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INSTITUTE FOR ADVANCED STUDY

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HERAUSGEGEBEN VON LUCA GIULIANI
MIT BERICHTEN UND BEITRÄGEN VON

Pierre-Laurent Aimard • C. Athena Aktipis • Elena Arriero
Cheikh Anta Babou • Seth Barribeau • Jocelyn Benoist • Kasia M. Bieszczad
Felix Breden • Bruce G. Carruthers • John Carson • Kathleen M. Coleman
Mícheál de Barra • Emmanuel Didier • Wendy Espeland • Jenna M. Gibbs
Eckart Goebel • Urszula Hibner • Andrew Higginson • Michael Hochberg
Gunther Jansen • Baber Johansen • Gebhard Kirchgässner • Hanna Kokko
Tong Lam • John H. Langbein • Michele Loporcaro • Laurenz Lütteken
Carlo C. Maley • Judith Mank • Daniel Markovits • Andrea Mennicken
Natasha Mhatre • Tamás Miklós • Yair Mintzker • Shahriar Mondanipour
William Mulligan • Klaus Ospald • Jahnavi Phalkey • Theodore M. Porter
Paul Robertson • Mahua Sarkar • Pippa Skotnes • Yuri Slezkine • Hari Sridhar
Simon Teuscher • Nina Verheyen • Janina Wellmann • Gerald S. Wilkinson

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VORWORT DES HERAUSGEBERS

Nicht alle Erwartungen, die ein Fellow am Anfang seines akademischen Jahres hegt, gehen in Erfüllung. Zum Beispiel: „I came to the Wissenschaftskolleg with the (erroneous) idea that I would be 100% focused on my work: isolated and able to devote myself entirely to intensive writing.“ (24: Elena Arriero). Oder: „Ich bezog das kleine Büro im Neubau mit dem Vorsatz, mein Buch bis zum folgenden Sommer fertig zu schreiben.“ (209: Simon Teuscher). Ein ausgezeichnete Vorsatz – wären da nicht alle anderen Fellows gewesen, die einem dauernd über den Weg laufen. Das hat auch seine guten Seiten: „How often does one spend time with so interesting a group of people, who also have time and inclination to discuss, argue, chat and joke about so many different subjects?“ (85: Urszula Hibner). Aber mitunter gerät dadurch die klösterliche Konzentration auf die eigene Arbeit etwas in Mitleidenschaft. Dazu kommt, dass die Kontakte zu fellow Fellows schwer zu steuern sind. Die Convenerin einer Schwerpunktgruppe hatte an einem der ersten Tage die glänzende Idee, zum Mittagessen einen großen Tisch für ihre Gruppe zu reservieren, damit deren Mitglieder einander besser kennenlernen; Fellows, die nicht zur Gruppe gehörten, versuchte sie freundlich abzuwehren – ein hoffnungsloses Unterfangen: „Of course, this is *not* the purpose of lunch at Wiko. To huddle with members of one's own team. The point, as I quickly grasped it, is to sit by everyone, *especially* those not sharing your intellectual interests, your discipline, your abilities or even your politics.“ (72: Wendy Espeland).

Tatsächlich lässt sich die Physiognomie eines Jahrgangs besonders deutlich an der Art der Vergesellschaftung im Restaurant erkennen. Hari Sridhar, Evolutionsbiologe aus Indien, hatte über das Futterverhalten von Vogelkolonien gearbeitet, die sich aus verschiedenen Spezies zusammensetzen: Es lag vergleichsweise nahe, seine Untersuchungsmethode auf

das Verhalten der fellow Fellows zu übertragen. Mit der geheimen Komplizenschaft der Restaurantleiterin Lena Mauer wurde vier Monate lang Tag für Tag die wechselnde Belegung der Tische beobachtet und festgehalten: Wer hat sich zu wem gesetzt und wie oft? Die Resultate fasste Hari in einem Netzbild zusammen (206): Zwei Fellows werden nur dann durch eine Linie verbunden, wenn sie häufiger, als es der Zufall erwarten ließe, am selben Tisch Platz genommen haben. Bemerkenswert ist auf den ersten Blick die Homogenität der Struktur: Es gibt keine dominierenden Knoten; es lassen sich auch keine konstanten, in sich abgeschlossene Untergruppen ausmachen. Wendy Espeland, die oben zitiert wurde, weist z. B. keinerlei besondere Verbindungen zu den Mitgliedern ihrer Schwerpunktgruppe auf; umso häufiger scheint sie sich mit den Biologen unterhalten zu haben, die sich mit der Evolution von Krebszellen beschäftigten.

Etwas alarmiert war ich allerdings durch meine eigene Position in diesem Bild: Bescheinigt wird mir eine Vernetzung mit Thorsten Wilhelmy, Kathrin Biegger, Christoph Möllers und Katharina Wiedemann; es gibt keine einzige Linie zu einem der Fellows. Das entsprach nicht eben dem, was ich von mir erwartet hätte! Mit etwas Nachhilfe von Hari wurde der Befund allerdings verständlich: Es hatte eine Reihe auswärtiger Gäste gegeben, z. T. auch zukünftige Fellows, die sich mit Angehörigen des Staff und mir zum Mittagessen verabredet hatten; Hari hatte diese einmaligen Gäste vernünftigerweise ganz außer Betracht gelassen; übrig blieb von solchen Ad-hoc-Tischgesellschaften nur das kleine Netzwerk der Gastgeber. Das Fehlen jeder Verbindungslinie zwischen mir und den Fellows, erklärte Hari weiter, hieß nichts anderes, als dass ich mit keinem häufiger gegessen hatte als mit den anderen: keine besondere Vereinsamung meinerseits also, und kein Anlass für Selbstvorwürfe.

Die Kommunikation unter den Fellows folgt einer eigenen Dynamik, die kaum voraussehen ist. Gelegentlich gibt es Verknüpfungen, die man als naheliegend betrachtet und auch von der Sache her begrüßen würde. Da gibt es zum Beispiel eine Schwerpunktgruppe, die sich kritisch mit der Rolle von Zahlen bei der Analyse und Begutachtung sozialer Phänomene beschäftigt; sie setzt sich zusammen aus Soziologen, Historikern, Anthropologen und einer Spezialistin für *accounting* (eine sehr britische Disziplin, für die es keinen deutschen Begriff gibt); sie alle eint das Misstrauen gegenüber den Zahlen, mit denen sie sich befassen. Ein fellow Fellow aus dem Bereich der Ökonomie wundert sich über dieses Misstrauen, sein eigenes Verhältnis zu quantitativen Verfahren ist völlig entspannt (108: Gebhard Kirchgässner). Natürlich wäre es wunderbar gewesen, wenn der Ökonom und die Quantifizierungskritiker genau darüber miteinander ins Gespräch

gekommen wären; aber das hat sich nicht ergeben. Die Lust zur Kommunikation lässt sich nicht künstlich herbeiführen.

Umgekehrt ergeben sich immer wieder Verbindungen, die keiner für wahrscheinlich gehalten hätte. Da gibt es eine Künstlerin aus Cape Town (Pippa Skotnes): Sie hat Dokumente gesammelt, die sich auf den Genozid an den südafrikanischen Buschmännern beziehen; diese Texte überträgt sie, in miniaturhafter Handschrift, auf die Knochen zweier junger Giraffen, die sie aus Südafrika mitgebracht hat und deren Skelette sie nun, akribisch und liebevoll, in Erinnerungsreliquien einer vergessenen Katastrophe verwandelt. Neben dem Atelier, in dem Pippa sich eingerichtet hat, wohnt eine Latinistin aus Harvard, die über antike Zirkusspiele arbeitet (Kathleen Coleman). Die beiden, die natürlich nie voneinander gehört hatten, werden vom ersten Tag an Freundinnen; am Ende des Jahres entwickeln sie den Plan für ein gemeinsames Projekt: Sie werden sich mit der Rolle afrikanischer Tiere im römischen Zirkuswesen beschäftigen (58 und 197). Etwas weniger märchenhaft und näher bei dem angesiedelt, was man konventionellerweise von transdisziplinärer Zusammenarbeit erwarten würde, ist die Wendung, die das Vorhaben von Simon Teuscher genommen hat. Ursprünglich wollte Teuscher die sich wandelnden Modelle von Familie und Verwandtschaft in Europa zwischen spätem Mittelalter und früher Neuzeit erforschen. Durch Diskussionen mit den Biologen merkte er nun, dass er „das Natürliche an der Verwandtschaft nicht historisieren konnte, ohne zur Kenntnis zu nehmen, dass diese Natürlichkeit selbst in den Naturwissenschaften kontrovers ist“ (211). Teuschers ironisches Fazit: „War ich vom Weg abgekommen oder hatte ich ihn gar nie wirklich gekannt?“ (a. O.). Aber den Evolutionsbiologen ging es auch nicht anders: Durch den Austausch mit dem Historiker sahen sie die im eigenen Fach wieder aufflammende Kontroverse über das Verhältnis von *kin selection* und *group selection* plötzlich mit anderen Augen. Je länger die Diskussion fortgesetzt wurde, desto weniger ließ sich ein Schlussstrich erzwingen. Im kommenden Jahr wird Simon Teuscher gemeinsam mit Felix Breden einen Workshop organisieren, der unter dem Titel *Kinship, Conflict and Cooperation* Biologen und Historiker zusammenspannen wird. Am Ende wird auch sein eigenes Buch über Verwandtschaft im Mittelalter eine andere Form angenommen haben als die, die er ursprünglich geplant hatte.

Arbeitsberichte



POLYPHONIES COLLÉGIALES
PIERRE-LAURENT AIMARD

Pierre-Laurent Aimard aime vivre la musique en changeant de rôle – musicien de groupe contemporain, chambriste, accompagnateur ou soliste. La pédagogie joue un rôle majeur dans son activité. En témoignent ses postes d'enseignant au Conservatoire de Paris (musique de chambre), à la Hochschule de Cologne (piano et musiques nouvelles), son titre de Visiting Professor à la Royal Academy of Arts de Londres et son passage au Collège de France en tant que Professeur Associé ; mais aussi et surtout ses nombreux concerts-conférences, qui tentent de faire partager par le plus grand nombre sa relation privilégiée avec certaines musiques de notre temps. La programmation lui est essentielle : il considère le choix des œuvres et leur agencement comme une dimension capitale d'un concert. Ce qui l'a amené à devenir Directeur Artistique du Festival d'Aldeburgh. Le renouvellement qu'il a apporté à cette institution a valu à celle-ci d'être nommée « Meilleur Festival de l'année 2011 » par la Royal Philharmonic Society. Mais le point central de son parcours est la création musicale. Susciter des œuvres nouvelles et les porter sur les fonds baptismaux reste la priorité de son existence artistique – et sa véritable passion. Il considère la scène comme un terrain d'expérimentation, et ses concerts comme un mélange de prise de risque et de réflexion. Il est membre de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts de Munich. – Adresse: Hochschule für Musik und Tanz Köln, Unter Kranenbäumen 87, 50668 Köln.

La vie d'un interprète musical est double : l'artisan élabore une réalisation sonore et temporelle d'une composition, l'homme de spectacle l'exécute sur des scènes diverses. Cette dernière activité induit un travail de planification, d'organisation, de communication et de déplacements très absorbants, qui met souvent en péril le patient travail d'atelier de

l'artisan. Le rythme des tournées, saccadé et contraignant, ne permet pas d'avoir une disponibilité psychologique et temporelle adéquats à l'apprentissage de bien des répertoires. Cela est particulièrement sensible dans le cas de musiques complexes par l'intégration d'influences multiples d'une part, par leur combinatoire polyphonique de l'autre. Des périodes sans activité concertante sont donc bienfaitrices pour l'interprète, et pour le renouvellement et l'approfondissement de son répertoire.

C'est le Wissenschaftskolleg que j'ai élu comme cadre pour une période sabbatique de neuf mois.

Ce séjour a été consacré à deux projets demandant une étude et une concentration particulière : un website sur un compositeur d'une part, l'interprétation d'un cycle de pièces pour clavier de l'autre.

La plus noble tâche d'un interprète musical – la plus utile aussi – est à mon sens celle de témoin auprès des créateurs de notre temps. Un compositeur fixe sa construction sonore imaginaire par écrit ; la présence d'un interprète attentif à son œuvre permet à celle-ci d'être décryptée, exécutée, enregistrée et enseignée. Comment communiquer à chacun les informations précieuses recueillies auprès du compositeur et permettant de mieux appréhender le sens de sa création ?

J'ai décidé pour ma part de travailler à la construction d'un website sur le compositeur György Ligeti, avec lequel j'ai eu le privilège d'entretenir des relations de travail (et personnelles) pendant une vingtaine d'années.

Le but de ce site est de rendre immédiatement disponibles à tous les conseils d'interprétation donnés par lui, mon propre point de vue sur ses œuvres, et celui d'experts de différentes disciplines l'ayant connu et influencé.

L'élaboration et la réalisation de ce site sont le fruit d'un travail d'équipe ; les principaux acteurs en sont Tobias Bleek, musicologue et responsable du projet au sein du Klavier-Festival Ruhr (partenaire principal), Michael Ciniselli, réalisateur, et Victor Craven, web-designer.

Le travail de l'interprète dans cette entreprise est polymorphe : recherche et classification de toutes les informations pertinentes, travail sur les archives du compositeur (esquisses, manuscrits, schémas divers ...), recherche bibliographique, entretien avec des « experts », et bien sûr enregistrements visuels d'œuvres, de commentaires et de master classes.

Cela induit notamment une réflexion sur les bons choix à effectuer pour communiquer un contenu fidèle et exhaustif de façon pédagogique, une excellente préparation des différentes interventions filmées, une sélection et un contrôle des images.

Les commentaires filmés doivent s'adapter à ce support : ils seront visionnés, en tout ou en partie seulement, dans un ordre décidé par le « visiteur » du site. La façon de répartir l'information dans différents « modules » en veillant à leur complémentarité, et la formulation verbale au sein de chaque module sont donc radicalement différentes de la stratégie narrative d'un texte traditionnel, linéaire et continu.

Pour ce travail aux multiples facettes, le Wissenschaftskolleg a été un environnement salubre à plus d'un titre.

L'efficacité virtuose de l'équipe de la bibliothèque m'a permis de compléter ma recherche par de multiples ouvrages.

La disponibilité et l'engagement perfectionniste des traducteurs m'ont aidé à préparer les versions anglaises et allemandes du site.

Enfin, il faut bien avouer que nul cadre ne pouvait mieux convenir à un travail sur un créateur dont l'ouverture d'esprit et l'érudition n'avaient d'égal que son indépendance et son sens critique que le Wiko : l'échange et l'émulation interdisciplinaires du Wissenschaftskolleg semblent incarner en quelque sorte une part de l'esprit ligetien. Point de hasard qu'il y ait été lui-même Fellow.

Le deuxième projet a consisté dans la recherche d'une interprétation appropriée du premier livre du Clavier Bien Tempéré de J. S. Bach sur piano moderne.

Bach n'a pas spécifié pour quel instrument à clavier en particulier il a composé ce cycle. Certaines pièces sont évidemment destinées au clavecin, de par leur écriture instrumentale spécifique ; d'autres conviennent à l'orgue, d'autres encore au clavicorde, de par leur intimité expressive. Mais les caractérisations instrumentales ne s'arrêtent pas là, et le clavier de Bach, musicien universel, s'approprie tour à tour les mondes du luth, des instruments à corde ou à vent, et bien entendu de la voix humaine, traitée en solo, en chœur a cappella ou avec orchestre. Le clavier est le moyen idéal pour réaliser la synthèse des styles et des genres d'une époque et des époques précédentes, synthèse qui constitue et nourrit tout à la fois ce cycle-univers. Le piano moderne, de par l'étendue et la flexibilité de son potentiel sonore, permet de restituer en grande partie la prodigieuse variété des mondes sonores en présence, tout en conférant au cycle complet son unité.

Cependant, cet instrument s'est développé pour les besoins de musiques de styles très différents de celui de Bach – les nécessités sonores du post-romantisme sont presque opposées à celles du baroque. La mise en adéquation du potentiel et du « comportement » du piano moderne avec les « outils » sonores, linguistiques et rhétoriques baroques néces-

sitent un travail radical et de longue haleine. La durée du séjour au Wissenschaftskolleg en l'absence de soucis matériels quotidiens a grandement contribué à cette recherche. De surcroît, le « temps » de Bach – celui d'un flux irréversible, d'un travail des idées proliférant et de suspensions tendant vers l'intemporel – nécessite une disponibilité absolue de l'exécutant. La « Remise », ce lieu de travail et de méditation pour musiciens, indépendant de tout autre corps de bâtiment, et permettant un travail sonore diurne ou nocturne en toute liberté, a permis de laisser le travail être dicté par les œuvres elles-mêmes, leur structure exigeante, leurs expressions terrestres ou célestes, et par-dessus tout leur temps inaltérable.

Bach et Ligeti étaient deux artistes tournés vers le monde et ses richesses : leur érudition et leur connaissance des musiques et des savoirs de leur époque et des époques passées (depuis les musiques du quotidien jusqu'aux musiques savantes) était étourdissante. Tous les deux ont su composer en intégrant leurs savoirs multiples à leur création. En ce sens y avait-il environnement plus approprié à ce double projet que le Wissenschaftskolleg, source de découvertes et d'apprentissages constants, et temple de l'interdisciplinaire ?

Parmi les musiciens ayant vécu l'expérience du Wissenschaftskolleg – György Kurtág, György Ligeti, Helmut Lachenmann, grands maîtres et chaleureux amis – je suis particulièrement redevable envers Alfred Brendel, qui m'en a vanté les richesses et grâce à qui j'ai eu le privilège d'effectuer ce fellowship.

Je suis chaleureusement reconnaissant envers Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus pour son inextinguible enthousiasme et la richesse communicative de ses passions intellectuelles et culturelles, et je remercie d'un cœur ardent tous les acteurs du Wiko, qui par leur compétence, leur diligence et leur inaltérable sourire, pratiquent l'art consommé d'être créateurs d'oasis de qualité et d'humanité.



GENEROSITY AND RECIPROCITY
AT THE WISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG
C. ATHENA AKTIPIS

Current positions: 2010–present University of California San Francisco, Center for Evolution and Cancer, Director of Human and Social Evolution, Research Scientist; 2011–present Arizona State University, Department of Psychology, Research Professor. Education: 2008–2011 University of Arizona, Ecology and Evolutionary Biology, Postdoctoral Fellow; 2003–2008 University of Pennsylvania, Ph.D. in Psychology; 2003–2004 University of Pennsylvania, Masters Degree in Psychology; 1998–2002 Reed College, Psychology Department, B.A., Phi Beta Kappa; Author of the forthcoming book from Princeton University Press *Evolution in the Flesh: Cancer and the Transformation of Life*. – Address: Department of Psychology, Arizona State University, PO Box 871104, Tempe, AZ 85287-1104. E-mail: aktipis@asu.edu

I study cooperation: cooperation among cells, cooperation among people, cooperation among groups. And so when I am asked to reflect on my experience being a Fellow at the Wissenschaftskolleg, I can't help but see it through the lens of my work. When I arrived at Wiko, I was intensely working on a grant proposal and paper about human generosity and sharing. What I found at Wiko was the most generous intellectual environment I had ever experienced.

When you ask a present or past Fellow to describe their experience at the Wissenschaftskolleg, chances are they will tell you that it is a very special place, a place where things happen and people come together in ways they otherwise never could. It is a place of transformation of people, ideas, and even disciplines. But it is also a place of intense sociality and cooperation: a place that, by virtue of its physical existence, provides a

framework for sharing ideas, images, sounds, and sentiments. Its transformative nature is inextricably bound to the sharing that takes place within it.

Wiko is also an intensely personal place. We share our lives, our meals, our families. We come to have a stake in each other's well-being. This leads to a level of trust and connection that is rare and precious. I know I am not the only one who will count my Wiko friends among my lifelong friends, turning to them with questions or being there to support each other in tough times.

My year at Wiko was filled with important events: writing and winning a grant proposal to work on human generosity, beginning work on a book about evolution and cancer, defining my research program more clearly than it has ever been defined. But most transformative were the discussions and collaborations with other Fellows. Many of these were centered on the working group on Cancer Evolution convened by Michael Hochberg. Through many weeks of discussion, literature reviews, and discussion of the theoretical foundations of cancer evolution, we developed and wrote several papers, some of which are complete and some of which are in preparation.

In the Spring, I gave a polarizing colloquium on cooperation across systems and also a public lecture on cancer as a problem of failed cooperation among cells. Most importantly, in the Spring I realized that cancer cells cheat the system of the multicellular body in many of the same ways that humans can cheat resource distribution systems that are regulated through economic, social, and political systems. This led me to rethink my research program and restructure my long-term goals and effort to focus on the question of how cooperation and cheater suppression operate across systems and scales.

At Wiko, I spent a lot of my time thinking about the nature of cooperation. One question that I worked on was whether sharing without the expectation of return is a viable strategy. In other words, can there be generosity without strict reciprocity? In my agent-based models, I found that giving without expectation of return is a viable strategy and, through a literature review, I discovered that in many small-scale societies, individuals cooperate and share without keeping track of credit and debt. What I found at Wiko was another example of a small-scale society where individuals give without expectation of return. Wiko was itself an exemplar of the generosity that I was studying.

Being at Wiko opened me up to new ways of thinking about the nature of cooperation and the shared (and not shared) meanings of these words. I realized that many times we may use a term like cooperation in evolutionary biology, but it means something entirely different to someone from another discipline. This seems especially to be the case with

terms relating to cooperation and sociality. In fact, several of us Wiko Fellows convened an informal and multidisciplinary group on this very topic. Felix Breden, Simon Teuscher, several other Fellows, and I met at breakfast to discuss the challenges and opportunities for establishing a more productive interdisciplinary dialogue about human cooperation. We discussed notions of kinship, cooperation, reciprocity, and cheating across the biological and social sciences. I learned so much from this group, especially from Simon Teuscher, who studies kinship in the Middle Ages. As an evolutionary biologist, I used to think about kinship as genetic relatedness. Simon opened my mind to an entirely new way of thinking of kinship: that kinship is about shared interests and inheritance, not limited simply to the domain of genetics but defined much more broadly.

But another thing happened at Wiko that changed my thinking about cooperation and reciprocity in particular. In talking with Paul Robertson and his friend and colleague Hugh Pidgeon, I learned that the word reciprocity has much broader (and more interesting) meaning in the social sciences and arts than it does within evolutionary biology. In evolutionary biology, the term has typically been used to refer to back-and-forth exchange, and a kind of exchange that involves account keeping and notions of debt and credit. What I learned from Paul and Hugh is that reciprocity can refer to a completely different kind of give-and-take: the mutual engagement that happens during connection and communication. This kind of reciprocity is not about keeping track of the exchange history, but instead about a kind of openness to interacting and establishing a relationship. Reciprocity, as I came to understand it from Paul and Hugh, is an openness to giving and openness to change. It is receptivity to signals from others and receptivity to accepting things from others, whether ideas or other gifts. Hugh taught me about these semantics of reciprocity over coffee at the Wiener Café, and Paul taught me about the rest over many Wiko breakfasts and trips to the farmer's market at Karl-August-Platz.

Wiko is a place that fosters connection and mutual engagement. Not only is it a generous place in the way it supports its Fellows, it is also a generous place in that it invests in creating an environment that cultivates generosity (both intellectual and personal) in its Fellows and the broader community. At Wiko, I learned that generosity follows from connection and mutual engagement. Or in the language that I came to understand during my year (and I'm not talking about German): generosity follows from reciprocity. I have benefited greatly from the generosity of Wiko. That creates a relationship, a connection, a sense of mutual engagement that I hope will continue throughout my life. I am very grateful for the generosity and kindness of the Wiko staff as a whole and especially my

dear friends Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus and Giovanni Frazzetto. I will also always remember and appreciate the many Fellows who supported me and the rest of the Wiko community with their generosity of spirit, including (but certainly not limited to) Jenna Gibbs, Wendy Espeland, Kathleen Coleman, and Pippa Skotnes.

In my work on human generosity, one recurring theme is that being part of a sharing network enhances the resilience of the whole system to negative events and helps individuals survive in challenging circumstances and marginal environments. Human generosity in networks of trusted partners might therefore have been a critical factor in enhancing survival as humans expanded into marginal environments around the globe. In other words, generosity may have enabled humans to live in places they never otherwise could have lived in and to take risks that might otherwise never have been taken.

Wiko may be the intellectual case study of exactly this. The generosity of Wiko creates a community that motivates its members to take intellectual risks they might not otherwise take and explore territory that would be impossible to navigate without the help and support of the larger community. In my mind, this is what makes Wiko the institution that it is. It allows otherwise impossible things to happen. It pushes the frontiers out further by providing forums for interdisciplinary interaction and debate. It continually encourages its Fellows to be even more intellectually adventuresome in the environment of academic exploration that it cultivates within its walls.



OF LAKES, TREES, AND COLLOQUIA ELENA ARRIERO

I am an evolutionary biologist interested in life history evolution and physiological ecology. I obtained a Ph.D. in Biology in Spain in 2004. As a postdoctoral researcher, I have worked in various institutions in the United States, France, and Germany. Currently I am an Assistant Professor at the Complutense University of Madrid in Spain. I seek to understand the consequences of parasitism and the evolution of mechanisms involved in disease resistance. During my time at Wiko, I was a member of the College for Life Sciences and my project focused on understanding how animals physiologically and evolutionarily cope with infectious diseases. – Address: Department of Zoology and Physical Anthropology, University Complutense of Madrid, José Antonio Novais 2, 28040 Madrid, Spain. E-mail: elena.arriero@bio.ucm.es

I came to the Wissenschaftskolleg with the (erroneous) idea that I would be 100 % focused on my work: isolated and able to devote myself entirely to intensive writing so as to finish up several publications that had been pending for some time and that would give a strong boost to my c.v. Certainly, the atmosphere at Wiko made me enjoy writing manuscripts as never before. I was not able to finish as many tasks as I had hoped; instead, I was happily distracted with so many amazing activities that I do not regret a single minute not devoted to “my project” while at Wiko. Whether by colloquia, symposia, a visit to the treasures of the Staatsbibliothek, a seminar at another research institute in Berlin, a glass of wine with Fellows, a good conversation over a cup of coffee, a morning run in the amazing Grunewald while outlining the structure of the next seminar I had to prepare, my time as a Fellow was greatly enriched. Wiko offers the amazing opportunity to think

beyond the confines of a particular manuscript and to broaden one's perspectives by sharing ideas and having discussions with Fellows from other disciplines. These other moments are a precious part of the fellowship experience, which is far more than just a time during which you can think about your own tiny project. I feel that the interdisciplinary environment, the personal ties with other Fellows, and the exposure to so many different exciting talks and discussions will drive my professional career in a different direction. Now, as I look back on my stay at Wiko, I am happily surprised at what I was able to achieve during that short period. I wrote one paper and drafted another one, participated in a conference and two workshops in Berlin, and designed new experiments for my research project. And, on top of that, Berlin was an unexpected surprise for me as a city. Despite my limited number of escapades to enjoy nocturnal events, such as concerts or theatrical performances, I was able to enjoy the city in many different ways, and Berlin has definitely become one of my favorite places.

When I first received the Fellow book for the year and looked at the pictures of my "Co-Fellows to be", I could not imagine what an interesting and diverse group of people I was going to have the chance to meet. Their academic achievements were, of course, apparent, but it was amazing to discover that all of them had very interesting professional and personal trajectories, stimulating hobbies, and secret projects beyond their academic interests. Even more unexpected was that I was able to meet a more extensive group of interesting people, beyond my Fellows, thanks to Wiko's great efforts to make partners and family members part of the community. These efforts set Wiko apart from other institutions; they are not only one of the characteristics that make Wiko special, but are also undoubtedly a key to its success. They make it more likely that researchers will be willing to spend a year away from home and their "normal lives" AND enrich the Wiko community and generate the possibility of interactions on many different levels.

The Tuesday colloquia series became one of my favorite activities. I began attending as a curious observer trying to understand how researchers from other disciplines developed their arguments and presented their conclusions in long statements that, in some fields, lacked what I thought were the essentials: e.g., empirical data and supporting statistics. However, I slowly realized that the further removed the discipline was from my own, the more I enjoyed it, or the more I absorbed by it, I should say. And the lunch that followed the colloquium was also very exciting because there was more time to discuss the topic in a less formal way. I learned a lot about other disciplines that I initially considered to be far away from my own field of study. It was even more incredible to discover that

our research questions even shared some commonalities, that we could have very fruitful interactions, and that, overall, we felt the same great satisfaction in learning new things and savored knowledge for its own sake. It was also extremely valuable to see how researchers in other disciplines work, what their career goals are, and the paths and obstacles involved in their pursuit. This experience broadened my own perspectives for my career goals and enriched my perception of academic life.

At Wiko, I was part of the College for Life Sciences: a lucky group of junior researchers invited to join Wiko for a shorter period during the academic year. I have to thank Giovanni Frazzetto for his efficient management of the College and for creating such a pleasant ambiance for us. Although all eight of us were never at Wiko at the same time, we did co-occur in small groups, which gave us the opportunity to share our common interests, engage in exciting discussions, and express anxiety about our careers. However, there was one trait we definitely all had in common: none of us wanted to leave Wiko when the time came. This fact is perhaps the best indicator of the remarkable nature of our experience. As I write these lines, I admit that I have been happily watching videos of talks given by Fellows (e.g., during evening colloquia and seminars). These are some of the events that I missed because I left Wiko in January. However, it was great to find out that I could still be part of some of these activities, albeit remotely.

I had hoped that my months in Berlin would help me improve my German. Certainly, I was motivated to learn and study German during my stay. However, I was so distracted by the many exciting opportunities offered at Wiko that I must sadly admit that I have failed to meet my “language” goal. Well, I failed in the sense that my German skills remain quite embarrassing, although there is no doubt that I improved my German during my stay. This progress was made thanks to Eva and her incredible patience with “bad” students like me; I always wanted to speak despite my terrible grammatical mistakes and horrible pronunciation.

After my fellowship had ended and I had resumed my teaching duties at Complutense University, I managed to return to Wiko for the workshop held by the focus group on sexual selection. It was a great pleasure to return for a few days, and it immediately felt like home, even though I was staying in one of the guest rooms and not in the fantastic apartment I had in Villa Walther during the four months of my fellowship. I was very glad to see that the Fellows had indeed become a Wiko family to which I also belonged, and the warm welcome by the staff and the other Fellows was quite moving. Feeling a bit like a distant relative visiting for Christmas, I realized that the experience at Wiko had

been very personally and professionally intense. Wiko left an indelible mark on me, and I hope I have left a bit of myself there as well. There are some Fellows with whom I am sure I will be in touch in the future, even if it is not as often as we would like. I also hope to cross paths with others in conferences or other professional venues. Unfortunately, the chances of such are low, and it will never be as pleasant an experience as the one that took place within the walls of Wiko, nor can it last as long. However, the experiences, fruitful discussions, glasses of wine, dances, and jokes we shared will always remain, and I have no doubt that my Co-Fellows will continue to influence the way that I think about many things, including my career.

I still smile when I remember my arrival at Wiko. Despite the incredibly efficient way Wiko organizes each Fellow's arrival and stay and, consequently, the precise instructions I had received, I arrived in Berlin having printed a copy of the wrong e-mail. It was only while waiting for the taxi in Tegel that I realized that the phone number and office hours of the German teacher were not going to help me much on a Sunday night on Wallotstraße. The worried face of the taxi driver as he asked me whether I was sure that I wanted to be left there, at the base of the staircase at Wallotstraße 19, made me feel embarrassed at my unfortunate display of chaotic planning and improvisation. So there I was, with my two-year-old daughter perched on top of my suitcases, asking me why the man was speaking so strangely. It took me a little while to get an Internet connection on my phone and find the right e-mail. Then, immediately, Vera arrived to give me the keys to my little piece of Grunewald paradise for the next four months.

