

Als brisanter Aspekt des Jahrs erscheint nachträglich ein im Archiv aufbewahrter Abschlussbericht, den die beiden einzigen Frauen des ersten Jahrgangs gemeinsam verfasst haben: Die Soziologin Helga Nowotny, deren Vortragsthema „Wie männlich ist die Wissenschaft?“ gelautet hatte, und die amerikanische Romanistin Michal Peled Ginsburg hinterließen ein „Manifest der Pilgermütter“, dessen Titel sich auf ein unbekanntes „Manifest der Pilgerväter“ Peter Wapnewskis bezieht. Es ist ein im Ton ganz und gar

sachlicher, glasklar und klug auf den Spielregeln der Wissenschaft bestehender, herber Rückblick auf unsere Männergesellschaft, die sich ganz überwiegend anders erlebt hat – eine kleine Bombe. (Auch die satirische Darstellung des Kollegs im *Spiegel* [14, 1982], „König Artus in Dahlem“ sollte m. E. in diesem Rückblick nicht fehlen.

Meine Erinnerung an das akademische Jahr im Berliner Wissenschaftskolleg ist unvermeidlich fragmentarisch. Der Eindruck einer intensiven Zeit hat sich im Rückblick noch verstärkt, vielleicht auch, weil aus dem Abstand von mehr als 30 Jahren der geschichtliche Augenblick ganz anders hervortrat und deutlich wurde, in dem das Kolleg begann. Einige Vorträge, die wir damals gehört haben und die im Jahrbuch 1981/82 stehen, gewannen beim Wiederlesen eine historische Tiefenschärfe.

Es ist seither vielfach bekundet worden, welcher Impuls von der Zeit am Wiko ausgehen kann. Ich habe versucht anzudeuten, wie viel dabei den Arbeitsbedingungen zu danken war, dem Stab, seiner Arbeitsweise: der Küche (Frau Kiesewetter), der Bibliothek (Gesine Bottomley), dem Sekretär (Joachim Nettelbeck), einem Meister der Umsetzung, und auch Monica Wapnewski. Die „Macht der Unauffälligen“, die freundlich-zurückhaltende, den wissenschaftlichen Moment ermöglichende, großzügige Dienstbereitschaft ist vielleicht das größte Kapital des Kollegs.

Bei der Verabschiedung Joachim Nettelbecks nach 30 Jahren wurde Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus darauf aufmerksam, dass ich in dem Anfangsjahr eingehend Tagebuch geführt habe, und hat diesen Bericht nicht nur vorgeschlagen, sondern seine Entstehung in voranbringender, stimulierender und kritisch nachfragender Weise begleitet. Ich danke nicht weniger Rektor Luca Giuliani, seiner vertrauensvollen Einladung, nicht nur zu dem erfreulichen Arbeitsaufenthalt, sondern auch dazu, bei der Trauerfeier im Januar 2013 an die großartige, prägende Gründergestalt des Kollegs erinnert zu haben. Peter Wapnewski war am 15. Januar 2013, dem ersten Tag meines hiesigen Aufenthalts, auf dem Waldfriedhof Heerstraße beigesetzt worden.



MY WIKO YEAR
ANDRII PORTNOV

Born in 1979 in Dnipropetrovsk, Ukraine. Graduated from Dnipropetrovsk (M.A. in History) and Warsaw (M.A. in Cultural Studies) Universities. He wrote his Ph.D. dissertation at Ivan Krypiakevych Institute for Ukrainian Studies in Lviv and defended it in 2005. In the years 2006–10, he worked as Editor-in-Chief of the *Ukraina Moderna* journal in humanities. In January 2012, he co-founded *Historians.in.ua* intellectual web portal and since then has been one of its editors. In the years 2007–11, he lectured or conducted research at the Universities of Cambridge, Helsinki, and Vilnius as well as at the Centre for Holocaust and Genocide Studies in Amsterdam and Centre d'études des mondes russe, caucasien et centre-européen (CERCEC) in Paris. The majority of his publications are devoted to intellectual history, historiography, and memory studies in Eastern and Central Europe. His publications include the books: *Historians and their Histories: The Faces and Images of Ukrainian Historiography in the 20th Century* (in Ukrainian, 2011); *Ukrainian Exercises with History* (in Russian, 2010); “Between ‘Central Europe’ and the ‘Russian World’” (in Ukrainian, 2009); *Scholarship in Exile* (in Ukrainian, 2008).

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I.

My pre-Wiko story of a historian, essayist, and editor is not very typical for either post-Soviet or Western academia. After graduating from Dnipropetrovsk University, instead of focusing on writing a dissertation or looking for a job (the path undertaken by all my student fellows), I decided to apply for the master’s program in Cultural Studies at the

University of Warsaw. After my Polish adventure came to an end, instead of trying to stay in Poland and continue research there (the path undertaken by almost all other students from my year from the post-Soviet countries), I returned to Ukraine to defend my Ph.D. thesis. My Polish M.A. thesis was about the Polish images of the Balkans in the 19th century; my Ukrainian Ph.D. thesis was about Ukrainian emigration in 20th-century Poland. But before my Ph.D. defense in Lviv, I accepted the proposal to become a part of the two-year research project on the partitions of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth at the University of Trier. When this project came to end, I returned to Ukraine, but not to my native southern Dnipropetrovsk or western Lviv, to which I had already become accustomed, but to the capital city of Kiev/Kyiv. My naive belief that the Polish and German experiences together with the Ukrainian Ph.D. would almost automatically assure me at least some academic position crashed during the year of 2005. So I tried working as an editor of a daily TV political program and as a journalist and translator from English and Polish.

In the year of 2006, my colleagues and I started editing and publishing the new series of *Ukraina Moderna*, a journal of the humanities (I am very grateful to the founder of the journal, Professor Yaroslav Hrytsak, who invited us to work and supported our plans). Our aim was not just to establish the first regular peer-reviewed publication in Ukraine, but to create a space of communication for the people interested in Ukrainian and East European Studies all around the world and for Ukrainian historians from various parts of the country (I would now say that the second task was more difficult than the first one). I think our journal was a real success and it has helped me a lot to experience the variety of academic life both in Ukraine and abroad. It also gave me a chance to feel I was an “independent researcher” in Ukraine. Invitations to various international conferences, seminars, and summer schools have helped me to preserve this status. At the same time, this constellation forced me to move from the topics I preferred in my student years – historiography, the history of old Rus, and early modern times – to the more current issues: memory and genocide studies, identity debates, and comparative research on the post-Soviet transformation.

In the years 2008–11, I published four books, three in Ukrainian (including the rewritten version of my Ph.D. thesis) and one in Russian (an introduction into the debates on history and identity in post-Soviet Ukraine, published by Memorial in Moscow). During those years I also lectured or researched abroad, and my articles were published in English, German, French, and Polish, as well as Russian and Belarusian. I mention this

to stress the peculiarity of my situation: an attempt to integrate myself into both regional and international academic life and not to abandon Ukraine and Ukrainian historiography.

II.

As you could see from the previous chapter, on the one hand, I have gained relative independence from official post-Soviet academia, unlike the absolute majority of my Ukrainian colleagues, but, on the other hand, unlike my Western colleagues, I have never experienced being a postdoc or enjoying a sabbatical year. That is why the year spent at Wiko was (and still is) so exceptional for me. I decided to devote it to finishing my book about Dnipropetrovsk. The biography of this very special (and my native) place I tend to call “almost capital without myth” is a dream project designed together with my sister, Tetiana Portnova, who is currently working as a historian at Dnipropetrovsk University. We have not finished our book yet, but during the Wiko year we published an article in the journal *Osteuropa* and submitted two other articles to international periodicals (a list of publications and talks is given at the end of this essay).

During my Wiko year I also presented the results of our research to the German colleagues at the Geisteswissenschaftliches Zentrum (GWZO) at the University of Leipzig, at the Institute for Slavic Studies, at Humboldt University Berlin, and at the Mitgliederversammlung der Deutsche Assoziation der Ukrainisten.

I should admit I was not able to limit myself to the Dnipropetrovsk project only. I also published some research papers and participated in a number of conferences on various issues of Polish, Ukrainian, and Russian history. Finally, my Ukrainian publisher has just informed me of the publication of my book on entangled memory studies. I edited this book at Wiko and it too emerged out of the vibrant, provocative, and friendly atmosphere of the Kolleg.

III.

Wiko and the German academic system are separate, although related worlds. As a Wiko Fellow you may choose whether to involve yourself in the German intellectual life and educational system or to stay aside and just focus on your writing. I chose the first option and delivered a series of lectures to the students at Humboldt University. At the moment there were no other university courses on Ukraine in Berlin, so I enjoyed the motivated

company of the M.A. and Ph.D. students and some people who just happened to be interested. I am very grateful to Professor Susanne Frank for the invitation to give these lectures and for comprehensive support and genuine understanding. Due to my lectures at Humboldt, I also met two prominent and promising Ukrainian film directors, Sergei Loznitsa and Eva Neymann. I also met German historians: Jörg Baberowski, Gerhard Simon, Jan Behrends, and others who introduced me to their colleagues and explained the German system to me.

Among the conferences and seminars held in Germany, the one on 9 November 2012 at the Lew Kopelew Forum in Cologne was of special importance for me. That day I dared for the first time to give my public presentation in German. This brave decision was possible only due to the German language classes at Wiko and the benevolent encouragement of Eva von Kügelgen.

IV.

I do not know how to describe my admiration and gratitude to everyone working at Wiko for their understanding, assistance, and friendship. I am deeply impressed by Luca Giuliani's ability to convert every conversation into a pleasure; Thorsten Wilhelmy's eagerness to discuss modern literature from Sorokin to Sebald; Katharina Biegger's and Francisco Martinez Casas' deep knowledge of and genuine intuition about Eastern European studies; Andrea Bergmann's, Corina Pertschi's, Vera Kempa's, Nina Kitsos', and Vera Schulze-Seeger's priceless assistance and support; Sonja Grund's and the entire library staff's ability to get any book you need; and Katarzyna Speder's understanding and cheering up.

In my Tuesday colloquium, I decided to describe and analyze Ukrainian experiences with the Sovietization and de-Sovietization of the humanities and to share my own experience as well. By pointing out the paradoxes of the Soviet and post-Soviet eras, I brought the current situation of Ukrainian academia closer to the international and interdisciplinary Wiko public. I tried to show how different the contexts of the production of the knowledge can be and to stress the necessity to remember the local voices and the achievements of local traditions. I am especially grateful for the critical voices in the discussion, which helped me to complicate the picture and to avoid giving the impression of total admiration of Western academia in my latest publications. I am very happy that the Argentinian art historian José Emilio Burucúa agreed to introduce me; in him I found the

most interested reader of my published research I have ever had. I am also happy that my colloquium became a starting point for a number of very interesting and inspiring conversations with the admirable Wolf Lepenies.

V.

Grunewald and Berlin are separate, although related worlds. The memory of World War II is something that unites (and divides) this great city. Gleis 17 Memorial at S-Bahn station Grunewald is one of the most impressive Holocaust memorials for me. I have thought a lot about it, especially about the date of the last transport with the deported Jews – 27 March 1945. Not everyone in Berlin knows about this memorial, which is impressive in its modesty. Not everyone in Berlin knows about the huge Soviet memorial complex in Treptower Park. This Stalinist complex is worth visiting both during its everyday emptiness and during the overcrowded 9 May (Soviet Victory Day).

Grunewald is an essential part of Nabokov's Berlin. The only house where Nabokov's family lived has survived the war. It is just a 15-minute walk from Villa Walther (Egerstraße 1). The feeling of living in Nabokov's place never abandoned me during the Wiko year.

I was especially happy to share Berlin, Grunewald, and the Wiko year with my wife Olesia and daughter Nadja. Berlin is the place where our daughter started speaking German and where my wife started learning it with the attentive and kindhearted Ursula Kohler. We explored many very different places in the city together: Spandau and Zehlendorf, Zoo and the flea markets, the Museum of Modern Art and Krumme Lanke, and many, many others.

VI.

The last part of this essay is the most pleasant and the most difficult at the same time, because I have to write about my co-Fellows. I cannot mention everyone, but I cannot stop myself from mentioning the search for “the mirror and hammer” with Kelly Askew; the stimulating irony and wisdom of Bruce Kogut; the talks on art and exile with Kamal Boullata; on academic inequality with Delphine Gardey and Dominique Pestre; on Bulgakov with Atac and Özlem Imamoglu; on Grunewald insects and Darwinian theory with Jim Costa; on animal rights with Anne Peters; the lively discussions on American and Ukrainian art with Alessandra Russo and Patrice Giasson; on the

(im)possibility of non-Western theory in the humanities with Ussama Makdisi; and on political cynicism and Eastern Europe with Lian Yang and Gábor Demszky. In such discussions I have often played the dangerous role of the only expert on the post-Soviet space. And quite often these discussions became the preludes to a real friendship.

I am grateful to my Wiko co-Fellows and friends who attended my non-Wiko Berlin talks and to Bruce Kogut and Franco Moretti, who supported my current research applications. I am grateful to José Emilio, who asked me to show him the Pole Star. Our search for it in Berlin's night sky is one of my nicest Grunewald recollections. I am grateful to Ussama and Elora, the best neighbors we have ever had. I am grateful to Gillian and Amy, Kelly and Ben, Delphine and Dominique, Sonia and Kendall, Alessandra and Patrice, Bruce and Monika, José Emilio and Aurora for their hospitality. I am happy that Nadja found good friends at Villa Walther: Cecilia, Jasmin, Nur, and, last but not least, Addison. I am very pleased that we all enjoyed the company of Momo and from time to time observed the foxes from the windows of our apartment. And the evenings spent with Daniel and Chava Boyarin and Froma Zeitlin gave Olesia and Nadja and me the feeling of being at home with the closest family. And that feeling fills up my entire Wiko experience.

Publications written and/or edited during my year at the Wissenschaftskolleg

Історії для домашнього вжитку. Польсько-російсько-український трикутний пам'яті [The Histories for Domestic Use: The Polish-Russian-Ukrainian Triangle of Memory]. Kyiv: Krytyka, 2013, 324 pp.

“Memory Wars in Post-Soviet Ukraine (1991–2010).” In *Memory and Theory in Eastern Europe*, edited by Uilleam Blacker, Alexandr Etkind, and Julie Fedor, 233–254. Palgrave Macmillan, 2013.

“Die Herkunft der Rus' in der russischen, ukrainischen und sowjetischen Historiografie: Variationen des Panslawismus am Beispiel der Theorien von Volodymyr Parchomenko.” In *Post-Panslavismus: Slavizität, slavische Idee und Antislavismus im 20. und 21. Jahrhundert*, edited by Agnieszka Gąsior, Lars Karl, and Stefan Troebst. Göttingen: Wallstein, 2014.

“‘Unsere Leute’ identifizieren: Die ‘ukrainischen Territorien’, 1772–1831.” In *Die Teilungen Polen-Litauens: Inklusions- und Exklusionsmechanismen – Traditionsbildung – Vergleichsebenen*, edited by Hans-Jürgen Bömelburg, Andreas Gestrich, Helga Schnabel-Schüle, 201–243. Osnabrück: fibre, 2013.

- “Ukraińskie interpretacje rzezi wołyńskiej” [The Ukrainian interpretations of the Volhynian massacre 1943]. *Więź*, 2 (2013): 158–166.
- “Atminties politikos posovietinėje Ukrainoje (1991–2011)” [The Politics of Memory in Post-Soviet Ukraine (1991–2011)]. In *Atminties daugia-sluoḡsniš-ḡumas. Miestas valstybė regionas, Sub*, edited by Alvydas Nikžentaitis, 489–516. Vilnius: Leidykla, 2013.
- “Wołyń 1943: asymetria pamięci” [Volhynia 1943: The Asymmetry of Memory]. *Pamięć.pl* 6 (2013): 34–36.
- “Die ‘jüdische Hauptstadt der Ukraine’”: Erinnerung und Gegenwart in Dnipropetrovsk. *Osteuropa* 10 (2012): 25–40 [co-author Tetiana Portnova].
- “Stalinisme et nazisme.” *Le Débat* 172 (2012): 173–178.
- “Ukrainian (Non)Remembrance of Volhynia 1943.” *Pojednanie przez trudną pamięć. Wołyń 1943 / Reconciliation through Difficult Remembrance. Volhynia 1943*, edited by Aleksandra Zińczuk, 294–295. Lublin: Panorama Kultur, 2013.
- “Истории для домашнего употребления” [The Histories for Home Use]. *Ab Imperio* 3 (2012): 309–338.
- “Ukrajnské obrazy první Rzeczpospolité” [The Ukrainian Images of the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth]. In *Jagellonské dědictví. Kapitoly z dějin středovýchodní Evropy*, edited by Maciej Ruczaj, 185–196. Brno: Centrum pro Studium Demokracie a Kultury, 2012.
- “Советизация исторической науки по-украински [The Sovietization of Ukrainian Historiography].” *Неприкосновенный запас* 3, 83 (2012): 245–276. [co-author Volodymyr Maslychuk].

Talks given during my year at the Wissenschaftskolleg

- The Volhynian Crime 1943 – History, Memory, Education. Warsaw, Institute for National Remembrance, 27–28 June 2013.
- The Memory of the 20th Century and the Present Day. The Ukrainian Debates on History, Warsaw, Stefan Batory Foundation, 21 June 2013.
- Das Assoziierungsabkommen zwischen Wiedervorlage und Papierkorb? Hat die Ukraine ihre Chance verspielt? Bundestag, Berlin, 14 June 2013.
- “Phantom” and “Real” Borders in Post-Soviet Ukraine, Phantomgrenzen in Ostmitteleuropa. Werkstattgespräch, Centre Marc Bloch, Berlin, 16 May 2013.

- Dnipropetrovsk als Zentrum jüdischer Kultur im 20. Jahrhundert und in der Gegenwart. WISSENSCHAFTLITERATUR, Institute for Slavic Studies, Humboldt University Berlin, 15 May 2013.
- Memory Wars in Post-Soviet Ukraine: Search for an Explanatory Framework, Russian and Ukrainian Nationalism: Entangled Histories. Harriman Institute, Columbia University, 22–23 April 2013.
- Die Ukraine: der steinige Weg nach Europa. Lew Kopelew Forum, Cologne, 11 April 2013.
- Ukraine: Terra Malecognita. A Roundtable on Ukrainian Studies in the West. Ukrainian Institute, London, 5 March 2013.
- Making and Remaking History. A Symposium on Mykhailo Hrushevsky. University of Cambridge, 4 March 2013.
- Brezhnev's Closed City. The Paradoxes of Dnipropetrovsk, Geisteswissenschaftliches Zentrum (GWZO) an der Universität Leipzig, 27 February 2013.
- The Search for Historical and Sociopsychological Explanations for the Rising Ukrainian Radical Right: Nationalismus und Xenophobie in Janukowytsch's Ukraine. Humboldt Graduate School, Berlin, 19 February 2013.
- Choosing between the Two Empires: The Habsburger Austria and Romanov's Russia Mythology in Post-Soviet Ukraine. Symposium TRANSLATIO. Begründungen und Erbschaften des Imperialen. Zentrum für Literatur- und Kulturforschung Berlin, 23–26 January 2013.
- Dnipropetrovsk beyond Ukrainian History. Mitgliederversammlung der Deutsche Assoziation der Ukrainisten für das Jahr 2012, 6 December 2012.
- Umstrittene Spurensuche: Topografien von Diktatur und Gewaltherrschaft in Ost- und Südosteuropa und Deutschland. 2. Europäisches Geschichtsforum, Heinrich Böll Stiftung, 15–16 November 2012.
- “Unsere” Erinnerungen und die Erinnerungen der “Anderen”. Der schwierige Umgang mit der Vergangenheit in der heutigen Ukraine. Europäische Akademie Berlin, 1 November 2012.
- Die Ukraine nach den Parlamentswahlen. Festigung des autoritären Systems oder Aufbruch zu demokratischen Reformen? Lew Kopelew Forum, Cologne, 9 November 2012.
- Ukraine between “Central Europe” and “the Russian World”. Postgraduate seminar in Ukrainian Studies, University of Cambridge, King's College, 19 October 2012.



WE ARE ALL PERIPHERAL,
OR ALL CENTRAL
ANTHONY J. S. REID

Born (in 1939) and educated in New Zealand, I left for a Ph.D. in Southeast Asian history at Cambridge (1965). I remained in that field for the next 50 years, though mobile in theme, period, and location. I began my academic career in Malaysia (1965–70) and ended it in Singapore (2002–09), with most of the time in between at the Australian National University in Canberra. Having begun like most of my generation with decolonizing political history (*The Contest for North Sumatra*, 1969; *The Indonesian National Revolution*, 1974; *The Blood of the People: Revolution and the End of Traditional Rule in Northern Sumatra*, 1979), I moved to a Braudelian understanding of Early Modern History (*Southeast Asia in the Age of Commerce*, 1988–93). There were many related explorations of slavery, freedom, the Chinese minority, economic history, names, death cults, Islam, etc. along the way, mostly taking the form of conferences and collective books. More recently I have sought to understand the career of nationalism in Asia (*Imperial Alchemy*, 2009) and at Wiko undertook the completion of a general history of Southeast Asia that seeks to explain historical change, identity, and culture without exaggerating the state as principal narrative device. – Address: Department of Political and Social Change, Australian National University, Hedley Bull Building 130, 0200 Canberra, Australia.
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My generation of Antipodeans still overemphasized what Geoffrey Blainey called *The Tyranny of Distance* (1966) – meaning in the first place the frightening distance from Europe. Up until the 1970s, we suffered a typically colonial “cultural cringe” towards the ideas and aesthetics of Europe; nothing was culturally valid until endorsed on the other

side of the world. I was still expected to go to Cambridge, even if it was to study the history of a country (Indonesia) barely known there. Was I repeating this quaint displacement at the opposite end of a career a half-century later by coming to Berlin to finish a history of Southeast Asia?

Indeed, I have never been or felt as far from my comfortable “tribe” of Southeast Asians and Southeast Asianists as during this past year in Wiko. I had often come to Europe, indeed, as a guest of that tribe’s distant members or to plunder its archive and library resources. But never had I been so intimately and delightfully embedded with people profoundly knowledgeable about Europe, its history, thought, art, music, and science. I was privileged and excited to learn some new insight about these matters every day. At earlier stages of a career, it might have seemed a luxury I should not afford or an acknowledgement of European centrality I did not wish to make. Yet I regret nothing of this experience and more confidently than ever believe all histories and destinies to be so entangled that all insights must be globally relevant, all experience part of the universal picture.

Dipesh Chakrabarty spent his year at Wiko worrying how to succeed in “provincializing Europe” when, like so many Bengali intellectuals, he was schooled in Marx, Weber, Foucault, and Habermas. More empirically inclined, I believe I have become more relaxed on this tormented issue by accepting that Eurasia before 1500, and the world thereafter, were inherently interconnected, and that any and all sources are welcome that bear on this past. Chinese officials, and after 1500 European ones, admittedly wrote more about Southeast Asia than did its own inhabitants, especially in the rational-bureaucratic mode our world appreciates. This of course needs to be consciously corrected for by the historian, but this is a somewhat less daunting challenge than correcting for the universal phenomenon of elites writing and recording more than ordinary folks, winners more than losers, men more than women. Learning from historians everywhere, notably in Europe as a denser historical field, how these biases may be overcome has helped me along the path of discovery.

My Southeast Asian history is designed to demonstrate how we have distorted human history by making the rise (and fall) of states its main theme. Since the majority of Southeast Asians had little use for legal-bureaucratic states before the 20th century, this seemed a good place to demonstrate the point. One of the fascinations of being in Central Europe was to be constantly reminded of the achievements of autonomous cities seemingly without or despite a superordinate state enforcing the rules of interaction. Visiting Erfurt,

Weimar, Naumburg, Magdeburg, Prague, Krakow, Leipzig, Göttingen, Quedlinburg, Freiburg, Frankfurt, and Bamberg was inspiring. Those wonderful civic spaces were built at the behest not of kings (mostly), but of bourgeois and aristocratic men and a surprising number of women. The kind of European history I (and I suspect most others outside Europe) had been taught was essentially England, France, and a little Renaissance Italy, until Germany came crashing into the 20th century. The state was the story.

One of the unexpected delights of our year was a day excursion to the Gartenreich Dessau-Wörlitz, with its wonderful combination of erudite guidance from Carl and Gustav, good company, beautiful gardens, and the surprising overlap of landscape and politics. Since a secondary obsession with which I had bothered Wiko colleagues was the danger of Indonesia's volcanoes, I was delighted to learn that Prince Franz had built an artificial volcano into his political garden as "a symbol of the power of natural forces to create regularity without external control". This put him on the side of the decentered "volcanists" in the Enlightenment debate about the origins of the universe and matched his liberal politics of minimizing central control.

The other great lesson of a year in Germany was accountability for the past. The dark side of the romantic prettiness of German towns was starkly brought home in gorgeous Quedlinburg, whose Romanesque *Stiftskirche* showed an exhibition of how it was taken over by Himmler in 1935 as a Nazi cult center for the 1000-year Reich. Wagner in his 200th year was never performed without explicit reminders of his anti-Semitic ranting. I became persuaded that even more epochal and unprecedented than the horror of the Holocaust itself was the astonishing completeness of German official and popular penitence for it. It is difficult to recall, or even to imagine, a remotely comparable rejection of any of the other horrors that man has inflicted on man over past centuries. Although the world has turned against slavery and certain types of non-contiguous colonialism, few have stepped forward to publicly regret the actions of their ancestors or predecessors. The new, post-revolutionary countries have been particularly slow to exchange self-righteous nationalism for acknowledgement of officially sponsored atrocities. I saw in Berlin the important film about the Indonesian massacres of the Left in 1965–66, "The Art of Killing". Its German audiences were extremely appreciative that this horror was finally being brought out of the shadows and accorded it the audience prize of the Berlin Film Festival. Its Indonesian audiences were ambivalent that it was the American Director, Joshua Oppenheimer, who had beguiled Indonesian mass killers into telling a story still suppressed in Indonesia. Post-war Germany has set the standard

for accountability very high, and it may be a long time before the rest of the world comes close.

Finally, let me give due thanks and appreciation to Wiko, one of the most successful of the research institutes with which I have been associated. I believe the Wiko model owes much of this success to its library service. It devotes its resources not to buy, catalogue, and store material in a host of fields, but rather to deliver the material to the clients – us. In a city as rich but diverse in libraries as Berlin, that works brilliantly, even for somebody as marginal as a Southeast Asianist. Thank you Sonja and your team, and thank you all at Wiko.



SE VOIR À BERLIN
ALESSANDRA RUSSO

Historienne de l'art, Alessandra Russo (née à Forlì, en 1972) est professeur dans le Department of Latin American and Iberian Cultures de la Columbia University, à New York. Elle a été chercheur invitée à l'Instituto de Investigaciones Estéticas de Mexico, à l'INHA et l'EHESS de Paris ainsi que Fellow de la Getty Foundation. Elle est l'auteur de *El realismo circular: Tierras, espacios y paisajes de la cartografía novohispana* (México, 2005) ; *L'image intraduisible : Une histoire métisse des arts en Nouvelle-Espagne, 1500–1600* (Dijon, 2013) ; à paraître en anglais, *The Untranslatable Image. A Mestizo History of the Arts in New Spain* (Austin, 2014) et coéditrice de *Images Take Flight : Feather Art in Mexico and Europe, 1400–1700* (Munich, 2014). Elle a participé au commissariat des expositions « Planète Métisse » et « El vuelo de las imágenes ». Le livre sur lequel elle travaille actuellement s'intitule *A New Antiquity : Theory of the Arts and Iberian Expansion, 1400–1600*. – Adresse: Department of Latin American and Iberian Cultures, Columbia University, 612 W. 116th Street, New York, NY 10027-0079, USA. E-mail: ar2701@columbia.edu

J'ai tardé à écrire ces pages. Le rapport de fin d'année nous est demandé avant de repartir et je ne le remets qu'aujourd'hui, fin novembre. Pas un bon exemple. Cependant, cette distance temporelle, physique et géographique me permet de conjurer quelques *topoi* que j'ai trouvés parfois un peu « canoniques » (même si tout à fait sincères) en lisant les rapports des années précédentes : l'angoisse du départ imminent, la notion du paradis bientôt perdu, la sensation que rien ne sera plus jamais pareil une fois quitté Grunewald.

Moi, je parlerai plutôt, à presque six mois de distance, de *ce qui reste* et de comment l'expérience du Wissenschaftskolleg s'est maintenant transformée en point de repère essentiel et potentiellement éternel de mon parcours intellectuel et humain.

À commencer par le lieu. Je revois clairement les derniers moments ; Monika et Bruce m'accompagnant à l'aéroport de Tegel ce matin de fin juin ; Kendall m'aidant à descendre les valises et nous disant au revoir sur le trottoir de la Koenigsallee ; Patrice, mon mari, parti dix jours plus tôt, trouvant comme par magie à l'aube de son départ un trèfle à cinq feuilles devant la porte d'entrée de « notre » maison ; je me revois laisser à Vera et à Funda les orchidées qui avaient fleuri et refléuri dans notre magnifique salon, et écrire une note à Heike pour la remercier d'avoir pris soin de la maison pendant notre séjour ; je me rappelle mettre dans une enveloppe les clés de nos deux vélos pour que de futurs fellows puissent en profiter ; je revois aussi le dernier dîner chez Franco et Teri – délicieux comme toujours – et couronné par le *gelato* de Giovanni. Enfin, je me rappelle être dans l'avion en direction de New York et prendre depuis les nuages des photos du parc de Grunewald qu'on avait traversé à pied et à vélo, pendant quatre saisons ...

Je sais que ces derniers moments physiques ont scellé un espace-temps comme les étapes d'un rite de passage. Pourtant, une étrange sensation m'accompagne depuis ce jour du grand départ car le Wiko aujourd'hui n'est pas seulement une année, une institution, un groupe de personnes, un quartier, mais un espace qui m'habite intérieurement et de façon tellement profonde que j'ai souvent la sensation de pouvoir y retourner : de monter les escaliers pour rentrer « chez nous », en sentant au troisième étage les parfums émanant des plats épicés cuisinés par notre voisine Sonia ; de revoir, de la fenêtre de la salle, le jardin couvert de neige, traversé des pas de la petite Nadja quand elle va et revient de l'école accompagnée par sa maman Olesia ; d'apercevoir, de l'autre fenêtre, l'énorme amaryllis de Delphine, Teri à sa table, ou Ben travailler jusqu'à tard. D'admirer, du bureau de Patrice, le lac et les arbres rebourgeonner après un long hiver, ou d'entendre de notre chambre les oiseaux chanter à trois heures du matin au mois de juin et de voir le jour se lever.

Ni rêve ni illusion, ni leurre ni souvenir. C'est un « chez nous » qui m'habitera toujours, une sensation d'avoir acquis un nouveau lieu, personnel, émotionnel où affection et pensée ont tissé un espace potentiellement éternel.

Je l'ai dit à plusieurs reprises avant de quitter le Wiko : ce qui est important, c'est que ce lieu existe. À l'encontre de la tendance aujourd'hui rampante dans le monde académique du « tout indexable », le Wiko offre un autre espace qui ne peut pas se

mesurer immédiatement. Il n'est donc pas évident de dire exactement ce qu'on a accompli. Encore que.

Personnellement, je suis arrivée au Wiko avec un projet de livre auquel je suis restée fidèle pendant toute l'année. Il s'intitule *A New Antiquity* et traite de l'invention d'une nouvelle théorie artistique entre la fin du XV^{ème} et le début du XVII^{ème} siècle et plus précisément dans le contexte de l'expansion ibérique. Au contact d'objets, de monuments, d'images, de techniques et de pratiques inattendues – celles rencontrées aux Amériques, en Asie, en Afrique – des auteurs aussi variés que des missionnaires, des conquistadors, des naturalistes, des collectionneurs, des voyageurs, des artistes, des historiens ou des inquisiteurs, mettent par écrit des descriptions et des analyses nouvelles concernant l'activité artistique. Non sans contradiction et même dilemme. D'une part, bien évidemment, il y a le projet d'expansion ibérique (de domination, de colonisation, de christianisation, de commerce) que ces auteurs se trouvent quelque part à représenter ; de l'autre, quelque chose semble échapper à une banale « conquête » ou mise à plat des canons esthétiques locaux, ou à la projection hégémonique des critères classiques, renaissants ou contre-réformistes sur des réalités nouvelles. Des catégories se réinventent (notamment, celle d'antiquité, d'où le titre du livre), d'autres se créent et souvent en dialogue avec la théorie artistique écrite en Europe. Comment, par exemple, la notion de peinture se redéfinit en Nouvelle-Espagne, en Chine ou au Japon sous la plume de ces auteurs ? Une catégorie telle que celle d'« idole » ou celle de « fétiche » peut-elle nommer la dimension proprement esthétique, certes hétérodoxe mais aussi intrigante, des objets ? Hernán Cortés, le conquistador qui mettra la ville de Mexico-Tenochtitlan à feu et à sang, écrit quelque peu avant l'attaque finale : « Il y a de nombreux temples et maisons pour leurs idoles. Les édifices sont somptueux ». Comment résoudre une apparente contradiction de termes ? Outre le fait que cette archive est exceptionnelle pour étudier la première modernité en tout autres termes que ceux de « centre » et « périphérie » ou même de « colonial », ce qui me passionne en particulier c'est de comprendre comment dans ces textes l'activité artistique en vient à être reconnue comme l'une des caractéristiques, sinon LA caractéristique par excellence pour définir l'humanité dans son universalité. Et comment, à son tour, l'activité artistique en vient à être reconceptualisée en tant qu'art libéral, activité de la raison et de l'intellect et non plus comme art servile et mécanique. Il y a là quelque chose qui concerne un passage fondamental de l'histoire de l'art tout court, et non seulement l'art « extra-européen ». Ce livre essaye donc de retrouver un espace de pensée que les découpes disciplinaires et la prépondérance des cadres nationaux ou

continentaux ont fragmenté. Il s'efforce aussi de réintroduire ce panorama au sein de l'histoire européenne.

Concernant ce projet d'écriture, il y a eu pour moi cinq moments révélateurs au Wiko. Révélateurs dans le sens qu'ils ont « révélé » quelque chose de singulier du projet lui-même. Donc, pour moi, pas vraiment de changement de cap (un autre *topos* souvent récurrent dans les rapports de fin d'année, quand le fellow avoue avoir complètement ou partiellement abandonné son projet initial pour écrire un autre livre ou être tombé dans une crise intellectuelle profonde), mais plutôt une prise de conscience des dimensions insoupçonnées de ce projet.

Le premier moment révélateur a eu lieu au début décembre. En quelques jours, dans un grand élan d'inspiration, j'ai créé l'architecture du livre, sa « mappe ». C'est comme si le travail d'archive de plusieurs années (j'étais arrivée au Wiko avec une bonne quantité de matériaux) avait pris sa forme idéale, soudainement. Presque de l'ordre de la vision. Or, cette vision était sans doute déjà nourrie par deux mois d'échanges, de temps libre, de réflexions ; par l'effort incessant et si bénéfique de devoir raconter ce qui m'intéressait, et pourquoi, à des collègues provenant des disciplines les plus distantes (l'économie, le droit, la biologie ou la physique, pour n'en citer que quelques-unes) et sincèrement intéressés à échanger. Et, bien évidemment, à entendre sur quoi eux-mêmes travaillaient. Donc, début décembre, il y a une table des matières pour *A New Antiquity* et je commence à écrire. Quelques semaines plus tard, deuxième moment crucial, je discute de cette mappe de travail avec Gastón Burucúa. Nous commençons à échanger sur plusieurs thématiques et une partie du livre en particulier prend forme. Troisième moment, la préparation du colloquium où, au mois de mai, je présente un chapitre. Ici, ce qui fut révélateur fut moins l'écriture de mon texte que le dialogue que je pus préalablement établir avec Ussama Makdisi. J'avais écouté sa conférence à l'automne. Elle restera pour moi l'une des expériences intellectuelles les plus précieuses de toute l'année au Wiko. En avril, je pris mon courage en main et je lui demandai s'il accepterait de me présenter. Sa réponse immédiate fut non seulement affirmative, mais il commença à lire plusieurs de mes textes, à les commenter, à me poser des questions fondamentales (et difficiles) qui m'aidèrent à préciser la contribution théorique du projet de livre et, plus largement, de mon parcours jusque-là. Après ma conférence, les remarques et les critiques des collègues ainsi que les dialogues qui en découlèrent avec Kelly Askew, Martin Mulrow, Luca Giuliani, Franco Moretti, David Freedberg, Avi Lifschitz, Suresh Sharma, Andrii Portnov, Tony Reid, Michael Squire et Yang Lian et m'encouragèrent à envisager de nouvelles questions.