There is something unique about Wiko's multidisciplinary environment. As academics, we are accustomed to giving talks, presenting results, writing papers, and discussing projects within the safe and narrow confines of our own disciplines. I have always admired and respected people capable of providing the "big picture" for their work. However, the boundaries of that big picture become blurred when you are presenting to a group of intellectuals that includes writers, musicians, philosophers, evolutionary biologists, sociologists, historians, psychologists, molecular biologists, philologists, and economists, among others. Indeed, it is a major challenge not to fall into the trap of oversimplifying your scientific work or presenting a very specific issue without transcending the boundaries of your small discipline. You can gain practice at this non-trivial task in a variety of ways: from the relaxed lunchtime chat to the more formal colloquium that is, in my opinion, the defining feature of the Wiko experience. You are forced to move out of the comfort zone of your tiny discipline. This intellectual expansion is, little by little,

reflected in the way you write about your work, think about scientific questions in your discipline, and view your own career and trajectory. I recall reading reports written by Fellows from past years: several Fellows mentioned that their projects took a more conceptual turn and that their topics became broader than planned after arriving at Wiko. In some cases, projects even went in entirely new directions as a consequence of discussions with other Fellows. I find such changes fascinating and feel that they can be very fruitful for someone's career. I hope my experience at Wiko was long enough or intense enough to have resonated in that same way for me, that it will permanently inform the way I understand and approach science.

I would like to conclude by thanking Wiko as an institution and by extending gratitude to all of the members of the staff for their continuous support and friendliness. It is their efficient work and dedication that creates the comfortable environment that makes the stay at Wiko incredibly pleasant and fruitful. I feel extremely lucky to have had the chance to become part of the Wiko community and have enjoyed all the extraordinary experiences that it entails.



WIKO RUMINATIONS
CHEIKH ANTA BABOU

Cheikh Anta Babou is a Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, where he offers courses on African History and the History of Islam in Africa. His research focuses on mystical Islam in West Africa and Senegal, the new African diaspora, and political Islam. Babou has published extensively on the Muridiyya Muslim order of Senegal and the Senegalese diaspora both in English and French. His book, *Fighting the Greater Jihad: Amadu Bamba and the Founding of the Muridiyya of Senegal, 1853–1913* was published by Ohio University Press in 2007. A French translation was released by Karthala in 2011. Babou's articles appeared in *African Affairs*, *The Annals*, *Journal of African History*, *International Journal of African Historical Studies*, *Journal of Religion in Africa*, *Africa Today*, and other scholarly journals in the United States and in Europe. He has presented papers in international scholarly meetings in the United States, Europe and on the continent of Africa. His current research project examines the experience of West African Muslim immigrants in Europe and North America. Professor Babou is a co-editor of the *Journal of African History*, one of the leading history journals and the flagship journal in African history. – Address: Department of History, University of Pennsylvania, College Hall 208, Philadelphia, PA 19104-6379, USA.
E-mail: cheikh@sas.upenn.edu

I spent the last few days before boarding a BA flight to Berlin sifting through my library, collecting and packing books. The morning of September 12, I arrived at Villa Walther saddled with four large boxes full of books that Sonja Grund and her outstanding team of librarians would soon prove dispensable. My friend and former Wiko Fellow, Ibrahima

Thioub, had spoken to me with amazement about the wonders that the library worked for him, but I was still skeptical that they could deliver the obscure materials, especially decades-old issues of periodicals, immigrants' autobiographies in a variety of languages, and Masters and Ph.D. theses in French that our excellent librarians at the University of Pennsylvania had had such a hard time trying to find for me. But Thioub was right. The Wiko librarians can work miracles.

I started this report referring to the library because I came to the Wiko hoping to write a book on the religious lives of Senegalese Muslim migrants in selected cities in Europe and the United States, which I have been researching for some time. The last few years, I have amassed a large body of primary sources conducting interviews and visiting archival repositories across Europe. But as a 19th- to 20th-century historian working on a contemporary topic, I quickly realized how anthropological, sociological and other social scientific works published in academic journals, especially in French, were critical to my project. Access to this material has been a stumbling block to taking my project off the ground.

Ten months at the Wiko has made a big difference for my work. As I am getting ready to return home, I realize that I will fall short of my dream of leaving Berlin with a complete book manuscript in my computer hard drive. But dreams, as the saying goes, rarely come true. I am nearly halfway through my manuscript, but most importantly, I now have all the pieces of the puzzle in place and a road map to get where I want to be, hopefully in a year or two. I will be forever grateful to the Wiko for inviting me and for providing the excellent working conditions that allowed this accomplishment.

But my life at the Wiko was not solely about my research project or about the stimulating Tuesday colloquia or the engaging discussions with my fellow Fellows over weekday lunches and Thursday dinners; perhaps some of the most satisfying moments during my stay in Berlin were my encounters beyond the confines of our Grunewald nest. I enjoyed my involvement with the "Werkstatt der Kulturen", where I delivered a lecture and a four-session mini-course on religion and politics in the history of Africa that exposed me to a wholly different audience of Berliners and shone light on fascinating facets of the cultural tapestry of Berlin. I interacted with graduate students, colleagues from German universities, journalists, independent researchers, and cultural activists, mostly of Afro-German and African descent. Kreuzberg, where the Werkstatt is located, is a crucible of multiculturalism where German culture mingles with myriad other cultures transplanted by immigrants from the Middle East and Africa and expressed in the food,

sartorial choices, groceries, music, and art that populate this lively Berlin neighborhood. I relish my bi-weekly ride on the U7 to the area around Hermannplatz and Kottbusser Tor where I did my grocery shopping and had my hair cut by a skilful and entrepreneurial Ghanaian barber. I had stints in Neukölln, where I frequented the Berlin chapter of the Muridiyya, the community I study. Although Berlin is not part of my field research, I benefitted greatly from conversations with some of the pioneers of Murid immigration in Europe who lead this community.

My stay at the Wiko has also been an opportunity to engage with the wider Africanist scholarly community in Berlin and in a few European countries and to write a few articles. I delivered five lectures at the Humboldt University, the Free University, the University of Basel, and the University of Leiden. An article on the role of the Muridiyya Sufi order in Senegalese presidential politics has been accepted for publication by the *Journal of West African History*. People come to the Wiko with secret projects, but in my case it was the secret project that grabbed me with the complicity of my dear friend and Fellow Michele Loporcaro, a passionate and brilliant linguist specializing in the study of Italian dialects. Since our first encounter, Michele has worked relentlessly to convince me to write, together with him, an article on Wolof (my mother tongue) noun-classes. In an earlier career, I had received extensive training in linguistics and have remained fascinated by the study of languages. It did not take long before I fell to Michele's charm. A few months later, our article on Wolof noun-classes is on its way for submission to a leading linguist journal.

I leave the Wiko with fond memories of places, events, and people. Some of the friendships I built here will probably endure. I look forward to continuing personal and intellectual relationships with Mahua Sarkar, with whom I have shared interest in the study of Muslim international migrants; with Michele we already have the project of together writing an article on the Wolof lyrics of Senegalese rappers; with Jocelyn Benoist we have exchanged our contacts to make sure to remain connected beyond our Wiko experience.



WRONGING RIGHTS SETH BARRIBEAU

Seth Barribeau is a postdoctoral fellow and occasionally a lecturer at the ETH Zurich. Born in 1980 in Ithaca, New York, he grew up on an avocado farm in South Africa and then in a permanently damp but lively fishing town in Oregon. He received a B.Sc. with dual majors in Zoology and Psychology from the University of Canterbury, Christchurch, New Zealand and remained there to complete his Ph.D. in Zoology in 2007 exploring the environmental, social, and genetic factors that influence disease susceptibility in frogs. He then had a brief stint as research assistant at Kyoto University in Japan, catching and radio-tracking snakes, moonlighting by teaching English to infants, and proof-reading medical articles about charming things like oral syphilis. He then took a taxonomic leap to working on insects at Emory University, Atlanta, Georgia in 2008, where he co-led the analysis of the immune complement of the pea aphid genome and studied life history responses to parasitism and how phenotypic plasticity can influence immunity and the costs of immunity. Since 2010, he has been working at the ETH Zurich on bumblebee host-parasite interactions, coevolution, genomics, and more generally how the allegedly simple immune system of insects is able to achieve complex tasks like specific resistance and memory. – Address: Department of Biology, Howell Science Complex, Mail Stop 551, East Carolina University, Greenville, NC 27858-4353, USA. E-mail: seth.barribeau@gmail.com

My brief time at the Wiko emphatically reminded me of something I already suspected: how little I know. My academic experience has, thus far, been fairly insular. I know some of the people within my discipline, the familiarity increasing with academic overlap. Being exposed to the work of other biologists at the Wiko was hugely rewarding and a

great deal of fun, but learning from the work of those in fundamentally different fields provided a novel glimpse into areas of academic enquiry that I had had little exposure to. I was also very encouraged to realize how much I enjoyed learning about these new (to me) fields, approaches, and questions. The Wiko managed to remind me of something else that I was perhaps less aware of. It seems that I am still curious. I found great pleasure in learning about areas that were completely foreign to me. This was, no doubt, driven by the caliber of the Fellows, their willingness to explain their work in an approachable way for outsiders – not just from their particular discipline, but also from across the somewhat formidable divide between the arts and sciences – and their skill in making their work engaging, lively, and often quite humorous.

Inversely, I felt that I learned a great deal about how we, as life scientists, present our work. This served to illustrate to me the dangers of our internal shorthand, which reduces the complexity of the language but at the expense of clarity if you don't know the cheat sheet of terms, processes, and principles; how the different layers of subtext allow our terms, and thus arguments, to drift into very different interpretations, depending on the background of the listener. Our descriptions of natural selection often sound inherently directional. Simon Teuscher illustrated how the concept of kinship is itself a topic of study that has changed markedly in European thought. These are ideas that, in biology, are not often thought of as being unclear, but are riddled with ambiguity, or worse, when heard from different backgrounds. Science communication is important not just for transmitting ideas that we see as valuable or informative, but also to justify our academic existence within a wider sphere. Seeing where this communication breaks down in a fairly safe microcosm in which we can return to these points to better explain the processes is a valuable training ground to reduce this risk.

I was also pleasantly surprised when other Fellows took interest in my work or the work of others outside their field, not just as a conversation piece during our meals, but realizing that it might really be of interest to them. That the costs of having and using an immune system are analogous to those of having a police force was an insight that I think may always color my view of my work, and I hope it was of some use to Emmanuel Didier who suggested it. In turn, he took an interest in the fact that social insects, too, police their society. These were ideas that might have been very unlikely if not for our interactions at Wiko and the collegiality and breadth of the Wiko community.

I had come to the Wiko with a project that aimed to understand how the immune system changes with the evolution to increased sociality. I was predominantly relying on

the most famous examples of sociality outside humans, the social insects like bees, ants, etc., and comparing the complement of immune genes encoded in their genome to those of solitary living relatives. Because these social species were able to use forms of social protection from parasites like communal hygienic behaviors, grooming, etc., the need for individual protection lessened and the genes behind these personal mechanisms may atrophy and be lost over evolutionary time. I predicted that, as sociality increased, the set of canonical immune genes that protect an individual from infection would winnow down to the bare essentials, with social forms of protection taking over the lost individual defenses. In the initial surveys it did seem that I was on to something. Ants and bees have relatively few immune genes. Even naked mole rats, the only eusocial (having distinct reproductive and worker castes) mammal, appear to have fewer immune genes than their closest sequenced relative, the guinea pig. This was all very encouraging except that there aren't too many species out there that I could use at the moment. That number is growing rapidly but is disproportionately rich in the hymenoptera, the group of insects that include bees, ants, and wasps. In the course of my Wiko work, I found that even solitary or primitively eusocial species of this group have the same limited set of immune genes as the members with advanced sociality.

So, in the course of working on my Wiko project, I realized that I was wrong. But this illustrates an important aspect of the Wiko fellowship. The Fellows in the College for Life Sciences did not have quite as long as the other Fellows, but it was billed as an opportunity to "gain time to think". This chance to think about a new topic or wrap up old ones without the incidental demands of normal lab life was immensely valuable, but it was not only a time to think, but also a time to be wrong. There is a tendency to work on safe projects and to design projects that are likely to yield publishable results. Being wrong suggests that you are trying something that is risky, something that might be outside of your immediate domain, or something that seems absurd but might just be worth a shot. This view of the importance of being wrong may just be a convenient soothing balm for the ego, but I don't think it's entirely without merit. The Wiko affords its Fellows an opportunity not just to think, but also to try things that could well fail. I don't think that the idea behind my project was itself fatally wrong, but rather that the grist for my study is not yet there. These resources will appear over the coming years, and I will be ready to try again once they do.



A MINIMAL SECURITY PRISON!
– DAS PARADIES AUF ERDEN!
JOCELYN BENOIST

Jocelyn Benoist, geboren 1968 in Paris, ist Professor an der Universität Paris 1 Panthéon-Sorbonne, wo er Philosophie der Gegenwart und Erkenntnistheorie lehrt. Eine deutsche Übersetzung seines Buches *Elemente einer realistischen Philosophie* (Paris: Vrin, 2011), das er vor seiner Erfahrung der Zerbrechlichkeit der Realität (einem Wendepunkt?) geschrieben hat, bei Suhrkamp im Herbst 2014 erschien. Er wurde am 15. September 2013 eingewiesen und am 26. Juni 2014 entlassen. Unkuriertes Symptom (oder Nebenwirkung der Behandlung?) bei Entlassung: glaubt noch im Jahre 2013 zu sein. – Adresse: Archives Husserl, École normale supérieure, 45, rue d'Ulm, 75230 Paris Cedex 05, Frankreich. E-Mail: jocelyn.benoist@univ-paris1.fr

“A Minimal Security Prison!” – „Das Paradies auf Erden!“

Da ich meine beiden amerikanischen Freunde kenne, war ich geneigt zu denken, dass die Wahrheit dazwischen liegen sollte. Aber was sollte solch ein ‚Dazwischen‘ sein?

Vielleicht ist eine andere Interpretation möglich – in der Philosophie ist immer eine andere Interpretation möglich –, wenn man voraussetzt, im Paradies zu sein. Ich hoffe, dass sich diese Interpretation als falsch erweisen wird. Es würde mir sehr leid tun, meinen Freund, den großen Komponisten Klaus Ospald, nur *post mortem* kennengelernt zu haben.

Im Alltag hat sich mir aber ein anderer Maßstab aufgedrängt: *Der Zauberberg*. Gibt es den Gong als Zeichen zum Abendessen nicht auch hier? Setzen sich die Ärzte nicht auch hier an den Tisch der Patienten? Auch wenn es sich in dem vorliegenden Fall manchmal als schwierig erweisen kann zu unterscheiden, wer der Arzt und wer der Patient ist.

Sind wir auskuriert? Ich sicher nicht, das weiß ich. Zu solch einer Erkenntnis kann man immer nur nachträglich kommen, wenn überhaupt.

Warum bin gerade ich hierher gekommen? (Ich habe mir diese Frage so oft gestellt.) Was war meine Krankheit? – Ich wollte ein Jahr in Deutschland verbringen.

Dies war, wie ich jetzt gestehen kann, mein ‚offiziöses‘ Projekt.

Hat es Erfolg gehabt? Ich bin mir nicht sicher. Ich habe Zweifel: War dies Deutschland?

Offiziell sollte ich etwas über den Begriff *Kontext* schreiben.

Es ist nicht so schwer zu verstehen, dass der Sinn einer Aussage kontextual ist: Er hängt von der Art und Weise ab, wie ein Sprecher die Wörter unter bestimmten Umständen verwendet. Tatsächlich glauben *alle*, das zu verstehen. (Was *Sinn* ist, wäre eine andere Frage.)

Aber was soll es denn bedeuten, dass ein *Gedanke* kontextual ist? Ist diese Idee überhaupt sinnvoll?

Natürlich hängt es davon ab, was man mit ‚Gedanken‘ meint.

Menschen, die Kontext und kausale Umgebung verwechseln, d. h. einen begrifflichen Fehler machen, werden kein Problem damit haben; auch diejenigen nicht, die das Denken für eine Art inneren Dialog halten, d. h. einen kategorialen Fehler machen.

Wir sprechen aber von Philosophie.

Aber, *brauchen wir Philosophen (am WiKo)*? Das ist ein Kontextproblem.

Vielleicht gibt es doch ein Problem. Gab es.

Bin ich in meiner Arbeit über die begriffliche Analyse weitergekommen? Nicht besonders viel. Ohne meine Bücher, ohne Studenten, ohne Kollegen war es schwer, Fortschritte zu machen.

Trotzdem habe ich zwei wichtige Wahrheiten verstanden, die mein offizielles Thema betreffen. Zwei ‚Ergebnisse‘, wie die ‚Wissenschaftler‘ sagen, die ich in zwei *Absätzen* zusammenfassen will, die hinken.

Erstens hatte ich mein Leben lang eine ziemlich liberale Auffassung dessen, was ein ‚Kontext‘ ist. Jeder Sprecher schafft einen Kontext dadurch, dass er spricht – sowie, *vielleicht*, jeder Denker es tut, dadurch dass er denkt. Natürlich gibt es eine Normativität des Kontexts: der Sprecher benutzt auf eine gewisse Art und Weise die Umstände, unter denen er

spricht, um Sinn und Wahrheit aufzubauen, aber die Art von Sinn und Wahrheit – oder Falschheit –, die er aufbaut, hängt auch mit diesen Umständen zusammen. So gibt es in jedwedem Kontext Wege des Sinns und der Wahrheit und jede gegebene Reihe von Umständen ist möglicherweise ein Kontext. Das hängt nur davon ab, dass jemand unter diesen Umständen etwas wirklich sagt, denkt oder tut. Und es scheint, ganz gleich unter welchen Umständen, dass man immer etwas sagen, denken oder tun kann.

Jetzt weiß ich, dass es doch nicht immer der Fall ist. Es gibt Umstände, die nie Kontext sind, weil wir mit ihnen keinen Kontext bilden können oder wollen. Solche Umstände könnten wir *a priori falsch* nennen, wie man zum Beispiel von einem *falschen* Pokal oder von einer *falschen* Wissenschaft spricht.

Solche Umgebung treibt sozusagen einen Keil zwischen uns und unsere Handlungen und Aussagen. Man berührt den Boden nicht mehr.

Zweitens. Nach meiner Abkehr von der Phänomenologie war ich auf die Idee gekommen, dass die Welt keine Begründung braucht. Wo könnte man die Welt anzweifeln, wenn nicht in der Welt? So setzt jede sogenannte Eingrenzung der Welt die Welt voraus, eine solche Absicht ist selbstwidersprechend.

Trotzdem habe ich jetzt in einem *Unkontext* erfahren, dass man von der Außenwelt (der einzigen Welt) abgeschnitten sein kann und dass auch die einfache Idee einer Welt unter solchen Umständen sehr problematisch wird.

Natürlich möchte ich als Realist denken, dass dieser Weltentzug sich nur in der (wirklichen) Welt als ein wirklicher Vorgang ereignen kann, dessen wirkliche politische und soziale Bedingungen wir analysieren müssen. Nina Verheyen gab mir interessante Ansätze in diese Richtung. (Leider hat es sich erwiesen, dass es nicht so leicht ist, aus bloßen Ansätzen volle Absätze zu machen.)

Aber, wie wahr diese Analyse auch sein mag, es bleibt dabei, dass es unter gewissen Umständen sehr schwer ist, weiter an die Existenz der Welt zu glauben, d.h. dem Begriff der Welt noch einen Sinn zu verleihen. Wie könnte die Welt als ‚Welt‘ gelten, wenn die Grundbedingungen für ihren Sinn nicht mehr erfüllt sind? In diesem Fall klingt der Pokal hohl.

Mit solchen Meditationen ist das Jahr vergangen. Erfolglos, das versteht sich von selbst: Auch um eigentlich zu denken, dass man nur in einer Welt denken kann, muss man schon in einer Welt sein. Da, wo wirkliche Menschen leben, arbeiten, sterben und Interessantes leisten. Da, wo Worte infolgedessen einen Sinn und einen Wert haben. Außerhalb dieser

Welt der wirklichen Dinge, in der man über Dinge spricht, die keine bloßen *représentations* sind, und in der es Menschen gibt, mit denen man von jenen Dingen (und nicht nur über das Sprechen) sprechen kann, gibt es nur Platz für akademisches Geschwätz.

Aber der Gong verklingt schon. Lenas schöne Gestalt wird undeutlich. Von Veras engelhaftem Gesicht, wie von der Cheshire-Katze wird nur das endlose Lächeln für immer in meiner Erinnerung schweben.

Draußen wartet die Außenwelt, die einzige Welt. Sie ist nicht immer angenehm und sie kann auch entsetzlich sein. Sie hat aber einen unbestreitbaren Vorrang: sie ist wirklich. So betrachte ich sie jetzt mit Respekt und ich bin bereit dazu, um ihren Sinn zu ringen. Weil ich weiß, wie wertvoll und zerbrechlich sie ist.

Cette leçon valait bien un curry-wurst, sans doute.



MEMORY, MEMORIA, DIE ERINNERUNG

KASIA M. BIESZCZAD

Kasia M. Bieszczad, Ph.D., is currently an Assistant Professor in the Department of Psychology at Rutgers University, New Brunswick, New Jersey. During her time at Wiko, she was a Postdoctoral Research Fellow at the University of California, Irvine, in the Department of Neurobiology and Behavior. Honors include UC Irvine Graduate Division's Most Promising Future Faculty Member Award (2008); the Association for Psychological Science Rising Star Award (2013); UC Irvine Biological Sciences Dean's Award for Postdoctoral Research Excellence (2014); the Society for Neuroscience Next Generation Award (2014); and – of course – selection to the distinguished College for Life Sciences at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin in 2014. – Address: Psychology Bldg. Busch Campus, 152 Freylinghuysen Road, Piscataway, NJ 08854-8020, USA. E-mail: kasia.bie@rutgers.edu

As a researcher in the field of memory – in particular, the neurobiology of learning and memory – I feel an appropriate essay on my experiences over the nearly six months embraced in the nest of 19 Wallotstraße in the Grunewald forest is to combine a description of the events that I remember from Wiko with an explanation of why (from my neuroscientist's perspective) I think that I will remember the College for Life Sciences for a long time.

Looking back to my mind's eye before I arrived in Berlin in January, I saw the Wissenschaftskolleg as a kind of castle fortress with the elusive nature of a fairy tale. Being a “junior” academic in this buttress of intellect guarded by the strong tones of the German language, it was – to be perfectly honest – highly intimidating. But trailing my suitcase behind me, I took my first steps through the crunching snow into the new and unknown

(more on this later) to my home in the Neubau with the confidence one often gets from an adrenaline rush of excitement. By the time the California jetlag had worn off, I had already met the delightful, smiling Vera at the front desk, set up German lessons with sweet Ursula and Eva, embraced the unspoken social niceties involved in selecting a lunch table, and saw that one thing was certain: we were all in good hands. This was going to be a year to remember.

Novelty

Animals (like humans) are especially susceptible to novelty. Put one in a new context and brain cells light up, tickled by the novelty of the experience. “Something new? Let’s encode this!” Put in a known place, neurons remain untickled. “Blah. Same-old.” The novelty of Wiko came in so many flavors for me. One, it was the first time that I was part of an interdisciplinary institute. I found myself in meetings with evolutionary and field biologists, linguists, and musicians (more on music later), discussing their views and opinions on topics in my own field of learning, memory and brain function in the auditory system. I have gained novel insights into the details of my own work from these often surprising conversations, which are now re-framed in a novel, broader, context. Two, I must report that this was my first truly independent research position. Let this be a subtle hint to those who will follow in the College for Life Sciences – Giovanni is our fearless leader, yes. Undoubtedly. But you are at the helm of the ship that is your project and your time. Junior or senior, managing what you do and when you do it is challenging (especially when you’re looking forward to the daily surprise called lunch served by the amazing Lena and her kitchen). So my advice is this: set many realistic goals/deadlines and one long-shot goal, and when you reach any of the above, have Giovanni make you one of his famous Amaretto Sours to celebrate. Three (because it seems like a good number – for quantification, you know), new places, new faces! I remain amazed by how little time it takes for strangers to become friends, colleagues, fast partners in wonder and lust for a deeper understanding of the condition of society, of art, life, the past, and the future.

Emotion

The one factor that is overwhelmingly present in almost every circumstance that influences memory-making is: emotion. Emotion colors an experience in ways that can make

that memory last a lifetime. And at the other end of the spectrum, too much emotion – especially the negative kind we like to call stress – well, that has the opposite effect. Applause is necessary here for one of the greatest missions achieved by the Wiko staff and organization. That is the stress-free environment they have created for living and working at Wiko. Without stress, creativity flourishes and releases a true expression of one's self. For example, and on another note for future CfLS Fellows: if you leave Wiko still doing what you came here doing, you must love it and are meant to do it. Wiko has a history of changing the course of a Fellow's "after-Wiko" life. I think this is a testament to the freedom brought by release from all the duties and routine that can be dangerously susceptible to replace one's identity. I am happy that Wiko and the CfLS gave me the opportunity to pause from the full-throttle madness that building a research career at an R01 institution in the United States can be to ask the questions, "Am I doing the right thing?" and "Does this make me happy(iest)?" With extended time spent surrounded by Fellows who are faculty members and professionals, learning from and about them, I feel an honest judgment was possible. The answer is that my sails are set steady ahead for my career in research and neuroscience. The choice I made at 15 years of age to be a scientist instead of a classical pianist holds. An auditory neuroscientist. Go figure. But that being said, I have also learned that we can soften the edges of the path we choose – one "secret project" that I have decided to revive and pursue (compelled by my interactions at Wiko) is to write a book on aesthetics, neuroscience, and the underlying plasticity of the brain.

Environmental Enrichment

EE stands for all the wonderful things that spice our world, making today different from yesterday and a catapult to excitement for tomorrow. EE challenges us, soothes us, surprises us, awakens us. It helps lay down the foundation of memories that are distinct and unique and rich with detailed sensation. To be brief, a word cloud to allow you, dear reader and friend, to fill in with your own associations:

Towel warmers. The Clubraum at midnight. On Mondays. Pretzels. Sweet white wine. Top front seats on the M19. *Ausstieg links*. Spargel and Pfifferlinge at Floh's. The way the windows open sideways and upside-down. Turning pages for the force that is Pierre Laurent. The Clubraum at 2 a.m. Alfred Brendel at the movies. Funny keys and locks. Classy champagne, especially the dimpled "Sweaty Mistress". Berlin. Potsdam. Leipzig. *Berlin*. Ping-pong. The Berlin story of the baboon and zookeeper. Brazil-1,

Germany-7. Dinners at the Weiße Villa at sunset. Ping-pong. Racing-round-the-table ping-pong. The Wannsee. Naked lawn. The convertible. Bach. The train station in Leipzig. The Clubraum at 3 a.m. Still or sparkling? My laptop's interruptions during the CfLS Fellows Workshop. Espressos, cappuccinos, lattes, from the glorious coffee machine. Movie Sundays. Buffalo burrata. Paul Robertson's playground of sound space. Super-hot (so it hurts) currywursts at the farmer's market. Haunted houses and running suits. Giraffe bones. Kathleen's introduction to the Rector's Colloquium. Gladiators. Yuri's tough questions. Wendy's ebullient laugh. Church bells drifting past the white curtains from my window. The eminent sound of a cocktail party on Thursday evening. Reason to dress up for dinner. Tealights along the stone wall on the terrace of Wallotstraße 19 the night of the farewell party. My whiteboard.

Music

I would like to end with a short comment about the grandest and greatest love of my life: Music. Any form. Any way. Any time or place. This was the wonderful indulgence of my time in Berlin. Music has a way of encapsulating a moment, so that when we hear it again, the moment returns to us in sweet recollection. Thus, when I hear *that* song or piece again, I remember the place and people and context in which we were hearing it – and all of the emotions that come along with re-living those experiences. With the Berliner Philharmonie, the Deutsche Oper, the Komische Oper, and various (slightly) shady and (some) not-so-shady clubs on the East Side, I have seen and heard love songs, soft crooners, mad Spanish guitars, punk rockers, and even a giant queen spider hitting an F6 (Thank you, Mozart). But what I will probably cherish most are memories from DJ-ing music at the Wiko end-of-the-year party. This is especially so because I asked my fellow Fellows to give me their requests for songs to dine and dance to. A happy consequence of these requests was that today, I hear a song come on over my headphones on my long walks to work and immediately remember the person associated. I smile at the glimpse of their inner self they willingly shared with me and with the 2013/2014 Wiko group. Thanks, Everyone.

Experience-dependent plasticity (constant change) in the topography of brain (how it's all wired up) is evidence that what we learn and remember becomes part of the physical "stuff" of what we are. In that respect, Wiko has set roots of budding lifelong memories that have enriched my person – right down to the biology of the neurons in my head. The

work I have accomplished in my time at Wiko sets the stage for this next chapter of my life and research career. How appropriate that Wiko has tapped into several (of many) factors that influence memory, plasticity, and brain health. Indeed, one day's dream is to use my research to enable enough of an understanding of the factors that control learning and remembering in a way that allows us to develop strategies for therapies that can rescue people from the depths of Alzheimer's disease, or to ease the learning of new languages (... German!). Maybe these strategies will involve music? I hope so. In any event, for those who say that the Wiko experience has changed them, let's just remember that this change is really quite literal. Thank you, Wiko, for the memories.



THE IMPORTANCE OF INTERDISCIPLINARY MEANDERING FELIX BREDEN

Felix Breden is an Evolutionary Geneticist and Professor of Biological Sciences at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, British Columbia, Canada. He received a B.Sc. at the University of South Florida in Tampa, a M.Sc. at the University of Georgia in Athens, and a Ph.D. at the University of Chicago. After a short postdoctoral position with Michael Wade, also at the University of Chicago, he taught at the University of Missouri-Columbia for 11 years, before moving to Simon Fraser University in British Columbia with his wife, Jamie Scott. Before his fellowship at the Wiko, he was Chair of Biological Sciences at SFU. He returns to SFU as Executive Director of the Centre for Interdisciplinary Research in Mathematical and Computational Sciences (IRMACS), and invites any Wiko alum to visit the Centre. IRMACS supports interdisciplinary research with high-performance computing, complex systems modeling, and off-site collaboration technology. Breden's research focuses on the evolution of the vertebrate visual system and the genomics of the human immune system. – Address: The IRMACS Centre, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, BC V5A 1S6, Canada. E-mail: breden@sfu.ca

After being departmental chair for five years, I looked forward to using my time at the Wiko to reevaluate my priorities and my approach to science and to set my path for the remaining years of my career. I particularly looked forward to focusing my research and reducing the number of topics on which I was working. Instead, I actually expanded the range of topics that I am pursuing in the natural sciences, particularly renewing my interest in the evolution of cooperation and group selection, an area that had at one time been my specialty. The experience at the Wiko that changed me the most, however, was

the continual engagement with people from fields to which I would normally not be exposed. And not only being exposed to these areas, but interacting with experts in these fields in a consistent, intense way. I was able to ask them questions, rethink the answers, and then (often) return to them with the same questions (perhaps sometimes annoyingly) over the months at the Wiko. In my report I will first describe the natural science questions I pursued, but then end my report with a description of the interdisciplinary meanderings I enjoyed so much.

I. Natural Science at the Wiko

1. Focus Group on “Origin and Evolution of Exaggerated Traits”

Jerry Wilkinson was the leader for this focus group. Jerry has been working on genomics of sexually selected characters in stalk-eyed flies, and I in guppies; we were joined by two temporary Fellows, Judith Mank and Seth Barribeau. As part of this focus group, I learned a huge amount from reading and discussing papers on sex-limited gene expression, sex chromosomes, dosage compensation, and how genes are apportioned between sex chromosomes and autosomes. Both Jerry and I were interested in factors in the genomes that might explain why one species develops strong exaggerated characters due to sexual selection (bright colors, long tails, big antlers), while other species do not develop these exaggerated characters. By the end of the year, we refined these questions to “how is variation maintained in characters under strong sexual selection?” This led to extensive reading in genomic factors, especially the effect of transposable elements on genetic variation and adaptation.

Our focus group organized a two-day workshop on “Mind the Gap: Genomics of Sexual Selection”. What could have been a pretty standard conference took on a Wiko flair. Jerry Wilkinson and I represented a traditional approach to sexual selection research, part of which has been attempting to find the genes underlying sexual selection phenotypes for several decades. Planning for the conference made us realize at least two things. One, the field has really failed to find these genes, and perhaps the field has never clearly defined why finding these genes is important. And second, there was a generational gap in our field. Younger scientists, who grew up taking a genomics approach, tended to study the genomic basis and evolution of sexual dimorphism and the evolution of sex chromosomes versus autosomes and tried to work from the genomic level to the specific genes. It seems that the “gap” that we had to “mind” was the disconnect between

those trying to apply genomic approaches to the more traditional questions, without much progress, and those applying genomic approaches to descriptive studies, often without clear hypotheses rooted in evolutionary theory. As with many of the questions dealt with at the Wiko, the jury is still out, and we are still struggling to produce a review manuscript from this workshop that captures a consensus of these ideas.

2. Tuesday Colloquium on “Hubris in the Post-Genomics Era” and my “secret project”

My Tuesday Colloquium examined some systemic problems inherent in the technology of the human genomics enterprise and how this enterprise can be “oversold” to basically everyone. Preparing for my colloquium helped me focus on what my exact criticisms are of the human genome project and how I can communicate these to an audience that is not expert on genetics and genomics. This also related to my “secret project”, the project that many of us bring to the Wiko, but that is not revealed in our proposal. Mine was to develop a way to deal with the massive genomics data sets that are being produced in antibody repertoire analysis, important in vaccine development and basic immunology. While at the Wiko, our team at the IRMACS Centre at SFU received a contract to build a prototype of such a system, which would link these massive data sets in an integrated, queryable system across multiple biomedical research institutions. We also began organizing workshops to bring the community together to set protocols for assessing the quality of these data, sharing these data, and overcoming the confidentiality and consent issues involved in sharing these data. This will be a major undertaking and will involve working not only with genomicists, immunologists, and bioinformaticians, but also experts in the legal, ethics, and business fields. My interactions and increased knowledge of the goals and interests of humanists and sociologists that I met at the Wiko will greatly help in this endeavor.

3. Project on variation in guppy sex chromosomes with Fellow Judith Mank

One of the joys of being at the Wiko is the potential for forming fortuitous connections, and I did this with Fellow Judith Mank. Guppy sex chromosomes are fascinating because the genes for attractive male characters, such as male coloration and courtship, are linked to the sex chromosomes, and the sex chromosomes seem to evolve very quickly. It has been a dream of mine for many decades to study these chromosomes, and the collaboration with Judith, an expert in the genomics of sex chromosomes, will make this possible.

4. Historical and sociological perspective on the evolution of cooperation

During my year at the Wiko I was very lucky to be exposed to the Focus Group on Cancer Evolution. I learned that this topic, and the topic of Evolutionary Medicine, has broadened and matured over the past decade, and I learned a lot about how this field can apply evolutionary principles to medical questions in new and productive ways. In addition, working with members of this group rekindled my interest in cooperation theory, but in a way that expanded the question beyond biology. And this was the first of my “interdisciplinary meanderings” during my time at the Wiko.

This topic developed mostly by talking to Athena Aktipis of the Cancer Evolution Focus Group, who studies cooperation and how cancer breaks the rules of cooperation that keep a multi-cellular organism functioning. Based on our long-term interests in the evolution of cooperation and altruistic behavior, we began exploring a question in evolutionary biology that seems never to be resolved: how could altruism evolve? I.e., why would an organism be selected to reduce its immediate fitness to increase the reproduction and survivorship of other individuals? Proposed answers to this question include the ideas of kin selection, group selection, selfish genes, inclusive fitness, etc. For many years, amongst these ideas, the theory of “group selection” has been strongly vilified by many evolutionary biologists, and endless numbers of papers have pitted group selection versus kin selection, proposing one or the other as the explanation for the evolution of cooperation and altruism. However, these arguments don’t make sense, and the never-ending vitriol that accompanies them is particularly unjustified, because most serious examinations of these concepts in the last decade or two have concluded that the approaches of group and kin selection and inclusive fitness can all be seen as variants of the same approach to solving the same problem. Yet, despite this seeming resolution of the problem, the arguments continue. Talking to other Fellows at the Wiko made us realize that there is probably a more “sociological” and “historical” explanation why the arguments persist and that an interdisciplinary approach, bringing in philosophers of science, historians, sociologists, and beyond, might be a good way to elucidate and even eliminate this conflict. Hence, we formed a core interdisciplinary group at the Wiko to explore this, and we hope to organize a Fellows’ forum next year to deal with this question.

In summary, during my time at the Wiko I expanded rather than narrowed my range of topics and interests in natural science. The great thing about the environment of the Wiko is that this happened so organically and easily that I didn’t even notice it had

happened until writing this report! What I was fully conscious of as I left Berlin was how excited I was about getting these projects done.

II. Inter-, Multi-, and Trans-Disciplinary Meanderings

The part of the Wiko experience that I will always cherish the most was the chance to interact with people so highly trained in areas of which I had been so ignorant: the law, humanities, sociology, musicology, history, and many other areas. My interdisciplinary meanderings at the Wiko involved three main, repeating themes.

1. Questions and approaches common to natural sciences and “un-natural” sciences

One of my earliest memories of meeting people at the Wiko is of Maria-Pia Di Bella, who along with her partner Baber Johansen spent much of the year at the Wiko, sitting down at lunch and declaring that she was a social anthropologist, but she was “not a scientist”. Her declaration fascinated me and prompted me to question many of the historians, philosophers, and sociologists as to how they conducted their business. Were they trying to come up with general principles that could then be applied to other situations and to make predictions? Did they formulate hypotheses? As I write this it seems like a somewhat sophomoric question, but I feel it led to many interesting and revealing conversations. Although often they said they weren’t testing hypotheses, Yuri Slezkine summed up his research for me as showing that “revolutions always destroy themselves from within”. Sounds like a hypothesis/general principle to me, but I guess there is no resolution to that debate.

2. How some humanists view natural scientists, and what we can do about it

Before coming to the Wiko I had read and thought about the “two cultures” and understood that often natural scientists and academics from the other side of campus have to struggle to understand each other, and when that attempt at understanding goes awry, there can be some unfortunate outcomes. But my experiences at the Wiko really made me understand how deep the rift can be between the two groups and how hard one has to work to try to bridge that gap.

One interesting part of the process at the Wiko was that you had the time and close quarters to develop real, deep relationships with some of your Fellows, but then sometimes you could then have fundamental intellectual and philosophical differences with

these people, simply based on field-specific assumptions and languages and goals. It is important to point out that most often the interdisciplinary conversations worked great, and, when these differences became apparent, they were worked through with respect and even love. It pointed out to me that if natural scientists choose to reach out to a diverse audience, then we must very carefully start with common principles and explain what and why we do what we do. It is widely acknowledged that to be shown how other people see you is a great gift, and that seems to be as true in academia as it is in normal life.

3. Do academics believe that their work will make a better tomorrow?

Maybe it is easier for, say, a biomedical scientist, or human geneticist, to believe that their work is making the world a better place than it is for a musicologist. But I suspected that most of the Fellows at the Wiko, who had worked hard to excel in their discipline, were partly motivated by improving the fate of the world. We could all argue whether a given field helped or in fact screwed things up, but my suspicion was that that had to be part of the motivation in most of us. Again, who knows? But I had fun asking that question to many of the Fellows: if they weren't changing the world for a better place, why did they get up in the morning and work so hard? Perhaps my most fun was trying to get Klaus Ospald to admit that he worked so hard at his music to improve peoples' lives.

Upon reflection, all of this activity and intensity for me was, at heart, a process of me asking myself these questions: What does it mean to formulate and test a hypothesis, especially within the confines of natural science and especially biological evolution? How can we better communicate to non-scientists what we do, and why does it matter that we make this attempt? Finally, why do I get up in the morning, and how can I encourage students to quit worrying about their first job and, rather, put all their energies into working toward a better world? Put down in print this way, this seems like pretty heavy stuff, but grappling with these questions was the exhilarating part of my Wiko experience. And for this experience, I owe a deep debt of gratitude to my fellow Fellows, my wife Jamie and daughter Fran, and, not least, the wonderful staff of the Wiko, who not only do such a superb job of running the institute, but also help create its special ambience.



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S ALL OVER:
2013–2014 AT THE WISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG
BRUCE G. CARRUTHERS

Bruce G. Carruthers is the John D. MacArthur Professor of Sociology at Northwestern University and Director of the Buffett Center for International and Comparative Studies. He works in the areas of economic sociology and comparative-historical sociology. Raised in Vancouver, British Columbia, he received a B.A. in Communication Studies from Simon Fraser University, an M.A. in Sociology from Rutgers University, and a Ph.D. in Sociology from the University of Chicago in 1991. In 2000–2001 he was a visiting scholar at the Russell Sage Foundation, in New York City and in 2006–2007 was a Fellow at the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, at Harvard University. His first book, *City of Capital: Politics and Markets in the English Financial Revolution* (1996), examined the political origins of the London stock market in the early 18th century. He then co-authored two books on the topic of bankruptcy law, *Rescuing Business: The Making of Corporate Bankruptcy Law in England and the United States* (1998), and *Bankrupt: Global Lawmaking and Systemic Financial Crisis* (2009). He also co-authored books on economic sociology (*Economy/Society: Markets, Meanings, and Social Structure*, 2000) and the sociology of finance (*Money and Credit: A Sociological Approach*, 2010). – Address: Department of Sociology, Northwestern University, 1810 Chicago Avenue, Evanston IL, USA 60208-1330.
E-mail: b-carruthers@northwestern.edu

What a formidable challenge it is to summarize such a wonderful year! Somewhat daunted, I read entries from previous yearbooks (Jahrbücher) for inspiration. That proved to be a big mistake. It soon became clear that there was nothing I could say that hadn't already been said by someone else, and rendered much more beautifully and with greater skill than

I will ever possess. But browsing through the past entries helped to shape my recollections and underscored in my mind two similarities. On the one hand, our Wiko year together was a bit like an American high school, only there were no jocks or dweebs, only nerds. We arrived in the fall, all excited and eager to “learn the ropes”, nervous to figure out who were the “cool kids”, and mindful of the importance of first impressions. Our year ahead seemed to offer boundless prospects and a vast expanse of time. We sat together in the lunchroom day after day, and there was a lot of gossip and joking along with some very serious conversation (no food fights, however). The more sophisticated crowd would slip outside for a smoke after meals and debate the merits of Turkish vs. French vs. American cigarettes. As the year progressed, our social fluidity settled down, and several groups formed. Exactly how many I don’t know because, like other members of the Quantification Group, I find it extremely hard to count. And of course, people did their work, lots and lots of work. Then, slowly, the reality of “graduation” intruded into the Berlin spring. We realized our time was coming to an end. There would be parties and toasts, and maybe some would celebrate a bit too energetically (no names mentioned, but we know who). Eventually we would all leave so the staff could enjoy a bit of a break before the next year’s cohort arrived. And hopefully, like ex-high-schoolers, we can all come back to Wiko for our 5th, 10th, and 20th year reunions. I particularly want to see what Hari, Elena, Seth, Andrew, Gunther, Hanna, Mícheál, Judith, Kasia, and Natasha look like when they become middle-aged.

On the other hand, our year together reminded me of a boat cruise. We boarded the good ship Wiko, and after being shown to our accommodations, and after a few meals, realized that we were all in first class. True, some “passengers” enjoyed deluxe suites while others were consigned to mere luxury, but as compared with ordinary academic life there was at Wiko no second class, and certainly no steerage. For the Fellows, this adventure was a once-in-a-lifetime experience. For the staff, however, it was a thing they do year after year, voyage after voyage. If something doesn’t work, they fix it and do things differently in the future. From their standpoint, there are good years and not-so-good years (and maybe even bad years). And like ship passengers, we were variably knowledgeable of who did what on board. We all knew the captain, and we got to know the cruise director, chef, concierge, and cabin steward, but we spent little time with the folks in the engine room even though what they did was terribly important. Wiko is a place animated by lots of invisible labor. And I am deeply grateful for all that work.

As to my own research, I was able to make very good progress on my book manuscript on quantification and credit. The effect of Wiko was to suspend various teaching and

administrative duties and to provide a quiet haven for thought in a world-class city. The book is almost done, and the overall design will be reconfigured because of many interesting conversations I had as part of the quantification focus group. Thanks to the superb library staff, I did not want for sources or materials. But I know there are many other exchanges I participated in, and presentations I attended, whose influence will be less direct. To be sure, I valued the simple intellectual pleasure of learning from experts who were also friends. But in the long run, my research will move in directions I cannot entirely foresee, and I am sure I will use something of what I learned this past year. I will ruminate and cogitate, and gradually fit a few things together. Some ideas will bear fruit, although others that have occurred to me (about the evolution of antibiotic-resistant gladiators and how it relates to prison conditions and exaggerated traits in contemporary Britain) should probably lie dormant for a couple of years, if not forever.

Discovering Berlin was a joy, and I am so thankful for the opportunity to explore it in a leisurely fashion. As a social scientist, it was extraordinary to be in a place with a past that has born witness to the very extremes of human behavior, from brilliant creativity and noble self-sacrifice to intolerance and evil. But the past was no deadweight, and Berlin's cultural vitality offered more distractions than I could ever hope to enjoy. Indeed, toward the very end of the year I was torn by a hard choice: revise another chapter of my book or go see more opera. I chose both, of course, and enjoyed a luxury that only Wiko could provide.



THE SHORT-TERM FELLOW WHO WOULD
NOT/COULD NOT GO AWAY
JOHN CARSON

John Carson is Associate Professor of History at the University of Michigan and Chair of the Forum for the History of the Human Sciences. Born in Philadelphia, he did a B.A. in Philosophy, taught for three years in a school for children with dyslexia, and then went to Princeton University, where he received his Ph.D. in History (of Science) in 1994. His research focuses on the history of the human and life sciences. His publications include *The Measure of Merit: Talents, Intelligence, and Inequality in the French and American Republics, 1750–1940* (2007), winner of the 2010 Cheiron Book prize; “Has Psychology ‘Found Its True Path’? Methods, Objectivity, and Cries of ‘Crisis’ in Early Twentieth-Century French Psychology. *Studies in the History and Philosophy of Biological and Biomedical Sciences* 43 (2012); and “Differentiating a Republican Citizenry: Talents, Human Science, and Enlightenment Theories of Governance.” *Osiris* 17: Science and Civil Society (2002), winner of the 2003 Best Article Award of the Forum for the History of the Human Sciences. He has received fellowships from the Newhouse Center for the Humanities; the ACLS (Ryskamp); and the National Humanities Center. – Address: Department of History, University of Michigan, 1029 Tisch Hall, Ann Arbor, MI, 48109-1003, USA. E-mail: jscarson@umich.edu

I came to the Wiko at the very beginning of September, like many of the other Fellows, to improve my sketchy German and to find my place in the Wiko ecology. The lessons helped (thanks Eva), and I improved a bit, though I didn’t practice enough after that initial push to really consolidate what I had learned. But my presence at the Wiko in early September was a bit anomalous: I was technically a short-term Fellow who would only be “official” in January, but who was already there on their doorstep, asking about an office and a computer

and, well, everything else that goes with the scholarly life at the Wiko. Truth be told, I had what might be termed a split appointment, with part of my time and funding from the Wiko and part from the Max Planck Institute for the History of Science. But the Wiko – a generous institution if ever there was one – agreed to let me have an office from the start and to join in all the activities available to any other Fellow. It helped that I was part of a group, the Quantification group, the largest workgroup the Wiko had ever sponsored. There were eight of us (nine if you counted Raine Daston, a Permanent Fellow whose boundless energy allowed her to be a regular at our weekly meetings). We were meant to work together, if in that highly individualistic way that humanities and social science folk tend to adopt, and so it could be argued that my presence from the start made sense.

I was anomalous in another way as well: I did not live at the Wiko, but instead commuted in from Schöneberg, sometimes by S-Bahn and sometimes by bike. I didn't mind; well, not too much. Grunewald certainly had the biggest villas I had ever seen in Berlin, but it felt a bit removed from the rest of the city. Coming from Ann Arbor, it was nice to have more of an urban feel to daily life, and having some distance between work and home has its advantages as well. Not living at the Wiko, though, did mean I missed out (or escaped, some would say) some of the camp-like experience of life there. Evening events, excursions for dinner or on weekends, late night revelry after the Thursday dinners, all were taking place, I knew, but rarely were they much a part of my life there, save as echoes still resonating the next day or week. It felt a little strange, not being so intimately a part of the social whirl, but I was in Berlin with my wife and a four-year-old, and so under any conditions my opportunities to socialize would have been limited. Besides, there were still plenty of occasions on which I was able to enjoy the company of comrades old and new, and the intellectual life of the Wiko took place mostly during the day anyway, at the weekly colloquia and the lunches, as well as in the group meetings and, of course, the daily stare-down in the office with my computer screen.

There is probably not much that I can say about my experience at the Wiko that hasn't already been said many times and much more eloquently in the collection of these year-books. I felt privileged and extraordinarily lucky to be there. I quickly pushed the world of class preparation, grading, committee meetings, endless student queries, and all of the other trappings of modern, hyper-busy university life away and deleted university e-mails with reckless abandon until the summer finally brought them crashing back in. In many regards, that may have been the most wonderful gift that the Wiko provided – the opportunity to have a different rhythm to life and to remember that sociability is essential

for a healthy mind and spirit. There were also the colloquia. For me, one of the high points of my Wiko experience was the chance it afforded me, week in and week out, to hear talks often in areas far removed from my own. Not that I loved, or even understood, everything that I heard. But each came with its own kind of passion, and most made me think and wonder and ponder, which is still to me one of the greatest joys of the academic life. Like a number of the humanists, I took particular pleasure in the talks by the life scientists. Though interdisciplinarity is a mantra at Michigan, my chances to listen to, or even better to sit down and talk with, a practicing scientist are rather limited. So it was fun to get a glimpse into their world and to learn about cancer cells and flocks of birds and cooperation as well as competition, and so on. Did these talks change my own intellectual practice? Probably not. But I hope they helped me appreciate even more the richness and complexities of the phenomena I explore and to be reminded about just how many ways there are to try to make sense of what we are collectively investigating.

What precisely did I do with my time? I am still pondering that question, I must admit. Luca invited us all to abandon our avowed projects and to take up a secret one, if we were so inclined. I don't know that many accepted his invitation, though at times I wondered if I should have. Instead, I plowed back into a project I've been fighting with for some time, my attempt to understand the development of the category of unsoundness of mind (*non compos mentis*) in Anglo-American civil law and medical jurisprudence during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. There wasn't much quantification involved – none, to be exact – prompting Luca to wonder at the quantification group's capacious ability to include even someone not really doing quantification (though, don't worry Luca, I remain intensely interested in numbers and what they can and cannot do). The allure of the story of unsoundness of mind was, for me, twofold. On the one hand, it forced legal and medical experts into an uneasy and never very satisfactory alliance of sorts, as they sought to manage rival knowledge claims over the disputed territory of mental soundness. Unsoundness was first and foremost a legal category, and yet was acknowledged by all to refer to a state of mind, and thus was a condition about which those proclaiming some expertise in mental medicine felt a right, if not a duty, to speak. On the other hand, unsoundness served as a site of contestation, not only between law and medicine, but also among different narratives describing a person's behaviors and the meaning or madness underlying them among various family members fighting over an inheritance or contesting a marriage, between ideologies of individual liberty and communal responsibility, and between patriarchal versus paternalist visions of male authority.

Because unsoundness was most typically glossed as a question about the ability to manage one's affairs, the term entangled the medical, the legal, the economic, the social, the political, and the personal. In other words, adjudications over a person's soundness were one place where a host of competing visions came together and where the courts were expected to come to some sort of resolution, however tied to the particulars of the situation this might prove to be. All the elements are there, I think, for a compelling story, but figuring out precisely how to tease them apart and put them into a comprehensible analytical frame has proven elusive. And so I spent too much time pondering and not enough simply writing. Some small pieces got finished, and one large article sent off, but two others remain in tatters, pulled apart but not yet put back together in a way that gets to the heart of the story. As for the big picture, in which individual life histories become parts of legal/medical/social/economic dramas, and where courts bifurcate the citizenry into the sound and unsound, with different destinies for each, well, that remains too poorly sketched in. If only I had another six months.

In the end, like I'm sure virtually all the Fellows, I am intensely grateful to the Wiko for the chance to explore and contemplate and to be stimulated by the company of so many engaging members of the community, be they Fellows, partners, children, staff, or visitors. Time spent with old friends – Ted, Mary, Wendy, Bruce, Jahnavi – was precious, and the chance to get to know so many new and smart and warmhearted people a great luxury. I still expect to walk into my office and see Emmanuel's smiling face, or to hear about Tong's latest photo shoot, or to be amazed by Andrea's ability to turn accounting into something fascinating. I know that somewhere right now Yuri is preparing to ask the last, and most searching, question at some talk, and Kathleen is giving an amazing introduction of a speaker, and Pippa is transfixing a viewer with her exquisite giraffe bones. Jenna and Peter, Felix, Janina, Yair, Nina, Laurenz, Athena and Carlo, William, Baber, Natasha, Gunther, Kasia, Pierre-Laurent, Cheikh, and the list goes on of Fellows who helped make Wiko life such a rich and diverse experience. I would be utterly remiss if I did not mention the music – what a treat to have such wonderful performers in so intimate a setting. As for the institution itself, perhaps the best compliment I can give is that one rarely noticed how well it operated. Books appeared almost as soon as you asked for them; food and on Thursday evenings drink were pleasurable and in abundance. Nothing seemed to ever fluster Vera, and Lena could always be counted on to smile or laugh, no matter what the request. In sum, Luca and Thorsten and Reinhart have done a splendid job and set just the right tone for the Wiko, deftly mixing the collegial and the intellectual. If only they didn't make us leave.



GROWING UP IN PARADISE
KATHLEEN M. COLEMAN

Kathleen Coleman was born in Zimbabwe in 1953. She studied Classics at the Universities of Cape Town (B.A. 1973), Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe: B.A. Hons, 1975), and Oxford (D.Phil. 1979). She taught at the University of Cape Town (1979–1993), before taking up the chair of Latin at Trinity College Dublin (1993–1998), then moved to Harvard, becoming the James Loeb Professor of the Classics. In between, she spent two glorious years in Munich as a Humboldt Fellow (1987–1988; 1992). She has written commentaries on two works of Latin poetry from the Flavian period, *Statius, Silvae IV* and *Martial, Liber Spectaculorum*, both published by Oxford University Press, and a long series of articles on the staged violence of the Roman amphitheatre. In her work, she tries to deploy all the surviving evidence of Roman culture: literature, documents, inscriptions, coins, sites, monuments, and works of art. She has also published articles on a variety of classical authors and on the use of classical motifs in modern South African poetry. In 2011 she was President of the American Philological Association. She is an Honorary Member of the Society for the Promotion of Roman Studies and a Corresponding Member of the Bayerische Akademie der Wissenschaften. – Address: Department of the Classics, Harvard University, 204 Boylston Hall, Cambridge, MA 02138, USA. E-mail: kcoleman@fas.harvard.edu

Beauty; serenity; companionship; plentiful nourishment, both physical and intellectual; and unobtrusive efficiency. If that sounds like paradise, I know the address: Wallotstraße 19, 14193 Berlin. I grew up there, in a sense, even though I am decades past my childhood.

Upon entering my apartment in Villa Jaffé on August 30, 2013, I was astonished to discover a little refrigerator stocked with all that I would need for the first twenty-four

hours: salmon, tomatoes, wine, orange juice, chocolate, and other fundamentals. Then, when I ventured into the bathroom, there was liquid soap beside the basin and shower gel beside the bath. The tiny bar of soap, nicked from a hotel, that I had carefully saved for the first night in a bare apartment suddenly looked mean and foolish. The small and inefficient stapler that I had squirreled away in my luggage at the last moment looked like that, too, as soon as I investigated the drawers beside the desk, where I found a ruler, sharpener, stapler, scissors, pens, punch ... the forethought was incredible. And that was a harbinger of what was to come. Everything that we needed to make us happy and productive the whole year long was supplied, without fuss or fanfare. The Wiko staff do their jobs with consummate professionalism and sensitivity, and they are among the most cultivated, charming, and open-minded people I have ever met.

Looking back on it, my decision to arrive early to take the intensive German course was more significant than I could possibly have anticipated. In those first three weeks, I not only learnt a lot of German from Eva von Kügelgen and my classmates; I also forged friendships that will endure for the rest of my life. And, thanks largely to the guided walks that were laid on for us and the texts that we studied in class, I gained a knowledge of the topography and history of Berlin that was to anchor my entire experience in that tragic, inspiring, and addictive city. I was charmed to discover the benefits of a “10-Uhr-Monatskarte” on the remarkable public transport system that knits together what, until 1920, comprised nearly one hundred separate communities. For €57, that card enabled me to go *anywhere at all* between 10:00 a.m. one weekday and 3:00 a.m. the next, and all day – and (theoretically) all night – on Saturdays and Sundays. Freedom, however, can be daunting: every ride on the S-Bahn or the M19 bus in those early days required anxious consultation of the map beforehand and intense calculation as to the estimated time of arrival, until one day I realized that *I knew how the system worked*; I was becoming a Berliner.

The end of the intensive German course coincided with initiation week, which was a blur of information and activity. Then, suddenly, we settled into the routine that was to nourish us for the next ten months: the daily meals and the *Dienstagskolloquium*. I could not have guessed how delicious the meals would be and how solicitously the kitchen staff would cater to our individual needs, nor could I have anticipated the lively and unpredictable conversations that developed among as congenial a group of Fellows as one could ever hope to assemble in one place. And I could not possibly have guessed how much I would enjoy the weekly opportunity to hear the others talking about their work for an

hour and then fielding the questions fired at them in the intense discussion that ensued. Some unexpected collaborations grew out of that regular exchange of ideas, such as gender in Wolof, one of the languages of Senegal (by Michele Loporcaro, a linguist, and Cheikh Babou, a historian), or the exploitation of African animals in imperial projects (by Pippa Skotnes, an artist, and me, a classicist), and it was clear that the Wiko staff were delighted to see the intellectual chemistry among the Fellows producing unpredictable reactions. The freedom granted to us to range as widely as we wished, no matter how far we strayed from our original goals, was extraordinarily energizing.

I admit that I did not complete my own stated project, a book on the spectacles of the Roman amphitheatre. I did, however, deliver a few papers on various aspects of this topic in Berlin and further afield, chiefly the representation of defeat in the gladiatorial arena, for which I found illuminating comparanda in the scholarship on military defeat, both ancient and modern. But I did, thank goodness, manage to finish *something* on a respectable scale: the editing of a collected volume on gardens in Antiquity. This was a task with a very tight deadline that I could not possibly have met, had I been teaching full-time (or had I not been supplied with material on gardens from Mesopotamia to the Hesperides by the Wiko's unbelievably expert and dedicated librarians). I also wrote articles on music in the amphitheatre and on a poem about a plane tree, a high-prestige possession in Italy in the early Empire, and I edited most of another (short) volume of collected papers. One unexpected bonus was to re-discover the stimulation and satisfaction of writing reviews, which I had been too busy to do for a long time (the books were good, hence the satisfaction).

It was also very affirming to be encouraged to initiate different sorts of intellectual exchange without having to go through a committee and/or be told that nobody had time for that sort of thing. Pippa and I set up an informal seminar on visual themes that became a forum for any Fellow, partner, or visitor who wanted to air a "secret project" with a visual component, from Renaissance portraits (by Giovanna Pinna, a philosopher) to the desert mummies of Chile (by Michael Hochberg, a biologist). When, towards the end of the year, it dawned on us that these weekly hour-long late-afternoon sessions could effortlessly morph into a further hour of wine, cheese, and wide-ranging conversation in Villa Jaffé, we regretted the opportunity that we had squandered after all the preceding sessions. Every moment of companionship was tinged with awareness that the stopwatch of paradise was ticking relentlessly towards the moment when we would all disperse, an awareness sharpened by the sense of loss that we experienced each time one of the short-term Fellows departed.

The Wiko made it clear to us in advance that we were expected to be in residence, rather than traveling the globe. So, apart from a couple of brief forays abroad (notably a trip to Sicily in pursuit of bones and mosaics with Pippa and her husband, David Brown), I stayed in Berlin. The Romans themselves never got as far as that; when Varus lost three legions in the Teutoburg Forest in A.D. 9, Augustus abandoned his dream of extending the Empire to the Elbe and retreated instead to the Rhine. But, in the nineteenth century, fabled archaeologists and explorers brought the Romans home with them to Prussia. The re-installation of the classical galleries in the Altes Museum has effected some inspired connections. My favorite is the juxtaposition of the “Grüner Caesar”, the green slate portrait of Julius Caesar, whose piercing stare still chills the onlooker today, with the pale marble bust of his lover, Cleopatra, radiating sovereign power and a calculating and ruthless intelligence. For a student of Roman spectacle, it was a wonderful coincidence that the newly discovered mosaic from Lod in Israel reached Berlin on its world tour in the winter of 2013/14. It is a remarkable artifact, combining animal themes (largely gruesome) with marine scenes of great precision. The most singular representation on it is that of a giraffe, a species very rarely depicted in Roman sources and a virtual mascot at the Wiko this past year, because of Pippa’s project to transcribe an archive onto the skeletons of two of these beasts. The mosaic, which is enormous, was displayed in the rotunda of the museum, mounted on a plinth. This made it impossible to photograph, because the sightlines were too oblique. The Wiko, however, came magnificently to the rescue in the person of the incomparably diplomatic Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus, who negotiated successfully with the director, Andreas Scholl. The upshot was that Pippa and I spent an afternoon in the gallery of the rotunda, where access is normally *streng verboten*. Pippa took perfectly angled shots of every detail on the mosaic, while Herr Scholl told us about the carpet underneath the plinth, which had cost a sum equivalent, as it turned out, to almost twice the annual budget for purchases and exhibitions at the South African National Gallery. Berlin is one of the most cultured cities in the world. This takes resources.

Another aspect of my Roman experience in Berlin was not primarily visual but aural: a performance of *Les Troyens* by Berlioz at the Deutsche Oper. I had never seen this opera before, and would not have done so then, had it not been for the urging of a fellow Fellow, Ted Porter, whose prompting (and company) was responsible for so many of the musical events that enriched the year for me. This time, I came away with an overwhelming sense of what the sack of a city, one of the standard tropes of ancient historiography, must have meant in reality: loss of context, home, family, familiarity, *everything*. To see

that opera in that city, where buildings are still riddled with bullet holes from 1945, made me feel that I had suddenly grown up a little bit more. This is something that happened a lot. The presence of two *Stolpersteine* outside the gate of Villa Jaffé was an unavoidable reminder of the horror that engulfed Berlin not even a century ago; I was living in the very house that Georg and Emmy Braun had been forced to flee in 1940. One of our guided walks took us near the Nordbahnhof, one of the few places where the sand beneath Berlin gives way to soil, and therefore the spot where many desperate East Berliners tried to dig their way to freedom underneath the Wall. Once again, the story is carved into the ground: circular brass plaques are set into the sidewalk, bearing the names of those who fled or who died in the attempt; some of the plaques cannot, in fact, name these people, since they are not known, so they say “unbekannt”, which is even more poignant. Next time I teach a course in Latin epigraphy, I shall start with the inscriptions of modern Berlin, where beneath one’s feet the trauma of the twentieth century is recorded with stark and eloquent brevity.

It is all so complicated. Georg Kolbe was the most renowned German sculptor of the early twentieth century. But was he also a Nazi pawn? Eva invested enormous imagination in our German classes, which continued on a weekly basis throughout the year, and one of her most inspired suggestions was to abandon class altogether one sunny spring morning and take the S-Bahn to Heerstraße to see an exhibit on “Vanitas” at the Georg Kolbe Museum. The exhibit was interesting (lots of withered flowers, and even an exquisitely back-lit network of spiders’ webs, complete with live spiders), but Kolbe’s statues were what made the deepest impression on me. I was profoundly moved by the extraordinary empathy with which he portrayed the guilt and exhaustion felt by the survivors of the Great War, whose centenary Berlin marked this year, along with the rest of the world. After our visit, Eva found material about Kolbe’s philosophical and political outlook, and we discussed the role of the artist in the face of advancing autocracy. The rule of Augustus two thousand years ago, although founded upon the murder and confiscations of the Second Triumvirate, is not in the same class as the Nazi regime; but seeing Kolbe’s house and oeuvre, and reading his story, did make me think anew about the choice between independence or compromise that faced Horace, Virgil, and the other Augustan poets.