Le quatrième moment révélateur de l'année se produisit quelques jours avant mon départ : un rendez-vous éclair avec Carlo Ginzburg qui, en moins d'une demi-heure, me donna son point de vue sur le livre que je suis en train d'écrire. Concrètement, il me suggéra de faire jouer un rôle plus actif aux objets, de mettre les textes davantage en dialogue avec les artefacts qu'ils décrivent afin de ne jamais réduire ces derniers à des illustrations des documents écrits.

L'autre grande révélation de l'année a été pour moi le travail fait avec Katharina Teutsch, journaliste de la *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* que j'ai connue grâce à la généreuse proposition de la Katharina Wiedemann de m'offrir un « portrait » dans la revue du Wissenschaftskolleg, *Köpfe und Ideen*. L'échange a été extrêmement stimulant car en me racontant et en réfléchissant à ses bonnes questions, j'ai eu la possibilité de faire un point sur mon parcours, de le voir à distance et d'envisager, encore une fois, en quoi mon projet intellectuel aurait un potentiel en dehors de ce que je croyais déjà savoir. Peut-être y a-t-il là quelque chose de paradigmatique de toute l'expérience au Wiko, qui est moins de l'ordre du « savoir » que de celui de « se voir », de prendre une conscience différente de soi-même.

Ce qui reste, encore :

- ~ L'expérience musicale et le plaisir non seulement d'écouter mais de comprendre, au moins un peu plus qu'avant, la musique. Les soirées inoubliables du Quatuor Diotima (avec les cordes de Zhao, Guillaume, Pierre et Franck) ; le *Grido* de Helmut Lachenmann ; le concert de Mark Andre et l'interprétation de la pianiste Yukiko Sugawara-Lachenmann ; les échanges avec Mauricio Sotelo, Gemma Romero et Mauri Sotelo ; avec Walter Zimmermann ; avec Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus ; deux soirées à la Philharmonie de Berlin (dirigée par Ivan Fischer et par Christian Thielemann) ; l'opéra *Matsukaze* de Toshio Hosokawa au Staatsoper avec une mise en scène époustouflante, notamment grâce à la chorégraphie de Sasha Waltz.
- ~ Les musées et les galeries d'art de Berlin que j'ai arpentés, de long en large, avec Patrice. Du Deutsche Guggenheim Museum de Berlin avec un accrochage somptueux de l'œuvre de Gabriel Orozco, au Kunst-Werke de Auguststraße, avec une magnifique exposition de Wael Shawky à l'automne et une autre de Kader Attia, au printemps ; du regard de la Nefertiti du Neues Museum à l'œuvre graphique de Nanne Meyer lors d'une visite inoubliable à la Berlinische Galerie. Des chefs-d'œuvre du Pergamon-

museum à ceux de la Gemäldegalerie où j'ai passé l'après-midi de mon quarantième anniversaire ; du Jagdschloss avec ses incroyables Cranach cachés en plein bois de Grunewald à une rencontre inespérée avec l'œuvre de Helmut Newton au Musée de la photographie ; de Sonny Sanjay Vadgama à la Galerie Kornfeld à l'inauguration de l'exposition de Kendall Baker ; des portraits du Fayoum au Altes Museum aux vidéos de Helio Oiticica à la Hamburger Bahnhof ; du Martin-Gropius-Bau et sa mise en scène de l'œuvre de Anish Kapoor aux collections de l'Ethnologisches Museum où j'ai eu la chance de visiter, à plusieurs reprises, les réserves grâce à l'amabilité de la direction de cette institution et de ses conservateurs ; en juin, j'ai eu de fait le plaisir de retourner voir les mosaïques en plumes avec Luca Giuliani, Maria Luisa Catoni et Carlo Ginzburg. Je garde un magnifique souvenir de ce beau moment ensemble devant la brillance mouvante des images.

- ~ Notre découverte de la langue allemande, guidés par la compétence, la gentillesse et la patience de Ursula Kohler. Chaque lundi matin, avec nos compagnons de cours, on arrivait à exprimer quelque chose de plus et on a même écrit les premières scènes d'une pièce de théâtre dans laquelle je pu m'imaginer personnifier rien de moins que Pina Bausch.
- ~ Les promenades dans la nature, à commencer par le petit lac à côté de la Villa Walther jusqu'à Grunewald, dans un parc sans frontières apparentes, même si sans jamais voir ces fameux sangliers. Mais nous avons vu les couleurs d'automne, la beauté des lacs et de ses canards, la neige se couvrir de traces de chevreuils et l'explosion du printemps jusqu'à la canicule d'un jour d'été. Avant ou après ces promenades, nous avons goûté les délices du quartier (en apprenant très vite à commander en allemand un « Apfelstrudel » au Wiener Conditorei, mais aussi en mangeant des délicieux mets au petit resto de la Gare ou en passant par le Rewe pour rentrer à la maison en équilibristes sur nos vélos pleins de sacs d'épicerie).
- ~ Les amis, les soirées, les fêtes, les dîners. Les cris d'un côté à l'autre de la cour, en italien, avec Franco. Les belles familles et la sensation de voir les « enfants du Wiko » grandir et changer au cours des mois. Parler en allemand avec la petite Nadja (la seule qui me comprenait). La salade de *palta* (d'avocat) d'Aurora, le *gazpacho* de Cristina, le poulet *adobo* de Kelly, le poulet au fenouil et oranges de Sonia, l'original chassé et cuisiné par Monika, les tartes de Delphine et la machine à crème chantilly de Hugo, le ragoût au café de Franco, la soupe aux artichauts d'Ozlem, le banquet plein de nouvelles saveurs cuisiné par Elora et Ussama, ou par Olesia et Andrii. Kai qui construit des

mondes à l'ordinateur. Kendall qui photographie l'hiver. Atac qui revient de courir. Helen qui part en vélo. Shakti et Elizabeth qui vont nager dans le lac. Dominique qui marche avec son beau manteau. Lily qui se roule une cigarette. Teri qui nous filme tous. Le chapeau de Jim. Les lunettes fumées de Marianne. Les couleurs de Kamal. La collection de bretelles de Daniel (personnellement j'aimais celles avec les chats). Les bracelets de Froma.

Reste, enfin, un sentiment profond de gratitude. Je tiens à remercier toute l'équipe du Wissenschaftskolleg dont l'amabilité, la sympathie et l'intelligence ont rendu notre année si agréable. D'abord Katharina Biegger, qui a transformé le projet de joindre le Wiko, encouragé par Alexander Nagel, en réalité. Andrea Bergmann et Corina Pertschi ont organisé impeccablement notre séjour et l'ont accompagné au fil des mois ; Vera Schulze-Seeger nous a accueilli ce matin de septembre avec une énergie inoubliable, qui continua à se dégager à chaque fois que nous rentrions dans la *Haupthaus* ; Daniela Wendlandt nous a préparé un magnifique appartement et nous a permis d'héberger simultanément nos mères dans deux chambres de rêve au premier étage de la bibliothèque. Katharina Wiedemann a été présente dans le quotidien, avec son élégance et son esprit, avec son amitié. Un souvenir particulier va au soutien offert par le personnel de la bibliothèque coordonné par Sonja Grund et par celui des services informatiques qui m'ont notamment aidée à répondre aux maintes questions liées à la production de mon livre, simultanément sous presse en France et aux États-Unis. Petria Saleh nous a tenu au courant de toutes les belles activités en cours. Sophia Pick a été indispensable dans la préparation du colloquium et Angelika Leuchter dans l'édition des brochures, dont la présente. Lena Mauer, Katarzyna Maria Speder et le personnel de la cuisine ont fait des déjeuners et des dîners un moment de découverte et de plaisir. Je garde précieusement plusieurs recettes de Yves Le Rhun, comme la « soupe de choucroute » ou le « risotto alla bietola rossa ».

Et un grand merci à la direction du Wiko, à Luca Giuliani et à Thorsten Wilhelmy, pour l'appui ininterrompu offert à moi et à Patrice Giasson, qui a pu écrire et publier pendant sa résidence le catalogue d'une exposition, *Pre-Columbian Remix*, et profiter pleinement, lui aussi, de ce séjour berlinois. L'année 2012/2013 est maintenant un point fondamental de notre parcours commun et nous rappelle aux deux combien la vie peut être généreuse. *Herzlichen Dank* !



GONDELN VOLLER FELLOWS
GUSTAV SEIBT

Gustav Seibt (geb. 1959) ist Literaturkritiker und Journalist. Er studierte Geschichte und Literaturwissenschaft in Konstanz, München, Bielefeld und Rom. Nach mehreren Jahren als Feuilletonredakteur der *Frankfurter Allgemeinen Zeitung* arbeitete er für *Die Zeit* und als Kultur-Redakteur der *Berliner Zeitung*. Er lehrte als Professor in Göttingen und schreibt heute Rezensionen für die *Süddeutsche Zeitung*. Veröffentlichungen: *Anonimo romano: Geschichtsschreibung in Rom an der Schwelle zur Renaissance* (1992); *Rom oder Tod: Der Kampf um die italienische Hauptstadt* (2001); *Deutsche Erhebungen: Das Klassische und das Kranke* (2008); *Goethe und Napoleon: eine historische Begegnung* (2008); *Goethes Autorität* (2013). – Adresse: Süddeutsche Zeitung, Französische Straße 48, 10177 Berlin.

Den Abschluss dieses langen Jahres brachten für mich erst zwei Ereignisse im Juli, obwohl meine offizielle Zeit am Wissenschaftskolleg eigentlich schon Ende Februar abgelaufen war: der zusammen mit Avi Lifschitz und Iwan D’Aprile (Universität Potsdam) veranstaltete Workshop zu „Republikanismus – Konstitution – Imperium“ über deutsche Intellektuelle und die Politik um 1800 und der Ausflug ins Wörlitzer Gartenreich, den Carl Grouwet und ich mit entsagungsvoller Hilfe von Vera Schulze-Seeger organisieren konnten.

Zwanzig Fellows nahmen teil, die zwei Gondeln füllten, auf denen wir uns durchs Gartenreich rudern lassen konnten, bei gedeckten Tischen und mit gefüllten Gläsern. Dass diese Reise ins Traumland der deutschen Aufklärung auch kunsthistorisch ein Erfolg war, zeigten hinterher die brillanten Fotoserien von José Emilio Burucúa und Birgitta Whaley: Selten habe ich die unendlich schönen und feinen Details vor allem der

Dekors im Schloss und in der Villa Hamilton so strahlend genau gesehen wie auf diesen Bildern.

Die Reise nach Wörlitz ließ zwei Leitmotive meiner Arbeit in diesem Winter noch einmal in einer Metamorphose erklingen: In meinem Dienstagsvortrag vor Weihnachten zur Deutschen Geschichte versuchte ich, einem gemischten, internationalen Publikum – die Fellows kamen in diesem Jahr aus dem pazifischen Raum, dem Nahen Osten, Nord- und Lateinamerika und aus vielen europäischen Ländern – einen Blick auf die vornationale deutsche Vergangenheit zu eröffnen, auf das Land der Kleinstaaten, der kolonialen Wanderungen nach Osteuropa, dessen Finalität nie der homogene Nationalstaat französischer Prägung sein konnte. Dass ich die eigentlich unverantwortliche Aufgabe einer „Deutschen Geschichte in 1 Stunde“ überhaupt annahm, verdanke ich dem Drängen von Luca Giuliani, vermutlich einem der wenigen Gelehrten in Deutschland, der ermessen kann, wie viel Mühe und Kopfzerbrechen das Weglassen bedeutet, das dann zu einem scheinbar einfachen Ergebnis führt. Seit meinem Mathematik-Abitur habe ich keine so anstrengenden Kopfrechnungen mehr veranstaltet. Die Skizze, die ich aus dieser Bemühung mit in den Alltag zurückbringe, wird mich noch längere Zeit begleiten. Selten hatte ich außerhalb meiner beruflichen Tagesarbeit das Gefühl, so nah an der Aktualität zu sein, denn in diesem Winter erhielten die Debatten über die Rolle Deutschlands in Europa immer dramatischere Akzente. Alle Grundfragen der deutschen Geschichte müssen deswegen gewiss nicht neu gestellt und beantwortet, wohl aber in neue Verbindungen gebracht werden. Die Lehre dieser Jahre ist, dass abgetane Fragestellungen wie die nach Deutschlands Gewicht im europäischen System von Gleichgewicht und Hegemonie in verwandelter Gestalt zurückkehren. Ich darf aber für mich in Anspruch nehmen, davon nicht überrascht zu sein. Die klassischen Bücher von Ludwig Dehio und Heinrich Triepel werden auch international derzeit neu diskutiert. Darüber einen Mittag lang mit Jürgen Kocka zu debattieren, war ein besonderes Vergnügen.

Und es war eine Freude, den vielen freundlichen Fellows, die nach einführender Lektüre fragten, einfach *Dichtung und Wahrheit* zu empfehlen – als Buch, das die Lage in Deutschland an der Schwelle zwischen Altem Reich und neuen Staatsbildungen mit unübertrefflicher Klarheit vor Augen führt, in einem Moment, in dem die Weichenstellungen zur gewaltsamen Nation noch nicht gemacht worden waren.

Goethe als Augenöffner auch für eine neue deutsche Geschichte: Das beschäftigt mich seit *Goethe und Napoleon*, der Darstellung, die ich einem Aufenthalt am Kolleg im Jahrgang 2007/08 verdanke. Hier wurde mir erst die fatale Nichtnotwendigkeit des deut-

schen Wegs in den modernen Nationalismus bewusst, durch die konkrete Anschauung der Umstände, die fast alle Zeitgenossen Goethes auf ihn brachten, aber auch durch den bedachten Widerspruch, den Goethe als Einzelner dieser scheinbar unaufhaltsamen Tendenz entgegensetzte.

Diesmal galt meine Bemühung zunächst den beiden anderen großen zeithistorischen Erfahrungen Goethes: der Beobachtung Friedrichs des Großen, die am Ende in einen Kampf übergang, und die Erfahrung der Revolutionskriege von 1792–93. Gerade diese letztere wird gern mit den abgekühlten Darstellungen in Goethes *Alter* verstanden, während eine – nach dem Vorbild von Roberto Zapperi – vergleichend verfahrenere Interpretation der späten Aufbereitungen und der zeitgenössischen Zeugnisse zu einem ganz anderen Bild führt. Am Ende der Belagerung von Mainz im Juli 1793 wurde Goethe auch Zeuge der Liquidation des ersten Demokratieversuchs auf deutschem Boden. Hinter der berühmtesten politischen Äußerung, die von Goethe überliefert ist – „ich will lieber eine Ungerechtigkeit begehen als Unordnung ertragen“ –, tut sich ein beachtlicher Abgrund an unverständenen konkreten Voraussetzungen auf, für den ich zu Beginn selbst bei erfahrenen Rechtshistorikern wie Dieter Grimm, Alexandra Kemmerer und Michael Stolleis vergeblich um Rat fragte.

Erst durch langwieriges Scrollen in den Scans, die Sonja Grund mir mit unablässiger Geduld auf die Festplatte packte, erkannte ich die vergessene zeitgenössische Diskussion hinter der berühmten Lynchszene, mit der Goethe 1820 seine gesamte Schriftstellerei zur Revolution abschloss. Es ging dabei um die vollkommen neue Frage, welchen rechtlichen Status feindliche politische Kämpfer überhaupt haben – es handelt sich bei den zusammengeschlagenen „Clubbisten und Comitisten“ ja nicht um Soldaten, für die das Kriegsrecht galt, in diesem Fall die Bestimmungen einer militärischen Kapitulation zwischen Belagerern und Belagerten, sondern um politische Schützlinge (für die Franzosen) oder um Hochverräter (für Preußen und den Mainzer Kurfürsten). Sie gerieten buchstäblich in einen rechtsfreien Raum, als sie die aufgehobene Mainzer Republik verließen.

Damit öffnete sich der Blick auf ein Thema, das Wieland schon im Winter 1792 im *Teutschen Merkur* zur Sprache brachte und das Friedrich Gentz zehn Jahre später in eine erste Systematik brachte: Revolutionsexport als Kriegsmittel. Hat man dieses Thema verstanden, ändert sich unverzüglich auch der Blick auf Goethes so umstrittene Revolutionsdichtung zwischen dem „Bürgergeneral“ und „Herrmann und Dorothea“. Diese nämlich handelt an kaum einer Stelle von der Französischen Revolution, sondern nur von ihrem Export, ihrer Rezeption in Deutschland, im Gegensatz zu den Stellungnahmen etwa von

Wieland und Herder, die immer auch die Pariser Ereignisse in den Blick nehmen. Der Eklat zu Beginn der *Unterhaltungen deutscher Ausgewanderten* entzündet sich an der Frage, wie mit den besiegten Mainzer Jakobinern umzugehen sei – das Thema, das Goethe noch 1820 bewegte. Erst das spätere Drama „Die natürliche Tochter“ enthält, wenn auch in verkappter Form, wie Hans-Jürgen Schings erst 2010 nachweisen konnte, unmittelbare Bezüge zu den Pariser Schreckensereignissen von 1792, die dann auch in „Campagne in Frankreich“ und „Belagerung von Mainz“ am Horizont erscheinen.

Umso dankbarer war ich, dass Schings an unserem sommerlichen Workshop teilnahm, mit einer riskierten These, die von der Kritik der Teilnehmer noch einiges profitiert haben dürfte. Goethes Abstinenz von den Pariser Geschehnissen und seine Konzentration auf ihre deutschen Auswirkungen gab dann auch den Blickwinkel des Workshops insgesamt vor: Nicht passive Rezeption, sondern eigenständig produktive Aneignung oder Abstoßung sollte sein Thema sein. Avi Lifschitz hat es durch die Gegenüberstellung des französischen Bürgerrechtsuniversalismus in Fragen der Judenemanzipation und der Berliner Debatten über Staat und Religion zwischen Mendelssohn, Humboldt, Friedländer und Schleiermacher am brilliantesten durchgeführt. Auch dies ein Beitrag zur Nichtnotwendigkeit deutscher Sonderwege, für den ich ihm ganz besonders dankbar bin.

Was für ein gesprächsreicher, freundschaftsbegründender Jahrgang 2012/13 war, lässt sich kaum zusammenfassen. Zu nett, fanden strenge Fellows wie Jonas Grethlein. Ich hatte aber bei Tisch und in den Sitzungen nie den Eindruck, irgendjemand halte sich zurück. Franco Moretti, Hubertus Buchstein, Daniel Boyarin sind nicht das, was man Ja-Sager nennt. Von Ussama Makdisi habe ich mehr gelernt als aus zwanzig Jahren Nahost-Berichterstattung. Die Musiker vom Quatuor Diotima und Mark Andre viele Wochen und Monate bei Tisch zu haben und ihrer Musik zuhören zu dürfen, ist ein Privileg, das nur von dem Glück übertroffen wird, wenn einem französische Musiker vorhalten, man habe die Rolle Bismarcks in der deutschen Geschichte doch etwas kleiner geredet. Auf all das werde ich zurückkommen.



IN PRAISE OF FORM
SURESH SHARMA

I studied History at Delhi University and joined the Centre for the Study of Developing Societies (CSDS) as an Associate Fellow (1977). CSDS remained my place of work until 2010. I was Professor and Senior Fellow in History and Anthropology and also served as Director of the CSDS. I took a long leave from CSDS to take up teaching and research work with other institutions: the Indian Institute of Advanced Study (Shimla), United Nations University (Tokyo), Hull University (UK), the National Museum of Man (Bhopal) and the Institut d'études avancées (Nantes). Currently I am Visiting Professor, Jamia Millia Islamia University, New Delhi. Publications include: *Tribal Identity and the Modern World* (New Delhi, 1994); *M. K. Gandhi's Hind Swaraj: A Critical Edition* (New Delhi, 2010). *Adhunikta aur Pagan Sabhyatein* (New Delhi, 2012. = *Modernity and Pagan Civilisations*). Forthcoming: *Things as the Measure: An Essay on Gandhi's Critique of Modern Civilisation*. – Address: Department of Political Science, University of Hyderabad, P.O. Central University, Hyderabad, 500046 A.P., India. E-mail: me@jyotirmayasharma.in

As a Fellow, my first day at Wiko was a Tuesday morning; a time meticulously kept for listening and responding to a Fellow speak of his or her work. The theme of the paper on that Tuesday (April 16) was language and the meaning of translation. Responses around the seminar table were from across the wide arch of human and natural sciences. Two hours after the opening utterance, the seminar reassembled for lunch rather differently around several tables: each on its own, but in subtle continuity. The rhythm of transactions in the two gatherings was manifestly dissimilar. In the conference room, speaking had to accord with a fairly rigorous protocol concerning relevance and duration. In the

restaurant, the explicit part of the protocol was all about food served with exquisite care. Its subtle continuity with the formal rigour of the seminar stemmed from a protocol rather fuzzy and rigorously implicit. One could for instance speak of or around the theme of the day. One could also, and without the slightest slight to the Wiko order of things, speak of other things, or of nothing. Form and distance fascinate me deeply.

Form is space and specificity. Form is marked by a clear boundary: the limit manifest, clear and discernible. Beyond that limit, form abruptly ceases and disappears. Implicit in the specificity of form is location and locale. And inherent to locale is the presence of other forms. Between forms subsists a quality utterly and absolutely unlike form: the absence or negation of form. In the absence of that grand limitlessness, form simply cannot be. And the sheer immensity that forms make available arises, it seems, from flows they make available or foreclose, between the formed and the horizon of their finality.

I see in the idea of an institute for “advanced study” affirmation of the need to mark and give form to a sense of “intimate distance” from the “university”. One could speak of the “university” as perhaps the grandest and most ancient of modern artefacts. The university as idea and form is anchored in ever more rigorous specialisation and clear disciplinary boundaries. Its power and resonance are truly stupendous. In instructive contrast, the idea of an institute for “advanced study” is of recent origin and commands little attention. Like most things that came to prevail in the 20th century, experiments with and around the idea of “advanced study” began, as we all know, at Princeton in the United States, that unique historical space given to re-making all human doing into specialised pursuits. As idea and form, “advanced study” signifies an attempt to nuance the sovereign standing of specialisation and disciplinary boundaries.

My work has been along two seemingly unrelated axes. First axis: the universe of discourse in India over the past 200 years in reference to modern universality, the idea of change and progress. Gandhi and Tagore have been the two seminal voices in this exceedingly varied and often perplexing universe. And both found themselves in a profoundly troubled relationship with modernity as fact and as possibility. Second axis: little ancient tribal communities of Central India’s sense of self and of the modern world as it relentlessly recasts the very basis of tribal life and existence. Shifting cultivation – known as “slash and burn” or “swidden” – is invariably seen as quintessential to the extreme isolation in frozen localism. I see in it the play of deep universality seeking for humans a presence on earth for all time.

At Wiko I sought to continue the work begun at IEA Nantes on word and image as two distinct forms of language and linguistic possibility. In common perception, words

signify language. The image is noticed and meaningfully engaged with in deeply imaginative ways. But despite that, the image is invariably not grasped in a clear, conscious way as a linguistic artefact. For that non-recognition, one could spell out an element that abides inseparable in words and remains altogether absent in the image. The word as sensory datum has to be heard as a soundscape, or when written, seen as an image. But that can never be definitive for its meaning. In fact, its meaning could be unrelated to its sensory standing as a soundscape or as an image. This kind of near absolute detachment between sensory datum and meaning is inconceivable in relation to image or sound.

The word's meaning unfolds in a certain structure of reference to other words. The image may evoke myriad associations of sounds, smells, words, forms, colours or other images. But unlike the word, the image does not dwell inseparable with other images. True, the case of the word indwelling with other words is suffused with acute ambiguity, born of inhabiting the liminal edge. For the word, that is its way and its way to meaning. The word unto itself is an empty sign, signifying nothing. My concern is the protean tension between reference and representation. Specifically, the word and the image need have no resemblance to what they seek to or come to signify. The question I pursue is: does this seeming un-relatedness, complete and near absolute at times, signify the presence of a certain deep universality as the predicate of meaning?

While at Wiko I sought to focus on two dimensions of the word and image theme:

- Colour, smell and sound as signifiers of meaning
- Implications of the image-artefact distinctions.

Smell, like colour and sound, is not unique to humans. Sensitivity to smell and the capacity to discern minute differences within a particular smell spectrum are infinitely sharper and more sophisticated in many other species. For instance, entomologists have long studied the complex communication code quite often loosely spoken of as “chemical language”. Biologists have taken note of the profound play of colour in the grand story of species survival. While lamenting the absence of a “history of colour”, Michael Taussig has remarked presciently the intense play of colour in human warfare. He speaks of the inversion and subtle presence of colour as camouflage in modern warfare.

Smell and colour acquire historical substance and meaning, unlike things such as “table” and “knife” or practices such as “cultivation” and “building”, as symbolic artefacts. In this context, the image stands on clearly distinct ground. Sensitivity to forms – visual and auditory – is a capacity numerous other species share with humans. But image-making, along with speaking, remains unique to humans. Like speech, image-

making is expressive of something beyond what can be seen, touched and heard out there. Specifically, an image abides beyond function; hence it is that an artefact shorn of functions lives on as an image.

I am putting together an edited volume based on the contributions to an international seminar I organised on “word and image” in New Delhi last November. In the next two years I hope to be able to put the last line on a little book on word and image.

I cherish immensely the joy and stimulation of conversation and interactions at Wiko. That happens of course in several forms. One could speak of the Tuesday seminar as the pivot: formal, neatly structured and marked by a sense of grand continuity, week after week, year after year. Along and around that pivot, several other forms – study groups, lectures, seminars, concerts and exhibitions – gave access to modes of knowing and intellectual-aesthetic sensitivities that are very rare. I recall in particular some enticing conversations with biologists on colour and choice. The experience of being a part of the group on word and image was truly rewarding for me. It gave me several spontaneous openings for conversation and reflection. I want very much to stay close to some enticing conversations that developed in the restaurant, the garden terrace or on that lovely little stretch between Wiko and Villa Walther.

I like to think of the Wiko experience as akin to being on a river to whose refreshing flow one could reach out and immerse oneself, more or less as one would like to. I know very little of all that has gone into its making. But I do have some sense of the intellectual sensitivity and deep commitment with which the Rector and the Secretary keep that flow refreshed and alive. Foremost, it entails meticulous organisation and forethought. All things and details are anticipated with great care. The moment you step into the reception you feel truly taken care of. The library personnel are simply wonderful. Each request, however whimsical, is serviced with great care and courtesy. I am clumsy with the computer. Wiko’s technical services were always kind and quick to help. I remember with admiration the skill and zest with which the kitchen staff provided for all manner of taste and preference. To all of them I am most grateful.



PHILOSTRATUS
AT THE WISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG
MICHAEL SQUIRE

Michael Squire (born in 1980) is Lecturer in Classical Greek Art at King's College London. He studied Classics at Trinity College, Cambridge (B.A. 2001, M.Phil. 2002) and subsequently dabbled in Comparative Literature as a Frank Knox Memorial Fellow at Harvard (2002–03). After returning to the “other” Cambridge, he was awarded his Ph.D. in 2006 and appointed to a Junior Research Fellowship at Christ's College (2006–11); during this time, he spent two very happy years as Alexander-von-Humboldt-Stipendiat in Munich and Berlin (2008–10). His academic research concentrates on the interactions between visual and literary cultures in the Greek and Roman worlds; he is also interested in the disciplinary cracks between Art History and Classical Archaeology, as well as in bridging the national divides between English- and German-speaking traditions. His books include *Panorama of the Classical World* (2004; translated into German as *Die Welt der Antike*, 2004); *Image and Text in Graeco-Roman Antiquity* (2009); *The Art of the Body: Antiquity and its Legacy* (2011), and most recently *The Iliad in a Nutshell: Visualizing Epic on the Tabulae Iliacae* (2011). In 2012, he was awarded a Philip Leverhulme Prize for his research in Classics and Art History. – Address: Department of Classics, King's College London, Strand, London, WC2R 2LS, United Kingdom. E-mail: michael.squire@kcl.ac.uk

My year at the Wissenschaftskolleg has been dedicated to an early third-century AD Greek writer named Philostratus. More specifically, I have been working on a monograph (co-written with Jaś Elsner at Oxford/Chicago) on just one of Philostratus' works: the *Imagines*. This short but hugely challenging text purports to describe a gallery of paintings displayed in a private villa on the Bay of Naples. Carefully arranged over two

books, Philostratus' 65 tableaux evoke a host of different subjects, ranging from Greek myths (and their various literary treatments), through iconic moments in Greek history, to landscape vignettes of near and far-off lands. The whole work is framed as a series of addresses, delivered by our master exegete to a young boy, with a host of elder youths imagined as standing by.

Our book tackles the *Imagines* thematically, exploring both its relation to ancient traditions of set-piece description (or "ecphrasis") and its wider transhistorical importance within the project of art criticism. The *Imagines*, we argue, is much more than a work of simple description. As a – one might even say "the" – foundational work of Western art history, Philostratus uses his make-believe gallery to interrogate how pictures might be translated into words and conversely how words might be rendered as pictures. Philostratus thereby explores the most fundamental question of all: how do viewers find meaning in what they see. On the one hand, the *Imagines* has an immediate importance for approaching the artistic, cultural and intellectual horizons of the period in which it was written (the so-called "Second Sophistic"). On the other, the text has a pressing relevance for the disciplinary pursuit of art history writ large: Philostratus exposes the playful interstices that always and necessarily bind together the visual and verbal realms.

I would have liked to report here that the book is finished, in press and available to pre-order from all good bookshops. Sadly, that's not the case: we'll be working on the volume for some time to come. For me, though, the freedom to pursue different paths around the project has been one of the most cherished aspects of Wissenschaftskolleg living: I have had the time to read, to stop and think (and think again), to pursue unexpected leads and not least to exchange ideas with others from different intellectual perspectives.

During his opening address to us about the Wissenschaftskolleg back in September, Thorsten Wilhelmy put his finger on precisely that opportunity, framing it in terms of what he labelled "interruption". My year has certainly been interrupted – not least by a new-found obsession with a fourth-century, Latin picture-poet named Publilius Optatianus Porphyrius (who has affectionately become known at the Wissenschaftskolleg as "POP"). Still, I can confirm how stimulating such interruption can prove, and I hope the Wissenschaftskolleg will continue to encourage it. It is a virtue little known in Britain, where the pressures of research funding, and the horrors of the "Research Exercise Framework", tend to demonise diversion as deviation. In terms of my own work, these interruptions have resulted in a dozen or so articles and chapters – some pursued on my

own, but others with friends made during the course of the year (including a hugely fun project with Jonas Grethlein on a little-known Greek Imperial text of the first century AD, the so-called *Tabula Ceбетis*). I am profoundly grateful to the Wissenschaftskolleg for having given me that opportunity, and to all the staff for their various forms of help and support: I have never known an institution so rich in its smiles and so generous in sharing them.

Just as rewarding have been the various conversations – with all their miscellaneous threads – shared with other Fellows. Looking back on those exchanges, what strikes me as so special about them is their range. I had sometimes heard the Wissenschaftskolleg referred to as the ultimate “ivory tower” – somewhere free from all the burdens of everyday life, academic or otherwise. What I found unique was precisely the opposite: our various discussions were recurrently conducted on a personal rather than purely academic level; likewise, whatever their intellectual basis, our conversations seemed always to seep outwards, touching upon ever bigger and broader questions, never forgetting the human as well as humanistic stakes. Academic life – at least in Britain – has far too few opportunities for such discussion; the closest parallel that comes to mind are the late-night debates conducted with fellow students as a teenager.

Poor Philostratus has been very patient about all these interruptions. Wherever my year’s readings and writings have taken me, though, Philostratus has continued to loom large. Returning from conversations at lunch – and pedalling my wonky homeward way after wine-soaked Thursday symposia – I have often wondered what Philostratus himself might have made of the experience. With that in mind, I end this report with one possible depiction, imagining how a Philostratean tableau of the Wissenschaftskolleg might have read.*

No, my boy, this land is not Arcadia, nor are you looking upon the crest of Olympus, where Homer says one feels no rain and hears no wind. For look: do you not see how these people, though Greek in their enthusiasm for discussion, speak a strange and foreign tongue? Some talk without interruption, while through their thoughtful expression you see in the eyes of others a

* My English takes its lead from the Loeb Classical Library translation of Arthur Fairbanks (*Philostratus Imagines, Callistratus Descriptions*. Cambridge, Mass., 1931); there is a somewhat better German edition of the *Imagines* by Ernst Kalinka and Otto Schönberger (*Philostratos: Die Bilder*. Munich, 1968).

certain hesitancy, as if speaking a language recently learned. Well then, let us try to make out what the painting shows.

You see, I think, a lake, with the earth bearing reeds and rushes at its sides. The land all around is covered with thick green forest – with lofty cypress, fir and pine, as well as with oaks and cedar; each is depicted according to its nature, and the whole place is tracked by hunters of boar and deer. But – look! – amid this forest, the land gives rise to a great house looking out onto the lake, built on four, I think, or possibly five storeys. It is resplendent with all the trappings of luxury, but especially splendid by reason of the different people gathered within; they have been collected, I think, with real judgement. In this regard above all we must praise the painter: for the palace seems not to be a painting at all, but rather a true building. Do you not see, here at the splendid entrance, the flowers of yellow, dark blue and red? Can you catch their sweet smell, or are your senses dull? Listen carefully: for the fragrance of these roses shall come to you through my speech.

Inside the palace, you see activities of every sort. For the painter bestows the very image of things that are, of things that are happening, and in some cases of the ways in which they take place. Leaving aside the others for the moment, look here at the biggest court, and at the figures seated in discussion. Here, at the front, someone seems to be speaking, with the rest not only looking on (as though the speaker were a picture), but also listening and adding words of their own. If you praise the painter for his cleverness in rendering the speaker's great height – or the bright colours of his clothes – you praise an insignificant aspect of his art. Wherein, then, lives the cleverness? The painter does not just show just one man speaking, but rather all now taking part, some agreeing, others raising their hands to intervene (although there is no trace of hostility in their faces). The speaker, as he responds, is not perturbed by his surroundings, but is as bold as though he were standing on the speaking platform at Athens. If we care to listen attentively, perhaps he will even speak Greek.

As you go on to other parts of the painting, you meet here four handsome youths sitting close by, each dressed in black (whether they are Greek or Gallic, you could not say) and each supporting a lyre – three on their shoulders, but one balancing the boxwood delicately between his legs. But why, then, are the Muses coming hither? And why do they now crown the youths with their crests of laurel? The reason, I think, is that the young men are playing first this song, then that – some melodies are sweet paeans offered to Apollo, but other tunes are discordant in their bacchic dithyramb. For listen: can you hear the music echoing in your ears? You see at any rate the looks in the eyes of all who listen, some preferring this present song, others now contemplating the symmetry of that earlier tune. But lo! Foremost among those listening sits a fair Bacchante

with chestnut hair, not dancing, no, but beating time with her golden cymbals: the cymbals are attached to her right wrist, and with the outstretched fingers of her left hand she grasps first this one, then that, jingling a rival tune; a kind of radiance falls upon her forehead, though no whit more charming than the bloom on her cheek. But let us speak of these things with bated breath, my boy, lest we interrupt the music and dissolve the sights in front of us.

And here, towards the lower boundary of the painting, do you see the tables laden with food? Beautiful maidens are busying themselves, attending to the preparations for the daily feast, with swarthy Bacchus standing by. See too how the people eat and make merry, having in their eyes the look of Pramnian or perhaps Thasian wine. If you care for raised or unleavened bread, they too are both here nearby in the deep basket, seasoned with poppy seed. Look at the pears on pears and apples on apples, all fragrant and golden: would you not say that their redness has not been applied from outside, but has blossomed from within. Why, my boy, do you too not then take the honeyed fruits and fragrant relishes? Do you not know that in a little while they will elude your grasp?