Hard questions about war, persecution, ideology, guilt, and other themes that have left an indelible mark on Europe, in general, and Germany, in particular, were also raised in the remarkable series of German films, with English subtitles, that Eva showed for anyone who wished to come, first in the fall and then in a second series after Easter. I got

used to sleepless nights on Tuesdays, when the film we had seen that evening re-played relentlessly and obsessively in my head. My growing up continued. But some of the films were entertaining, too. Indeed, the Wiko gave thought to our aesthetic nourishment as well as the other sorts. In addition to the fragrant floral arrangements that met us at the front door of the Hauptgebäude and the exquisite orchids that graced the restaurant, we were treated to several concerts throughout the year. Some of these were *Gesprächskonzerte* performed by one of our resident musicians, either the composer Klaus Ospald or the concert pianist, Pierre-Laurent Aimard, both of whom taught us, with immense skill and powers of persuasion, how to listen to contemporary classical music. Others were given by visiting ensembles. At the very first of these, a piano-cello duo called the Brooklyn Blues played *Le Grand Tango* by Astor Piazzolla, a piece charged with such energy that to listen to it is to feel almost as though one were flying. On that occasion, as at all the other concerts to which we were treated, I had a fleeting sense of what it must have been like to belong to an eighteenth-century court, being entertained by famous musicians in surroundings of great comfort and elegance. At our very last dinner, when we danced on the lawn to the accompaniment of a jazz trio as the summer sun slipped behind the great trees of the Grunewald, I felt more acutely than at any time during that magical year that I wanted to catch the moment in both my hands and hold it there forever.

Paradise on this earth cannot last, but to go there and back, and to grow up a little in the process, is a singular privilege. I will spend the rest of my life marveling at my luck and feeling tremendous gratitude and affection towards the Wiko, Luca Giuliani and all the staff, and my fellow Fellows and their partners, who became, one and all, such cherished companions. One of the most despised of scholarly sins, however, is to be uncritical, so to end on a suitably abrupt and querulous note I have, with great effort, managed to identify a shortcoming: the Wiko has no cat. The presence of Dennis Grimm's dog, Scarlett, endearing though she is, in no way compensates for this deficit. Even in paradise, the hierarchy of the species should be respected.



A USEFUL WASTE OF THREE MONTHS MÍCHEÁL DE BARRA

Mícheál de Barra was trained as a psychologist at the National University of Ireland, Galway. He went on to complete a Ph.D. at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, where his research focused on the interplay of psychology, behavior, and infectious disease transmission. Before coming to Wiko, he spent two years at Stockholm University examining long-term changes in social norms concerning violence and hygiene. He also began looking at how and why harmful cultural traits spread and persist within human societies. Key examples of these traits include medicinal bloodletting and colostrum wastage. These questions are explored in the paper: “How feedback biases give ineffective medical treatments a good reputation.” *Journal of Medical Internet Research* 16, 8 (2014) August (with Kimmo Eriksson and Pontus Strimling). He is currently based at the Institute for Applied Health Sciences, University of Aberdeen. – Address: The Institute of Applied Health Sciences, Aberdeen, AB25 2ZD, Scotland. E-mail: mdebarra@gmail.com

What’s the use of a Life Sciences fellowship? These fellowships are shorter – three months in my case – and awarded to researchers who are earlier in their career. In this yearbook report, I’d like to reflect on my experience with this fellowship and the ways it influenced my research.

Newly minted Ph.D.s like me have few teaching or administrative duties. Unlike professors, we have lots of time to work on and think about research in our ordinary day jobs. For us, Wiko is not the great release that other more burdened researchers experience. In a three-month stint, a month or so is invariably spent finishing up older projects. Coupled with preparing talks, some long lunches, longer dinners, and separation

from lab colleagues, not a huge amount of tangible progress was made. Yet I would happily recommend the fellowship to friends. What then is the use of the fellowship?

First, you come see how your research program is connected to other disciplines. My area, psychology, overlaps with biology and neuroscience on one margin and with the humanities on the other. Psychologists are well positioned to benefit from the interdisciplinary stew in Wiko. My own research focused on the psychology of medicine and disease: Why are some medical treatments plausible and appealing? How do some medical treatments come to spread and persist in communities, despite their limited effectiveness? I found several Fellows who had considered these same questions in different terms and could make substantial contributions to my work and thinking. Historians, medical doctors, evolutionary biologists, and sociologists all had contributions and criticisms of real value. I hardly think I was lucky – with 40 Fellows with varied interests, any social scientist will find value in exchanging with the others. I particularly enjoyed interacting with the guests whom Fellows invited to stay for a few days. This open door policy at Wiko helped maintain a dynamic atmosphere throughout my stay. The new face at lunchtime was usually worth talking to.

Wiko attracts some exceptional scholars, and I got to know some researchers with ambition, drive, and creativity. In a small science lab, one interacts with just a handful of researchers, most of whom think and work much in similar ways. At Wiko, I met people who want to radically change our understanding of pathogens or finance or cancer. I have no idea if they will succeed, but it was certainly interesting to meet them.

Before arriving, I worried that the esteemed company would be a little staid. In fact, many of my companions were smart, warm, and congenial. Social life at Wiko hinges on Thursday night, when there's wine, dinner, whisky, and table tennis. That said, with no lunch and little happening in the Berlin suburbs, weekends could be a little dull. But breaking the fast came Monday Club, an informal evening institution in the clubroom featuring wine and the Life Sciences Fellows. Monday Club was a chance to dry-run presentations and to talk about our research. But more than that, it was a place to chat and laugh and make wonderful friends whom I deeply miss.

So that's why I would recommend the Wiko to any friend in research: the chance to work alongside scholars of different stripes and see how what they do relates to what you do; to see the ambition and drive of those who are changing their field; and to drink wine with people who become good friends. And if they were invited, here is what I would advise: to eat and drink and think in those beautiful buildings is a joy. Make it a habit to

work in the library or clubroom, especially at night when it's quiet. Get up early if you want get work done – after a big long lunch, not much happens. Keep an eye on the invited guest list – lots of interesting people pass through with time to chat. If you intend to arrive late in the year, come to Berlin for a fortnight and take the German course at the beginning of term. It's a good chance to meet everyone when everyone is meeting everyone.



CLASSIFICATION DE NOTRE
PRODUCTION ANNUELLE
EMMANUEL DIDIER

Chargé de recherche en science politique. Centre national de la recherche scientifique, Paris et *visiting professor* à UCLA. Directeur adjoint de *Epidapo* (UMI 3663). Né en 1970 à Paris. Études de statistique à l'École nationale de la statistique et de l'administration économique, de sciences sociales à l'École normale supérieure, et de socio-économie de l'innovation à l'École nationale supérieure des mines de Paris. – Adresse: Institute for Society and Genetics, University of California, Los Angeles, Box 957221, 1320 Rolfe Hall, Los Angeles, CA 90095-7221, USA. E-mail: edifier@ucla.edu



4E Lorsque nous nous sommes installés en famille en août, il n'y avait qu'un système de classement, vide, à l'exception notable d'un classeur (classement de classes) contenant des règles, que nous devions appliquer à la vie quotidienne. Au Wiko, celle-ci est indissociable de la vie professionnelle. Le classeur de la banque a rapidement été ajouté au classeur des règles. Cette case est devenue celle des classeurs.

4D Les chemises de notre administration familiale sont classées ici par proximité formelle et sémantique avec les classeurs.

2A Livres de cuisine. Ils nous permettent d'agrémenter les produits achetés au marché de la Karl-August-Platz : cèpes et girolles à l'automne, asperges au printemps, puis profusion de fruits rouges variés et rares.

1A Méthodes de langue. Les langues sont hiérarchisées. L'anglais, langue des Kolloquien, sert pour les échanges intellectuels ; l'allemand, pour les tâches administratives et le français pour le cadre familial. J'ai utilisé l'anglais des séances plénières à trois occasions : lors de l'Abendkolloquium collectif « Governing by Facts and Numbers » ; lorsque j'ai donné le mien, intitulé « Public Security as Performance », et lorsque j'ai eu l'honneur et le plaisir de présenter Andrea Mennicken pour le sien. Mais c'est dans les langues dominées que j'ai le plus rigolé (la rigolade ayant été la contrepartie de la domination). En furent témoins les jeux avec l'allemand partagés avec Ted Porter et les mémorables dîners en français avec Jocelyn Benoist.

2F Plans et cartes de Berlin et de l'Allemagne. Pas si utiles pour moi au quotidien puisque comme la plupart d'entre nous, j'habitais à 4 minutes à pied du bureau.

3C Nos CD, du rock et du rap. Nous découvrons le plaisir bourgeois offert par le Wiko des Hauskonzerte de musique classique. Nous sommes enthousiasmés par les recherches de Klaus Ospald. En élargissant la catégorie de la musique, ajoutons les ritournelles des oiseaux qui nous accompagnent en permanence.

3D DVD. Ainsi situés pour leur proximité matérielle avec les CD. La règle pour l'année est de regarder en priorité des films allemands. La situation trouble et menaçante de la science dans la société et la psyché des années 20 dans *Le testament du docteur Mabuse* et *L'Ange bleu* ; Berlin en ruine après la Seconde Guerre mondiale dans *Allemagne année zéro* ; la légèreté des bluettes confrontée au poids de nazisme dans *Lili Marleen* et le rire bon enfant de l'Allemagne délivrée du racisme dans *Soul Kitchen*.

1C et 3F. Les enfants nous rapportent de l'école française les cadeaux qu'ils nous y ont confectionnés. Ils y développent familiarité et goût pour la langue allemande.

2C Première parution d'importance dans l'année : édition et introduction de Alain Desrosières, *Prouver et gouverner, une analyse politique des statistiques publiques*, Paris, La Découverte, avril 2014.

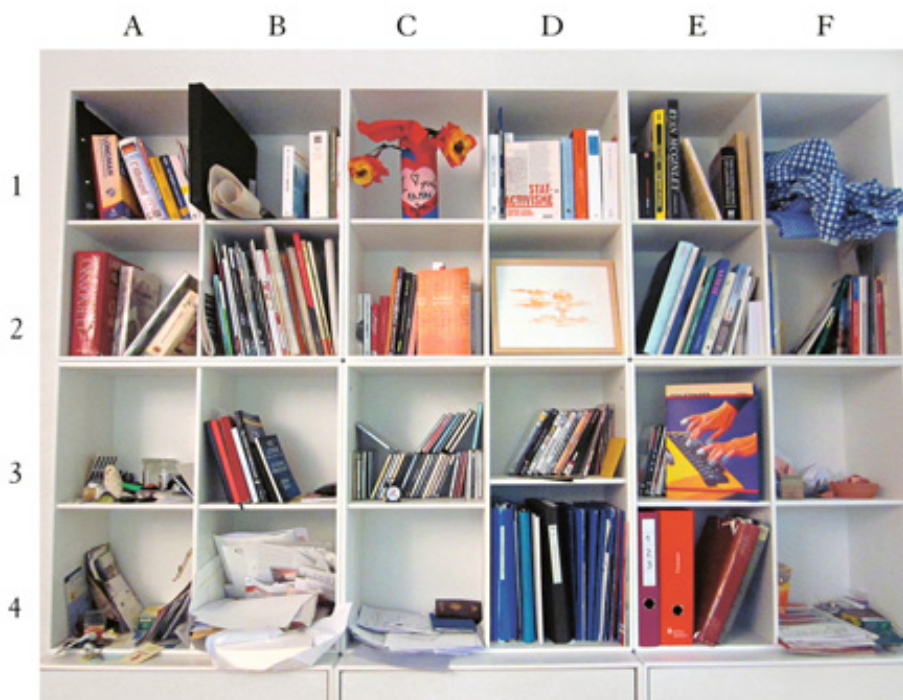
1D Seconde parution d'importance : Isabelle Bruno, Emmanuel Didier, Julien Prévieux (Eds.), *Statactivisme, Comment lutter avec des nombres*. Paris, La Découverte, collection Zones, mai 2014.

2D UNKRAUT ! Aurélie Slonina, ma femme, monte une exposition dans la villa Ohmke (voisine de la villa Jaffé). Le fait qu'elle soit parvenue à faire ouvrir cette villa fermée depuis des années fait événement parmi le staff et les Fellows du Wiko; l'exposition est un vrai succès. Aurélie m'offre une aquarelle intitulée *Champignon atomique sur coucher de soleil*.

2E Livres. Ils ne cessent de se reproduire. Leur taux de fécondité est très élevé. D'autres se sont cachés en deuxième rideau dans les cases 2C et 3E. Par leur prolifération, ils parviennent ainsi parfois à creuser une profondeur et un double sens dans les catégories.

4C Documents officiels utiles pour la préparation de notre installation à Los Angeles, notre destination après notre année au Wiko. Je vais y inaugurer *Epidapo* (Epigénétique, Données, Politique), une unité mixte internationale financée conjointement par UCLA et le CNRS dont j'ai terminé la mise en place scientifique et administrative pendant l'année.

4A et 4B. Oups ! Equivalent à la case « Autre » des questionnaires, la catégorie dans la vie quotidienne s'appelle « Vide poche ». Elle n'est jamais bien stabilisée. Voici le résultat au bout d'un an, juste avant de tout vider pour déménager:





WHAT A DIFFERENCE WENDY ESPELAND

Wendy Espeland is Professor of Sociology at Northwestern University. She received a Bachelor of Science degree from Arizona State University and a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago. Her current research is about how quantification, a complex social process, changes how we understand ourselves and others. She is completing a book with Michael Sauder entitled *Fear of Falling: How Media Rankings Changed Legal Education in America*, which analyzes the effects of media rankings on higher education. She has recently published articles about quantification in the *European Journal of Sociology*, *American Sociological Review*, *American Journal of Sociology*, and the *Annual Review of Law and Social Science*. She has enjoyed fellowships from the Russell Sage Foundation and the Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study. – Address: Department of Sociology, Northwestern University, 1810 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, IL 60208, USA.
E-mail: wne741@northwestern.edu

“What a Difference a Day Makes”, a jazz standard, describes how falling in love makes the world new. One person, it turns out, can change everything. In a day. First written in Spanish by the Mexican composer María Méndez Grever in 1934 (*Cuando Vuelva A Tu Lado*), the song was quickly translated into English. Like any good standard, it has traveled the world, absorbing languages and nuance as it goes. It has been recorded, contorted, and appropriated in endless varieties and improvisations that range from magic to abuse. The best known version, sadly, is a 1970s disco rendition by Esther Williams (a fabulous blues artist, I can’t begrudge her the income). My favorites include Big Maybelle’s cover, all grit and gravel, and Sarah Vaughan’s sophisticated swing. As the song suggests,

sometimes those big “before and afters” in life are as abrupt as meeting someone. Others unfold a little more slowly, say, in ten months or so. You can probably guess where I’m going here. What a difference a year makes.

Anticipation

I had heard from colleagues that the Wissenschaftskolleg was something remarkable, a place and experience one never forgets. When they spoke of it, the nostalgia was palpable. Throw yourself into it, they told me. You’ll miss it so much when it’s over, they said. I was excited to come and I had my mental list of projects to start, finish or nudge along. I had imagined that I would give a few talks in places that, during a normal year in North America, might not be manageable, even on leave. I looked forward to its legendary library staff. I expected to make new friends. I had never lived in Europe for any length of time before; nor had I even visited Berlin. I was eager for the experience, eager to explore this city, eager to tackle my mental list. Not terribly imaginative but the normal stuff of an academic on leave.

When I learned that Wiko was interested in creating a focus group around issues of quantification and measurement, the prospect of meeting regularly with scholars from all over the world, people working in different languages, regions, and periods, using approaches that my discipline finds obscure, well, it was rousing. I wasn’t quite sure what this would entail, at first, but I could spot a rare opportunity when I saw one. Long before I arrived, the superlative and gracious competence of the staff was evident, in their prompt replies to questions. They seemed to have thought of everything. The move to Grunewald went more smoothly than I had imagined, largely due to their expertise. Advice from friends about how liberating it is to be away from your stuff also helped. But what I did not or could not anticipate was the gradual, revolving and powerful unfolding of an intellectual and artistic community, a community that shifted over time, one that included current, former and permanent Fellows, the College for Life Sciences Fellows, partners, families, and the steady stream of interesting visitors who appeared at concerts, talks or breakfast. It included, too, so joyfully for so many of us, the Wiko kids. And, most emphatically, it included the Wiko Staff. This was the community that changed my to-do list.

Improvisation

My first lesson of how to be a Wiko Fellow took place at lunch that first week in September. It was my happy task to help organize our focus group on quantification. Let's have a meeting over lunch, I thought, during our first week. We'll combine business and pleasure, get to know each other, get organized. Others helped me secure a big table, saving places for our members. After we discouraged several lovely people not part of our group from joining our table, including, to my everlasting chagrin, the ever diplomatic Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus who, through the fog of jet-lag, I had failed to recognize, we tried to launch our group.

Of course, that is precisely *not* the purpose of lunch at Wiko. To huddle with members of one's own team. The point, as I quickly grasped it, is to sit by everyone, *especially* those not sharing your intellectual interests, your discipline, your abilities or even your politics. The results of this mixing, whether at lunch, on trips around Berlin, or at the receptions following evening concerts, were extraordinary. Discussions of the best recordings of Pierre Boulez's music with the remarkable pianist and teacher, Pierre-Laurent Aimard. The collective mystery novel that Yuri Slezkine wanted us to write. I was pretty sure that he was joking but his plot was not bad. The chance to hear David Brown, partner of Fellow Pippa Skotnes, patiently explain how one casts a sculpture using different kinds of metal. Talking to Giovanni Frazzetto about his new book on the neurobiology of emotions. And our many experts on birds made being outside all the more alluring. I heard my first nightingale in Berlin and they helped me to identify it. From the wonderful and resilient Ursula, I learned a little German. Those peals of laughter Monday mornings in Villa Jaffé? That was our "baby" German class butchering the language. If I learned less German than I hoped, it was much more than I knew before. And when watching German movies with Eva von Kügelgen, I could actually understand an occasional word without looking at the captions. A shout-out to the staff at breakfast who helped me with my homework. Papers, photos, and invitations would arrive daily. E-mail that I actually looked forward to.

Standards and Standardization

How did my list change? One of the central themes of work that interrogates measurement in its various social contexts is the tension between the virtues of the standardizing

and precision that numbers require, and the vices of the desperately necessary simplification that they offer. No one who does or studies measurement thinks that it is simple to do it well. But that tension, between building and simplifying, measuring what is out there and creating something new with numbers, reveals itself in so many forms. It is there in the complicated and contingent organizational and cognitive structure that is needed to measure and keep measuring; in the making of the categories that sustain measures; in the policing of the boundaries that are meant to contain those categories, and so on. That tension, in its remarkably various expressions, is just one of the themes that animated our group over the course of ten months of meetings. Some of these meetings were spontaneous, some were well-organized; in some we were well-behaved, and in others a bit unruly. I have to name them: John Carson, Lorraine Daston, Emmanuel Didier, Tong Lam, Ted Porter, Jahnvi Phalkey, and Bruce Carruthers were there from the beginning. Andrea Mennicken, arrived with her family, including her new baby, in January. In March, Cosima Rughinis, a sociologist from Bucharest, joined us for several weeks. We were delighted to annex Nina Verheyen, and Janina Wellmann joined us on many occasions.

Like our lunch tables, properly understood, the flow of those who visited or were incorporated into our group was an evolving mix. Historians of science, anthropologists, students of film, sociologists, and intrepid professors of accounting, all were represented. Ted Porter, also a neighbor, in office and apartment, could conduct our many conversations almost without getting up. And then there are those like Tong Lam or Jahnvi Phalkey, who make photographs and curate museum exhibitions as part of their interrogations of numbers. A heady mixing of talent, that. But because these interesting people read and discussed my work, told me who to talk to, what to read, popped in my office to chat, and challenged me on my facts and figures, I had to think harder. (There is no better reader than John Carson.) Harder included re-framing the main argument of one paper. It is better now. And so are other things I worked on while my colleagues were nearby.

Not only did the content of the work on my list change, my list changed, too. Because we were neighbors and could meet regularly for breakfast, Andrea Mennicken and I are writing a proposal for a joint paper for a journal of annual reviews. Because our group received funding to host two workshops, one including eminent scholars from all over Europe, the other including scholars affiliated with the Nantes Institute for Advanced Study, I shared four days packed with people whose work I had mainly only read or heard about. And those workshops live on. Our focus group is planning to meet in Nantes

again next year, aiming for a book with a new mix of papers and collaborations from people who attended our workshops. Because of that, I am working on a new project with Emmanuel Didier about how measurement is being incorporated into contemporary art.

Resolution

The year flew by. I finished revising my book on the effects of rankings on higher education, an especially controversial form of quantification. My co-author and I are sending it to our publisher in the next week or so. Wiko gave me the time, freedom and quiet to finish this stage of it. I wrote and revised an article about the special forms of visibility and invisibility that numbers confer. I revised another paper for an edited book that should be coming out in the next year or so. I wrote a couple of short essays. I gave more talks, in more places, than I could have imagined. Being at the Wissenschaftskolleg made all of Europe so much closer. It also made it easier for others to invite me to speak and for me to say yes to their invitations. There is an impressive visibility that is attached to Wiko. Yet, I soon learned that I didn't want to be away from Wiko too much, for too long. I would just miss so much.

But that is just the kind of work that you put on your vita. There are all those other less traceable forms of influence, the sorts of thing that never show up on lists. I hope I have absorbed some of the lessons and rhetorical skills of so many of our speakers at Tuesday colloquia. I have a notebook full of notes. I bought and read some of your books. Katharina Wiedemann put me in touch with a journalist who could teach me much about German rankings. Several of my fellow Wiko scientists served as stealth "respondents" in informal interviews about the aesthetic dimensions of quantitative representations in science. Thanks to Urszula Hibner, Gunther Jansen and Michael Hochberg for your thoughts on whether and how beauty matters in the kinds of pictures, models and tables you publish. Other fellow scientists, be warned. I have your e-mail and the Fellow Finder.

What a difference a year makes. Watching our Fellows, my Fellows, as they begin to pack up and leave felt like a series of small amputations. Saying goodbye to the staff was every bit as hard. But like a good jazz standard, the embrace of a new community keeps moving and evolving. It sticks in your head and pops up at unexpected moments. It crosses borders of all sorts and makes connections that are invisible to many. And as everyone tells me, you can come back. For talks, conferences, breakfast. As the song ends, "the difference was you".



FOLLOWING IN TOM SHARK'S FOOTSTEPS JENNA M. GIBBS

Jenna Gibbs had a 20+ year career in theater and theater education before returning to higher education to complete her Ph.D. in History at the University of California, Los Angeles and becoming an Assistant Professor of History at Florida International University in 2009. Her research interests are situated in the Atlantic world in the long revolutionary era (1750s–1850s) and she is broadly interested in the interrelationship of culture and politics. Her first book, *Performing the Temple of Liberty: Slavery, Theater and Popular Culture in London and Philadelphia (1760s–1850s)*, was published in 2014, and she has also published a number of articles on transatlantic theater, print, and popular culture. She is now working on a second book, tentatively titled *Evangelicalism, Slavery, and Empire: The Global Latrobe Family (1750s–1850s)*. The book will examine the crucial tensions between Protestant evangelicalism, slavery, and empire in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries through several generations of one particular family, the Latrobes. – Address: Department of History, College of Arts & Sciences, Florida International University, University Park, Miami, FL 33199, USA. E-mail: jgibbs@fiu.edu

In September 2013, Thorsten Wilhelmy, in his capacity as Secretary of the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin, gave an imaginative, humorous, but also highly instructive welcome to all the newly arrived Fellows when he introduced us to Tom Shark. Shark was the fictional protagonist in a pulp fiction detective series, *Tom Shark, der König der Detektive* (Tom Shark, King of Detectives), which ran for over 500 installments between 1928 and 1939 before resuming after World War II. A successful sleuth based in Grunewald, Shark interrogated with open ears all possible witnesses and chased down even the smallest

clues in order to solve cases, practices that sometimes led him in wholly unexpected directions. Shark, Thorsten informed us, was an exemplary model for Wiko Fellows: listen carefully and absorb the rich interdisciplinary exchanges at the Kolleg, pursue unexpected leads, explore the idyllic Grunewald setting, and fully utilize the wonderful library and staff services at the Wissenschaftskolleg. But, above all, we should feel free to perhaps even abandon the original “case” we came in with in favor of a “secret project” if that was the direction our Shark-like “sleuthing” and “interrogating” took us. Play detective: follow the trail of research clues and be open to new ideas.

This advice proved prophetic for me, because during my time at the Wissenschaftskolleg I transformed the project I originally proposed into a new “case” as a result of following a footnote: not a radically different “secret” project, but nonetheless a dramatically new approach, based on the “clues”. But before I explain how following in Tom Shark’s footsteps led me to reinvent the project, allow me to briefly introduce myself.

I began my Wiko fellowship by completing the final copy edits for my first book, *Performing the Temple of Liberty: Slavery, Theater, and Popular Culture in London and Philadelphia, 1760–1850*. The book, which was published in June 2014 by Johns Hopkins University Press, examines the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century debates about slavery, race, and rights in Britain and the United States as they were performed in transatlantic theater, print, and popular culture. While at Wiko I also wrote an article, titled “Toussaint, Gabriel, and Three Finger’d Jack”. The article concerns a pantomime performed in the London and Philadelphia theaters that staged a real-life 1760s Jamaican slave revolt that had been instigated by an escaped slave, Jack Mansong. The piece took the Atlantic stages just as the Haitian Revolution, led by Toussaint L’Ouverture, was erupting, and also as a massive slave revolt was underway in Virginia, US, under the leadership of Gabriel, a slave of Thomas Prosser. The article will appear in *Early American Studies*, vol. 13, no. 3 (Summer 2015). While at Wiko, I also had considerable help from the library staff in finding primary source material related to an article I am co-writing with Gary B. Nash on the late eighteenth-century German reception of a play by August von Kotzebue, titled *The Quaker*, which concerns the pacifist commitment of the Philadelphia Quaker and abolitionist, Walter Mifflin. During my Wiko residence, I also wrote the introduction for a volume I am co-editing with Keith Baker (Stanford University), *Life Forms in the Thinking of the Long Eighteenth Century*. This compilation investigates the place of historicist, vitalist, and esotericist thought in the Enlightenment. Thanks to my Volkswagen-Mellon Fellowship and to the excellent translation services of Wiko, we were able to have

three of the essays translated from German into English and to submit the volume to University of Toronto Press, where it is currently under peer review.

Having utilized the marvelous library facilities, office space, and stimulating environment at Wiko to realize these projects, I then turned my full attention to my new book project, which is a transnational story of evangelicalism, slavery, and empire in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. My original proposal was to revise the narrative of eighteenth-century evangelical revivalism through a study of German, British, and American evangelicals and their inter-denominational, transnational communication networks over the issue of slavery. Beginning in the early eighteenth century, evangelical Protestantism flourished in Europe, Great Britain, and North America in response not only to social and economic turmoil, but also to the colonizing and imperial activities of European and American powers, prompting evangelicals to establish missionary projects to spread the word. British, American, and German evangelicals sought to proselytize African slaves in the Caribbean and North America as well as indigenous peoples across the globe by establishing the first Protestant missions. These missions posed potent challenges to the racialized basis of African slavery but simultaneously legitimated the system: they converted the enslaved by proclaiming a radical new message of spiritual equality, yet did so only with the slave owners' approbation. Evangelicals of all stripes grappled with this fundamental tension between slaves' spiritual and worldly liberty. Too often, the study of evangelicalism has been confined to a nationally based focus: hence, it is known in US history textbooks as "*the* Great Awakening", in British history as "*the* eighteenth-century English evangelical revival", and in German scholarship as "*the* Pietist movement". This national approach overlooks evangelicalism's transnational character: German, American, and British evangelicals were all in communication with each other and influenced each others' theology. A significant aim of my original project was, therefore, to eschew these nationally based constructions and instead take an Atlantic-wide purview in order to explore evangelicals' encounters with slaves and indigenous peoples and the transnational communications they had with each other about these issues.

But ... Tom Shark's influence beckoned when I became intrigued by a stray "clue" that altered the direction of my sleuthing: a footnote about the involvement of Christian Latrobe, a Moravian minister, in the British antislavery activities of the 1780s and 1790s. I followed in Shark's footsteps and pursued this small clue, which drove me to the Moravian archives in London and in Herrnhut, Saxony to do research and prompted me to completely reconceptualize my project. I remain passionately interested in the tension

between – on the one hand – evangelicals’ commitment to evangelizing slaves of African descent and indigenous peoples on the fundamental premise of spiritual liberty of conscience and – on the other hand – their complicity with slavery and imperial expansion and governance.

As a result of Tom Shark’s sway, however, I am now investigating these issues through the lens of several generations of one family: the Latrobes. Of French Huguenot descent, the Latrobes converted to the German evangelical Moravian sect after fleeing to Ireland after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, Latrobe family members thereafter travelled and migrated to global locales that included Great Britain, the West Indies, mainland North America, South Africa, and Australia. Some travelled as Moravian missionaries, some as British or American government officials, and some as independent immigrants. In this latter vein, Americanists will no doubt be familiar with Benjamin Henry Latrobe, architect of the United States’ capital, who was involved in the American Colonization Society that “repatriated” former African American slaves to Liberia, as was his son, John Henry Latrobe, who also founded the Maryland Colonization Society. Numerous other Latrobe family members of several generations were involved in Atlantic slavery and global missions and empire. For example, Christian Latrobe (Benjamin Henry’s brother) was the head of the Moravian Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel from 1788–1834, and his son, Peter, took over that role after his death. They oversaw the worldwide missions and were in constant communication with the mother church in Herrnhut, Saxony, as well as the Moravian and other Protestant missions in North America, the West Indies, South Africa, Greenland, Lapland, Egypt, and elsewhere. Another of Christian’s sons, Charles Latrobe, was the first Lieutenant Governor of Melbourne, Australia and oversaw there the introduction of Moravian missions and British governmental aboriginal policy. Through this family biography-in-motion, I will trace the contours of early evangelical missions to the slaves and to indigenous peoples and examine the connections and tensions between evangelicals in the German-speaking states, Great Britain, America, Australia, and South Africa. I will also illustrate the relationships between both British and American imperial expansion and the vexed issue of slavery, and connect the histories of Europe, the Americas, Africa, and the Pacific through the spread of empires and evangelicalism.

In my fellowship year at Wiko, I made great strides in this project through research and intellectual networks and through organizing a (Wiko) conference. My progress on the Latrobe project was facilitated not only via archival trips to London and Herrnhut, but also through the rich array of digitized primary sources I utilized with the help of the library staff. They helped me obtain sources from far-flung locales, including Pennsylvania, London, Sydney, and various repositories in Germany. Moreover, using Volkswagen-Mellon funds and with considerable help from the unfailingly helpful and efficient Wiko staff, I organized (and presented at) a two-day conference in Berlin in May 2014 that was focused on eighteenth-century evangelicalism, slavery, and global networks. This conference allowed me to bring senior and up-and-coming scholars together into a very stimulating and focused conversation. The work I did at Wiko on the Shark-influenced reconceived project also bore fruition in a number of invited talks and conference panel presentations on this new project, in Germany, the USA, and Canada.

But my year at Wiko was not only about “sleuthing” a new “case” and finding, through the research, new approaches. For the year was also marked, above all, by the irreplaceable camaraderie with my fellow Fellows, and how very much I learned from them in our interdisciplinary exchanges both informally – at dinners and lunches – and formally at our weekly Fellows’ Colloquium. This robust interdisciplinary collegiality was, in turn, facilitated by Luca Giuliani as Rector, Thorsten Wilhelmy as Secretary, the fantastic staff at the institute ... and, of course, the persuasive influence of Tom Shark’s sleuthing and interrogation techniques in the heart of beautiful Grunewald.



FAUSTUS UND PROSERPINA
ECKART GOEBEL

Eckart Goebel (geboren 1966), M.St. (1991) St. Hugh's College, Oxford, Dr. phil. (1995) und Habilitation (2001) in Allgemeiner und Vergleichender Literaturwissenschaft, Freie Universität Berlin, seit 2005 Professor for German an der New York University. – Adresse: Chair, Department of German, University of New York, 19 University Place, 334, New York, NY 10003, USA. E-Mail: eckart.goebel@nyu.edu

Dass ich das Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin – die kulinarisch wie intellektuell bekanntlich gleichermaßen nahrhafte Institution – im Herbst 2013 mit einem Projekt über Goethes psychologisches Wissen betreten habe und nun den schönen Ort im grünen Grunewald im Sommer 2014 in Dankbarkeit mit einem (relativ) weit gediehenen Buchmanuskript über Thomas Manns *Doktor Faustus* wieder verlasse, ist dem *genio huius loci* zuzuschreiben und ergab sich zudem aus der Drift der Sache, der man sich am Wiko frei überlassen darf.

In einer Studie über *Das letzte Jahr* Johann Wolfgang Goethes hat Ernst Osterkamp 2011 bewegend geschildert, wie der alte Dichter eine Kräftigung des schwindenden Lebens aus der Kontemplation von Werken der bildenden Kunst bezog. Ergänzend dazu interessierte mich Goethes andere Maßnahme, i. e. die Abwehr des als destruktiv Erfahrenen und näherhin seine rabiate Reaktion auf den 1831 erschienenen Bestseller *Notre-Dame de Paris* von Victor Hugo. Ich habe mich bemüht, Goethes verstreute Äußerungen zu diesem Roman in Briefen, Gesprächen und im Tagebuch zu interpretieren, die auch aufschlussreich sind im Hinblick auf die Geschichte deutsch-französischer Beziehungen, die er ebenfalls prägnant kommentiert.

Sobald es um den jungen Hugo geht, verliert Goethe die abgeklärte Sicht auf die von ihm konzeptualisierte „Weltliteratur“ und liefert eine scharfe Polemik wider „das satanische Geschäft“ der französischen Romantik, eine Polemik, deren Intelligenz und Eloquenz der Vermutung Raum gibt, auch diese letzte Literaturfehde habe die Lebensgeister des Dichters reanimiert, der in ebenjenen Tagen den *Zweiten Faust* abschloss. Ihm entging nicht, dass *Der Glöckner von Notre-Dame* im Kontext der *Faust*-Begeisterung der französischen Romantik zu lesen sei, die das Gelehrtdrama als die Künstlertragödie *par excellence* neu verstand. 1828 hatte Goethe die *Faust*-Illustrationen Eugène Delacroix' noch anerkennend rezensiert. Nun sah er sich mit Hugos virtuoser Parodie des Lebens-Spiels über den Erzmagier konfrontiert, mit einem „Theater der Fratzen“ im Schatten der alten Kathedrale von Paris: Quasimodo erscheint als Mephistopheles, der Priester Claude Frollo als Faust (dem keine Verjüngung zuteil wird) und die schöne Esmeralda als das neue Gretchen. Der *Faust*-Verehrer Hector Berlioz trug sich bald nach Erscheinen des Romans mit dem Gedanken, aus dem Stoff eine Oper zu formen, und realisierte dann als Dirigent die Oper *Esmeralda* der Louise Bertin nach dem Libretto Hugos.

Delacroix – Berlioz – Faust – Musik – Esmeralda – „satanisches Geschäft“: Plötzlich wurde sichtbar, dass ein Bezug zu Thomas Manns Exilroman *Doktor Faustus* von 1947 bestand, dessen Faust-Figur Adrian Leverkühn ebenfalls einer Esmeralda verfällt. In der Folge entwickelte sich meine Arbeit daher in Richtung einer Untersuchung über die Spuren, die Hugos Roman über den tauben Glöckner (also gleichfalls: ein Musiker-Roman) im Musiker-Roman Thomas Manns hinterlassen hatte, und mündete in die These, dass Goethes *Faust* nicht nur über gelegentliche Zitate, sondern auch raffiniert über den Umweg Hugo in den *Faustus* gelangt. Der Goethe, den man im *Doktor Faustus* finden kann, ist ein ‚Goethe aus Frankreich‘, oder kurz und infam: In Thomas Manns Roman holt sich Gretchen die Franzosen.

Im Laufe der intensiven Zeit am Wissenschaftskolleg wuchs sich die Studie zu einer Untersuchung der französischen Dimension des *Doktor Faustus* insgesamt aus, und ich gelangte zu der weiteren These, dass dieser Roman der Deutschland-Roman, der er ist, nur sein kann, weil er als deutsch-französischer Roman konzipiert und durchgeführt wurde. Eine Einleitung zur Geschichte der deutsch-französischen Beziehungen wurde notwendig, die mit Blick auf Studien Friedrich Meineckes, Helmuth Plessners, Wolf Lepenies' und Philippe Lacoue-Labarthes die Genese deutschen Nationalbewusstseins zumal aus dem fortlaufenden Agon der ‚verspäteten Nation‘ mit der *grande nation* im Westen beschreibt. Es wurde schließlich möglich zu zeigen, dass Thomas Mann den

Verlauf der (Kranken-)Vita Adrian Leverkühns mit Eckdaten der deutsch-französischen Geschichte penibel parallelisiert, von der Marokkokrise 1905/06 bis zum Überfall der Wehrmacht auf Frankreich im Sommer 1940, dem Todesjahr des deutschen Tonsetzers.

Die legendär gute Versorgung mit allen erbetenen Büchern zu Thomas Mann, zu Goethe und zur deutsch-französischen Geschichte durch die Bibliothek des Wiko sowie die vielen Gespräche mit den Fellows und den Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeitern haben diese Arbeit in eine beglückende Erfahrung von Interdisziplinarität eingebettet. Eminent hilfreich waren etwa nicht nur Gespräche mit Wolf Lepenies über Deutschland und Frankreich oder Diskussionen mit Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus über den Klang der Prosa Thomas Manns. Unvergesslich ist mir auch ein Nachmittag, an dem mir der Komponist Klaus Ospald und der Musikologe Laurenz Lütteken am Flügel des Wiko erklärten, warum der Erzähler Zeitblom zu Recht sagen kann, das vermutlich von Adorno konzipierte Thema im *Andante amoroso* des von Leverkühn für seinen Geliebten Rudi Schwerdtfeger komponierten Violinkonzertes habe für seine Ohren „etwas Französisches“.

Trotz der Arbeit am immer weiter wachsenden Seitentrieb meines ursprünglichen Forschungsvorhabens habe ich die Arbeit an Goethe fortgesetzt und mich hier auf das vom Dichter als poetisch bedeutungslos verworfene erste Weimarer Jahrzehnt (1775–1786) konzentriert. Neben einer im Dienstagskolloquium vorgestellten Überblicksstudie zu den in diesen überaus harten Jahren des Gangs in die Politik und der komplizierten Lebensliebe zu Charlotte von Stein gewonnenen psychologischen Einsichten des Dichters habe ich u. a. eine Studie über das Kauen geschrieben, was ebenfalls und offenkundig mit der nahrhaften Institution im Grunewald zusammenhängen mag.

Goethes Proserpina ist eine Göttin, deren *einzig*e Handlung darin besteht, ganz alleine auf offener Bühne Granatapfelkerne zu kauen und dabei, doch wohl mit vollem Mund, zu sagen: „Labend! Labend!“ Der Genuss ist ein tragischer Irrtum, und sie muss begreifen: Wer einmal in den Apfel beißt, in der Bibel oder im griechischen Mythos von Demeter und Kore, der/die muss wiederholt kauen und am Ende alles „unwillig“ (so Goethe) schlucken. Oder anders und mit Schopenhauer, der das Stück „die allem Lobe unerreichbare Behandlung der Fabel“ nannte: Wer lustvoll das Leben bejaht, muss einsehen, dass er/sie sich damit den Tod geholt hat: „Du bist unser!“, rufen die Parzen.

In *Proserpina* führt Goethe paradigmatisch vor, dass die irreversible Einmaligkeit des Ereignisses in endlos mahlender, zähneknirschender Wiederholung durchgearbeitet oder eben: durchgekaut werden muss. Mit der Wiederholung ist der furchtbare und fruchtbare

Glutkern der Dichtung entdeckt, der, fermentiert, immer neue Figuren aus sich entlässt. Aus dem tödlichen Ereignis der Verwesung des Kerns schlängelt sich bei Goethe – Proserpina – der Keimling der Rhetorik, die zu konzentrierter Sprachkunst gesteigerte Wiederholung. Der griechische Vegetationsmythos über das saisonale Fort!-Da!-Spiel der finster verhehlchten Proserpina avanciert zum Mythos dramatischer Poesie. Um ein skelettartiges Spalier, gebildet aus reinen *Geminaciones*, hängt der junge (angeblich so „naive“) Dichter in einem Stück Meta-Theater den schimmernden *ornatus* der Rede. Die Granatapfeldichtung über die Figur tragischer Wiederholung umhüllt er am Ende mit der „gelblichen Schale“ (Ovid) der bösen Satire, die er *Der Triumph der Empfindsamkeit* nennt und 1778 publiziert. In dieser Satire liebt ein in künstlichen Paradiesen lebender Prinz eine Puppe und zieht diese zuletzt der realen Frau vor, die das Vorbild der Puppe war. Als man die Puppe aufschneidet, rieselt nicht nur Häckerling heraus, sondern es fallen Bücher auf die Bühne: *Die neue Heloise*, *Siegwart*, *Werther*. Die Heimsuchung der Tragödie durch den modernen Roman wird allegorisch ausgestellt. Das Aufschlitzen der puppenhaft gewordenen dramatischen Mimesis durch das scharfe Bewusstsein der Prosa entbindet dann eine andere paradoxe Reflexions-Geschichte: Goethe schreibt einen Roman über eine theatralische Sendung.

Das erste Weimarer Jahrzehnt, in dem Goethe schneidend kluge Geschichten schrieb, hörte nicht auf, mich zu faszinieren, und ich hatte den Wunsch, diese Epoche in größerem Kreis zu diskutieren. Ein von der Otto und Martha Fischbeck-Stiftung sowie von der NYU/Berlin großzügig gefördertes Seminar am Wissenschaftskolleg im Juli 2014 brachte eine Gruppe von Philologinnen und Philologen zusammen und gab die Gelegenheit, sich in aller Ruhe über zwei Tage in einer Serie von Vorträgen und Diskussionen mit der Zeit von 1775 bis 1786 zu befassen, eben mit jenem – wie sich nun herausstellte: zu Unrecht – vom Dichter selbst als bedeutungslos verworfenen Jahrzehnt. Die gemeinsame Arbeit galt der Fülle von Texten, die in jenen Jahren entstanden, sowie den von Goethe intensiv betriebenen naturwissenschaftlichen Studien. Es gelang dem Seminar, ein neues und angemesseneres Bild des ersten Weimarer Jahrzehnts zu entwerfen, und die Resultate auch dieser Arbeit sollen, um weitere Studien ergänzt, zu einem späteren Zeitpunkt der Öffentlichkeit vorgelegt werden.



MY BERLIN EXPERIENCE
OR IS THERE ROOM FOR A MOLECULAR
BIOLOGIST AT THE WIKO?
URSZULA HIBNER

I left Warsaw, my home city, at the age of 17 to study Biology at York University in the UK, where I completed my Ph.D. thesis. I then moved to Bruce Alberts' lab at the University of California in San Francisco to do a post-doc on the fidelity of DNA replication in an elegant model of a bacteriophage, a bacterial virus. Back in Paris, I joined the Pasteur Institute, where I studied several topics in the general field of molecular and cellular infectiology and immunology. There I also married, acquired French nationality (a major event at the time for someone trying to go through life with an Eastern European passport) and had two daughters. I moved to Montpellier in 1993 to join a newly opened Institute of Molecular Genetics, where I started my own group on molecular aspects of cancer, focusing on liver cancer and one of its major etiological agents: the hepatitis C virus. Although I have a purely research position, I currently run an international Masters programme on Cancer Biology at Montpellier University. From 2005 to 2012, I acted as Scientific Officer in charge of cancer research at the CNRS; currently, I serve on scientific boards of several institutions, including the University of Montpellier and the International Institute of Molecular and Cellular Biology in Warsaw. – Address: IGMM CNRS UMR 5535, 1919 route de Mende, 34293 Montpellier Cedex 5, France. E-mail: ula.hibner@igmm.cnrs.fr

I am an experimental scientist. Worse: I am a molecular and cellular biologist: I look at cells, manipulate them and try to understand how simple laws make up the wonderful complexity of a living organism.

My lab is the centre of my life. I have never willingly abandoned it for longer than a month or so ever since I started my Ph.D. thesis, quite a while ago. This is why, when my

friend and colleague Mike Hochberg came into my office one day and started telling me about Wiko, it took me some time to understand what he was talking about and then I laughed. How could I envisage a crazy project like this? Wasn't it bad enough to have to deal with all the meetings, panels, committees, teaching, administration – all the obligations that prevent me from actually actively doing science? How could I possibly leave my lab for so long? And, most importantly, what could an experimental biologist gain from and contribute to such an institution?

Mike looked at me with what seemed like a mixture of amusement and pity. Well, I thought, it is easy for him, he is an evolutionary biologist and mainly deals with theories, he can go away without the risk that his whole lab collapses in his absence. I told him that I would think about it, which indeed I did. To my surprise, once I really gave the idea some thought, I realised that not only I could do it, but in fact it would be exactly what I need to get a new perspective on projects and ideas that we are trying to come to grips with in my team. How often do I get an opportunity to concentrate on issues that excite me most right now, rather than struggling with themes that the latest call from a granting agency happened to have funded? How often does one spend time with so interesting a group of people, who also have time and inclination to discuss, argue, chat and joke about so many different subjects?

A year was clearly not possible, nor could I arrange to get rid of all obligations. However, my three and a half months at Wiko turned out just right. And my lab survived as well, in fact did not do badly at all in my absence ...

My stay at Wiko was a pure delight. First the month of November, interrupted by a Jacques Monod conference, a prestigious meeting organised by Mike Hochberg on the subject of Cancer Evolution, the theme of our Focus Group. This was a short period, just long enough to make me realise what the Wissenschaftskolleg had to offer. Then April to mid-June, when I really settled into my life at Wiko. It takes time before the opportunities and pleasures of a new lifestyle can be fully explored, not worrying about the usual tasks, obligations and deadlines, not worrying about the telephone ringing all the time and people running into your office with ever so urgent problems ... Two and a half months was just enough time to make my stay a great experience.

I found I had time to catch up with old friends and make new ones, explore the amazing city of Berlin and in general bask in the luxury of comfortable living and the always exciting and often amusing exchanges with the Fellows.

But did I actually do any interesting work at the Wissenschaftskolleg? In fact, even such a relatively short stay allowed me to explore new avenues and deepen my understanding of important issues in cancer biology. As part of a personal project, I worked on topics related to stem cell biology and the theory that cancer stem cells are the driving force of any tumour. I read widely on the related subject of cancer dormancy, the process that makes cancer cells particularly resistant to treatment and that is responsible for many cases of relapse. While both of these topics were relevant to the theme of our focus group, my main theme of research was at the very centre of our common preoccupations. Taking the example of infection by the hepatitis C virus, which constitutes a major worldwide epidemic that affects 170 million people and is a high risk factor for liver cancer, I elaborated an analysis of common evolutionary interests of a virus and a cancer cell, explaining the association of many infections with tumorigenesis. Coming back to France, I wrote a review on the subject to be published in *Contemporary Oncology* and prepared a new course that I already taught in an international Ph.D. curriculum and will teach this fall at the Montpellier University.

This work was greatly facilitated by the time I spent in Berlin, although I would probably have managed to do it anyway. What would not have happened without Wiko is the new angle of approach that guides my thoughts, hypotheses and projects in my lab. I believe the numerous formal and informal discussions and exchanges with colleagues interested in evolutionary biology will have a lasting impact on my future work.

The Wiko experience was both great fun and profitable. Did I manage to contribute something as well? It is hard for me to say. I certainly tried to convey the excitement, the beauty and the promise of science for the understanding of ourselves and of the world that surrounds us.

I am very proud to have been a Wiko Fellow and deeply grateful to all the staff and Fellows who were part of this unique experience.



THE OUTSTANDING STEPPING STONE ANDREW HIGGINSON

I gained a B.Sc. in Behavioural Science from the University of Nottingham in 2001 and remained there to achieve my Ph.D. on the behaviour of foraging bees. This largely involved sitting amongst lavender bushes in the beautiful sunshine of a Portuguese spring. After a break in 2006 working on the organic farms of western Canada, I became an Associate Lecturer at the University of Derby. Two years later I moved to start my first postdoctoral position at the University of Glasgow, becoming predominantly a theoretician of anti-predator defences, but indulging an unforeseen interest in caterpillars and cabbages. My transition to full-time theoretician came with my arrival at the University of Bristol in 2010, where for four years I have been concerned with the evolution of psychological and physiological mechanisms that control behaviour. During my tenure at the Wissenschaftskolleg I interviewed for and was awarded a UK Natural Environment Research Council 5-year Independent Research Fellowship, beginning at Bristol in January 2015. – Address: Life Sciences Building, University of Bristol, Bristol, BS8 1TQ, United Kingdom. E-mail: adhigginson@gmail.com

A theoretician's life is littered with half-finished projects: completed computer code waiting to generate results, almost-ready code with inscrutable bugs, results waiting to be interpreted and manuscripts waiting to be finished. Whilst I suspect that most academics have a problematic ratio of tasks to time, a theoretician with a reputation for excitability about any problem described to them in a café or bar is likely to put themselves excessively in such a situation. I am therefore especially susceptible to the consequences of having more projects and collaborators than time. I arrived at Wiko with a challenging

gaggle of nearly finished projects and revelled in the wonder of having the time to revisit, rationalise and tidy up my backlog. These projects included *Florivory as an opportunity benefit of aposematism*; *Reduced fecundity as a cost of group size through scramble competition and costly anti-predator defences*; *Cognitive biases in anxiety as a by-product of an adaptive threat detection system*; and *Foraging mode switching: the importance of prey distribution and foraging currency*. Bidding farewell to these projects gave me the headspace to indulge in my proposed project, which will form the foundation of my future work.

Having a grandiose title for one's project – such as *A unified theory of individual variation in collective behaviour* – starts the year off in an optimistic manner. I am interested in how social animals (including humans) have evolved to differentiate themselves from other group members – in personality, abilities or preferences – in order to improve group performance. A foundation stone of this work is the idea neatly captured in the adage “jack of all trades, master of none”, or even more neatly (of course) in German “Ein Multitalent kann vieles, aber nichts richtig”. A group of individuals, such as ants, should face the problem that specialisation increases productivity, but too much specialisation can lead poor performance on other tasks. It was somewhat disconcerting, therefore, to quickly realise that the staff and Fellows of Wiko violate this simple axiom. They all manage to be simultaneously world leaders in their speciality whilst having a range of other talents (it's remarkable how many excellent pianists a grand piano tempts into the light) and a stunning breadth of knowledge about any topic arising over dinner.

The speciality of the wonderful staff of Wiko is to simplify Fellows' existences. It has never been so easy, and probably never will be again, to focus on one's research. I took advantage of a carefree existence to read thoroughly on my subject, gathering the primary literature around me on desk, sofa or grass. It is likely that any Fellow succumbs to the temptation to test the specialisation of the libraries, and I confess that I chose to read some obscure or rare books that Wiko's amazing library sourced at a moment's notice. I found that no problem was too much trouble for a smiling administrator, no matter how hard I tried! The only distraction that Wiko must accept responsibility for was the ever-changing wonderful food appearing magically from the kitchen. Yet, despite this level of specialisation, it remained true that whichever member of staff I talked to – librarian, accountant, caterer or administrator – I would discover another talent or interest of note to undermine my faith in my project's foundations!

My Wiko project served as the preliminary work of the plan for my five-year independent research fellowship. I developed several preliminary models, including

predicting how ecological variability might affect the number of soldier ants in colonies; what level of pollen specialists we expect among honeybee foragers; and how group decision-making might cause there to be relationships between personality traits, such as exploratory behaviour and social responsiveness. The intellectual immersion in doing these projects was instrumental in my confidence and performance at my fellowship interview. I will forever be grateful to the College for Life Sciences Fellows and Giovanni “everything is possible” Frazzetto for their cheerful discussions of my work and helpful feedback on my repeated practices of my interview presentation and for inspiring me to have confidence in my abilities. I was boarding my flight back to Wiko when I picked up the good-news e-mail, coming back to the perfect timing of the special College for Life Sciences colloquium, where I received the warm wishes of the audience and celebrated with new friends who had been so instrumental in my success.

My contribution outside my main specialisation was the instigation of Monday Club, a loose informal gathering of the College for Life Sciences Fellows between dinnertime and bedtime on a Monday (mostly). These evenings invariably started out with all the best intentions of reading, writing and asking advice on presentations and plans; and slowly and surely morphed as midnight approached into the pleasantest of chats with friends over a bottle of red. These evenings were fantastic for solidifying relationships among the College for Life Sciences Fellows, who for the most part came to Berlin alone (unlike most other Fellows) and so benefited especially from social events, particularly on the cold winter evenings! Monday Club took place in that grandest of communal spaces: the Clubraum. Increasingly, I found myself walking around in there in my socks, the better to maintain the impression that I lived permanently in this gorgeous mansion. I did a great deal of relaxed reading next to the grand windows, browsing the Fellow library and indulging in endless academic arguments about anything and everything. As a lounge in one’s house, it was difficult to beat in its appeal! It seemed to me to be Halls of Residence in paradise: the large and comfortable rooms, the interesting dinner companions and the absence of rowdy behaviour in the corridor (mostly ...).

The Wissenschaftskolleg is an academic paradise where one can indulge curiosity in every discipline and find inspiration for ever-more exciting conceptual projects. I found inspiration in discussions with cancer specialists, economists and sociologists studying quantification and biologists far from my field. I also learnt so much about my own work in the process of describing it to non-scientists, an essential part of helping to spread the idea of the value of science in society.

I grew up in a cotton mill town on the edge of the Pennine Mountains near Manchester, England, with only an aptitude for mathematics and a fascination with animals. In my town there was little expectation of going to university. I would greatly love to hop in a time machine and visit my 14-year-old self to inform him in no uncertain terms that two decades hence he would be rubbing shoulders with intellectuals and watching premieres by world-leading musicians in a leafy Berlin suburb. The incredulity of my teenage self would be glorious to see.

I feel I am now in a position and it's my duty to give what advice I can to new Fellows. There are three categories: *Things I did that I recommend*: attend and join in with all the extra social events and seminars; have dinner on the balcony of the Weiße Villa with the evening sunshine sparkling through the grand red tree; experience the cool bars and street performers around the Warschauer Straße S-Bahn; volunteer to give a colloquium and relish the question-and-answer session; take a cooling swim in the Wannsee in summer; go to concerts and gigs all around the city; rejoice in the joy of dogs playing in the Grunewaldsee; go all-night clubbing in Kreuzberg. *Things I didn't do that I probably should've*: go to German classes: you may not become fluent, but you will make lots of friends; play volleyball on the back lawn in the sprinkling blossom on a spring afternoon; check out the view from the American radar tower in the Grunewald; explore the historical buildings in Potsdam. *Things I did do that one shouldn't do*: decide to extend your stay on the day you're supposed to fly home ...

I will always look back on my time at Wiko so fondly as the most outstanding of stepping stones in an academic career. Hopefully, two decades from now I will be imagining hopping in a time machine to visit myself at Wiko, only to be met with incredulity on what my time at Wiko has enabled me to achieve. That magical time I shared with that gathering of specialists-generalists, the Fellows of all trades, masters of some.



A YEAR, SO UNEXPECTEDLY DIFFERENT MICHAEL HOCHBERG

Michael Hochberg is Distinguished Research Director at the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique, France. He has published over 100 articles and several edited volumes on the evolutionary process in the fields of disease biology, social behavior and cultural evolution and is currently applying this perspective to economics and urban growth. He received his B.Sc. at the University of California Berkeley in 1982, M.Sc. at Berkeley in 1985 and Ph.D. at the University of London in 1989 and was Postdoctoral Fellow at Imperial College from 1989 to 1991. In 1991, he joined the CNRS at the Université de Paris and moved to the Université de Montpellier in 2000. In 1998, Professor Hochberg founded *Ecology Letters* and served as its first Editor-in-Chief until 2009. In 1998, he was Honorary Research Fellow at the Department of Zoology, University of Wisconsin Madison, in 2009 was Visiting Miller Professor at UC Berkeley, and has been External Professor at the Santa Fe Institute since 2012. He is currently Director of the French *Darwinian Evolution of Cancer Consortium*. – Address: ISEM – UM2, Place E. Bataillon, CC065, 34095 Montpellier Cedex 5, France. E-mail: mhochber@univ-montp2.fr

Being at the Wissenschaftskolleg these ten past months was a transforming experience. I interacted with so many interesting and wonderful people and had the time and opportunities needed to think about my research in new ways. Making Wiko work meant overcoming my usual inertia and extracting myself from the habit of sculpted routines. In so doing, I learned more about what I like and where I want to go. I felt freedom at Wiko and in Berlin. I want to return to both.

Modus operandi

During my Wiko year I found what 24 hours in a day really meant. I can work for about 8 to 10 hours, but being freed of many usual responsibilities, left me with about 10 hours of free time daily. Much of this was spent reading or listening to music, but there were still usually a few hours a day to occupy. These extracurricular activities included going to concerts, art museums, and exhibits, and walking between 10 and 50 kilometers a week. I plan to create a website to give the poems and feet a place to live and move.

I was selective about travel and gave invited talks in Toulouse, Paris, Dublin, Oxford, Roscoff, Berlin, Munich, and Kiel. Outside of a few personal trips to Montpellier, I really decided to experience Berlin, in particular wandering the streets of Mitte and Friedrichshain-Kreuzberg. My favorite hangout was *Esra* on Oranienburger Straße. I was also selective about communication with the outside world, which presented unexpected challenges. The biggest was interfacing with my laboratory at the University of Montpellier. Keeping projects going meant skypes and occasional visits either to Montpellier or my students and postdocs visiting me in Berlin. I did try a “skype as necessary” policy for the first few months of my stay, and this resulted in several crises, which were generally unpleasant. After weeks of mounting stress, I adopted a one-skype-per-week policy with students and postdocs. Even if we occasionally had little to say, this worked wonders.

Accomplished

During my year at Wiko I commenced, developed, and completed a range of projects, some linked to the theme of evolution and cancer, others not. I spent significant time writing grants, and two major ones were funded. I also wrote three new full presentations: the Wiko Colloquium, which presents evolution, and more specifically social evolution, for interdisciplinary audiences; a Seminar on how evolution can explain tumor progression within an individual, levels of cancer protection in different species, and preventive approaches to managing the disease; a Visuals presentation on the Chinchorro

culture, which were peoples living in the Atacama desert between about 7000 B.C. and 1500 B.C. and who employed “artificial mummification” as a mortuary ritual¹.

My main ongoing research project is a laboratory investigation of host-parasite coevolution, involving the bacterium *Pseudomonas aeruginosa* and an assemblage of different viruses (“bacteriophages”) that infect and kill this bacterium. Scientists have long debated the dynamic form of coevolution, that is, perpetual reciprocal adaptations between hosts and their parasites. The two main types of coevolution are “arms race” dynamics, in which interaction traits escalate through time, and “fluctuating selection” dynamics, where traits cycle through time. We used experimental evolution between *P. aeruginosa* and a panel of its lytic phages and found the full known range of coevolutionary dynamics. In a manuscript that I wrote while at Wiko², we argue that coevolutionary pattern is determined by where phages typically attack on the bacterial cell: whether they adsorb directly to receptors on the bacterial outer membrane or rather use retractable Type IV pili (appendages that certain bacteria use to crawl over surfaces). We currently do not know exactly why using different receptors should percolate up to drive patterns in coevolutionary dynamics. Our findings are relevant to the employment of phages in preventing or combating bacterial infections, and more specifically those acquired in hospitals. Such “nosocomial” infections are responsible for about 10 % of deaths in hospitals and *P. aeruginosa* is a major nosocomial pathogen. Our findings suggest that coevolution is a phage-specific process that introduces complexity that should be considered in the use of phage as disinfectants in hospital environments to kill recalcitrant bacteria and as therapeutics for certain types of bacterially derived diseases, where phage replace or are used in conjunction with antibiotics so as to control infections while managing the emergence of antibiotic resistance³.

I started several projects while at Wiko, the main one of which will be a contribution to the forthcoming special issue of the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* that

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- 1 Marquet, P., Santoro, C. M., Latorre, C., Standen, V. G., Abades, S. R., Rivadeneira, M. E., and Hochberg, M. E. (2012). “Emergence of social complexity among coastal hunter-gatherers in the Atacama Desert of northern Chile.” *PNAS* 109:14754–14760.
 - 2 Betts, A., Kaltz, O., and Hochberg, M. E. (2014). “Contrasted coevolutionary dynamics between a bacterial pathogen and its bacteriophages.” *PNAS* 111: 11109–11114.
 - 3 Torres-Barcelo, C., Arias-Sánchez, F., Vasse, M., Ramsayer, J., Kaltz, O., and Hochberg, M. E. (2014). “A window of opportunity to control the bacterial pathogen *Pseudomonas aeruginosa* combining antibiotics and phages.” *PLoS ONE* 9(9).

I am co-editing with Carlo Maley. Specifically, I have become interested in conflicting claims regarding the extent to which we should expect to observe cancers in different species in natural environments. Data from zoos suggest typical levels of about 5 %, but some species (for example, cheetahs) experience about 25 % mortality due to cancer. The problem with this kind of data as a reflection of cancer rates in natural habitats is that zoo environments promote species longevity, and because cancer is considered to be largely a disease associated with aging, we would expect to see higher cancer incidences than in the wild. My prediction is that for most animal species, the incidence of cancer-related deaths should generally be very low in the wild, but there are a number of factors to take into consideration in assessing this. One way to gain a better idea of the forces that may be involved in the evolution of protection against cancer (for example, reinforcement of tumor suppressor genes) is to develop and analyze mathematical models. The central argument of the article that I am currently writing with Hanna Kokko is that the achievement of multicellularity and its subsequent refinement and maintenance through *millions of generations* of natural selection, has essentially conquered cancer, that is, the unregulated growth, multiplication, and spread of an individual organism's cells into local and/or distant tissues and organs. Before developing this argument, by "conquered" I mean that multicellular organisms have evolved an array of "tools" to prevent the emergence or spread of cancers that would otherwise constitute significant threats to survival and reproduction *at points in an organism's lifetime where natural selection is a significant force*.

Evolved protection is never perfect, meaning that lethal cancers are expected to occur sporadically at evolutionarily responsive points in an organism's life. Rather, cancer should more commonly occur at ages where selection is relatively relaxed, defenses reduced or absent, and the cancer obtainable given the rate limiting processes affecting cells of mutation, multiplication, and metastasis. What this essentially means is that we expect in humans, for example, that cancers should be rare from birth until reproductive maturity, then increase gradually, and finally grow steadily as we age and senesce. Because of resource transfers from adults to children, we should expect that natural selection acts on certain traits during and even after our normal reproductive lives, resulting in protracted senescence and thus the onset of most lethal cancers years or even decades after reproduction typically ceases in our 40s. This expectation is indeed borne out by data, but to understand it more generally, we need develop a more global theory for this phenomenon that can also be applied to other animal species. What we know from empirical study is that in the few long-lived and/or large-bodied species studied so far (naked mole rats and

elephants), special adaptations for resisting cancers are present, which is consistent with, but not proof of, the action of Darwinian selection. That is, the attainment through evolution of large body sizes or long lifespans in natural contexts requires that cancer protection coevolve. This is consistent with a theory I previously developed⁴ on how parasites and pathogens constitute strong forces limiting the evolution of lifespan and body size. Longer lifespans and (correlated) larger body plans can only evolve if explicit resistance adaptations also evolve. Such coevolutionary phenomena are expected to emerge over thousands of generations or more, and as such are a form of macroevolution.