But the most charming aspect of all is this. For just as the Seasons themselves paint the meadows, you see how the painter has painted the different seasons of the year: here the white snows of winter press thickly upon the silver firs, but over there you see people reclining amid the spring meadows, each one painted scent and all, resplendent in the gleam of morning dew; here, the days are short and weary, yet there the evenings grow long, warm and thick in honey-suckle fragrance. For look how the people revel and sing, whirling this way and that under the setting midsummer sun. But let us withdraw, my boy, and leave these strangers to their dancing: for soon, their revels will cease, and the hyperborean fantasy return to dream.



FOUR
TANJA STADLER

Tanja was born in 1981 in Stuttgart, Germany. She obtained a Masters in Applied Mathematics from the TU München in 2006 and did a Ph.D. from 2006–08 in Biomathematics at the TU München and the University of Canterbury, New Zealand (supervised by Anusch Taraz and Mike Steel). Tanja was then a postdoc with Sebastian Bonhoeffer at the Institute of Integrative Biology at ETH Zürich. In 2011, she started her own group in Computational Evolution, funded by the Swiss National Science Foundation, at the same institute. She was awarded an ERC starting grant in 2013. In 2014 she took up a position as an assistant professor at ETH Zurich. In general, her work aims to develop computational phylogenetic tools in order to understand past evolutionary and epidemiological processes by looking at genetic sequencing data. In particular, Tanja developed methodology to quantify the severity of spread of an emerging pathogen – an important issue for epidemiologists and public health officials. Her macroevolutionary work led to a widely used method reliably estimating major shifts in past speciation and extinction rates – shedding light on major processes creating and maintaining biodiversity. – Address: Department of Biosystems Science & Engineering, ETH Zürich, Mattenstrasse 26, 4058 Basel, Switzerland. E-mail: tanja.stadler@bsse.eth.ch

I arrived at the Wissenschaftskolleg in October 2012. Being a bit worried about everybody already knowing each other from the German class, I attended the first lunch. But everybody welcomed me so warmly – my only challenge was to catch up learning 40+ names while everybody else only had to remember me as the newcomer. After a hectic summer with too many things to do, I enjoyed the daily routine at the Wiko – getting up and making a coffee in the downstairs kitchen of Villa Jaffé, working on finishing manuscripts and job/grant

applications, having a long chat over lunch, going for a run in the Grunewald, and having early nights as well as many late nights with a glass or bottle of wine along with long discussions of topics ranging from the '68 generation in London (where the young ones among us became jealous because we had not been part of it!), the differences in the definition of a socialist in Europe and the US, how democracy can be maintained in times when voting choices are between bad and worse, and what an honor it is to live in Berlin for a while.

In fact, being from South Germany, I did not expect that the fact of living in Berlin would be anything exceptional (I really only came because I thought the Wiko will be fantastic itself), and I would have wished the Wiko would be in a more exotic place. However, already after my first few days in Berlin I began to realize that only living there actually made me really understand my country's past from different angles. On numerous strolls around the city, I spotted the various corners that were witnesses to the past Berlin Wall. I only remembered the German reunification as a day when the national anthem was played over and over in the radio (actually I never heard the anthem as often between then and the Soccer World Cup in Germany in 2006!), and actually for us kids the main highlight of October 3, 1990 was not having to go to elementary school. But visiting the little museums and memorials allowed me to actually realize what it meant for the people on both sides of the Wall. Beyond the historic component, I enjoyed Prenzlauer Berg for brunches on weekends with friends who came to visit from all over Europe, Kreuzberg for a beer and some dancing, followed by a döner, and the Olympic Stadium to witness a match where Germany managed to turn a 4:0 lead into a 4:4 ...

Running in Grunewald forest and around the lakes was a regular (though I should not say daily) routine during my stay. I had the pleasure to see the forest change from beautifully colored, with people swimming in the lakes, into a white snow-covered area. These hours in the remote forest nearby allowed me to reflect on the daily tasks and new impressions. Only once was this peaceful mood disturbed, when several wild boar crossed my path just in front of me!

Through lunch and Thursday dinner conversations at the Wiko, particularities of Germans vs. non-Germans, as well as of humanity scholars vs. scientists, became apparent – particularities that were not as obvious to me beforehand. I already mentioned that my challenge was to learn names quickly because I had arrived late – this name learning was made more challenging, as I had to remember quickly both first and last names: when speaking in German, the Wiko language switched to the formal German, something very typical in the German language. Our non-German-speaking Fellow friends were

surprised, though, to find out that we addressed each other with last names. Here, furthermore, the “cultural” differences between scholars of the humanities and scientists became apparent: while I had to adapt to switching to the formal language in German (we would not do so in the lab) and I never knew who to address with “Du” and who with “Sie”, for people from the humanities this was the most normal thing to be exposed to. Furthermore, while as a scientist we were trained to always speak English in a talk so that everybody could at least roughly understand, I learned that for a scholar in the humanities it is important to express their thoughts in the language in which they are most confident, in order to avoid misinterpretation. Prior to my Wiko time, I had a strong opinion on using “Du” and “first name” as well as English in a talk if there was at least one non-German speaker; in fact I never experienced a different setting during my science work. My Wiko time allowed me to put that view into perspective and actually to understand the different views and why there are such big differences between humanities and sciences.

The hours I spent in my beautiful downstairs apartment at Villa Jaffé were full of writing. I had to finish my ERC starting grant application – and while having plenty of time thinking about the proposed projects, the joint lunches helped me to reflect on the ideas and put them into a more general picture. After the ERC deadline, I devoted my time to polishing my first review article. The John Maynard Smith Prize is what brought me my Wiko stay and the invitation to write a review article, so it seemed logical to write the review at the Wiko. I thought for hours about speciations, extinctions, and what factors might determine these processes. More importantly, I thought about how to statistically test whether these processes actually happened, to come up with a unified macroevolutionary theory. As a result, my Wiko stay led to a meanwhile published review in *Journal of Evolutionary Biology*, an ERC starting grant, and my first job offers (for which I wrote the applications in Villa Jaffé). Being far away from daily tasks and interruptions immensely helped me to successfully finish these tasks.

Work-intense days deserve fun evenings; the highlight of my social Wiko time was the Villa Walther pub crawl, where different flats each offered a special cocktail. It still has to be decided whether “Bourbon Bodega”, “Vodka Villa”, or “Gin Gallery” was the winner of the best cocktail award! My wonderful time at the Wiko ended with a Weißwurstfrühstück that Lena enthusiastically co-organized with me, after several Fellows were very curious to try out this Bavarian specialty with a Weizenbier! Thank you, Lena, for making this brunch possible, and thanks to all the staff of the Wiko for making such a wonderful experience possible!



CONNECTING TIPS OF IVORY TOWERS ULRICH K. STEINER

Ulrich K. Steiner is a biodemographer and evolutionary population biologist. He heads the group on Stage-and-Age Structured Biodemography within the Max-Planck Odense Center on the Biodemography of Aging (MaxO) as Associate Professor. Before his stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg in the fall of 2012, he held a Marie Curie Fellowship at the INSERM U1001, Evolutionary Systems Biology, in Paris, working on demographic models in structured populations and on phenotypic variability in isoclonal bacteria. He started his theoretical work on stage-age structured population and evolutionary population dynamics during a five-year post-doc at Stanford University in the lab of Shripad Tuljapurkar, financed by the Swiss National Science Foundation and the National Institute on Aging. He completed his Ph.D. on the evolutionary limits of phenotypic plasticity at the University of Zurich under the supervision of Josh Van Buskirk and Heinz-Ulrich Reyer. Ulrich grew up in a small town in southern Germany (Schwäbische Alb). – Address: Max-Planck Odense Center on the Biodemography of Aging and Department of Biology, Campusvej 55, 5230 Odense, Denmark. E-mail: usteiner@biology.sdu.dk

I was able to become one of the first Fellows within the College for Life Sciences, joining the Wiko for three months in the fall. When Joanna Masel suggested that I apply for the fellowship, I was curious to experience the place I had heard about from so many different people, all of whom were enthusiastic but for a number of different reasons. The timing turned out to be perfect; I had finished my second post-doc in Paris as a Marie Curie Fellow and was ready (or at least hopeful) to transition to establish my own group. I needed to write some grants and was (overly) optimistic about writing on ideas about stochastic

processes in life histories. During my stay at the Wiko, I got an offer to join the newly founded Max-Planck Odense Centre on the Biodemography of Aging (MaxO) as Associate Prof, which was a great relief but which also meant that I needed to devote even more time to grant applications than I had hoped for.

My project for the Wiko to write on stochasticity in life histories turned more into a reading, reflection, and digging into literature project than proper writing sessions. It was very enjoyable to have this freedom to read for uninterrupted, substantial periods of my time. Unfortunately, this time was short, given the grants I wrote during my first two months at the Kolleg. Still I can strongly recommend the Wiko as a place to write such grants, and the grants would have looked different if they had not been written at the Wiko (I'm not always sure that the referees embrace all the interdisciplinarity I believe in). The focused work that is possible at such a sheltered location, interrupted only by the engaging and stimulating discussions for lunch, was, at least for my taste, the perfect combination for such grant writing. Almost all of the College for Life Sciences Fellows had similar tasks at times and this created a pleasant collective atmosphere. I was also glad not to work on my laundry list of manuscripts that needed to be written (the list rather got longer), though Shripad Tuljapurkar, Tim Coulson and I finished editing a special issue on "Structured Population Models: Construction, Analysis, Inference" for *Theoretical Population Biology*.

The opportunity to think beyond the framework of a manuscript, and the integration of perspectives and ideas from the other Fellows, particularly those from other fields, was too precious to frame myself again in the standard academic formats. The ideas developed will weave into my work over the coming years. The vague definition of what the College for Life Sciences should be fostered the opportunity to just think. Three months are too short, considering the time it takes to get to know the other Fellows, and in retrospect a more structured and organized approach to exchange among the College for Life Sciences Fellows would have been helpful, but the three months were good enough as a great teaser. The lack of organization was something we as College for Life Sciences Fellows were just not putting together, with everyone first needing to arrive and all of us having deadlines nagging.

The evolution working group initiated by Bill Foley was one of the highlights for me during the Fellowship. We started off with some discussions about genotype-phenotype mapping and fitness that frequently drifted into technical details and definitions used in evolutionary biology. After some weeks, we managed to break that pattern and opened

up more and more to general discussions in which we applied evolutionary ideas and concepts to other academic fields and considered the broader influence of evolutionary concepts and thinking for societies. Seeing myself as someone who enjoys and believes in interdisciplinary research, I was still puzzled how similarly concepts, methods, tools and ideas from evolutionary biology are applied in other fields. I also enjoyed having Peter Hammerstein participating at times and thereby linking a little to the scientific community of Berlin.

Even though I grew up in Germany and am German, I had not spent much time at academic institutions in Germany since my undergraduate studies. This made me curious to explore a little in person the “German” academic environment – being aware that the Wiko is not the most typical academic institution in Germany. Talking about the internationalization of the German research community in front of an international audience in German seemed surprising and contradictory to me. Also, the discussions within the Wiko about which language to present the colloquia in were somewhat surprising. If the limitation is that the presenter is not able to deliver in the most common shared language, then restricting the alternatives to French, Italian, Spanish seems understandable from an organizational point of view, but still shows a Eurocentric perspective. To me as a younger natural scientist, the argument about the tight connection between the language and the content that would be lost if delivered in English seems weak given that a large proportion of the audience was not able to follow and grasp such elegance. The questions that were posed after the discussions seemed dominated by people who could follow the presentation in the language presented. It left a little taste of separation and not opening up to the international understanding of the Wiko. I am aware that my view is biased and that some feelings might come from my inability and maybe jealousy because I cannot formulate things so elegantly in any language. The discussions left me with the question whether certain fields are by definition less international than others. For public outreach, seminars in German are desirable.

At the end of January, a month after I had left the Wiko, I returned for a Thursday dinner and realized how much of a family it had become. It felt like coming home, and the warm welcome of the other Fellows and the staff at the Wiko was overwhelming. I had underestimated how much the Wiko grew on me and how important the people became. I am convinced that the contact with the people within my field will remain alive over many years; unfortunately I am a little less optimistic about contact with Fellows outside my field, even though these are likely more important and influential.

I would like to conclude by thanking all of the staff of the Wiko for an extraordinary and impressive job. Not only has the cliché of the German perfection and organization been heftily enforced, the prejudice about Germans being somewhat reserved and cold has also been fundamentally challenged. Thank you so much for everything!!



WIKO AS WORK/PLACE
SONIA E. SULTAN

Sonia E. Sultan is Professor and Chair of Biology and Professor of Environmental Studies at Wesleyan University (USA). She holds degrees in History and Philosophy of Science (B.A. Princeton University) and in Organismic and Evolutionary Biology (M.A. and Ph.D., Harvard University) and was a Post-Doctoral Fellow of the Center for Population Biology (University of California, Davis). She has also been a Visiting Research Fellow at the University of Otago, New Zealand. Sultan's research group examines how plants respond developmentally to various environmental conditions, including those experienced by parent and grandparent generations. Her conceptual and modeling work examines how such developmental plasticity influences the process of evolution. Sultan has given plenary addresses at the Royal Botanical Society of the Netherlands and the European Gesellschaft für Ökologie and presented the Altenberg Workshop in Theoretical Biology at the University of Vienna. At the Wiko, Sultan worked primarily on a book manuscript that aims to re-evaluate the organism-environment relationship as one reflecting reciprocal causation. – Address: Hall-Atwater Labs, Biology Department, Wesleyan University, Middletown, CT 06459-0170, USA. E-mail: [sesultan@wesleyan.edu](mailto:sultan@wesleyan.edu)

I. Workplace

Before arriving, I knew very little about the Wiko, except that it was an unusual institution in welcoming natural scientists as well as scholars in the humanities. I arrived expecting to find a staid group of academics, primarily older, Northern European men,

whom I would join for meals likely characterized by small talk and long pauses. To equip myself for these encounters, I bought a conservative but reasonably stylish suit. I will get an awful lot of work done, I reasoned, and perhaps the lunches and so on will not be so bad.

Of course, I could not have been more wrong. I found here simply the most interesting and diverse group of men and women I could have imagined. Our interactions were an unfailing source not just of intellectual excitement, but of delight. Through the Colloquia and the luxuriously drawn-out lunches and Thursday dinners, we came to know each other's areas of expertise and scholarly idiosyncrasies, until we formed a symbiosis that must have been equal parts serendipity and skilled Wiko planning. Thanks to the extraordinarily generous policy of fully including Fellow families in the life of the Kolleg, our community was enriched by the many partners (including my own, artist Kendall Baker), who added their interests and accomplishments to the mix, and by an assortment of children (including our 12-year-old daughter Jasmine). We argued and laughed in a babel of tongues, including my toddler-level Deutsch and some heavily accented English. We threw dinner parties; we gave each other advice about writing, and travel, and parenting; we offered and received encouragement and consolation; we danced to 80s pop music. We became, for that brief time, a family. The incomparable year flew by.

II. Work

As an evolutionary biologist, I came to the Wiko to work on a scientific book, meant to synthesize recent findings about genetics and the role of the environment in individual development. Within the first few weeks, I faced the task of explaining this project, and the experiments in my lab that inspired it, in my Wiko colloquium talk. How could I make the biology compelling to my non-scientist peers, to scholars of history and political philosophy and art, to members of a brilliant string quartet? It certainly could not be a question of simplifying for this dauntingly sophisticated audience. I decided to present my research in terms of the broader questions it raises, questions that would be considered too "big" for a purely scientific investigation: Where is the boundary between the organism and its environment? What kind of information is inherited? What is it that evolves?

With the door opened to these fundamental questions, the book project took on a more conceptually adventurous shape, and one that extended beyond the safe confines of my discipline. If adaptation arises not as a fixed product of natural selection, but as a

dynamic interaction between the individual organism and its environment, how can we study evolution, and how can we understand it as a process? Two distinct (and distinctive) aspects of Wiko life made possible this deepening of my investigation. First was the luxurious opportunity for extended solitary work in quiet and privacy – with every need met by excellent library and IT teams, and with all of the problematic details of life sorted out by the indomitable support staff. The second key aspect of Wiko life was the stimulation afforded by the famous “interruptions” to this solitude: the Colloquia, evening talks, concerts, lunches, dinners, and hallway conversations that provided a daily influx of new and absolutely unfamiliar ways of looking at the world. Those interruptions were – in this company – luxury of an even rarer and more precious sort.

The combination of time to think and new ways of thinking has changed me more than I ever expected. And as it happens, I did get a lot done (despite the loss of nearly two months for family reasons, a situation which was met by compassion and flexibility). I researched and organized most of the book and wrote about half of it. I revised and published three papers co-authored by members of my lab group, and we have submitted three new articles. I also led a collaborative team in writing a hypothesis paper on epigenetics for a special feature in the journal *Evolution*. In May, I was deeply honored to present an evening seminar on “Nature and Nurture” during the meeting of the Wissenschaftskolleg board and to be introduced by Raine Daston, Director of the Max Planck Institute for the History of Science and a Wiko Permanent Fellow. It was a wonderful challenge (and a great pleasure) to set my ideas in a broader history-of-biology frame through discussions with this erudite and insightful scholar.

The year’s experiences have confirmed my goal to keep reworking the way we think about organisms in relation to their environments. I now aim to do so in a broader context, in part through interactions with scholars who bring historical and philosophical perspectives to bear on genetics, development, and evolution. I look forward to cultivating such connections in my post-Wiko scholarly life. This resolution takes me (very happily) full circle, to the undergraduate studies that first inspired me to ask questions about ways of understanding the natural world.

III. Place

Berlin was never very high on my list of world cities. I was reluctant to take on the dark history, to think about the branches of my family that had been annihilated in the war, to

confront whatever I would feel here in the shadow of that madness. The experiences that awaited those taken away in windowless train cars do not bear thinking about. But here, one must think of them. One drinks a beer at the pleasant “Floh” in two impossible-to-connect worlds, where the Hänsel-and-Gretel charm of the Grunewald S-Bahn station exists alongside Gleis 17.

During the initial weeks in our flat, in the old section of the Villa Walther, I had a repeated dream. There was some kind of presence, a sense of dread. Were these nightmares, I wondered, or was the villa actually haunted by the presence of the lost? So, I thought of them. I walked along leafy streets past the Grunewald mansions and stopped to read the stumbling blocks. I had long conversations with new German friends, and was astonished to find how they embraced a consciousness of past evil to create good. I came to appreciate and admire the way this history is kept alive and honored here, and to wish that my own country could lay its misdeeds on the table in a similar way. I saw my grandfather’s surname on a plaque to a dead actress and on the name of a Berlin shop, and I felt a connection to this place. I found a way to have a beer at the “Floh”, to breathe in the presence of both worlds. And that freed me to completely enjoy this welcoming, polymorphic, creative, and genuinely wonderful city.