We intend to complement our theory with a data survey across different species and in different habitats. Our expectation is that species with the highest cancer rates live either in protected situations or in carcinogenic environments. The former includes natural parks, zoos, or access to health care (for example, humans and domesticated animals). Species in these environments live longer and, therefore, are more likely to develop a life-threatening cancer. Evolution cannot provide a natural means for fighting such cancers, in part because, as mentioned above, these cancers emerge at ages that are largely shielded from natural selection, but also since it would probably require thousands of generations, if ever, for novel cancer suppression genes to emerge and spread through a population.

On the opposite end of the spectrum are stressful and carcinogenic environments, such as polluted areas, but also lifestyle behaviors that increase the probability of mutagenesis and hence of cancers being obtained through a multistage process. These situations are increasingly studied in humans, resulting in the well-known associations between smoking, alcohol consumption, obesity, and certain cancers. Thus, our overall expectation going from favorable to natural to stressful environments is a U-shaped curve for cancer incidence. The fewest cancers should be observed in species living in habitats untouched by humans.

Mille mercis

Interacting with the Wiko staff was fantastic. Even in the few challenges and occasional misunderstandings that naturally occur during an event as complex as a sabbatical, we were always able to work things out to positivity. I would like to thank the staff – they *all*

4 Hochberg, M. E., Michalakis, Y., and deMeeus, T. (1992). "Parasitism as a constraint on the rate of life history evolution." *Journal of Evolutionary Biology* 5:491–504.

made a difference for me, but a few made such a big difference: Vera-at-the-front-desk's advice and always-there-to-help, Vera-workshop-organizer's dedication and friendliness, Katarzyna's professionalism and understanding, Katharina's help with organizing my stay, Lena's wonderful smile. Thanks too to Jens Rolff for welcoming me to his group at the Freie Universität and giving me the possibility for future visits.

I would like to express my sincere thanks to Luca Giuliani, Thorsten Wilhelmy, and Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus for directing this wonderful institute. I am particularly indebted to Paul Schmid-Hempel, who extended the invitation to spend a year at Wiko and to organize the Cancer Focus Group. I thank Carlo Maley, Athena Aktipis, Ula Hibner, Hanna Kokko, and Paul Ewald for accepting to be Cancer Focus Group Fellows. The Focus Group was a success in numerous ways: new projects, scientists joining who otherwise would not have had the opportunity at Wiko to interact on the subject of evolution and cancer (Adam Wilkins, Amy Boddy, Jerry Wilkinson, Gunther Jansen, Robin Bush, and Steve Frank), an exciting and productive Workshop, and most of all, free discussion of ideas that may lead to future projects. Special thanks to Athena and Carlo for their leadership in structuring Focus Group meetings.

Joining other Fellows for daily meals led to exciting and enriching interactions. I will retain many wonderful memories from Wiko – economics discussions with Bruce; Wendy-study-buddy in the dining room; kitchen splitting with Tong and Natasha; wonderful Berlin visits with Oli, Rob, Andrei, Marie, Clara, Eric, Dabbah, Franck and family, Julia, Samim, Peter, and Christine; going to meals between Jaffé and the dining room with Kathleen and Pippa; Conversations with Olivia; music, movies, and miscellany with Kasia, Andy, Lars, and Nina; cognac with Yuri and Lisa; hair ruffling with Mahua; banter in the coffee line with Jahnvi; philosophy with Paul; North Americanisms and more with Jerry, Cindy, Felix, Jamie; poems with David; face-to-face breakfast converse with Hanna; rap concert and grossly oversized meals with my son Julien and his friend Morgan; wine-seriousness and old, forgotten, rotten cheese with Gunther; and champagne and darts with some of the above ...

Last but not least, an overflow of thanks to my wife Joelle, who made the sacrifices so that I could live this 10-month experience that is The Wiko.



ON CANCER, DISEASE AND THE ART
OF COVERT ENRICHMENT
GUNTHER JANSEN

Gunther Jansen is Junior Group Leader at the University of Kiel in Germany. He is interested in evolutionary medicine, particularly in the genetics of emerging infectious diseases and in the development of evolutionarily inspired antibiotic resistance management strategies. He held a VolkswagenStiftung Postdoctoral Fellowship and did his Ph.D. in Evolutionary Genetics at the University of Helsinki in Finland on the topic of social parasitism in ants. He has further investigated fish phylogenetics and functional morphology at the University of Ghent in Belgium and mud shrimp morphology at the Atlantic Reference Centre in Canada. Further qualifications include a postgraduate degree in Logic, History and Philosophy of Science and one in Pedagogics. Gunther actively participates in scientific exchanges with radio, TV, newspapers and magazines. – Address: Zoologisches Institut, Universität Kiel, Am Botanischen Garten 1–9, 24118 Kiel. E-mail: gjansen@zoologie.uni-kiel.de

I came to the Wissenschaftskolleg as young, ambitious researcher in infectious disease evolution eager to broaden my horizons. Already beforehand, I was deeply impressed by the accomplishments of the other Fellows, uncertain how my ideas and experience would fit into this rich mesh. I was a little anxious, but curious and excited. My first impression of the Wiko experience came about when I presented my ideas. To my surprise, the resonance was enormous. Bruce, Wendy, John and Yuri came with thought-provoking questions that forced me to give better examples and to think about the broader consequences and implications of my proposals outside the immediate realm of science. It was a rare exercise in clearing jargon barriers and explaining complex ideas in a language that

allows enriching discussions with people with very different perspectives. It turned into one of the most stimulating discussions I have ever had. From then on, I felt a deep connection with the community at Wiko. Openness, eloquence, conceptual richness, eagerness to discuss, learn and understand – all these do not suffice to really express what made me feel so appreciated and at home.

One of the features of the Wiko community that impressed me most was how quickly ideas are developed and how much one is stimulated to take them one step further into producing something tangible. I was really lucky to find people such as Carlo, Michael, Athena, Jamie and others with whom I not only shared a keen interest in evolutionary explanations of disease, but also found shared general interests – almost a perfect personal fit. During an early conversation with Carlo on the evolution of antibiotic resistance, I found enormous parallels between how chemotherapy may fail through competitive release of resistant cells and the long-term failure of antibiotic combination therapy. Shortly after, I discussed *in vitro* experiments of resistance with Michael, which resulted in our concocting some experiments that could combine his and my work. This culminated in our first collaboration already before the year was over, during which Clara, a scientist working with Michael in Montpellier, spent two weeks in my lab to research our first collaborative research paper. Our collaboration became particularly savoury, since Michael and I share a passion for the exquisite elixir of the grape, which led to many fine evenings with the simple exaltations of bread, cheese and healthy conversation among similar minds.

During another of the Wiko lunches, I introduced some ideas about the evolutionary consequences of selfish selection on mobile genetic elements to sequester resistance genes – an idea Athena immediately jumped on and convinced me to write an opinion piece about. We ended up submitting the paper together and are now collaborating on several more, exploiting analogies between cancer and infectious disease evolution. Athena's mantra, "Let's look at the big picture here", will be haunting me forever, whenever I think about evolutionary theory.

Lunch after lunch (arguably the only measurement of time at Wiko), I became increasingly involved with the Cancer Focus Group. I learned, deepened and explored the analogies between bacterial and cancer cell biology. This culminated in an invitation to participate in the Workshop on Evolutionary Medicine, an opportunity to work with great focus with the group and with Andrew Read, one of the most impressive coryphées in the field of disease ecology. Being part of an expert panel, sitting next to researchers of

the calibre of Andrew and Carlo, deeply impressed me and will stay with me as a vivid memory – of appreciation, of awe and of ultimately stimulating intellectual endeavour.

But at Wiko life was not all (or: not at all) about cancer and disease. I also benefited from the contacts with artists such as Klaus and Tong, whom I thank deeply for introducing me to their minds, their ideas and the way they come to the creation of art. Klaus introduced me to the dictatorship of sound – its independence of theory, thought or interpretation; a natural phenomenon by and for itself that curiously demands an individual interpretative reaction. This, essentially, is what Klaus calls the last freedom. His concept deeply challenged my natural instincts for rational analysis, including using the vehicle of music theory to approach musical understanding. Klaus thus laid open entirely novel avenues of “living” classical music. With Tong, on the other hand, I discovered the dark side of civilization and economic development. During several field trips we explored ruins of Soviet rocket bases, army compounds and DDR bunkers, strange historical relicts where past efforts were often met with decay and political power with relativism and where time became rather surrealistic. Our adventures are to be continued soon in our next episode: The Forlorn Traffic Jam in the Deep Woods of the Ardennes.

Finally, I need to mention another important impression I gained at the Institute. I took the intensive German course with Eva, in which she not only improved my spelling, but also brought me, for the first time in my life, in contact with primary literature on the Nazi side of the Second World War. Through Eva’s unique mixture of German texts and videos, I was able to deepen my insights into the unspeakably morbid escalation of a meticulous political apparatus. For two months, I was in depressed mode as I wandered through the legacy of Berlin’s history; reading, learning, seeing and visiting places where events of deepest darkness were almost banally planned and executed. My exploration culminated in a lonely weekend trip to Auschwitz. I cannot express the shock of seeing the effective industrialisation the extermination camp bears witness to. This kind of experience, too, added great value to my stay at Wiko.

Experiences of such intensity, intertwining professional and personal development, partly exhilarating, partly depressing – they naturally took their toll. I have to admit I became addicted to the Wiko enterprise. I often returned during the following months, already a former Fellow, enjoying the exclusiveness of an unexpected but welcome vagabond turning up unpredictably. It felt simultaneously awkward and absolutely right. It seemed as if I was visiting my family after having been abroad for too long. But, as Reinhart assured in his venerably amiable way, “Do enjoy it, you belong here, you’re part

of this year's community." That again made me feel welcome, at home and right where I should be. Thank you, both Reinhart and Thorsten, for the supportive conversations, for sharing your experience and your wisdom. I very, very much appreciate it!

The Kolleg is made by its passionate people. They made it possible to discuss everything from Russian literature with Lisa and Yuri to the alternative history of the First World War with my partner-in-nightlife-crime William, or the latest central bank decisions with Gebhard. Never will I forget Kathleen, genuinely the nicest person I have met – and with such energy and enthusiasm for gladiators. Hari, Jenna, Michele, Seth, Ted, such interesting personalities with so many fresh ideas. I should really just list all Fellows right here – thank you all for such an unforgettable experience and for building such an open-minded community. I truly and deeply enjoyed one of the most intellectual experiences of my life. You stimulated and challenged my conceptual framework, my imagination and my interests. It was as if I were a student again, freshly discovering what the human mind is capable of, with sufficient time to explore interests independent of obligations or the drive to produce ... I felt part of the Great Humanistic Project, where everything is up for discussion in a warm, welcoming, harmonious community. At the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin I saw: knowledge is passion.



FROM CONCEPTS OF INNOVATION
TO VEILED WOMEN'S POWER
BABER JOHANSEN

I was born in Berlin and spent most of my life in this city. I studied Islamic Studies at the Freie Universität Berlin (1957–1965) and Arabic Literature at Cairo University (1961–1962), took my Ph.D. (1965) and my habilitation (1971) from the Freie Universität, where I also held my first professorship (1972) for more than twenty years. In 1995, the École des hautes études en sciences sociales (EHESS) in Paris offered me a position as Directeur d'études, which allowed me to teach for ten years in this unique institution before I accepted an offer as Professor for Islamic Religious Studies at Harvard University in 2005, a position that I still hold. My contacts with universities in the USA had started in the early nineties with invitations as research fellow and guest professor to different universities and twice (1993–1994, 2002–2003) as a member at the School of History of the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study. – Address: Harvard Divinity School, 45 Francis Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02138, USA. E-mail: baber_johansen@harvard.edu

My (short) fellowship at Wiko has allowed me to come back to my hometown and experience – during nearly seven months – the great and often moving changes in politics, culture, and – last but not least – in the historical consciousness of its citizens. It has also allowed me, for the first time since 2003, a full year off from teaching and – more importantly – from the obligations as director of academic institutions of my new university (Acting Director of Islamic Legal Studies Program from 2006–2010, Director of the Center for Middle Eastern Studies from 2010–2013).

I had come to Wiko with a clear idea of my project. I wanted to work on the concept of innovation (*tajdid*) as developed in 12th-century Muslim law. In the period between the

8th and the 10th centuries, the Abbasid caliphate had actively supported and funded the translation and appropriation of the then-known works produced in classical Greece in philosophy, medicine, and natural sciences, first into Syriac, then into Arabic. This inheritance led the intellectual elite of the cities of the empire – far beyond the 10th century – to integrate the appropriation of philosophical and scientific achievements of other cultures and historical periods into their own understanding of the Muslim development of knowledge. That held true even for disciplines that were quite independent of pre-Muslim scholarship, such as philology and law.

Islamic scholarship came into being in a process that made available, through translations, forms of knowledge of other cultures and societies for the intellectual efforts and ambitions of the urban elite of the Muslim empire. The acceptance of this fact helped scholars to understand Islamic intellectual history as a process of acquisition and innovation that led to the production of new knowledge. My own project was supposed to treat one aspect of this development: the notion of innovation as developed in 12th-century Baghdad by major jurists. The concept of innovation (*tajdid*) developed within the framework of a scholarly controversy about the development of language that started in the 9th and continued well into the 16th century. It was led mainly between jurists who worked on the methodology of law (*usul al-fiqh*), on the one hand, and philologists, on the other. It focused on the question whether human languages are a divine revelation or a human achievement. Those who held that the development of language cannot be understood if the human contribution to it is not taken into account insist that communication is a fundamental condition for human survival. As communication is based on common needs and experiences among those who speak to each other, the scholars who saw language as a tool for communication held that changes in culture, social institutions, cities, and technologies, which characterize the historical development of societies, had to be taken into account in order to understand the development of language and the content of communication.

Scholarly editions of some of the texts of Baghdadi jurists from the 12th century on which my project centers have been published. During the first weeks of my stay at Wiko (September 15 – December 15, 2013), I worked on the texts pertaining to this project. But increasingly, other obligations forced me to go back to a subject that results from a common project of the Universities of Heidelberg and Chicago on “Images of the Divine and Cultural Orientations” in which I have participated since 2010. In my contributions to this project, I focused on Invisibility as a Source of Power, showing how God’s invisibility is discussed as a source and a sign of power in the Torah and the Qur’an and comparing

this approach to the way Muslim court ceremonial and palace architecture render the rulers of empires invisible and inaccessible except on special occasions, when they show themselves in all their glory to the public. I showed the influence of these models on the early modern concept of sovereignty in Europe.

The problem that I faced in describing invisibility as power in the Muslim context was raised first by my wife, Maria Pia Di Bella, during a discussion of a lecture on this subject in Ca' Foscari University in Venice, when she asked: if invisibility is a source and a sign of power – what is the power of the veiled women?

I tried to answer this question during my second stay at the Wiko (April–July 2014). I translated long texts written by jurists of different schools of Sunni law in different historical periods and in different regions on how the law regulates the gaze and the touching within one gender and between different genders in different contexts. These jurists define different categories of women and ascribe very different, often complementary, roles to them. The question that I have to answer is therefore not: what is the power of women, but rather: what is the power of those women who have to be veiled? This approach obliges me to study the way the rules of the gaze distinguish spheres of public and private life from each other, ritual from social interactions, the market from the household, the public bath from family intimacy, and the spheres under female control from those that are accessible to men, as well as the limits public interest sets to the respect for the autonomy of these gendered spheres. I also have to follow the jurists' lead in analyzing the different categories of women they distinguish with regard to issues of visibility and invisibility, the notion of kinship that can be produced by the illicit gaze and touching among genders, and last but not least the different forms of power ascribed to different categories of women. Once I have finished my article on these subjects, I plan to publish the results of my studies at the Wiko as a book dealing with the ways Muslim law constructs genders and the elasticity of the categories of gender that distinguish Muslim law from European writings on the same subject.

My stay in Berlin has not only provided me the time to pursue my research. It has also offered me the chance to re-establish contacts with colleagues at the Freie Universität, in particular Klaus Heinrich, who was a source of constant moral and intellectual support during my years at the Freie Universität, but also with Gudrun Krämer, whose work on Islam I have always read with great interest. I had a pleasant encounter with Werner Ende (Hamburg, then Freiburg, and now Berlin) who participates regularly in Wiko's events on the Middle East.

As Wiko is an established place of pilgrimage for scholars who return to it many years after they have been Fellows there, it allowed me to reestablish contacts with Peter Schäfer who – after having been a colleague at the Freie Universität – taught for 15 years in Princeton. When he returned to Berlin, he was offered and accepted the directorship of the Jewish Museum in Berlin. I also met with Sadik Al-Azm, with whom I have been in contact for many decades and who – after having been a Fellow of the Wissenschaftskolleg in 2012/2013 and at Harvard University in 2013/2014 – is now a refugee in Berlin from his native Damascus.

Among the Fellows of 2013/2014, I made some close friends and had many inspiring conversations. I enjoyed Wiko's efforts to stimulate communication among the Fellows from different disciplines through the weekly seminars (I used my lecture to present "Dissent as a constructive principle of Islamic law") and the way Wiko encouraged all forms of cooperation between Fellows, spouses, and partners, from common meals through common information to common events and initiatives. I was still very pleasantly surprised when I found in Simon Teuscher a Fellow who shared my interest in a project on the way illicit gaze, touch, and sex can be construed by legal systems as a factor that produces affinity and thus prohibits marriage between not only the persons concerned but also their relatives. I had done research on this question concerning Muslim law during my second stay at the Wiko, and it is evident that, in most of its schools, Sunni Islamic law assigns such a kinship-constituting force to illicit gaze, touch, and sex. Simon Teuscher, who is a specialist on the development of European kinship systems since the early modern period, was willing to engage in the risky enterprise of a common publication that aims to compare the approach of Muslim jurists with that of European law in this field.



BEOBACHTUNGEN UND EINDRÜCKE GEBHARD KIRCHGÄSSNER

Studium der Volkswirtschaftslehre, Politikwissenschaft und Statistik an der Universität Konstanz. 1976 Promotion zum Dr. rer. soc., 1981 Habilitation für Volkswirtschaftslehre und Ökonometrie. 1977–1984: Oberassistent am Institut für Wirtschaftsforschung der ETH Zürich. 1984–1992: Professor für Finanzwissenschaft an der Universität Osnabrück. 1992–2013: Ordinarius für Volkswirtschaftslehre und Ökonometrie sowie Direktor des Schweizerischen Instituts für Aussenwirtschaft und Angewandte Wirtschaftsforschung an der Universität St. Gallen. Seit 2001 Mitglied der Nationalen Akademie der Wissenschaften, Leopoldina. Ehrendoktor der Universität Fribourg (2011). 2003–2007: Präsident der Kommission für Konjunkturfragen des Schweizerischen Bundesrats. 2008–2011: Präsident der Schweizerischen Gesellschaft für Volkswirtschaft und Statistik. Forschungsgebiete: Politische Ökonomie, Wirtschafts- und Finanzpolitik, Angewandte Ökonometrie, Methodische Grundlagen der Wirtschafts- und Sozialwissenschaften. – Adresse: Universität St. Gallen, SIAW-HSG, Bodanstrasse 8, 9000 St. Gallen, Schweiz. E-Mail: gebhard.kirchgaessner@unisg.ch

Abgesehen von der damit verbundenen Auszeichnung, die man selbstverständlich gerne entgegennimmt: Was kann einen emeritierten Professor einer Schweizer Universität dazu bewegen, die Einladung zu einem akademischen Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin anzunehmen? Die hauptsächliche Motivation der noch nicht emeritierten Kollegen fällt weg: die Entbindung von (fast) allen Lehr- und Verwaltungsverpflichtungen für diesen Zeitraum. Als Emeritus ist man nicht mehr in die Verwaltung der Universität eingebunden, und falls man noch lehrt, geschieht dies aus eigenem Antrieb. Damit verbleiben vor

allem zwei Motivationen: Zum einen hatte ich die Erwartung, in einem Kreis höchst qualifizierter Wissenschaftlerinnen und Wissenschaftler interessante Gespräche führen zu können und dabei auch Anregungen für die eigene Arbeit zu erhalten. Damit würden sich vielleicht auch Möglichkeiten gemeinsamer Projekte über die Fachgrenzen hinaus ergeben. Zweitens übte die Möglichkeit, einen längeren Zeitraum in einer Weltstadt verbringen zu können, eine erhebliche Faszination auf mich aus. Während die Erwartungen, die mit dem Aufenthalt in Berlin verbunden waren, voll erfüllt wurden, gilt dies für die wissenschaftliche Kommunikation am Wissenschaftskolleg nur teilweise.

Berlin hat sich in den letzten zwanzig Jahren zu einer faszinierenden Stadt entwickelt. Ich kenne Berlin seit langem sehr gut, aber es macht doch einen gewaltigen Unterschied, ob man immer wieder nur für ein paar Tage anwesend ist oder ob man hier für zehn Monate lebt. Der Unterschied zur reizvollen Provinz in St. Gallen ist enorm. Dies bedeutet nicht, dass ich hier auf Dauer leben möchte, schließlich ist die Gegend sehr flach. Aber es ist schon ein Privileg, hier eine längere Zeit verbringen zu dürfen. Die kulturelle Szene ist gewaltig, und dies gilt nicht nur für die Hochkultur wie die Opernhäuser, die großen Theater und die Museen von Weltrang, sondern auch für die äußerst vielfältige Kleinkunstszene. Wir haben versucht, beides kennen zu lernen, und man muss dies wohl auch, um Berlin verstehen zu können.

Politisch ist die Stadt gespalten, wie sich an Wahlergebnissen einfach ablesen lässt. Dabei existiert die Mauer zwar nicht mehr physisch real, aber immer noch in manchen Köpfen. So klingt z. B. im politischen Kabarett im Osten der Stadt gelegentlich die Nostalgie nach den alten DDR-Zeiten durch. Dabei werden an den heutigen Staat Forderungen gestellt, welche die DDR nie erfüllt hat und auch nie erfüllen konnte. Aber eben: „Es war nicht alles schlecht, was ...“ ist eine nach Diktaturen gerne verwendete Floskel, wenn das neue System auch (relative) Verlierer kennt bzw. wenn die „blühenden Landschaften“ doch nicht ganz so schnell entstehen, als dies erwartet und vor allem von der Politik versprochen wurde. Dabei ist die Aufbauleistung beachtlich, aber es bleibt noch viel zu tun, nicht nur materiell, sondern auch in den Köpfen.

Berlin ist heute zwar nicht unbedingt eine atheistische, aber zumindest eine areligiöse Stadt. Knapp zwei Drittel gehören keiner Religions- oder Glaubensgemeinschaft mehr an; die katholische und die evangelische Kirche bringen es zusammen gerade noch auf 28,7 Prozent. Auch wenn es keine auffällige Moschee im Zentrum der Stadt gibt: der Islam scheint heute stärker präsent zu sein als z. B. die katholische Kirche. Dies hat sich auch – vielleicht rein zufällig – im Wissenschaftskolleg gespiegelt: Wir hatten mehr

Vorträge, die sich mit Problemen des Islam befassten als mit Problemen des Christentums.

Die Unhöflichkeit, mit der man in der Stadt nicht gerade selten konfrontiert wird, hat Berlin eine besondere Reputation verliehen. Dies als speziellen Humor zu verkaufen, ist geradezu genial. Spätestens dann aber, wenn man nachts bei Minusgraden zehn Minuten warten muss, bevor man in den Bus einsteigen darf, weil dieser nach der Pause des Chauffeurs erst zwei Meter nach vorne fahren muss, hat man dafür nicht mehr viel Verständnis. Mich wundert nur, dass sich die Berlinerinnen und Berliner dies so problemlos gefallen lassen. Hier scheint es unüberwindliche bürokratische Regelungen zu geben, die ein „normales“ Verhalten ausschließen. Nicht immer aber war die Bürokratie uns gegenüber so unfreundlich. Im Bürgeramt Wilmersdorf ist die Organisation zumindest dann, wenn man neue Papiere benötigt, sehr effizient, und dies gilt auch für die sehr freundliche Behandlung und „speditiv“ Abwicklung der Geschäfte durch die dort Beschäftigten. Offensichtlich kann man auch in Berlin anders.

Interessant waren die Erfahrungen mit den insgesamt drei Abstimmungen, die wir hier erleben durften. Als schweizerisch-deutsche Doppelbürger wissen wir, wie man Abstimmungen effizient organisieren kann, und da wir inzwischen lange genug in Berlin gemeldet waren, durften wir an den beiden Abstimmungen vom 26. Mai 2014 teilnehmen. Die Organisation war korrekt, aber alles andere als effizient, und obwohl kein großer Andrang herrschte, als wir am Mittag zum Wahllokal kamen, hat es doch länger gedauert, als wir angenommen hatten. Im Gegensatz zur Abstimmung zu den Kleingärten in Wilmersdorf war die Information, die man vorab zur Abstimmung zum Tempelhofer Feld erhalten hat, gut. Trotzdem gab es selbst unter Berliner Kollegen interessante Diskussionen darüber, wie man jetzt überhaupt sinnvoll abstimmen könne: „Ja – Ja“, „Nein – Nein“, „Ja – Nein“ bzw. „Nein – Ja“. „Ja – Ja“ schien offensichtlich wenig sinnvoll zu sein. Was aber wäre geschehen, wenn es, was theoretisch durchaus möglich gewesen wäre, bei beiden Fragen eine Mehrheit für „Ja“ gegeben hätte? Offensichtlich ist dies bisher nicht bedacht worden. Zumindest fehlte die Stichfrage, die dann darüber Auskunft gegeben hätte, welches der beiden „Ja“ in dieser Situation gelten soll.

Für beide Abstimmungen gilt, dass die finanziellen Auswirkungen in den Diskussionen vor der Abstimmung nur eine geringe Rolle spielten und die Ergebnisse wohl kaum beeinflusst haben. Dies ist freilich auch nicht überraschend, da das Land Berlin (als Gemeinde) nur eine sehr begrenzte Steuerautonomie hat und die Bezirke gar keine: Wenn wegen der Erhaltung der Kleingärten in Wilmersdorf Entschädigungen zu zahlen

sein sollten, betrifft dies kaum die dortigen Steuerzahler. Damit sie gut funktionieren kann, erfordert direkte Demokratie, dass sich die Bürgerinnen und Bürger auch der finanziellen Konsequenzen ihrer Entscheidungen bewusst sind. Die Abstimmungen wären vielleicht nicht anders ausgegangen, aber die Entscheidungssituation wäre eine andere gewesen.

Kommen wir zum Wissenschaftskolleg. Die Herzlichkeit, mit der meine Frau und ich empfangen wurden, und die Hilfsbereitschaft und Unterstützung, auf die wir von Anfang an zählen konnten, waren umwerfend. Dies gilt für alle Teile der Verwaltung, insbesondere aber für jene, mit denen wir am meisten konfrontiert waren: den Empfang, die Bibliothek, die IT und die Wohnungsverwaltung.

Als ich die Liste meiner Mitfellows zum ersten Mal sah, war ich etwas enttäuscht: Außer mir war kein Ökonom auf der Liste. Ich vermisste auch die Psychologie. Es sollten zwar Politikwissenschaftler und Soziologen kommen, aber diese waren wohl eher den narrativen Varianten dieser Wissenschaften zuzuordnen. Tatsächlich war ich in diesem Jahrgang der einzige mit Hilfe quantitativer Verfahren arbeitende Sozialwissenschaftler. Es gab zwar eine Gruppe, die sich mit Problemen der Quantifizierung befasste, aber sie bewegte sich auf einer Metaebene, indem sie fragte, welche gesellschaftlichen Auswirkungen die Quantifizierung, insbesondere die Leistungserfassung mit Hilfe quantitativer Indikatoren, in bestimmten gesellschaftlichen Bereichen hat. So wichtig solche Untersuchungen auch sind, solange sie mit rein qualitativen Verfahren arbeiten, führen sie ‚nur‘ zur Entwicklung von Hypothesen und nicht zu deren Überprüfung. Dazu sind in aller Regel quantitative Verfahren erforderlich, d.h. man muss die Metaebene verlassen.

Um trotz des Fehlens quantitativ arbeitender Sozialwissenschaftler Interesse für meine Fragestellung, die „Politische Ökonomie wissenschaftlicher Politikberatung“, zu gewinnen, habe ich mein Projekt bereits im November im Dienstagskolloquium vorgestellt. Das erhoffte Feedback blieb jedoch weitgehend aus. Wir haben uns zwar – insbesondere am Mittagstisch – häufiger auch über wirtschaftliche Fragen unterhalten, aber die Themen waren meist allgemeinerer Natur; die Gespräche drehten sich z. B. um die europäische Schuldenkrise, später auch um die Abstimmung vom 9. Februar 2014 über die Begrenzung der Zuwanderung in der Schweiz. Gegen Ende unserer Zeit wurde eher nach dem Buch von Piketty bzw. nach der dort vertretenen These einer zunehmenden Ungleichverteilung in den kapitalistischen Gesellschaften gefragt. Mein Projekt oder meine sonstigen Arbeiten waren nur ganz selten Thema.

Das Wissenschaftskolleg ermöglichte es mir, den von der Nationalen Akademie der Wissenschaften Leopoldina geplanten Workshop über das ökonomische Menschenbild hier durchzuführen. Ich bin dafür ausgesprochen dankbar, da mir dadurch viel Arbeit abgenommen wurde. Wir diskutierten die Verwendung des ökonomischen Ansatzes nicht nur in den Wirtschaftswissenschaften, sondern auch in der Soziologie, der Politikwissenschaft, der Psychologie, der Erziehungswissenschaft und im Recht. Es war uns möglich, dafür hervorragende Wissenschaftlerinnen und Wissenschaftler aus diesen Bereichen zu gewinnen, und es wurde gerade auch in den Bereichen der Psychologie und der Erziehungswissenschaft deutlich, was hier auf der Basis dieses Ansatzes und mit Hilfe quantitativer Methoden erreicht werden kann. Der Zuspruch von außerhalb war erfreulich groß, aber leider hat niemand von den Fellows aus der Quantifizierungsgruppe teilgenommen.

Die schwache Repräsentanz (mit Hilfe quantitativer Methoden) empirisch arbeitender Sozialwissenschaftler in diesem Jahrgang war keine Ausnahme. Im nächsten Jahrgang wird zwar ein Psychologe, aber niemand aus den Wirtschaftswissenschaften anwesend sein, sieht man einmal von Susan Rose-Ackerman ab, die in Yale zwar einen Lehrstuhl für Rechtswissenschaften hat, aber auch in den Wirtschaftswissenschaften hervorragend ausgewiesen ist. Insgesamt waren in den letzten 10 Jahrgängen genau 7 Ökonomen und 7 Psychologen Fellows. Seit Bestehen des Wissenschaftskollegs waren es 50 Ökonomen und 33 Psychologen, dagegen aber z. B. 200 Historiker, d. h. pro Jahrgang ein Psychologe, ein bis zwei Ökonomen, aber durchschnittlich 6 Historiker. Damit will ich nichts gegen die Bedeutung der Geschichtswissenschaft gesagt haben, aber die Unterrepräsentation der Ökonomie und der Psychologie scheint mir weder ihrer wissenschaftlichen noch ihrer gesellschaftlichen Bedeutung gerecht zu werden.

Das Wissenschaftskolleg ermöglichte es mir auch, einen öffentlichen Abendvortrag zum Thema „Direkte Demokratie“ zu halten. Für diese Möglichkeit bin ich sehr dankbar, schließlich bin ich nicht nur davon überzeugt, dass direkte Volksrechte sinnvolle Instrumente in einer modernen Demokratie darstellen können, sondern dies ist auch seit längerem eines meiner Arbeitsgebiete. Es war auch deshalb besonders reizvoll, da, wie bereits erwähnt, die Stimmbürgerinnen und Stimmbürger der Schweiz kurz zuvor beschlossen hatten, die Zuwanderung, die in den letzten Jahren erheblich zugenommen hat, wieder beschränken zu wollen. Dies widerspricht der Personenfreizügigkeit, die zu den Prinzipien der Europäischen Union gehört. Die Reaktionen auf diese Abstimmung reichten in Deutschland von absoluter Verständnislosigkeit bis zu euphorischer Zustimmung.

In der gut besuchten Veranstaltung konnten wir Chancen und Probleme der direkten Demokratie nüchtern diskutieren. Leider waren meine Mitfellows auch hier wieder stark unterrepräsentiert.

Zusätzlich zu den Pflichtveranstaltungen bot uns das Wissenschaftskolleg eine Fülle weiterer Veranstaltungen, die man gar nicht alle besuchen konnte, wenn man noch an seinem eigenen Projekt weiterkommen wollte. Höhepunkte waren für meine Frau und mich die musikalischen Anlässe. Dies gilt für die phantastischen Auszüge aus dem *Wohltemperierten Klavier*, die Diskussion über Richard Strauss, aber auch für die moderne Musik, die uns Klaus Ospald und Paul Robertson vermittelten. Dies ist für mich eine fremde Welt, der ich mich zwar anzunähern vermag, in die ich aber kaum eindringen kann. Die Hilfe, die mir dazu gegeben wurde, schätze ich sehr. Dies ändert aber nichts daran, dass sie mir nach wie vor fremd ist. Verständnisschwierigkeiten ergeben sich freilich auch bei nicht so ganz neuer Musik. Weshalb z. B. die Alpensymphonie von Richard Strauss notwendigerweise mit Nietzsche in Verbindung gebracht werden muss, kann ich nicht nachvollziehen. Aber das ist vielleicht das Schöne an der Musik, dass Aussagen darüber nicht jene Allgemeinverbindlichkeit beanspruchen können, die wir wissenschaftlichen Aussagen üblicherweise zubilligen. Das Hörerlebnis ist zwangsläufig individuell.

Das bestimmende politische Thema war die Ukraine. Dies begann mit dem ersten Dienstagskolloquium vom 1. Oktober 2013 über den ukrainisch-polnischen Konflikt im 2. Weltkrieg, der trivialerweise nicht ohne Bezug zur aktuellen Situation auskommen konnte, bis zur Podiumsdiskussion im Rahmen des Jahrestreffens des Fellowclubs am 27. Juni 2014. Interessant waren vor allem auch die Ausführungen unseres Schweizer Botschafters Tim Guldemann am 31. März 2014. Da die Schweiz den Vorsitz in der OSZE übernommen hatte, war er von Außenminister Burkhalter zum Sonderbeauftragten für die Ukraine bestellt worden. In dieser Funktion hatte er mit allen Seiten Kontakt. Seine Einschätzung der Situation war auch deshalb interessant, weil sie sich nicht mit allem deckte, was man sonst zu hören (und lesen) bekam.

Mit meinem Projekt, der „Politischen Ökonomie wissenschaftlicher Politikberatung“, bin ich zwar vorangekommen, aber, wie zu erwarten war, nicht im ursprünglich geplanten Umfang. Dies hing auch damit zusammen, dass ich nicht den generellen direkten Zugriff auf viele der relevanten Zeitschriften hatte. Dabei hat mich die Bibliothek, soweit dies überhaupt möglich war, in jeder Hinsicht unterstützt, aber das ändert nichts daran, dass deren Organisation in erster Linie auf die „Buchwissenschaften“ ausgerichtet ist. Für diese funktioniert sie hervorragend. Der indirekte Zugriff auf Zeitschriften über VPN

und die Heimatuniversität ist langsam und mühsam und funktioniert gelegentlich auch gar nicht, woran das auch immer liegen mag. Wie sich aus dem oben Gesagten ergibt, musste ich mir Anregungen im Wesentlichen von außen holen. So konnte ich auf Workshops zur Politikberatung an den Universitäten Potsdam und Speyer vortragen und war zu diesem Thema auch im Forschungsseminar des Deutschen Instituts für Wirtschaftsforschung hier in Berlin eingeladen. Da ich emeritiert bin, kann und werde ich an diesem Projekt in St. Gallen ohne Zeitverzug weiterarbeiten, sodass das geplante Buch nicht gefährdet ist.

Es gäbe noch vieles zu berichten. So hatten wir viele interessante Kolloquien am Dienstag, auch über Themen, die mich persönlich nicht sonderlich interessieren. Dennoch ist die Teilnahme an diesem Kolloquium wichtig, nicht nur, weil man nur damit kennenlernt, womit sich die anderen Fellows beschäftigen, sondern auch, weil man gelegentlich auf Sachverhalte gestoßen wird, die auch für das eigene Fach interessant sein können. Dies war z. B. der Fall, wenn (wieder einmal) deutlich wurde, dass Entwicklungsbiologen die ökonomische Terminologie auf Sachverhalte anwenden, die dafür eigentlich – zumindest nach ökonomischem Verständnis – nicht geeignet sind. Wir setzen für unseren Ansatz intentionales Handeln voraus, wovon bei Menschen, aber nicht bei Zellen ausgegangen werden kann. Auch kann die in den Wirtschaftswissenschaften seit längerem stattfindende und sehr ernsthafte Diskussion über die Bedeutung von Rankings im Wissenschaftsbereich davon profitieren, dass man sieht, welche Auswirkungen Rankings auf die amerikanischen Law Schools haben.

Wichtig waren auch viele persönliche Gespräche, insbesondere am Donnerstagabend, auch wenn sie sich nicht nur um Wissenschaft drehten. Sie gingen häufig bis spät in die Nacht, was der Produktivität am nächsten Morgen nicht unbedingt förderlich war. Aus rein persönlicher Sicht wäre vielleicht noch anzumerken, dass die Versuche der Küche, uns die vegetarische Kost schmackhaft zu machen oder gar zum Vegetarier umzuerziehen, bei mir nicht gerade auf fruchtbaren Boden gefallen sind. Zudem habe ich auch den Versuchen der Sprach-Korrektoren, mein Englisch vom Britischen auf das Amerikanische umzustellen, erfolgreich widerstanden.

So bleibt meiner Frau und mir zum Schluss nur zu danken. Es war eine sehr gute Zeit, die wir nicht missen möchten. Wir gehen gerne in die Schweiz zurück, aber wir werden auch Gelegenheiten wahrnehmen, für kürzere Zeit wieder nach Berlin zu kommen, möglicherweise im nächsten Jahr auch zum Treffen des Fellowclubs. Bei allen Beschäftigten des Wissenschaftskollegs möchten wir uns für die großartige Unterstützung

und Hilfsbereitschaft bedanken. Dies gilt für wirklich alle: von der Allgemeinen Verwaltung, Empfang und Wohnungsdienst über Bibliothek und IT-Dienste, Fellow-Dienste mit Sprachendienst, Küche und Technische Dienste bis hin zu den Reinemachefrauen. Lassen Sie mich jedoch noch zwei Personen besonders hervorheben: Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus, mit dem ich beim zufälligen Treffen am Kopierer oder an der Kaffeemaschine viele interessante Gespräche hatte, genauso wie mit unserer „Schweizer Vertreterin“ Katharina Biegger, der wir im Gegenzug die Möglichkeit bieten konnten, gelegentlich Mundart zu reden.



CLOUDS
HANNA KOKKO

Hanna Kokko finished her Ph.D. at Helsinki University in 1997. She has conducted post-doctoral work at the Universities of Cambridge and Glasgow and obtained her first professorship at Helsinki University in 2004. For the last five years, she has been a Professor of Evolutionary Ecology and a Laureate Fellow at the Australian National University; as of September 1, 2014, she will be back in Europe, as a Professor of Evolutionary Ecology at the University of Zurich. She is the winner of several international prizes, including the 2000 Founders' Prize of the British Ecological Society and the 2010 Per Brinck Award for world-leading contributions to ecology. Other awards include being a Fellow of the Australian Academy of Science and of the Finnish Academy of Sciences and Letters. – Address: Universität Zürich, Rämistrasse 71, 8006 Zürich. E-mail: hanna.kokko@anu.edu.au

“You will totally love it,” said Monique Borgerhoff Mulder, a former Wiko Fellow. “Das Wiko wird dir gefallen. Es ist eine tolle Atmosphäre”, wrote Dieter Ebert, who also spent time here earlier. They were not the only ones I heard the Wiko’s praise from; the verdict was unanimous before I had ever set foot here: I will have a great time.

Obviously, they were right. But it appears necessary to give details. Did I work on cancer – a novel topic for me (yes, in fact I did), or improve my German (somewhat, I guess), semi-drown in the cultural offerings of Berlin (definitely), tie a lot of loose ends from my year in Australia (yes), plan all my future research (umm, not quite yet)? What is the take-home message of my time at Wiko?

The first thing that comes to mind is the thing that was supposed to happen, and did: I really am not a cancer biologist, and I was a little sceptical when Michael Hochberg

invited me specifically to join his cancer study group. It is a topic that has, for a long time, interested me, but as an evolutionary biologist I am not really that familiar with the medical literature. With a couple of hundred scientific papers published on that topic every year, how can one ever hope to leap into the pool and start swimming, ideally with strokes that are supposed to lead somewhere unexplored? As a Ph.D. student, one is similarly clueless, but at that stage one has a supervisor who (hopefully) can guide the way a little. What is needed at later career stages to provide that essential nudge of confidence is a little different: a work group with people whose expertise areas partially overlap, but who all share one, no, two traits: not being afraid to ask stupid questions and never belittling someone who asks a question out of naivety.

So, yes, thanks to Michael who put together exactly that, I did embark on something new. Brilliant. Tick.

But wait: there is more ... Wiko is, after all, not just a biologists' playground. And I have to admit that the sentences that triggered the perhaps most lasting effects in my brain were spoken to me by non-biologists. The stirring of thoughts is actually now, as of July 2014, not yet a completed process, which in itself is a good thing. I will definitely return to this topic in my talk at a workshop in the Swiss Alps next week, I will remember it when preparing my next undergraduate lecture series, I might bark about it to new students *ad nauseum*.

So ... where did we start? Like with many lunch conversations, it's hard to remember exactly. But at some point all these "humanities people" and I were arguing about the extent to which the truth-value of specific (in this case politically charged) claims can be found. Yair Mintzker, then, said something that really hit home: every statement you make *clouds out* every other possible statement that you could be making instead. I'm not sure I remember the exact words, but my take on the idea is hopefully accurate: even if one can, somewhat objectively, address the question "is a specified ethnic group involved in more crime" with statistics and what not, it remains the case that by talking about this particular issue you are taking time and mental bandwidth away from other topics that one could be focusing on. The consequence is that, if one chooses to lie, one can do it not only by making false (and falsifiable) claims, but also in a much more subtle way: by biasing the choice of problems to study and/or to worry about in society. As there are always limited numbers of people with a limited number of brain cells and time for the neurons to do their firing, we are bound to make choices of what to study. Furthermore, an important aspect of our academic jobs is to recommend problems for our students to tackle.

Even if we have not the least intention to lie, every recommendation clouds out a lot of other topics one could be spending time on.

I was led to thinking about a topic on which I've spilled a lot of ink over the years: the evolution of mate choice. Now, I don't invest a lot of time thinking about it in humans in particular (the "why not" is a side issue here – much to do with a genuine desire to increase the appreciation for all the non-human diversity and beauty there is; snails are, after all, so underappreciated), but even so I have to deal with the fact that the media go crazy whenever a research group publishes a new experiment in which a group of female undergraduates has been sniffing T-shirts worn by deodorant-free young males. The non-biologists at Wiko, though too polite to use the swearword "reductionist!" that often, would probably think exactly that when reading the subsequent interpretations about genetic compatibilities and immunocompetence.

Now, what are we clouding out here in this cloud of odour? A defendant of the entire T-shirt-sniffing literature published so far (and believe me, by now there's a real cottage industry churning out these papers) would say that the experimental design is, after all, sound; the effects of armpit odour are proven to the extent that science can ever prove anything; so why not take the results at face value – especially because no study has ever claimed this is all there is to human mate choice. That is true: from "this odour has an effect" it does not follow "... and that's it when it comes to explaining humans".

But it is also true that if we keep investing time, energy and funding into a certain line of research, one ends up writing textbooks that are written *as if* "that's it when it comes to explaining [topic X]". By spending time on a specific approach or causal pathway, we are, between the lines, taught to handle it as something of importance. A proliferation of publications on a certain topic, even if each of them reports a true effect, *clouds out* other things that, in a true multicausal fashion (the way nature tends to be), could also be studied, their effects found and thoroughly discussed. By the way: Why are so many journal pages – and so much media attention – devoted to human mate choice and so few and so little to friendship formation?

At the same time, to avoid sounding like a hopeless postmodernist, it's good to remember that a scientist ought never to be happy with unproductive statements that it's all wickedly complicated in reality because everything impacts everything. With that shrug of one's shoulders, one has not proceeded one iota towards an explanation. The task of capturing the essence of what's going on, in other words of differentiating between the important causal current and the unimportant noise that surrounds it, is at the very core

of the scientific approach. It is as necessary as it is difficult. The old quip attributed to Einstein works well as a guiding principle: an explanation has to be as simple as possible, but no simpler. The pitfall that many scientists should be made (more) aware of is believing they have explained it all just because they have found an effect, which often co-occurs with an attitude describable as “this new machine makes it easy to measure X, therefore understanding X must be the most essential missing piece of the biological puzzle”. It is a tall order to try to figure out whether some part of the puzzle is receiving disproportionate attention, because the ease with which an effect can be studied (sniff this piece of cloth! sequence the hell out of this animal!) is not truly guaranteed to correlate with its true causal importance. The upside, of course, is that we’re not really running out of things to study any time soon. Did you know that for all the thousands of *Drosophila* (fruit fly) papers published, we still know incredibly little about this critter’s life in the wild?

As all this was going on through my head, I asked Yair if I could actually quote him saying that clouding-out sentence. He replied that it wasn’t his sentence at all, it was Ted Porter’s. Who, conveniently, is a Wiko Fellow, as well. So, next time I sat around the same table as Ted, I asked him if he’d written about this idea. The reply? “No, but it sounds like something that I may well have said in our conversations here.” There you go. Ted, I’ll attribute it to you anyway, and will definitely take it with me to next week’s alpine conversations about how to understand social evolution across life.

Therefore: Thank you, Wiko. Your task is to foster interactions and enrich our thinking, and lo and behold, you’ve succeeded.



OUT OF FOCUS: QUANTIFICATION
AND THE SPECTER OF PROGRESS
TONG LAM

Tong Lam received his Ph.D. in History at the University of Chicago in 2003 and is Associate Professor of History at the University of Toronto. His research covers modern and contemporary China, with special focuses on empire and nation, science and technology, and urban space. His first book, *A Passion for Facts: Social Surveys and the Construction of the Chinese Nation-State, 1900–1949* (2011), analyzes the profound consequences of the emergence of the “social fact” and social survey research in modern China. Currently, he is conducting research on the global history of Chinese science and technology parks that examines especially the interweaving history of science and technology, economic development and urban governance. Another of his new projects, called “The Qing Empire Strikes Back”, is a study of late Qing China’s ambitious attempt to transform itself into a modern colonial power in an era of intense imperialist rivalries. Lam has exhibited his work in the United States, China, and Germany. His photo essay book, *Abandoned Futures: A Journey to the Posthuman World* (2013), is an intellectual provocation based on post-apocalyptic landscapes from around the world. At present, he is centrally involved in a collaborative multimedia project that examines the relationship between outdoor film projections, media technologies, and spectacle in post-socialist China. – Address: Department of History, University of Toronto, Sidney Smith Hall, Room 2074, 100 St. George Street, Toronto, ON M5S 3G3, Canada. E-mail: tong.lam@utoronto.ca

China’s economic growth in the past few decades has been unprecedented. However, much of this material progress has so far been measured only in numerical terms. For example, the size of mega-cities, the height of skyscrapers, and the length of high-speed

rails are often cited as indicators of the country's urbanization and economic progress. Many observers have even used the concept of the "Chinese speed" to characterize the country's staggering growth, suggesting that China's heightened path of development can be quantified objectively, particularly in terms of the linear, secular, and industrial time.

Indeed, in so far as the linear progressive time is concerned, Chinese mega-cities have arguably surpassed New York, London, Tokyo, and other leading cities in the developed world as the site to imagine the excitement and unease of the future. Few visitors to China today would disagree that Chinese cities seem to simultaneously define the dreamworld and dystopia in the most extreme way. Amid the nonstop construction of some of the world's most spectacular architecture are the dreadful urban renewals that entail forced relocation, dispossession, and violent displacement that are driven by the collusion of local and global forces.

It was in this sense that I found Berlin an unusually inspiring place to contemplate the history of quantification as well as the unquantifiable spectral world. As a member of the Quantification Focus Group this year, I certainly benefited greatly from conversations with other Fellows inside and outside of the group. This was particularly the case since one of my new book-length projects is about the history of Chinese science and technology parks, officially known as high-tech innovation zones. While the emergence of these exclusive zones is at least partially linked to the history of exemplary spaces and mass mobilization (i.e., communes, gated factory compounds, etc.) from the Communist era, the management and productivity of these zones are almost always gauged by quantifiable performance indicators. My ongoing research, in short, intersects productively with the works by other members of the focus group. Those ongoing projects of our group members include, but are not limited to, critical studies of the use of accounting practices in prison management in the UK, the emergence of the national economy in India, the rise of insanity as a statistical category in Europe, and the history of credit rating in the United States.

Meanwhile, being in Berlin also allowed me to turn the city into a laboratory for historical thinking, chiefly in the sense of what the German philosopher Walter Benjamin has come to call allegorical thinking. For instance, the construction cranes that dot Berlin's skyline not only represent anticipation, but also violence and destruction. Likewise, the absence and emptiness inhabited by these machines not only invoke a profound sense of loss, they also remind the historian of his or her responsibility to rescue the stories that have been repressed, silenced, and erased by progress. As Benjamin noted, "there is no document of civilization that is not simultaneously a document of barbarism". In a

sense, if the construction cranes in Mitte and Potsdamer Platz entail hope and anticipation, the crumbled or neglected structures from the former GDR are the underside of the very same process.

Precisely for this reason, I set out to visually document the ruins of the GDR, including the remnant of former Soviet and East German military bases around Berlin that are outside of mainstream scholarly focus. Buried deep in the forests, the debris of history as such reveals a glimpse into the past that has not been examined adequately. Indeed, twenty-five years after 1989, we have now increasingly realized that the end of the Cold War marks not the end of history, but the beginning of a new era of global conflicts, violence, and economic extraction.

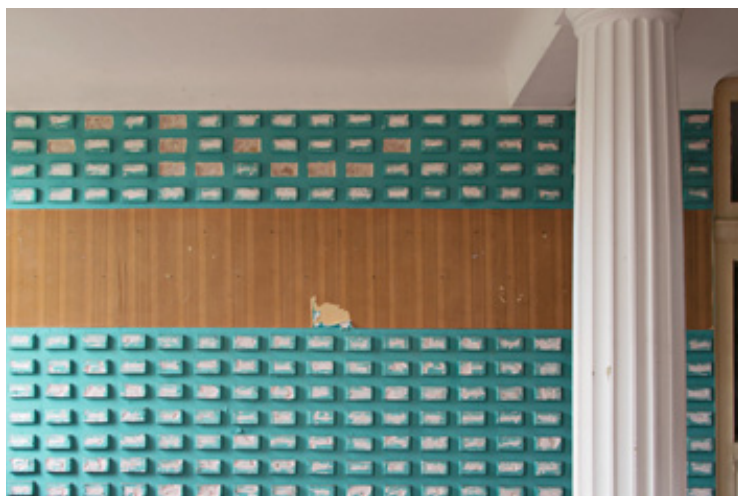
There is no surprise that 1989 was also a watershed year for China. As the former Wiko Fellow Wang Hui has argued, the events in the Tiananmen Square in 1989 were not so much a Communist regime crushing a democratic uprising, as has often been misread in the mainstream media. Rather, it was an emerging neoliberal regime fighting for its survival after a decade of privatization. The success of the military crackdown on the social movement in 1989 has therefore effectively silenced and foreclosed any viable or even imaginary alternatives to global capitalism in China.

This explains why it was in the early 1990s that China's spectacular economic growth began to take off. Since then, science and technology parks have increasingly become a major engine for economic transformation and development. Significantly, it was also precisely in the 1990s that socialist and post-socialist ruins of all kinds – derelict factories, outdated amusement parks, empty shopping malls, unoccupied instant cities, and environmentally hazardous wastelands – began to mushroom all over China. If China's new skyscrapers and construction sites are like Berlin's construction cranes, encapsulating aspirations and visions of progress, then Chinese socialist and post-socialist ruins and wastelands are similar to those GDR ruins, representing historical debris and the ghosts of history. Unlike those legible and quantifiable new buildings, ruins are the specter of growth and progress that has been rendered invisible, unquantifiable, and forgotten.

Ultimately, with Wiko's generous support, some of my projections (photographs and video installations) were exhibited at Wiko. All in all, in a very productive way, my residence in Berlin compelled me to further contemplate the connection between my different projects, especially the relationship between scholarship and art. It also propelled me to think creatively about how art could be used to engage research questions and vice versa.



Statistics 1: The Haus der Statistik once used by the Ministry for State Security (Stasi) in Mitte, Berlin.



Statistics 2: A commemoration wall in the Haus der Offiziere in the former Soviet military base in Wünsdorf, Brandenburg.



COURTS DOING DEALS JOHN H. LANGBEIN

John H. Langbein, Sterling Professor of Law and Legal History at Yale University Law School, teaches and writes in the fields of Anglo-American and European legal history, modern comparative law, succession and trust law, and pension and employee benefit law. He has written extensively about the history of civil and criminal procedure and about the contrasts between modern American and Continental procedure. His books include: *The Origins of Adversary Criminal Trial* (2003); *History of the Common Law: The Development of Anglo-American Legal Institutions* (2009, with R. Lerner and B. Smith); *Comparative Criminal Procedure: Germany* (1977); *Torture and the Law of Proof* (1977, rev. 2006); and *Pension and Employee Benefit Law* (2010, with D. Pratt and S. Stabile, 5th ed.). Langbein has served as a Commissioner of the US Uniform Law Commission since 1984. Before moving to Yale in 1989, Langbein was the Max Pam Professor of American and Foreign Law at the University of Chicago. He has also held academic appointments at Cambridge University, NYU, Stanford University, Oxford University, and the Max Planck Institutes in Frankfurt and Freiburg. – Address: Yale Law School, P.O. Box 208215, New Haven CT 06520-8215, USA. E-mail: john.langbein@yale.edu

It was my good fortune to have had a six-month stay at the Wiko, from mid-January to mid-July 2014. I wanted proximity to German sources in connection with research I have been doing regarding an important development that has been taking place in the administration of criminal justice in contemporary Germany. My stay at the Wiko was very productive. Thanks in part to the support of the wonderfully helpful Wiko library staff, I was able to locate and review the main documents and scholarly literature. Being at the

Wiko also enabled me to interview judges, practitioners, and legal academics familiar with the topic. I am now working on a scholarly article based on this work.

The subject of my research was what has come to be called the *Absprachen* phenomenon, literally “negotiating,” but better described as *confession bargaining* in cases of serious crime. This practice involves deep tensions with core principles of the *Strafprozessordnung* (the German Code of Criminal Procedure), principles that were carefully theorized and implemented in a notable nineteenth-century reform movement.

What happens in *Absprachen* practice is that the presiding judge of a criminal trial court engages in negotiations with the defense counsel who represents the defendant. These negotiations commonly take place somewhat in advance of the public trial; when successful, they result in a bargain about the conduct and the outcome of the case. In return for the judge’s undertaking to reduce significantly the punishment that would result if the court were to find the defendant guilty after a full trial on the evidence, the defendant agrees to confess the charge against him. The court then convicts the defendant, relying heavily upon the confession, which greatly shortens the trial and simplifies the work of the court. This practice of confession bargaining in cases of serious crime developed relatively rapidly and relatively recently. It was unknown into the 1970s, but today is thought to occur in at least a quarter of the caseload.

The German *Absprachen* system has eerie parallels to the deeply troubled American plea bargaining system, a somewhat differently constructed system of confession bargaining, administered by prosecutors rather than judges, which wholly dispenses with trial. American plea bargaining has effectively defeated the criminal justice system that the federal constitution purports to require. Whereas the constitution provides for jury trial “in all criminal prosecutions”, the latest data indicate that 97 percent of federal criminal cases are processed to conviction by means of negotiated confessions in the nontrial plea bargaining system. I have long been among the many critics of American plea bargaining (see e.g., Langbein, “Torture and Plea Bargaining,” *U. Chicago L. Rev.*, 1978), and I find it disheartening to see comparable practices emerge in Germany.

The claim is widespread that the trend to confession bargaining in Germany is a response to caseload pressures associated with the sometimes voluminous and complex evidence characteristic of some newer sorts of criminal offenses, such as economic (“white collar”) crime, environmental and other regulatory offenses, and large-scale narcotics cases. Whether that is true as an empirical matter is unclear; and in any event, confession bargaining has not been confined to such cases. Another widely suggested causal factor is

that confession bargaining results in part from the success of German defense lawyers in developing cost-inflicting techniques, such as demanding that courts conduct burdensome investigations into matters of slight importance. Confession bargaining can spare a court from such demands. The parallel to the historical development of American plea bargaining in this regard is striking. More than any other cause, it was defense counsel's role in making criminal trial ever more complex and time-consuming that ultimately made trial unworkable as a routine procedure, inducing the nontrial plea bargaining system.

Confession bargaining strikes at the two core principles of German criminal procedure, the duty of the court to seek the truth (the *Aufklärungspflicht*, StPO § 244(2)) and the guilt principle (*Schuldprinzip*, StPO § 261), the court's duty to base judgment in a criminal case solely upon the evidence heard at trial. What makes a spontaneous or voluntary confession persuasive is that it constitutes an admission against interest. But a bargained confession of the sort that has now become so pervasive in German criminal justice is not voluntary, because the defendant makes the confession for a strategic purpose, to get a reduced punishment. The bargain corrupts the confession. As the disparity grows between the sentence that the defendant is promised for confession and the sentence that is threatened for conviction if the defendant refuses to confess and is thereafter convicted, the inducement to waive defenses and accept the offered deal becomes ever more intense. Bargained confessions are in this sense coerced confessions.

Sadly, the German legislature in 2009 enacted legislation (StPO § 257c) validating confession bargaining. Reviewing the legislation in 2013, the constitutional court (*Bundesverfassungsgericht*) expressed its concern about the dangers of confession bargaining, but was unwilling to hold the legislation unconstitutional, although the court kept open the possibility that further experience would require constitutionally based intervention.

I conclude this report with a word of gratitude to the Wiko, not only for its research support, but also for the stimulating collective life of the fellowship. It was a unique experience to have had such sustained engagement with so remarkable a group of scholars and artists. The weekly colloquia on topics that ranged from patterns of evolutionary adaptation to the activities of Roman gladiators were endlessly stimulating. Berlin is one of the world's greatest centers for classical music, and the museums of art and archeology are simply inexhaustible. My wife and I will always be grateful for the opportunity that Wiko provided us to explore Berlin's cultural life.



NOTHING WILL EVER BE LIKE BEFORE
MICHELE LOPORCARO

Michele Loporcaro is Professor of Romance Linguistics at the University of Zurich. He was born in Rome in 1963 and obtained his Ph.D. in Linguistics at the Scuola Normale Superiore (Pisa) in 1993, after studying in Pisa and Vienna. He held previous positions at the Universities of Padova and Cosenza, in addition to visiting professorships in several universities in Europe and the USA (Graz, Napoli/Istituto di Scienze Umane, Pavia/ Collegio Ghislieri, Pisa/Scuola Normale Superiore, Madison/Wisconsin, Vienna) and a visiting fellowship at Magdalen College Oxford (2012). He is also a Fellow of Academia Europaea and a past president of the Collegium Romanicum. In 2012, he received the Premio Antonio Feltrinelli from the Accademia dei Lincei. His research interests include historical linguistics, linguistic historiography, and the phonology, morphology, and syntax of Italo-Romance languages. His papers have appeared in *Archivio Glottologico Italiano*, *Belfagor*, *Diachronica*, *Folia Linguistica*, *Lingue e Linguaggio*, *Linguistics*, *L'Italia dialettale*, *Revue de Linguistique Romane*, *Rivista di linguistica/Italian Journal of Linguistics*, *Romance Philology*, *Studies in Language*, and *Zeitschrift für Romanische Philologie*. He is the author of several books, including *Profilo linguistico dei dialetti italiani* (2009); *Cattive notizie. La retorica senza lumi dei mass media italiani* (2005); and *Sintassi comparata dell'accordo participiale romanzo* (1998). – Address: Romanisches Seminar, Universität Zürich, Zürichbergstrasse 8, 8032 Zürich, Switzerland. E-mail: loporcar@rom.uzh.ch

During my stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg, my chief preoccupation was the work on my Oxford University Press monograph on grammatical gender from Latin to Romance, as announced on the Wiko website. I reported on this at the Tuesday Colloquium on

February 4, 2014 as well as in a lecture on *Romance gender in typological perspective* held at the Max Planck Institute for Evolutionary Anthropology, Department of Linguistics, Leipzig, on May 12, 2014. The work on the book has progressed, thanks to the Wissenschaftskolleg facilities (I've been able to read many things) and atmosphere (I've received lots of valuable input in daily discussions with other Fellows), and I am envisioning turning in the final manuscript at the end of the next teaching term in Zurich, during which I'll lecture on the topic.

In addition, my Wissenschaftskolleg stay allowed me to complete a series of other projects, some thematically related to the main endeavour, some not. In what follows, I'll briefly enumerate them, distinguishing between disciplinary (§1) and interdisciplinary projects/work (§2).

1. Disciplinary Work (in Latin-Romance [Historical] Linguistics)

One thing that kept me busy for quite some time was the proofs of another OUP book, due to appear in September 2014, on which I had worked during my visiting fellowship at Magdalen College Oxford in Autumn 2012 and whose manuscript I had sent to the publisher in Summer 2013. This is on an entirely different issue, viz. *Vowel length from Latin to Romance*. Though I did not, strictly speaking, conduct research in this area while at Wissenschaftskolleg, during proofreading I benefitted from linguistic advice from Mitch Cohen, which I gratefully acknowledge in the foreword. Kathleen Coleman too is mentioned there, since she generously volunteered to help me check several English doubts.

Among the papers I finished during my stay, some relate to the main project. First and foremost:

Gender, in Adam Ledgeway and Martin Maiden (eds.), *The Oxford Guide to the Romance Languages*, Oxford, Oxford University Press, ch. 56 (8,000 words), to appear in 2015.

This is an invited chapter in an OUP reference work that condenses some of the main insights that will be discussed in more detail in the *Gender* book. Another related paper I completed in Berlin is:

Michele Loporcaro and Giuseppina Silvestri, "Residui del genere neutro come categoria morfosintatticamente funzionale nell'italo-romanzo meridionale," in Éva Buchi, Jean-Paul Chauveau and Jean-Marie Pierrel (eds.), *Actes du XXVIIe Congrès international de linguistique et de philologie*

romanes (Nancy, July 15–20, 2013), Strasbourg, Société de linguistique romane/ÉliPhi 2014.

Other articles on different topics were entirely written during my Berlin stay:

“Contre le principe de maximisation du thème: le témoignage de la flexion verbale du sarde,” in *Morphologie flexionnelle et dialectologie romane: typologie(s) et modélisation(s)*, edited by Société de linguistique de Paris, 51–65. Leuven: Peters, 2014 (Mémoires de la Société de linguistique de Paris, Nouvelle série, 22).

“Auxiliary selection and participial agreement,” in Adam Ledgeway and Martin Maiden (eds.), *The Oxford Guide to the Romance Languages*, Oxford, Oxford University Press, ch. 48 (10,000 words), to appear in 2015.