FOUR WONDERFUL MONTHS AT WIKO –
ENDING WITH A NEW UNDERSTANDING
OF SPECIES SELECTION
ROBERT L. TRIVERS

Born in 1943 in Washington, DC. Education: 1972, Harvard University, Biology (Ph.D.); 1965, Harvard University, History (B.A.); Employment: 1999–present, Adjunct Professor of Pediatrics, UMDNJ; 1994–present, Professor of Anthropology and Biological Sciences, Rutgers University; 2005 (spring), Visiting Professor of Psychology, Harvard University; 1978–94, Professor of Biology, University of California, Santa Cruz; 1975–78, Associate Professor of Biology, Harvard University; 1973–75, Assistant Professor of Biology, Harvard University; 1971–72, Instructor in Anthropology, Harvard University. I devoted my life to building social theory based on natural selection, applied to individuals within species as well as genes within individuals. My most recent book on the logic of self-deception (*The Folly of Fools: The Logic of Deceit and Self-Deception in Human Life*. New York, 2011.) was written at the Wissenschaftskolleg 2008/09 and is being translated into seven languages, including German and Spanish. – Address: Department of Anthropology, Rutgers University, 131 George Street, New Brunswick, NJ 08901-1414, USA.
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I arrived in Berlin on a bitterly cold January 17th, three days after leaving Jamaica and less than 24 hours after seeing my 7th grandchild in a New York City hospital two hours after his birth. I was looking forward to Berlin, to Wiko-land, and to getting some work done. In particular, I was hoping to write a draft of two scientific papers, one on species selection and one on the genetics of pediatric growth disorders. For my intellectual work, the outside cold was pure advantage, since even at 21:30 in the evening – not having seen a woman (nor indeed any human being) for a good eight hours – I was not tempted to

leave my 3rd-floor quarters high up the parking-lot side of Villa Walther in search of company. Better to remain warm – at least through early March!

I was expecting to spend two or three weeks on 1) the German translation of my self-deception book (written at Wiko in 2008/09) and on 2) the Penguin paperback version of the same book. In fact, these two tasks consumed two months of my time. The Germans were very meticulous (Ullstein in Berlin), catching numerous minor errors (the precise Turkish words in the law against “insulting the Turkish nation”) and also subjecting my chapters on “False Historical Narratives” and on “Self-Deception and War” to very careful scrutiny. They had good reason to be sensitive to both chapters, since one was very critical of the Israeli (and linked US) false narratives, and there was the matter of World Wars I and II. But their criticism, positive support, and demands that controversial assertions have at least two citations only strengthened the book.

As for the Penguin paperback, Penguin is famous as the premier English-language paperback. Second editions of a book (as, in effect, this would be) are often the best, correcting the errors in the first, before becoming bogged down later with more and more material that is less and less useful. So I added 50 references, the endnotes that integrated them, and several new sections, such as an account of how massive top-down self-deception led to the air force jet crash in Smolensk that took out the top leadership of Poland in 2010. Of course there are new jokes, such as this one by Groucho Marx, “The key to life is honesty and fair play; if you can fake those, you’ve got it made.” I spent a week with Penguin in London and worked very carefully with them on this version of my book. I was happy that a Chinese publisher recently became the 9th foreign-language publisher of my book and the first that will base its translation on the 2nd edition of self-deception produced at Wiko this spring.

This left only two months for fresh work, so I went to work producing a first draft of a paper on species selection. The task turned out to be far more rewarding than I had expected. No one has ever done a decent paper on this subject. The traditional work is entirely trivial and mistaken – trying to make species selection replace natural selection as the key explanatory principle in biology. But natural selection refers to selection within species that produces the traits we find in those species. Species selection refers to the fact that some kinds of species go extinct more quickly than others do and some speciate more rapidly. This changes the relative frequency of different kinds of species, but not the traits within the species. For example in animal species larger than small insects, asexual species often appear but then rapidly go extinct, so at any given time, there are relatively few of them.

My interest in species selection grew out of work I had done in the '70s showing that ant species usually produce female-biased ratios of investment (since workers are more related to their sisters than brothers), which should lead to greater species survival in competition with those producing 1:1 ratios, since in these ants more work would be invested in the working sex (females) while the reduction in the males was expected to be trivial. Female-biased ratios have been abundantly confirmed since the '70s and there are now a set of factors known to be associated with a relatively greater or lesser female bias. Since Koos Boomsma in Copenhagen is an expert on precisely this subject, I had asked him to work with me on the paper and took a two-day trip to Copenhagen that was both fruitful and enjoyable. So it was a special pleasure to send him the first draft of our paper a week before I left Wiko in mid-May.

One surprise was how often the principle of investment in females vs. genetic variability played itself out. Haplodiploid species were not just vulnerable to species selection in highly social species with female-biased investment; they also had an intrinsic advantage, especially under inbreeding (as Jack Werren quickly convinced me). Likewise, there were once equal numbers of gymnosperms (pine trees) and angiosperms (flowering plants); now there are 1,000 species of the former and 100,000 species of the latter, and this appears chiefly to be due to greater efficiency of female production in flowering plants not found in pine trees.

What was not a surprise was that I had a wonderful time at Wiko and emerged stronger than when I arrived. This is mostly due to the staff, loving and supportive people, highly efficient, who act as if they are dedicated to your every (legitimate) need and happiness. They give "Gemütlichkeit" a new meaning. At the same time, skill in choosing a highly diverse, high-quality, and fascinating set of Fellows only makes the stay the more enjoyable, and I cherish the friendships made and renewed.

Von ganzem Herzen möchte ich Ihnen sagen: Vielen Dank für alles, was Sie für mich 2013 getan haben.



FASCINATING CONNECTIONS JOHN H. WERREN

John (Jack) Werren is Nathaniel and Helen Wisch Professor of Biology at the University of Rochester in upstate New York. With over 190 publications in the general fields of genetics and evolution, his work is integrative in nature in both questions and techniques and spans topics ranging from symbiosis and parasitism to reproductive biology, development, and genome evolution. A unifying theme is investigating how interactions evolve among entities on different levels of biological organization (e.g. genes, individuals, species). Among his honorifics, Jack has received the Humboldt Prize, was elected as Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and was a finalist for the International Prize for Biology. – Address: Department of Biology, University of Rochester, River Campus Box 270211, Rochester, NY 14627, USA. E-mail: werr@mail.rochester.edu

Life is a web of connections. Networks occur across all biological levels, from sets of interacting genes to cells, organisms, social groups, species, communities of species, and ecosystems. How do these networks evolve and what are the roles of cooperation and conflict in shaping them? This was the topic of my Wiko exploration. Much of my career has involved the study of interactions among genes and between microbes and their hosts. Unbeknownst to many, our genes (and those of nearly all organisms) are not simply a happy family cooperating to create the successful organism. The DNA of nearly all organisms contains “parasites”, which can be harmful to the organism but gain an advantage in replication. In fact, it can be appropriate to think of an organism as an ecological community of genes, some cooperating while others exploit the system. It should be

pointed out that I am not assuming any cognition or intent here. All systems are vulnerable to exploitation, and even strands of DNA that are harmful to the organism can arise and increase when circumstances favor their proliferation. We know this to be the case because such genetic parasites are ubiquitous. Yet, the conflicts within the genome caused by these DNA parasites can lead to innovations over evolutionary time. This is one of the topics I decided to investigate while at Wiko. Among my projects, a paper was completed on how DNA modifications affect expression and evolution of gene networks. A second paper completed at Wiko reveals that an ancient transfer of DNA from bacteria to butterflies has resulted in the evolution of a new functional gene. What this gene does we do not yet know, but it has clearly been favored by natural selection to encode a functional protein. During his visit to Wiko, John Colbourne (University of Birmingham, UK) and I worked on a complex and fascinating data set revealing how networks of genes change expression over time and differ between the sexes – two manuscripts are underway that we hope to soon publish.

Processes of cooperation and conflict also occur among interacting organisms. My previous work has involved detailed studies of intracellular bacteria and how they interact with the host. Some of these bacteria are actually passed across generations when their hosts reproduce. One would assume that they would become benign passengers, or actively help the host, which is their vessel into the future. Yet many such bacteria are harmful parasites that alter the reproduction of their hosts – such as inducing sperm-egg difficulties, converting males into females, or killing the male offspring. Again, although these can be harmful to their interacting “partners”, a byproduct of this interaction may be the evolution of new species. Colleagues Peter Hammerstein (Humboldt University and Wiko Alumnus) and Arndt Telschow (University of Münster) and I completed a theoretical paper that shows how these bacteria can promote genetic divergence between populations, and perhaps lead to the evolution of new species. Peter and I also gave a joint talk on our collaborations entitled “When the guest becomes the pest: Conflicts between symbionts and their hosts” at a public symposium in Berlin on “Synthesizing Theoretical and Experimental Biology Today”. Another example of species interactions occur between “parasitoids” and their hosts. Parasitoids lay their eggs within the juvenile stages of other insects, which become nurseries for their developing young. This sounds gruesome and it is. Yet, parasitoids play an important role in keeping pest- and disease-transmitting insects at bay. Further, they can be quite beautiful – my favorite study organism is aptly called the “jewel wasp”. A female jewel wasp lays batches of eggs upon the pupae of flies

(the pupa in flies is equivalent to the chrysalis of butterflies, a transitional stage between larva and adult), and her young grow to adults upon this food. Although we may find her lifestyle unsavory, the jewel wasp is actually a reasonably good mother. She does not tend her young directly, but before laying her eggs she injects “venoms” into the fly that alter its physiology in remarkable ways, inducing the fly to make more amino acids, fats and sugars, and stopping its development, presumably so that the fly will not use up these resources. During a visit by Yacintha Ellers (Free University, Amsterdam) to Wiko, we discussed her research showing that parasitoids have lost the ability to make their own complex fatty acids. It now seems that this may be partly compensated for by their ability to use venoms to manipulate the host to do this for them.

Studies of parasitoid venoms may sound esoteric to some, but one of the fascinations of scientific research is that unexpected connections can emerge. As it turns out, our studies of how the jewel wasp’s venoms alter the fly’s metabolism revealed something unexpected – that alterations in the fly are similar to some metabolic complications caused by diabetes in people. Because we share many of the same metabolic pathways and similar genes with flies (during evolution, nature has been conservative with the basic toolkit of life), this implies that parasitoid venoms could yield some useful pharmaceuticals, or at least tools to study these pathways. During her visit to Wiko, Aisha Siebert (a graduate student at the University of Rochester) and I wrote a small grant proposal for early exploration of this possibility. We shall see whether this avenue bears fruit.

Following a visit by Arndt Telschow to Wiko and my follow-up visit to the University of Münster, Arndt and I are advancing our collaboration on disease dynamics and the evolution of generalist and specialist pathogens, using network modeling approaches. Jakob Strauß, a graduate student in Arndt’s laboratory group, is now visiting at the University of Rochester to work on the model.

As a geneticist and evolutionary biologist, the topics above are within my comfort zone. A major goal at Wiko was to step outside this comfort zone and conduct research for a book on how conflict and cooperation shape other networks of life, including ecosystems, and the social networks of microbes, plants, and animals (including humans). The diversity of academic interests found at Wiko, among both Fellows and frequent visitors, was an ideal environment for this effort. It is not possible to mention all the helpful discussions, but among them were lively exchanges with Cristina Lafont and Hubertus Buchstein on political theory, with Kelly Askew and Shakti Lamba on ways to measure cooperation in human social groups, with Sonia Sultan and Emily Jones on species-community

interactions, with Bruce Kogut on economic systems, and with Robert Trivers on evolutionary theory.

Many engaging interactions at Wiko came from periodic meetings of the Evolution Group. We were a diverse bunch, including a significant linguistic component of William Foley, Ben Fortson, and Johanna Nichols, as well as card-carrying evolutionary biologists such as Robert Trivers, Jim Costa, Joanna Masel, and Emily Jones. Bruce Kogut would infuse the conversation with economic insights and dry wit. Franco Moretti's interests in applying network modeling to literature brought him to see whether evolutionists had anything useful to say. Often we did not, but the conversations were lively and courteous, and I personally learned a lot about linguistics and cultural evolution in these discussions.

For me, though, among the best interactions occurred in unexpected "Wiko Moments". For example, Birgitta Whaley was at Wiko to explore connections between quantum theory and biology. I must admit to having been a bit skeptical about whether such connections would be meaningful, at least between quantum mechanics and my flavor of biology. However, when John Colbourne, Birgitta, and I conversed over a bottle of wine one evening, the ideas began to flow. Even in the sober light of the next day, the ideas retained merit. We found that population genetic theory had some relevance to questions of how photosynthesis could achieve levels of efficiency sufficient to reveal quantum processes; these thoughts are now part of a manuscript in preparation, with Birgitta at the helm.

Wiko moments often occurred during breakfast, when I would meet an unexpected visitor. One day I met a legal scholar on a short stay at Wiko. We proceeded to discuss topics of interest to each of us, and by the end of the meal I was convinced that a chapter on the Function and Evolution of Law would be crucial to my thesis. After all, what aspect of human culture could be more relevant to the resolution (or at least management) of human conflict than law? This has led to some intensive digging into a complex and dense literature, from which I have not yet emerged. Another Wiko moment came when Jim Costa and I decided that there is a linguistic puzzle in the word "fitness" and whether cross-fertilization between science and popular culture played a role in its evolution.

The meals at Wiko were such a pleasure, and my waistline is just now making a recovery. I would especially like to thank Lena Mauer and Daniela Gogel for marvelous meals and creating such a friendly atmosphere. The staff at Wiko is outstanding. I will mention a few who exemplify all those who make Wiko a success. Vera Schulze-Seeger answered our endless questions with charm and good humor – she was a patient mother

to the Wiko Fellows. Andrea Bergmann and Nina Kitsos guided us through administrative mazes, and Mari and I are especially grateful for help with Simon's school.

Mari and Simon and I made good friends at Wiko. We fondly remember brunches, dinners, and outings with the Costas, Gillian and Amy, Kelly, Ben and Cecilia, Elora, Ussama, Sinan, and Nur, and Bruce, Monika and Momo, and lively meals and conversations with Robert Trivers. Once Simon reaches the age of maturity (he is now 14), he may yet take Robert up on his offer for Simon to visit Jamaica, where Robert says Simon can find everything he needs in life. A unique part of my Wiko experience has been getting to know and becoming friends with Robert.

In closing, I should point out that not all connections work out. For example, there was a postal connection between Wiko and Rochester that involved a shipment of papers and notes on many of the topics I had developed at Wiko. When the box arrived at the University of Rochester, it contained theology books written in Greek and Polish, plus one of Mari's Japanese novels and a note from the postal service saying that the box had opened during shipment and been repacked with my loose materials. Fortunately, I will recover from this small debacle (some files were also generated electronically). Perhaps to complement my recent efforts in being a postal sleuth (so far without reward), I will now develop an interest in theology.



QUANTUM PHYSICS AND BIOLOGY –
A SEARCH FOR COMMON GROUND
K. BIRGITTA WHALEY

K. Birgitta Whaley is Professor of Chemistry, Director of the Berkeley Quantum Information and Computation Center at the University of California, Berkeley, and Faculty Scientist at the Lawrence Berkeley National Laboratory. She obtained her undergraduate degree at Oxford University (1978), was a Kennedy Fellow at Harvard University (1978–79), and obtained her Ph.D. in Chemical Physics at the University of Chicago (1984). This was followed by two years of postdoctoral work in Israel (Tel Aviv and Hebrew Universities), after which she moved to Berkeley as Assistant Professor (1986). Her research is focused on quantum information and quantum computation, the control and simulation of complex quantum systems, and quantum effects in biological systems. She is a Fellow of the American Physical Society and a former Chair of the Division of Chemical Physics. Her professional honors include Bergmann and Sloan Foundation fellowships, an Alexander von Humboldt research award, and a Professorship at the Miller Institute for Basic Research in Science in Berkeley. Service activities include advisory committees for the National Academy of Sciences and the Perimeter Institute for Theoretical Physics. – Address: Department of Chemistry, University of California at Berkeley, 406 Latimer Hall #1460, Berkeley, CA 94720-1460, USA. E-mail: whaley@berkeley.edu

In quantum physics and chemistry we usually assume that physical phenomena are fundamentally described by quantum mechanics. We also assume that an understanding of biology on the molecular level requires analysis of the microscopic physical and chemical phenomena responsible for biological form and function. Yet quantum mechanical phenomena usually appear to be unrelated, even irrelevant, to biology. To scientists for

whom classical kinetics and energetics generally suffice, the signature quantum effects such as the coherent wave behavior of particles and entanglement due to non-local correlations often seem quite counterintuitive.

This apparent separation between quantum dynamics and the (assumed) classical dynamics of biological systems raises profound questions for both physical science and biology. Such questions become prominent as novel experimental methods probe biological phenomena on extremely short time scales and reveal unexpected quantum mechanical features. The motivation for my Wiko project was to define and study these questions and their ramifications. Looking back on the project, I should say first that it was a great pleasure to work on these topics in a Focus Group on Quantum Biology together with my fellow Fellow Atac Imamoglu and two of our Life Sciences Fellows, Akihito Ishizaki and Alipasha Vaziri.

Before I came to Berlin, my work in Quantum Biology addressed the relevance of quantum dynamics to electronic energy transfer in the early stages of photosynthesis. I focused on the extent to which quantum effects are mechanistic components of the relevant molecular processes and was able to uncover questions about the relevance of observable quantum dynamics to biological function. These studies were primarily concerned with reconciling experimental observations with modern quantum dynamical theories. In my year at Wiko, my interests broadened and diversified in several respects. On the one hand, I began to analyze two broad issues of quantum photosynthesis: first, the use of quantum phenomena in biology as paradigms of open quantum systems; and second, the relevance of such quantum phenomena to evolution. At the same time, prompted by readings and discussion with other Fellows, I also considered whether there might be other biological phenomena in which quantum mechanics plays a significant dynamical or functional role and what the underlying requirements might be.

The First Initiative: Open Quantum Systems

Any critical manifestation of quantum dynamical behavior in biological function raises questions about both the quantum physics of complex systems and the differences between quantum and classical behavior. Biological systems have revealed examples of so-called open quantum systems in which non-trivial quantum effects can be preserved for significantly long times, despite interactions with an environment that would normally remove all dynamic quantum features. Whereas in quantum physics we usually make a sharp

distinction between the quantum system and its environment, this distinction is blurred in open quantum systems: the system and its environment are often intercalated or overlapping. The question how such an open quantum system can maintain signature quantum dynamical features is an inversion of the more traditional question of how quantum behavior is lost when zooming out from atoms and molecules to biological units. The study of open quantum systems in biology has provided new insight into the boundary between quantum and classical behavior.

The Second Initiative: Large-Scale Questions that Address Quantum Effects in Evolution

In this area I formulated two questions: How has photosynthetic machinery evolved to be so efficient? And can we use studies of natural genetic variation and experimental evolution to investigate quantum processes in photosynthesis? I arrived at these questions after extensive discussion with my biology colleagues at Wiko, in particular with my peer Fellows Jack Werren and Sonia Sultan. Thinking about these issues and discussing them with my Wiko colleagues has introduced me to a new area that I think is enriched by different disciplinary perspectives on the roles of “how” and “why” questions in scientific enquiry.

I also became interested in bird navigation and neuronal communication. Both of these areas might involve quantum coherent dynamics. Atac Imamoglu and I discussed how to probe the quantum effects in the way birds sense the earth’s magnetic field and use it to navigate. Alipasha Vaziri and I discussed the dynamics of ion channel transport and neuronal stimuli. Inevitably we came to consider the relationship between physical function and mental function. This led to fascinating interdisciplinary discussions with other Fellows and Wiko associates, most notably (to me) with Wiko Advisory Board member and Art Historian David Freedberg, when he visited in late May.

To explore these topics in our Focus Group, Atac Imamoglu and I convened a two-day seminar in early May on “Quantum Coherent Effects in Biology”. Our goal was to bring together quantum physicists, chemical physicists, and evolutionary biologists, in order to discuss both the nature and role of quantum mechanical effects in biological systems. The primary emphasis of this meeting was quantum coherence in photosynthesis; a secondary emphasis was the role of coherent electron-spin dynamics in avian navigation. We also had lively discussions devoted to the more general question of when and where quantum effects may be seen in biology and what conditions would be required for this. Some of

the seminar participants are now working on a joint manuscript summarizing our discussions of photosynthesis. In addition to this manuscript, Atac Imamoglu, Akihito Ishizaki, and I have begun work on a paper describing a quantum measurement interpretation of the common light-induced biological processes.

My primary goal as a Fellow at Wiko was to study the overlap between quantum physics and biology and to explore the opportunities that this might create for new understanding in each of these areas. Although my time at Wiko was relatively short (only five and a half months) it was highly stimulating in all respects: my interests in quantum biology grew and matured, I learned from and with the other Fellows, and I thoroughly enjoyed the musical and artistic side of Wiko. The lively intellectual environment of the Fellows' community at Wiko is highly conducive to pursuing new, potentially significant ideas, to exploring potential links between seemingly disparate fields, and to thinking more deeply about our academic and artistic disciplines.

No less important to me was my stay in Berlin, which offered me many artistic and intellectual riches. Some of these were anticipated while others were unexpected: all revealed a Berlin of great cultural heritage that is also characterized by a vibrant contemporary life. I was particularly moved by the thoughtful analysis and remembrance of the past that is evident in so many places. Walking through the city, observing and listening to its voices, seeing how different neighborhoods have changed, understanding how the past is being addressed to inform both the present and the future: these months have made me appreciate my links to Germany in a deeper sense than before. I would like to thank the entire Wiko staff for making this wonderful opportunity possible.



NEWCOMB'S PROBLEM MENAHEM YAARI

Menahem Yaari is Schonbrunn Professor of Mathematical Economics (Emeritus) at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem. In 2004–10 he served as President of the Israel Academy of Sciences and Humanities, where he has been a member since 1991. Born in Jerusalem in 1935, he received a B.A. in economics and philosophy from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem in 1958. In 1962, he was granted a Ph.D. in economics and statistics by Stanford University in California. Subsequently he served as Assistant Professor and Associate Professor at Yale University, and later he became Professor of Mathematical Economics at the Hebrew University. He is a founding member of the Center for the Study of Rationality at the Hebrew University and served as chair of the Center's Academic Committee from 1991 until 2004. Menahem Yaari's research has been mainly in the areas of the economics of uncertainty, consumer theory, and economic justice. 1985–92, Professor Yaari was the Director of the Institute for Advanced Studies at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, after which, from 1992 to 1997, he served as President of The Open University of Israel. He is a founding member and co-chair of IPSO (the Israeli-Palestinian Science Organization). In 2000/01 he was a member of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. – Address: Center for the Study of Rationality, The Hebrew University, Givat Ram Campus, Jerusalem 91904, Israel. E-mail: mey@math.huji.ac.il

The Rector and the Board of the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin (Wiko) had kindly invited me to be a short-term Fellow at this splendid institution, and it was decided that I should take up this appointment at the beginning of the academic year 2012/13. Accordingly, my wife Nurit and I took up residence at Wiko from mid-September until early November 2012.

This period, brief though it may have been, turned out to become, for us, a unique combination of access to Berlin's cultural treasures, exposure to Wiko's wonderful atmosphere of friendliness, and an opportunity for uninterrupted contemplation and research.

In 1969, Harvard philosopher Robert Nozick published a paper titled "Newcomb's Problem and Two Principles of Choice". In it, he claimed that standard Decision Theory, which lies at the basis of Economics, Statistics, and other disciplines, contains a major flaw, in that two of its founding principles are actually inconsistent with each other. For more than four decades, Nozick's claim was a matter of heated debate among philosophers, economists, and others, with literally dozens of articles written on the matter and appearing in professional scientific organs. It is fair to say, I think, that this considerable intellectual effort did not seem to produce a conclusive resolution for Nozick's puzzle. During my stay at Wiko, I was able to develop an argument that, I contend, does provide the necessary bridge between Nozick's two conflicting principles. The text of the resulting paper ("Newcomb's Problem: Paradox Lost") is now under review at a professional journal.



THE POETICAL OTHER IN
A NEW WORLD
LIAN YANG

Poet, prose writer, essayist, Member of the Board of PEN International. Born in 1955 in Bern, educated in China. Publications: *Concentric Circles* (2005); *Aufzeichnungen eines glückseligen Dämons* (2009); *Jade Ladder* (2012). – Address: Kurfürstenstraße 18, 10785 Berlin.

To work at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin is delightful. The year has passed so quickly, and looking back to 2012/13, I want to say this has been one of the best years in my life and my writings. “The best” based on what I have gained from my writings and my activities, which can be divided into the following six sections, and again, linked together to point to the subject of “The Poetic Other in a New World”, the theme I set up for my works at Wiko at the beginning of this year. I do hope the following report will show their quality separately but their depth collectively. After all, the awareness of individuality actively creates “the poetic other”, which is so necessary for a “New World”.

The six sections based on the six fields of my works are:

- I. Poetry Writing
- II. Essay Writing
- III. Translations
- IV. Editing
- V. Events
- VI. The Colloquium

I. Poetry Writing

I have written 12 poems during the year. They are among the works I like the most so far. There are two interesting points here:

a) The inspiration of Berlin. The city has always been a stage of history, including my own experiences. I was here for the first time in 1991 when I was a DAAD Fellow; the memory of the Tiananmen Massacre was clear and the fall of the Berlin Wall was so moving. And then, I am here again but the world has meanwhile experienced 9/11; Iraqi wars; so-called globalization; and cynicism everywhere ... historical understanding mixed up with personal passion became layers inside of these new poems such as “The Address of Berlin”, “The Anniversary of Snow”, “U1: New Platform Songs from the Jade Terrace”, “One Person’s City, Age of Sky ...”. They deepened my spiritual journey that I called “Watching Ourselves Set Sail”, the title of my colloquium in Wiko that I gave on the 4th of June 2013 (the 24th anniversary of the Tiananmen Massacre).

b) The equally important point is the maturing of my own literary qualities; 20 intervening years made my writing very different from in 1991, the forms of my new poems are all exquisitely designed; many of them could be called “Neoclassical” style; the visual images deeply meet the specially arranged rhymes and rhythms, in order to meet the poetic meanings. For example, in “Grandmother’s Boat”, the endings of the six lines in the first stanza in turn are rhymed in the following stanzas; the poem builds up an internal memory to form the theme of memory of history. “U1: New Platform Songs from the Jade Terrace” brought the Berlin’s underground line 1, which runs very close to my home, to meet “New Songs from the Jade Terrace”, one of the best-known anthologies of classical Chinese poems that is so important for constructing classical poetry forms. Here, three rhymed lines per stanza (nine stanzas in total) made a Berliner journey, not to elsewhere but into the depth of poetry, broken through the limits of cultures and times.

Both of the above examples met the challenges of both the contemporary living situation and the classical poems that, so well known for their extremely exquisite forms, thus almost became a nightmare for contemporary Chinese poets. Based on this, I want to call my new poems “experimental” because of their “Neoclassical” ideas. They showed the latest step of the modern transformation of Chinese cultural tradition, the main theme of Chinese thinking in the whole of the 20th century. Finally, what has matured is not only the poems, but also my awareness of myself as a fully developed, individual poet.

II. Essay Writing

I wrote five long essays during my year in Wiko. They are:

“The Political in the Poetic”, an essay based on my work translating a poem written by an Uighur poet in exile, which showed me how his poem profoundly questioned Islamic culture. I then linked his thought with Chinese introspection on our history and tradition after the Cultural Revolution. I found that there are no conflicts between these individual thinkers at all or between the Uighur and Chinese cultures, which are commonly said to have strong conflicts. The energy of questioners, not just of others, but also of ourselves, brought our understanding together and strengthened global individual exchanges in the 21st century. The essay was written to address the extremely complex political situation worldwide from a deeper point of view, poetry, and to find a key to open the always rusty doors. The essay has been translated into German, English, and French and published by the Institut für Auslandsbeziehungen based in Berlin in *Kulturen verbinden – Der ifa-Newsletter* 3/2013.

“I, Lan Ling Xiao Xiao Sheng”, a long essay on the well-known classical Chinese novel *Jin Ping Mei* (The Plum in the Golden Vase), the most mysterious classical literature that shocked all readers with its rampant pornography, therefore, it was called one of the most extraordinary books since it was first printed in 1617. The other and even stranger matter is that there is simply no evidence of who the author was. In my essay, I studied the details of the novel, especially the aforementioned pornographic activities of some main figures in a selected chapter (the seventh chapter), to show that the author did not write them in thoughtless fun, but deliberately composed them to plumb the figures’ psychological depth as they fight for their survival in the family (society), which is full of cruel competition. Following this line, I showed why there are no good figures in the book; their ugly actions were the “epitaxial” growth of their internal natures. If we pay attention to them, we can discover the inner nature of humanity. The power of the novel develops from the classical Chinese craft of detailed description, resembling Dostoevsky’s powerful dissection of psychology. “Jin Ping Mei” must be called the first modern novel written in Chinese! It is also a very original novel, because it almost cut out all realistic background by simply selecting the two main characters from another classical Chinese novel and developing their story to become a totally different book, finally including all realities and all times through nothing but literature. So it was also the first novel written about the philosophy

of fiction! Based on this, I couldn't help but believe that the author deliberately deleted all traces of his life. The pen name "Xiao Xiao Sheng" means "a person laughs and laughs again (at you)", confirming this conjecture. My essay tried to continue this "tradition" by speaking in the first person. I composed this essay almost as a fiction; the necessity here is that I did not talk solely about the past, but also about reality by rewriting the history and tradition. This is one of the most important themes of my project "the poetic other" at Wiko. The essay was already published by *Shu Cheng*, one of the well-known literary magazines in China, in March 2013.

"Nichts ernst nehmen", a long essay on cynicism. This essay met the very situation that "the poetic other" faces now. Again, China was a starting point, after its disabled economic reform, the pure material desire and the commercial waves sweeping across the whole country and almost everyone, from the secret police to small street businesspeople, from Nobel Prize-winning official writers to university professors, and even so-called underground writers shared this same way of thinking; everything, including recycled Cold War slogans, are used for commercial aims. And again, in the new world that China is part of, the West faces an even more contradictory situation today. After the Cold War, political ideas became extremely poor, social ideals became almost empty, and commercial interests force people to say anything without meaning it. The split between words and meanings proves the depth of our spiritual crisis, a crisis much deeper than that of the economy. The huge confusion in value standards made a vacuum of the values and led directly to a cynical attitude toward life. This is a new and ancient nightmare. The timeless cannot coexist with and destroyed any imagination of linear evolution, but poetry is very familiar with it and has dealt with it since the beginning of history. We know the only difference here is that this situation is no longer limited to a single culture. The world is "a common reality" jointly made by multicultural systems. Thus, again, poetry has proved itself an active opposition refusing any kind of controls, whether political or commercial; but keeping the passion of questioners, poets challenge themselves alive; the passion is the energy to keep our culture alive. Poetry is building up a global tradition of aesthetic personal resistance in this era of globalization. The essay was translated into German and was published in *Lettre International* (100th issue) in March 2013.

"The Third Shore", an introduction for the anthology of the same title of Chinese-English poets' translations. This essay developed the ideas of the profound exchanges arising

through mutual translation between international poets, in this case especially between Chinese and English, as a specially designed project that has been ongoing for about ten years. This project focuses on poetry, but the true aim is to create a real spiritual meeting between different cultures in the economically linked global world, to prevent globalization from remaining solely on a shallow and commercial level. I made a summary of five past projects of Chinese-English poets' translations and introduced a discussion of the way poets translated each other, a difficult but exciting, complex but lightning-sharp endeavor. This was a layer-by-layer journey to gain the understanding of the originals, then to "grow another tree" from the very root of original experiences in the target language. Finally, this work is totally different from a translator's job, which spans a bridge at the edges of two languages; this is more a tunnel linking the central depths of different cultures: a model of the individuals' exchanges in our time. The title of "The Third Shore" is based on Walter Benjamin's characterizing translation as "The Third Language". He pointed out that translation has to challenge both languages and create an exciting third. Translation has been called "the biggest language in the world today": it should also be the deepest one. The essay has been translated into English, and the anthology has been published bilingually in China and the UK in 2013.

"The Artistic Mature Held up by Tai Hang Mountains", a long art criticism essay on the thought and paintings of Yang Ermin, a well-known contemporary Chinese artist. This essay deals especially with the theme of tradition and modernity in Chinese arts by comparing Japanese and Chinese arts in the 20th century. Yang Ermin's works are extremely conceptual; he introduces a brand new system of colors into the ancient Chinese water-ink landscape painting tradition that for many years trended to calligraphy-like black and white. My essay deals with the artistic reviews of his works and as well as comparing his works with the long and often failed modern transformation of Chinese arts in the past, to discover how his way of thinking is fundamentally different from that of others. In particular, how did he arrive at a clear idea of bringing modernity and technology together and then keeping the journey together always, while others just follow fashion, then give it up when social conditions change? My essay is about far more than paintings, but through paintings it discusses the modern transformation of classical Chinese culture, the theme haunting all Chinese intellectuals for nearly a century. What's meant by "modern"? How shall we make it? Why must we keep an awareness of "tradition"? And how can we prove that our modern thinking is functional in the multicultural world?

This study aimed to build up the contexts for contemporary Chinese poets and artists, as well as for the global cultural world. The essay has been accepted and will be published by *Du Shu*, the best-known literary magazine in China, in its July 2013 issue.

III. Poetry Translations

Apart from my own writings of poetry and essays, I have also been translating during my year at Wiko. As I described above, translation is a foundational step of my understanding of and exchanges with foreign cultures. I have translated a total of eleven poems from Uighur, English, and German into Chinese, and together with English and German poets, I translated six of my own poems into English and German. We documented all of our discussions throughout this process, and the results will be very valuable for further developments. All my new translations in Chinese have been published, and my own poems in English translation have been published, too. Before leaving Wiko, I plan to start another translation project with Kelly Askew on the poems of Abdilatif, the well-known Zambian poet. We will start with his special dialect and move via Swahili (step one) and English (step two) into Chinese (step three) and finally into an invented Chinese dialect (step four); this will be a great, exciting exchange between two cultures that are very far apart, but whose fates have some deep similarities.

IV. Editing

I edited four books during my year at Wiko.

- a) *The Third Shore: Chinese and English – Language Poetry in Mutual Translation*. This 240-page anthology includes about 30 poets from China, the UK, the USA, Canada, New Zealand, and South Africa. It has been published bilingually by Shearsman Books, United Kingdom and East China Normal University Press, China in 2013.
- b) *Watching Ourselves Set Sail* – A selection of my poems in Chinese: this 300-page selection has been published in 2013.
- c) *Questions about the Demon Taotie* – A collection of my recent poems together with selected representative works from the past. This ca. 400-page book will be published by Jiangsu People's Publishing House (forthcoming).

d) *A Midsummer Light's Nighthouse* – A collection of my translations of foreign poems: this 100-page book comprises my Chinese translations of twelve international poets. Each section includes a literary introduction about a poet, his poems, and their translation.

V. Some Events

There are some events deeply linked with my creative writings that are deeply meaningful, and so I think including them here is important, for example:

a) Artsbj.com's International Chinese Poetry Prize:

I am the artistic director of the website of artsbj.com. We started this poetry prize in July 2012, and within a half year more than 50,000 poems flooded in. Many of them are very good poems, but they were written by poets we never heard of, which means that a huge hidden layer of Chinese society under the commercial surface has been unearthed. During the year 2012–13, I continue to engage in exchange with these poets online almost every day; I also went to China to hold the first meeting of the international committee in Yangzhou City / Nanjing City in April 2013 on the occasion of the Yangzhou / Nanjing International Poetry Festival. The meeting built up direct links between Chinese poets (many of whom still work as low-paid labor) and the international level of poetry; the poetry prize was a very important development and has already become a very special social, cultural, and literary phenomenon.

b) Yangzhou / Nanjing International Poetry Festival:

I was invited to be the co-director of the festival. Based on my experiences of how to make the best international exchanges among poets, as well as my understanding of the rapidly changing Chinese social and cultural situation, we designed the festival structure to move from internal exchanges to external exchanges, meaning from poets' translations (from classical and contemporary Chinese into English and German, on the one hand, and from English and German into Chinese, on the other hand) to poets' internal discussions (this time, the theme was "International and Local") and then staging public events to show the results of the poets' exchanges. The festival was greatly successful with this structure. Both poets and the audience responded that "every detail is based on the wonderful understanding of poetry"!

c) Poetry International Rotterdam:

Inspired by *Jade Ladder*, the anthology of contemporary Chinese poetry in English translation (published by Bloodaxe Books, UK, 2011) and the ArtsBeijing.com International Chinese Poetry Prize, the 44th Poetry International Festival Rotterdam, the world's biggest poetry festival, decided to make Chinese poetry the theme of its festival this year. Such a project on Chinese poetry has never been held before. For this reason, I provided the idea and organized an online "Synchronic International Poetry Festival" between Rotterdam and China at 3 p.m. (Central European Time) and 9 p.m. (Beijing time) on the 14th of June, with more than ten international poets on the Rotterdam side and a huge number of Chinese poets and people on the other side. We visited QQ.com (one of the biggest social media in China, resembling Facebook) to read, to discuss, and to respond to poems, with my hosting in Chinese and English. After the three hours of the event, QQ.com recorded 6.7 million visits! The number became 14 million by the next morning, and then 25 million in another week; in the meantime (as of the 28th of June), the site has had 32 million visitors! It is a hugely ground-breaking event, because its poetry is of very high quality as well! I do believe this opened up some profoundly important and new possibilities of cultural transformation and exchanges in the era of globalization, and I am very happy that it happened during my time at Wiko.

VI. The Colloquium

Finally, the colloquium I gave at Wiko was also a ground-breaking event in my own literary life. It was a huge challenge for me, first, to summarize my own literary journey and what has happened in China's intellectual fields in the past thirty years, and second, to present it in my homemade English. But with the help of Wiko and the Fellows, as well as with the careful chosen title "Watching Ourselves Set Sail", which is based on the rich awareness of exile as a deep, shared point holding things together, I managed to make a clear presentation of my writings and provide a map of thinking in China at the same time. To be questioners is the main energy of both of these topics and this also provides a point in common between China and other cultures. The creative individuals are the poets today, and we respond to the world's situation together. The journey of "watching ourselves set sail" is timeless, and so let us continue "starting from the impossible".

I am deeply grateful that the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin provided the best possible working conditions for me, resulting in these extremely rich results of works. I must say

that, to my mind, the six sections above form “concentric circles”, which is also the title of my book-length poem *Konzentrische Kreise* published by Hanser Verlag in 2013. These six aspects are deeply linked to deepening the notion of “the poetic other” and open up many possibilities for the future. Based on this year of works, the concentric circles will expand more and more.



EINE FUSSGÄNGERIN IN BERLIN
UND DER BUS M19
FROMA I. ZEITLIN

Born in 1933, educated at Radcliffe-Harvard (1954) and Columbia University (1970), retired from Princeton University in 2010 as the Charles Ewing Professor of Greek Language and Literature in the Department of Classics and Professor in the Department of Comparative Literature. Additionally, founder and director of the Program in Judaic Studies from 1996–2005. She is a specialist in Greek literature from Homer to Late Antiquity, with special interests in ancient drama and prose fiction, along with work in gender criticism, as well as the relations between art and text. Some of her publications also include essays on Holocaust literature. Her main work, however, consists of *Under the Sign of the Shield: Semiotics and Aeschylus' Seven Against Thebes* (1982; 2nd ed. 2009); *Playing the Other: Gender and Society in Classical Greek Literature* (1996); an assortment of edited or co-edited volumes: *Before Sexuality: Structures of Erotic Experience in the Ancient Greek World* (1990); *Nothing to Do with Dionysos? Athenian Drama in its Social Context* (1990); *Love, Sex, and Gender in the Ancient Novel* (2012), and numerous other essays. – Address: Classics Department, Princeton University, 104 East Pyne, Princeton, NJ 08544-5264, USA. E-Mail: fiz@princeton.edu

How many miles did I trudge over this last year, making my way from the Villa Walther to the Wiko – to lunches, dinners, seminars, concerts, with frequent stops at the library and sessions in German at the Villa Jaffé? And an equal number in returning along the Koenigsallee, whether clad in down coat and winter boots against the cold (for much too long) or greeting the change of season (at last) when trees and flowers burst into bloom? And how often did I greet the M19 bus with joy as it loomed on the horizon – right on

time, whether in either direction – a welcome sight indeed as a passport out of our sheltered surroundings, however idyllic they might be. I still see that little blue bridge, my landmark signaling the passage from and to my light-filled aerie on the top floor of the Villa Walther – stopping to see if I could spot a swan or two placidly gliding over the water, or looking for bushy-tailed foxes sauntering fearlessly down the street, and more often, spying big-eared red squirrels (unlike the gray and black ones we have at home). Home from my expeditions along the Ku'damm and beyond, sometimes pulling my laden shopping cart behind me as I plied my errands, and at other times returning from forays into this enormous city, whose geography seemed clear enough on the numerous maps I acquired but which continually, or so it seemed, challenged my meager navigational skills. I learned the routes of S-Bahns and U-Bahns, of changes from the M19 to other buses, but somehow every outing to a new location was a bit of an adventure (unless I cheated and phoned for a taxi that was comfortingly quick to arrive).

This was not my first encounter with Berlin. Far from it. My first visit was in the spring of 1989 and when I stood before the Wall separating the two Berlins, I remember I said to myself: “Never in my lifetime,” but four months later, suddenly and improbably it was gone. I recall venturing into East Berlin at the time from the Friedrichstraße U-Bahn stop and passing those eerie vacant stations as we hurtled to Alexanderplatz. I remember too the uncanny emptiness of the streets, with the feeling of hundreds of eyes peering out of windows of buildings still pockmarked with shrapnel, and a tingling sense of anxiety that I was alone in strange territory, since my friends had left the day before. But even in West Berlin, this first visit elicited a strong combination of curiosity, fascination, and apprehension. Here I was in the epicenter of the Third Reich – I, a Jew from New York, born in the same year that Hitler came to power. I had no family ties to German life and culture (my parents emigrated to the US as children from Eastern Europe before the First World War), but I had always considered myself somehow “a child of that time”. If I had been there, I would not have been here. Perhaps this is the reason that, in addition to my academic field of Classics, I have also ventured into Holocaust studies, not as a historian, but in teaching and writing about texts and images. And now I was in Berlin. And, as it turned out, it was not to be the last time.

A number of other visits followed. My son-in-law, a Chinese art historian (Wu Hung), curated several exhibitions at the Haus der Kulturen der Welt (House of World Cultures) and we came for the openings on several occasion. And then there were the conferences and workshops focusing on the Greek god Dionysos, whether in cult or in drama – my

fate it seems is irrevocably tied to explorations of this divinity, thanks to a fervent devotee (Renate Schlesier) at the FU, whose seemingly indefatigable energy in promoting this topic pursued me even during my time at the Wiko. Over these years, as a united Berlin grew and prospered, my engagement with this city – its history, its culture, and its evolution into a center of museums, concerts, theaters, lectures, and yes, its numerous memorials scattered over so many districts – endured and grew, modified by time. Hence the unexpected invitation to spend a whole year in Berlin at the Wiko was one I could not finally refuse. It was perhaps a simple coincidence that the year was 2013, the great anniversary of the fateful events of 1933 and my transition to octogenarian status. But I never imagined the extraordinary civic theme of *Zerstörte Vielfalt* (Diversity Destroyed) that took over Berlin in January (and ongoing until November), offering an amazing variety of exhibitions and events all over the city. But even as these reawakened the terrible past, even as the Gleis 17 memorial in my home base in Grunewald was an ever-present reminder, I could not help but admire the determination to remember and to do so with what seemed to be an endless reservoir of energy and imagination. Berlin of the past and Berlin of the present merged into an unforgettable year. Along these lines, I personally found several exhibitions among the most impressive: R. B. Kitai, “Obsessions”, at the Jüdische Museum, “Verfemt, verfolgt – vergessen?” (Ostracized, Persecuted, Forgotten?) at the Ephraim-Palais, and the overview 1933–1938 at the Deutsche Historische Museum.

Despite the fact that our Grunewald itself, with its lakes, forests, and stunning villas, had once been home to many Jews before they were dispossessed and driven out, and despite the scattering of *Stolpersteine* that gave names and facts to former inhabitants, the Wiko itself inhabited a space all its own. A magical place for work and play, for conversation and welcome solitude. I had spent a year at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton and some time at the American Academy in Rome, but nothing prepared me for the extraordinary experience of living and working at the Wiko. I think of the remarkable staff that was always so eager to help us in virtually every facet of our lives: I could name so many whom I should thank personally in this report, but although I had more dealings with some more than others, the list would fill these entire pages (although I will recall a few in passing and at the end of this report). I think of the welcome each time I entered the Wiko, greeted by the glorious flower arrangements that changed each week and Vera Schulze-Seeger’s delighted smile. I think of the endless patience of the folks at the IT, the clever resourcefulness of the library staff, the many helpful services by those in charge of the Fellows, the cheerful home visits when necessary by those who

worked in maintenance, and so many more kindnesses. I think too of the cultural and sightseeing outings arranged for us, and, of course, I can't forget the German lessons (I must here mention Eva von Kügelgen by name), even if my progress in the language left me disappointed with my own shortcomings. And much more could be said. I can honestly say that I have never been so pampered before, and it was indeed a wrench when it was time to pack up and say goodbye. My gratitude knows no bounds.

But the other side of the Wiko was the companionship of the other Fellows. I think we were lucky in this respect. There must have been some years when the mix of Fellows from different fields, countries, and ages didn't quite work out to produce such an atmosphere, not just of collegiality, but of an unexpected congeniality that all of us this time enjoyed in one another's company. Whether at lunches or dinners, whether at seminars or other events, but above all, in the Villa Walther, where so many of us resided, there was always a sense that, beyond intellectual engagement, we could be counted upon to help one another and that one could knock at any door at any time if any of us were in need. And here I would like to name some names of those I particularly treasured to record them for posterity in this Jahrbuch: Daniel and Chava Boyarin, for special and frequent hospitality; Franco Moretti, my closest neighbor, with whom I shared exchange of goodies, ideas, and much more; Tony and Helen Reid, indefatigable travelers, who included me in their jaunts as well as frequently fetching my favorite beverage from the supermarket with their car; Bruce Kogut and Monika Knutsson (and Momo) for warm companionship and thoughtful favors; Sonia Sultan and Kendall Baker (and Jasmine), who appreciated my concern for them; Gillian Bentley and her kids, for helpful advice along with Cristina Lafont and Axel Müller; Jim and Leslie Costa, too, for excellent counsel; ultra-chic Delphine Gardey (and Dominique) for tasty surprises left at my window; Andrii and Olesia Portnov for sharing issues of their struggles at home and giving us Nadia; Kelly Askew and Ben Fortson (and spunky Cecilia), the first especially for introduction to her musical world; and, above all, José Burucúa, my partner on so many outings and late night films, especially, when we were both on our own. We shared too our interests in art; I will never forget our adventures on the Long Night of Berlin Museums in the freezing cold as we dashed from one venue to another. But I would also like to single out two more, who did not live in the Villa but who were such an important part of my life at the Wiko. Avi Lifschitz, a young and talented intellectual historian, and at the very top, Michael Squire (and his partner, Chris Whitton). I had known Michael before and had admired his precocious brilliance in fields that interested me most (more on that later).

The opportunity to spend a year with him was one of the best attractions for me at the Wiko.

I have left out so many others and I apologize for any omissions, but I should at least mention the joy of the Diotima Quartet in the fall and the incomparable presence of Alfred Brendel in the spring. The creative activities of our painter, Kamal Boullata (and Lily Farhoud); composer, Mark Andre; poet, Yang Lian; and sculptor, Kendall Baker, added to the enrichment of our year.

But now, what did I myself do at the Wiko? Why were so many books piled up in my name? What happened during the year and what stands out especially in my memory? So many Fellows in previous years (and this one too, no doubt) have written extensively about their intellectual interests and their progress or accomplishments of their year at the Wiko. I will be much briefer. My project was one that has consumed me for many years. Entitled provisionally *Vision, Figuration, and Image from Theater to Romance in the Ancient Greek World*, it consisted of six chapters that included an introduction, two chapters on Greek tragedy, and three on ancient prose fiction. All were in draft form; some had been partially published, and others awaited further revisions, with perhaps an addition of another chapter or two. My aim was to explore certain facets of visual culture in ancient Greece through some persistent themes and preoccupations found in literary genres from the archaic and classical periods (particularly Homer and the dramatic stage) to the world of Late Antiquity (prose fiction), as these intersect with the figurative arts, notably sculpture and painting. My interest was primarily directed toward exploring the uncanny powers of imaging and of figuration through a whole range of visual experiences that, beside works of art, also included dreams, visions, phantoms, epiphanies of gods, and theatrical scenes of mimetic reenactment. What drew these disparate phenomena into the same force field, as I argued, was primarily their role as agents of mediation that derive from an enduring set of imaginings in a culture, which gave gods human form and used the image of the body both to separate and cross the ontological lines that distinguish the animate from the inanimate, the illusion from reality, the dream from the waking state, the evanescent from the eternal, the self from the other, the living from the dead, the mortal from the immortal, and the past from the present.

To this end, the relations between word and image held a special place in my thinking, especially through the rhetorical device of ekphrasis, and I was fortunate that a group of us at the Wiko participated in a workshop, thoughtfully convened by Marianne Koos, that consisted of a group of disparate Fellows, who nevertheless shared some common

interests: our artists (Kamal Boullata, Lily Farhoud, Kendall Baker), art historians (in addition to Marianne: José Burucúa, Alessandra Russo, Michael Squire), classicists (Jonas Grethlein), specialists in Late Antiquity (Elizabeth Key Fowden), and intellectual historians (Avi Lifschitz). We focused on the question, “Was ist ein Bild?” through readings of some of the most important theorists of the image. At the end of the day, after all these encounters, many of them stimulating and significant, I realized that the endless debates about relations between word and image as such led me no further to my goal, but rather that two other concepts were more promising in my endeavors: the first was agency: to what degree do objects of art and the pictorial imagination itself draw their power from their status as agents: not passive representations but active forces in eliciting audience response in emotional subjectivity? The second was the idea of performance: that is, the performative aspects of techniques of visualization that theatricalize acts of viewing in framed encounters. The many conversations with Michael Squire helped immeasurably in my thinking, and while I cannot say that I fulfilled my ambitions in bringing this long overdue book to completion, I have made major advances in my year at the Wiko.

One of the innumerable pleasures of the Wiko amid its many intellectual opportunities was the workshops organized by former Fellows. These gave opportunities for true interdisciplinary exchanges, and the two in which I participated, “Irony” (led by Carlo Ginzburg) and “Hamlet and the Problem of Succession” (led by Stephen Greenblatt) were highlights of the year. The “Hamlet” project in particular turned out to be for me not just an opportunity to revisit that greatest of Shakespeare’s dramas, but also the most problematic in many of its facets (starting with its three different versions). It allowed me to make a personally rewarding contribution that, as a classicist, gave me a special relationship to the text. In refocusing the problem of succession on the Queen herself and the various complications of her status, in regard to her multiple roles (sister, wife, queen, heiress, but especially mother), I was able to turn the conversation to the question of matricide (inherited from Greek tragedy) that was an unsuspected undercurrent of the entire text. We were a motley crew (with current Fellows, Shakti Lamba, Bruce Kogut, Franco Moretti, along with other invited participants), combining specialists in history, literature, sociology, and evolutionary biology. And while no one could say that we were able to integrate all the different approaches, the experience itself was rich and rewarding – an example in miniature of what the Wiko does best. I hope that in the future, as a former Fellow, I will have the opportunity to participate in such endeavors, when they take place.

Otherwise, as I draw this report to a close, let me first extend my gratitude to Luca Giuliani and Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus for their intellectual leadership and cordial friendship that meant so much to me. Second, I append a list of my other activities during the year as well as essays I wrote or published during this time:

Essays published or in press 2012–13

- “Gendered Ambiguities, Hybrid Formations, and the Imaginary of the Body in Achilles Tatius.” In *Narrating Desire: Eros, Sex, and Gender in the Ancient World*, edited by Marilia Pinheiro, Marilyn Skinner and Froma I. Zeitlin, 113–134. Berlin: de Gruyter, 2012.
- “A Study in Form: Recognition Scenes in the Three Electra Plays.” *Lexis* 30 (2012): 361–378.
- “Landscapes and Portraits: Signs of the Uncanny and Illusions of the Real.” In *The Construction of the Real and the Ideal in the Ancient Novel*, edited by Stelios Panayotakis, et al., 61–87. Groningen: Barkhuis, 2013. (Ancient Narrative Supplementum 17.)
- “Figure: Ekphrasis.” *Greece Rome* 60 (2013): 17–31.
- “Longus and Achilles Tatius.” In *The Oxford Handbook of the Second Sophistic*, edited by William Johnson and Daniel Richter. Oxford University Press (forthcoming).
- “Romancing the Classics.” In *Marginality, Canonicity, and Passion*, edited by Christina Kraus and Marco Formisano (forthcoming).

Papers given in 2012–13

1. “Gender Trouble and the *Bacchae*: Male, Female, and Somewhere in Between,” at *Moderne Transformationen der Bakchen von Euripides*. Topoi, Berlin, 19–20 October 2012.
2. “Longus’ *Daphnis and Chloe*: Intermedial and Intertextual Approaches to *Voir et Dire*,” at *Faire Œuvre dans l’Antiquité Grecque et Latine*, in honor of Philippe Rousseau, University of Lille 3, 9–10 November 2012.
3. “Dionysus, Theater, and Festival in Ancient Athens: Tragic and Comic Perspectives,” at *Zum Fest. Heyday of Emotions*, Einstein Forum, 13–15 December 2012.
4. “The Erotic Lures of Mimesis: Text and Image in the Ancient Cultural Imaginary and Beyond,” Basel, 16 April 2013.
5. “*Hamlet*: Succession and Generational Passage,” Wiko workshop, Hamlet, 24–25 May 2013.
6. “Jean-Pierre Vernant and Euripides’ *Bacchae*,” at 8th Dionysos Workshop, led by Renate Schlesier, Institute for the Scientific Study of Religion, Freie Universität, 24–25 May 2012.