Michele Loporcaro and Tania Paciaroni, “The dialects of central Italy,” in Adam Ledgeway and Martin Maiden (eds.), *The Oxford Guide to the Romance Languages*, Oxford, Oxford University Press, ch. 14 (12,000 words), to appear in 2015.

Especially for the last of these, I relied massively on the Wissenschaftskolleg Library’s support, which kindly led an intensive correspondence with local libraries in Italy in order to get hold of publications that appeared in small centers of central-southern Italy. This was not just helpful: I could not even have dreamt of completing this essay in Berlin without the invaluable competence of the Wissenschaftskolleg Library staff.

Moving on now to new research projects, early in 2014 I worked on a grant application (requested funding about 700,000 SFr.), which I submitted on April 1, 2014 to the Swiss National Fund for Scientific Research, with the aim of realizing “The Zurich database of agreement in Italo-Romance”.

This focuses on Italo-Romance dialects that display typologically highly interesting (qua unusual) traits in the domain of agreement. Again, the final writing of the grant proposal would not have been possible without the Wissenschaftskolleg library services and the help by Mitch Cohen, who proofread the English. Also, in the grant proposal I gratefully acknowledge the liberality of the Wissenschaftskolleg, which on September 23–25, 2013 hosted Francesco Cangemi (Zurich/Cologne), who supported me with the technical part of the database design, and Jürg Fleischer (Marburg), who agreed to serve as an international consultant on the project. His advice was instrumental for the grant proposal, due to his experience in the direction of a major agreement database project

(*Diachrone Entwicklung von Kongruenzsystemen in vier flektierenden indogermanischen Sprachen*, <http://www.uni-marburg.de/fb10/iksl/sprachwissenschaft/forschung/projekte/kongruenz>) investigating diachronic change in the working of agreement in four Indo-European languages.

2. Interdisciplinary Work

While all of the above concerns areas in which I have been doing research over the past decade or so, new input during the fellowship year resulted in the opening of new files, which have in part already produced results and in part no doubt will in the future. First, I had the opportunity to consult many of the Fellows on their mother tongue expertise, to enable me to give at least some hints, in my presentation at the Colloquium, of the linguistic diversity represented at the Wissenschaftskolleg this year, from the vantage point of grammatical gender systems. In this connection, I have to thank especially Hari Sridhar, who patiently answered my questions on Tamil during endless table tennis matches: from him, I've learned a lot on both fronts.

As I was viewing the data on gender in the Fellows' mother tongues, I promptly realized that the best opportunity to start a new project was in the area of West African Studies. This is due to Cheikh Anta Babou's presence and interest in the matter; he received excellent training in linguistics during his studies and showed himself enthusiastic about my proposal to work together on the gender system of Wolof. In fact, it turned out that although Wolof is one of the best-investigated languages of Africa, current accounts of its gender system, described traditionally in African linguistics under the heading "Noun classes", were highly unsatisfactory. Thus, together we started last January analyzing primary linguistic data during regular weekly working sessions, which resulted in a joint paper on *Noun classes in Wolof*, which proposes a novel account of this aspect of Wolof grammar. The paper is presently under English revision (thanks to Mitch Cohen, again). In the meantime, we have received valuable comments from colleagues specializing in African linguistics, theoretical morphology and linguistic typology, either via e-mail or during their visits at Wissenschaftskolleg, where I had the opportunity to host Tom Güldemann (Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin) on June 18 and Horst Simon (Freie Universität Berlin) on June 23, 2014 to discuss a previous draft of our paper. We are going to submit it to a scientific journal before the end of our stay in Berlin. Needless to say, in the asterisk note, we express our gratitude (in Wolof: *jërëjëf waay*!) to the

Wissenschaftskolleg for making this possible and especially to Sonja Grund and the whole library staff, who rode a true bibliographical Paris–Dakar rally to provide us with the necessary literature (including several 19th-century books).

Another domain of interdisciplinary work in which I had the opportunity to have interesting conversations with other Fellows during my stay was (the many facets of) the relationship of language and biology. In this area, I had a series of meetings over coffee with Kasia M. Bieszczad and, less regularly, Michael Hochberg, as a result of which I read and discussed with them several papers on the processing of acoustic stimuli by both humans and (other) animals, including the perception of music, as well as the mathematical modeling of language evolution. Michael Hochberg also kindly invited me, on April 14, to a joint lunch with Julia Fischer (Deutsches Primatenzentrum, Leibniz-Institut für Primatenforschung, Göttingen), which resulted in my reading her *Affengesellschaft* (Berlin, Suhrkamp 2012). I single this out among the many things outside of my domain of expertise that I had a chance to read while in Berlin (as a follow-up to conversations with other Fellows), because I reported on the comparative evidence on the origins of human language stemming from this and other work in primatology in the address (*Streifzüge durch die [Zürcher] Linguistik*) I was invited to hold in the Aula magna in Zurich on May 28, 2014, in the presence of the UZH authorities, as a *Festrede* on the occasion of the *Gründungsfeier des Instituts für Vergleichende Sprachwissenschaft, Universität Zürich*.

3. Concluding Remarks

This brings me to the last point. Apart from obligations such as the one just mentioned, which I could not possibly have escaped, I was careful to turn down invitations (including some from universities with whose research centers in Romance and/or general linguistics I am in close contact, e.g. Leiden, Padua, Vienna) that would have distracted me from my work in Berlin. My policy during 2013/14 was to accept only “local” commitments, either in Zurich, Switzerland or Berlin and surroundings. These include, in addition to the ones already mentioned:

December 16, 2013 (with Tania Paciaroni): *Indefiniteness, mass and the neuter gender: evidence from Central-Southern Italo-Romance*. Paper given at the workshop “Mass and count in Romance and Germanic languages”, organized by the University Research Priority Program of the University of Zurich on “Language and Space”, in which I participate.

January 28, 2014: Freie Universität Berlin. Talk on: *The impact of morphology on change in agreement systems*.

May 23, 2014: Bellinzona, Archivio di Stato. Speech on the occasion of the annual ceremony of the Premio Migros Ticino, bestowed on my Ph.D. student Rachele Delucchi for her UZH Ph.D. thesis on *Esiti di – A finale e armonia vocalica. I dialetti della Svizzera italiana in prospettiva romanza e generale*.

June 13, 2014: Freie Universität Berlin. Talk on: *Viaggio in Italia: tre buone ragioni per studiare i dialetti italiani* at the Institut für Romanische Philologie, organized in cooperation with the Italienzentrum.

Apart from these commitments, which I kept to a minimum, I concentrated on my work, both that planned in advance (§1) and that unplanned (§2), arising from the intellectual stimuli I received while at the Wissenschaftskolleg. As I said, I have mentioned just one single reading not related to my own domain of expertise, out of the dozens books and papers that the – I do not hesitate to say – magic combination of conversation with other Fellows and input from the Tuesday Colloquia, on the one hand, and the Library service, on the other, made available to me. I do not doubt that this year has made me a better and more accomplished scholar than I was upon my arrival in Berlin, last September: it is therefore with deep gratitude to the institution that made this possible that I take leave from Berlin. Not only will this year stay in my memory as one of the most productive periods of my scholarly career; I also hope to have an opportunity to further profit from this intellectually stimulating environment in the future and stay in touch with the Wissenschaftskolleg by joining the Fellows' Club, on the one hand, and by occasionally taking part as a listener, if at all possible, in future events such as the workshops planned in the framework of the focus group on “Biological, Cultural and Social Origins of Language” to be hosted by the Wissenschaftskolleg in 2015/16.



KOLLEGIAT
LAURENZ LÜTTEKEN

Laurenz Lütteken, geboren 1964 in Essen, studierte Musikwissenschaft, Germanistik und Kunstgeschichte an den Universitäten Münster und Heidelberg. Nach Promotion (1991) und Habilitation (1995) Lehtätigkeit in Heidelberg, Münster und Erlangen. 1996 Berufung auf den Lehrstuhl für Musikwissenschaft an der Universität Marburg, seit 2001 Ordinarius an der Universität Zürich. Mitglied zahlreicher wissenschaftlicher Vereinigungen. Jüngste Buchpublikation: *Richard Strauss: Musik der Moderne* (Stuttgart, 2014). Herausgeber von *MGG online*, der Online-Edition der Enzyklopädie *Die Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart*. – Adresse: Musikwissenschaftliches Institut, Universität Zürich, Florhofgasse 11, 8001 Zürich, Schweiz. E-Mail: luetteken@access.uzh.ch

Irgendwann sind in der akademischen Welt aus Kollegiaten Fellows geworden. Das mag man erklären mit den pragmatischen Usancen in einer globalisierten wissenschaftlichen Welt, in denen die Mitglieder aller vergleichbaren Institutionen gleich heißen. Schade ist es trotzdem. Denn das „Kolleg“ gemahnt auf eine nicht unsympathische Weise an die alten Wurzeln der *universitas*, an jene Gemeinschaft im Zeichen und im Geiste der Wissenschaft, für die an den gegenwärtigen Universitäten nur noch selten Raum ist. Es war ein wohltuendes, von Produktivität und Glück beherrschtes Gefühl, für fast ein Jahr Kollegiat sein zu dürfen: Gemeinschaft nicht als Zwang, sondern als Freiheit von allen Widrigkeiten des immer stärker regulierten wissenschaftlichen Alltags. Eigenartigerweise haben alle Kollegiaten, aus den unterschiedlichsten Ländern, von der administrativen Gängelung an ihren Universitäten zu berichten gewusst, von einer immer intensiver werdenden Überregulierung nicht zugunsten, sondern auf Kosten der Freiheit. Es ist

seltsam, dass solche Einhelligkeit daran nichts zu ändern vermag: Überregulierung als sich selbst begründende Notwendigkeit.

Der Blick aus den eigenen Fenstern zum Koenigssee, die Villa des Hauptgebäudes, das unwirklich weiße Bibliotheksgebäude, im Sommer die Entdeckung des beschaulichen Gartens am Halensee: Natürlich ist dies eine Idylle, und sie sollte es ja auch sein. Zu den zauberhaften Geheimnissen des Kollegs gehört es, dass die harte Arbeit, die sich dahinter verbirgt, für den Gast nicht spürbar ist. Es fügt sich alles mit zauberhaft leichter Hand, und dies soll und muss sich selbstverständlich auf die Tätigkeit auswirken. Die Zeit im Grunewald stand im Zeichen zweier Vorhaben, die sich gewissermaßen überkreuzt haben – auch deswegen, weil in Zeiten eines schwierigen Buchmarktes nicht selten verlegerische Zwänge walten. Diese sind von jenem zu respektieren, dem am Fortleben der Buchwelt gelegen ist. Zuerst galt es, eine Monografie über Richard Strauss, den langjährigen Wahl-Berliner, abzuschließen. Es war ein hochfahrendes Unterfangen, stand und steht im Hintergrund doch der Versuch, das Bild, das man sich in den letzten Jahrzehnten vom Komponisten gemacht hat, entscheidend zu korrigieren. Dazu dienten auch quellenkundliche und archivalische Studien, nicht zuletzt in Berlin. Strauss wählte sich nicht allein als ein Komponist des 20. Jahrhunderts, sondern er war der große Intellektuelle, der „Leser“ unter den Musikern seiner Zeit. Das Buch kreist also um den Versuch, die Musik von Strauss konzeptionell zu begreifen, sie als Antwort auf die Herausforderung seiner Zeit lesen zu lernen. Es geht um den Nietzsche- und Schopenhauer-Leser, den Mozart- und Wagner-Kenner, der mit seinen Werken, schließlich in der Zusammenarbeit mit Hofmannsthal, die Oper als jene Kunstform definieren wollte, die gegen die Verwerfungen der Moderne Sinn stiften sollte – wenn auch nur temporär, vieldeutig und unscharf. Das Buch konnte im Februar 2014 abgeschlossen werden und im April desselben Jahres erscheinen.

Das zweite Vorhaben galt dem Beginn eines ganz neuen, anderen Buchprojektes, in dem die Früchte einer langjährigen Annäherung systematisiert werden sollen. Wolfgang Amadé Mozart ist immer nur zögerlich in die geistige Welt seiner Zeit, das Jahrhundert der Aufklärung, eingepasst worden. Einerseits blieben die Bemühungen mancher Aufklärungsforscher in dieser Hinsicht allzu schematisch (wenn sie nicht, wie bei Georg Knepler, ausschließlich auf das Politische zielten), andererseits war die Mozart-Forschung selbst eher auf philologische und immanent werkanalytische Fragen beschränkt. Es geht jedoch darum, das Verhältnis Mozarts zur Aufklärung (und der Aufklärung zu Mozart) nicht als beiläufig oder pauschal, nicht als vernachlässigenswert zu charakterisieren.

Vielmehr steht im Zentrum des Vorhabens die These, dass Mozart – als Komponist, also auch und vor allem in seinen Werken – diese Aufklärung verkörpert hat wie nur wenige seiner Zeitgenossen, nicht nur unter den Musikern. Der Versuch, sich Mozarts Musik unter diesen Vorzeichen anzunähern, ist – vermessen zwar, aber doch begründbar – darauf gerichtet, einen anderen Zugang zu seinem Werk zu finden. Verbunden ist damit auch ein differenzierterer Zugang zu einer Musikgeschichte im Zeichen der „Aufklärung“ – also eines Begriffs, der in der Musikhistoriografie stets mit spitzen Fingern Verwendung fand. Das Konzept dieses Buches, das methodisch modellhaft gemeint ist, liegt ausgearbeitet vor, ein namhafter Verlag hat bereits sein Interesse daran bekundet.

Die Zeit im Kolleg war begleitet von allerlei Erkundungen in die Berliner Bibliotheks- und Archivwelt, aber auch in die Berliner Musikgeschichte sowie in die musikalische Gegenwart (mit drei Opernhäusern, sieben hochrangigen Orchestern und vielen anderen Anregungen eine rechte Verführung). Am Anfang stand auch der von Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus angeregte Plan, dem Mozart-Vorhaben durch ein kleines Arbeitsgespräch einen zusätzlichen Impuls zu verleihen. Vielleicht war es aber gut, dass es beim Plan geblieben ist. Die Systematik der eigenen Überlegungen war noch nicht so ausgereift, dass eine klare Struktur hätte geschaffen werden können – und als es dann doch, von den Vorüberlegungen her, möglich erschien, war die Zeit bereits zu knapp. Denn das Jahr am Kolleg verging schnell, natürlich viel zu schnell. Aufgehobene, erfüllte Zeit ist dicht, gerade dann, wenn neben den Gesprächen topografische Expeditionen aller Art stehen, in Konzertsäle, Museen, Landschaften. Denn zum Privileg des Kollegiatendaseins gehört die Freiheit, auch der klingenden Musik Freiräume in einer Größenordnung zu gewähren, wie sie im Alltag nicht möglich sein können: Alles das sind Anregungen, die in die Arbeit einfließen.

Der Kollegiat lebt von der stillen Reflexion – und vom Austausch, vom Dialog. Und der, dies eine besonders bereichernde Erfahrung, war denkbar weit gefasst: Er reichte von „Professionsverwandten“ wie Klaus Ospald oder Pierre-Laurent Aimard bis zu Vertretern naher (Literaturwissenschaft: Eckart Goebel), fernerer (Wissenschaftsgeschichte: Jahnvi Phalkey) oder ganz entfernter Disziplinen (Ökonomie: Gebhard Kirchgässner). Die Begegnung mit den Naturwissenschaftlern (wie Felix Breden) war ebenso eindrucksvoll wie die mit jenen, die dieses naturwissenschaftliche Denken zu kontextualisieren versuchen (wie Janina Wellmann). Und natürlich trat die Bereicherung durch die Gespräche mit Gästen wie Isabel Mundry und Alfred Brendel hinzu. Die heiteren Tage in Berlin wurden möglich durch die stets aufs Neue verblüffende Zugewandtheit der

Administration, durch die umwerfende Freundlichkeit in Küche und Restaurant, durch die einschüchternd-lautlose Perfektion der Bibliothek, kurz: durch das stete Bemühen aller. An der antikisch dekorierten Villa Walther prangt die Redewendung „per aspera ad astra“. Wie falsch, die Sterne waren ganz ohne Dornen erreichbar. Wer aber wollte von sich behaupten, er habe sich diese paradiesischen Zustände verdient? Man könnte daher mit Kleist nach dem Ende des Jahres sagen: „Doch das *Paradies* ist *verriegelt* und der Cherub hinter uns.“ Man kann die Monate aber auch als Geschenk verstehen, dem viele Worte entgegensetzen gewiss unangemessen ist. So bleibt es bei dem einen: Danke.



UNEXPECTED
CARLO C. MALEY

Education: MIT, Cambridge, Mass., Ph.D., 1998, Computer Science; Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., Postdoc, 1998, Evolutionary Biology; University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, NM Postdoc, 1998–2000, Computational Biology. Professional Experience: 2000–2005, Staff scientist and member of the Program in GI Oncology, Cancer Research Center, Seattle, Wash.; 2005–2010, Assistant Professor, The Wistar Institute; 2005–2010, Genomics and Computational Biology Graduate Program, University of Pennsylvania; 2007–2010, Cell and Molecular Biology Graduate Program, University of Pennsylvania; 2010–present, Associate Professor, Department of Surgery, University of California San Francisco; 2011–present, Director, Center for Evolution and Cancer, University of California San Francisco. – Address: Helen Diller Family Comprehensive Cancer Center, UC San Francisco, 2340 Sutter St. Box 1351, San Francisco, CA 94115, USA.
E-mail: carlo.maley@ucsf.edu

I suppose that I have had a typically unexpected year at Wiko. That is, I made no progress on the book I had hoped to complete, but made tremendous progress on a multitude of other projects, many with hope of completion. As a biomedical research scientist, I am often evaluated based on the bottom line – how much grant money I’m bringing in (and secondarily, the papers we are producing). By these accounts, it has been a great year. My collaborators and I wrote two grants in the fall, both of which were funded. For that alone, I would call the year a success. The prospect of the research that those grants will fund is both exciting and satisfying. Of more emotional importance to me has been the opportunity to bring to (near) completion a book of collected chapters on the open

questions in cancer research and how to make progress on them. I think this will be a unique type of book that I hope will support the nascent research programs of many young scientists.

This year has also been wonderful for the opportunity to meet weekly with the other Fellows in our study group on evolution and cancer. It has provided that rare opportunity to step back, survey the field, and discuss what the most important questions are and where the best opportunities lie to make progress. That much was expected. What was unexpected is the resulting project of the group: to survey the nature of cancer-like phenomena across all of life. This has never been done before and I expect that the results will be the definitive comparative oncology review of its time.

I was also astonished by the results of our workshop on evolutionary medicine. We had planned to develop a white paper on the important open questions in evolutionary biology; but halfway through the workshop, a consensus emerged that we should write a paper focusing on just one of those questions, one on which we could make an immediate contribution: How can we identify when a symptom or abnormal vital statistic of a patient is problematic and should be treated to return it to the normal range of a healthy person, versus part of the body's natural healing response to the challenge of the disease? In the latter case, intervention can be counterproductive, interfering with the body's healing response, and in some cases has been shown to kill patients. We developed a set of heuristics, based on evolutionary principles, for distinguishing pathological from functional responses. I'm excited by the possibility that this paper may result in saving lives.

I feel a pervasive sadness, facing the end of our time here and the prospect of losing daily contact with this community. Wiko provides a wonderful environment, making it amazingly easy to live in a foreign country and providing the intellectual stimulation of so many brilliant, interdisciplinary scholars. I like to think of Wiko as a liberal arts college (in the American tradition) of top professors without any students or significant obligations.

There is one recent innovation at Wiko that was particularly important to our family's happiness: the provision of babysitters to care for the group of Wiko children during the Thursday night dinners. This provided an instant community of friends for our children, who spent the majority of their afternoons thereafter with other children of Wiko Fellows. Rather than dreading being abandoned by their parents every Thursday night, our children looked forward to the party with their friends and protested us driving them to bed when we were able to pull ourselves away from our own dinner party.

Thank you for the friends, community, intellectual stimulation and adventure.



TIME TO REFLECT JUDITH MANK

Current appointment: Professor and Chair of Evolutionary and Comparative Biology, Department of Genetics, Evolution and Environment, University College London (2012–present). Education and previous academic appointments: University Lecturer, Department of Zoology, University of Oxford (2008–2012); Postdoctoral Fellow, Uppsala University, Department of Evolutionary Biology (2006–2008); Ph.D. University of Georgia, Department of Genetics (2006); M.S. The Pennsylvania State University, School of Forest Resources (2001). B.A. University of Florida, Department of Anthropology (1997). Selected awards, distinctions and fellowships: Scientific Medal, Zoological Society of London (2013); Dobzhansky Prize, Society for the Study of Evolution (2009); Young Investigator Award, American Society of Naturalists (2008); Wenner-Gren Foundation Research Fellowship (2007). – Address: Chair of Evolutionary and Comparative Biology, Department of Genetics, Evolution and Environment, University College London, The Darwin Building, London, WC1E 6BT, United Kingdom. E-mail: judith.mank@ucl.ac.uk

When I arrived at the Wissenschaftskolleg, the two large projects that I had embarked on when I set up my lab were nearing completion. This had happened many years sooner than I had planned, and I was in need of a moment to pause and consider my next research endeavour. I was able to use my time in Berlin to reflect and synthesize this work and construct my next research projects. As an evolutionary geneticist interested in the evolution of sex chromosomes and in the differences between females and males, the working group on Sexual Selection and Exaggerated Traits was a valuable resource and sounding board. The broader fellowship created a reflective and diverse environment within which to work.

I spent most of my three months in Berlin trying to synthesize two aspects of sex chromosome evolution, in an attempt to disentangle cause and effect. Sex chromosomes have unique constellations of genes and gene expression patterns that make them distinct from the rest of the genome. However, why this is the case is difficult to discern. It may be that these patterns actually caused the sex chromosomes to form, that they are a consequence of the unique inheritance of these chromosomes and emerged subsequently to sex chromosome evolution, or some complex mixture of the two. Moreover, although these unique patterns have been observed in many independent sex chromosomes in animals, some intriguing discrepancies have defied satisfying evolutionary explanations.

As I surveyed my own work on the topic, one that I had been pursuing in one form or another since I was a doctoral student, and integrated it with the work from many other laboratories, a dichotomy in the literature emerged. Although most quantitative genetic studies of sex differences in form or behaviour do not point to genes on the sex chromosomes, studies of the sex chromosomes themselves indicate that they are expressed very differently depending on whether they are present in males or females. Why don't these gene expression differences translate into a clear role of the sex chromosomes in phenotypic sexual dimorphisms?

As my fellowship progressed, it became increasingly clear that this conundrum, and the disentangling of cause and effect, might not be possible to resolve until we have a clearer understanding of how sex chromosomes form in the first place. Although sex chromosomes have been an object of scientific obsession for more than a century, the actual process of sex chromosome evolution is largely extrapolated from very old or very young sex chromosome systems. We therefore do not understand temporal dynamics over multiple evolutionary time scales.

And so I departed from Berlin in December, determined that the next series of laboratory studies that I embark on should more fully integrate the processes and consequences of sex chromosomes evolution. I am profoundly grateful to the Wissenschaftskolleg for giving me the time to reflect on this topic and for the time that the other Fellows spent discussing these topics, and I am very much looking forward to my next projects.



MY YEAR AT THE WISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG DANIEL MARKOVITS

Education: Yale Law School, J.D., 2000; Christ Church, University of Oxford, D.Phil., Philosophy, 1999; Balliol College, University of Oxford, B.Phil. (post-graduate), Philosophy, 1994. London School of Economics, M.Sc., Econometrics and Mathematical Economics, 1992. Appointments: Guido Calabresi Professor of Law, Yale Law School, 2010–present. Professor of Law, Yale Law School, 2007–2010. Associate Professor of Law, Yale Law School, 2001–2006. Publications: *A Modern Legal Ethics: Adversary Advocacy in a Democratic Age* (2008). “Contract and Collaboration.” *Yale Law Journal* 113, 7 (2004). (With Raymond J. Fisman and Shachar Kariv) “Individual Preferences for Giving.” *American Economic Review* 97, 5 (2007). – Address: Yale Law School, 127 Wall St., New Haven, CT 06511, USA. E-mail: daniel.markovits@yale.edu

I devoted a productive year at the Wissenschaftskolleg to writing a book and several articles.

The book, tentatively entitled *Snowball Inequality: Meritocracy and the Crisis of Capitalism*, tackles rising economic inequality, focusing on the United States. (Economic inequality elsewhere in the rich world, and especially on the European continent, follows a different dynamic. The US American and European dynamics do not necessarily exclude each other, or even compete, save on the margin of explanation; and evidence suggests that each style of inequality is reaching beyond its native habitat to other shores.)

In 2007, on the eve of the recent financial crisis, the richest one percent of US American households captured nearly a quarter of the nation’s total household income. Moreover, income concentration in the United States today has a fractal quality. For each increasingly narrow economic elite, income is overwhelmingly concentrated among the elite of

that elite: The top 1/10th of one percent thus captures fully half of the total income of the top 1 percent (and has the same aggregate income as the bottom fifty percent of the distribution); and the top 1/100th of one percent again captures half of the income of the top 1/10th of one percent. No thoughtful person can applaud this extreme concentration of income right at the very top of the distribution. But it is much harder to say just why the distribution of economic advantage in the United States today is wrong; and it is harder still to divine how things might be made right. Two features of economic inequality contribute especially to the moral complexity of the problem.

First, maldistribution's distinctive center of gravity today concerns not poverty but wealth. This represents a departure from past precedent. Reasonable estimates suggest that perhaps 40 percent of US Americans were poor in the 1930s; and as recently as the 1950s, even during the middle of the period of relative overall economic equality that political progressives wistfully call the "Great Compression", probably 25 percent and perhaps 33 percent of Americans remained poor. In the years since then, even as the rich have left the middle behind, the poor have caught up: today, even in the wake of the Great Recession, poverty (as officially measured) is a quarter as prevalent as it was during the Depression and half as prevalent as it was during the postwar boom associated with the Great Compression. Credible alternative measures suggest that poverty – and especially deep poverty – has declined more dramatically still. Poverty endures, to be sure; and one might plausibly insist that reducing poverty continues to be the greatest moral challenge for US American politics. But it remains undeniable that economic maldistribution has captured the political imagination today on account not of widespread poverty but rather concentrated wealth.

Maldistribution's changed causes pose a second challenge to familiar political programs for economic justice: today's rich work; and they are rich because they work. This also represents a startling break from the past. When Thorsten Veblen studied the elite of the last gilded age, he discovered a leisure class, constituted by a rejection of industrious work and an embrace of social practices specifically designed to demonstrate that participants did not need to work for money. Things could hardly be more different today. Rich US Americans now work, both much harder than they used to and much longer hours than either the poor or the middle class. Moreover, the rich owe their incomes to their labor: in 2007, the top 1 percent of US earners derived nearly three quarters of their incomes from labor; and the top 1/10th of percent derived nearly two thirds of their incomes from labor. Finally, the rich derive their labor incomes largely by deploying intense

training and skill. Quite possibly, this complex of elite training, skill, and labor effort represents an unprecedented economic invention – the first society in human history in which the elite, and indeed the narrow elite, owes most of its income to skilled labor. Certainly, Veblen's leisure class has been supplanted by a superordinate working class.

The structure of the old inequality emboldened its critics. Traditional, poverty-laden maldistribution shocked the humanitarian conscience and undermined the authority of the state. No affluent society could tolerate widespread material deprivation in its midst; and a society that condemned its poor to material misery and social exclusion could not legitimately expect the poor to remain loyal to its institutions and to obey its laws. Veblen's leisure class and the *rentier* elite that endured through the Great Compression at the middle of the last century similarly presented champions of economic justice with an easy target. For one thing, the typical *rentier* cannot credibly claim a moral entitlement to the (often inherited) capital from which he extracts his rents. Furthermore, these rents generally come from mixing capital with other people's labor, on terms that invite charges of exploitation. A final consideration in favor of redistribution away from *rentiers* is less appreciated but not therefore less important: the state may expropriate a share of the *rentier's* profit, or even a share of her underlying capital, without thereby attacking her personality. (As Marx would have said, attacks on private property might leave personal property untouched.)

The final proof of the old inequality's moral vulnerability comes from the fact that it was attacked, and attacked in decidedly *moral* terms, not just from the socialist left but also from the capitalist right. John Rawls's *A Theory of Justice* championed the cause of the worst-off from within the ideology of liberal capitalism. And mid-century corporate raiders righteously targeted firms owned by the idle rich or, as one of them put it, the "third-generation Yale man who spends his afternoons drinking martinis at the club".

The new inequality, by contrast, challenges equality's champions at each point. A blunt and perhaps even crude, but nevertheless apt, characterization sums up the challenges that economic egalitarians face in the United States today: equality's champions must justify political interventions that harm the harder-working rich to benefit the less-industrious middle class. This is a formidable challenge.

Formidable, but not insurmountable. The intuitions that condemn US American inequality today survive the observations just rehearsed. And a deeper understanding of contemporary inequality underwrites the present-day egalitarian's intuitions with systematic arguments. Two such arguments possess particular potency.

First, the meritocracy that produces contemporary US American inequality – the gauntlet of competitions and tests that leads to elite education, the connection between elite training and elite jobs, and the immense economic returns that highly trained elite workers enjoy – does not promote equality of opportunity. On the contrary, US American meritocracy today defeats equality of opportunity. Children from economically elite households vastly outperform not just poor but also middle class children on every measure of academic achievement; and these achievement gaps grow larger as children grow up. By 2000, the difference between the academic achievement of secondary school children from families in the 90th and 10th percentiles of the income distribution had grown to exceed the difference between white and black children in 1954, the year *Brown v. Board of Education* declared racially segregated schools unconstitutional. Economic inequality today thus produces greater educational inequality in this century than American apartheid did in the last. Moreover, economic inequality disadvantages not just the poor but also the middle class and indeed distinctively the middle class. Even as the achievement gap between children from the 50th and 10th income percentiles has fallen since 1960, the gap between children in the 90th and 50th percentiles has exploded. These differences only compound as educations become increasingly elite and generate increasingly large economic returns. The roughly 100 most competitive US American universities thus enroll 14 times as many students from families in the top quarter of the income distribution as from families in the bottom quarter. And the student bodies of the very most elite institutions skew still more dramatically towards wealth. The best available data suggest that at Harvard College and Yale Law School, for example, the same percentage of students comes from families in the top one percent of the income distribution as from families in the entire bottom half.

A second reflection opens up a still deeper attack on the moral foundations of the current US American economic order. Every society develops and employs technologies of production that suit its productive resources. Among agrarian societies, for example, those inhabiting deserts develop drip irrigation whereas those inhabiting flood plains develop rice-paddy farming. In the contemporary world, the greatest productive resource is no longer land or other physical capital but rather the effort and skill – the human capital – of free workers. The technologies of production that contemporary societies develop and deploy thus naturally adjust to suit the skill profiles of their workers. It is therefore not surprising to find that, across societies, a high correlation arises between the degree to which training and academic achievement are concentrated among the rich and

the extent of the wage premium associated with elite education and training. Both effects display especially extreme developments in the United States today, where the effect of parents' education on children's academic achievement is larger than in other rich nations and the tertiary wage premium (especially for elite university educations) is also unusually large.

These two developments constitute an interlocking pair: the US American economy fetishizes skill – in the manner that produces the superordinate working class – *because* the US educational system concentrates training in elites. The United States economy invents and adopts the production techniques that make elite training so economically remunerative because it possess an elite with the training that these techniques require.

This observation reveals that present-day US American meritocracy not only offends against equality of opportunity, but is itself directly a sham. The conception of merit around which the American economy revolves is not natural but constructed. Moreover, the ideal of merit is constructed upon a foundation of prior economic inequality in training and thus skill. When cast in this light, contemporary meritocracy comes to resemble nothing more than a flimsy renovation of an older aristocratic order that egalitarians of many stripes have long, and rightly, rejected. If one were to ask an aristocrat from the heyday of the *ancien régime* why he was justified in his power, wealth, and prestige, he would have answered that he represented the best his society had to offer. His breeding, his training, his connection to the land, and his long-term perspective rendered him properly suited to rule wisely, as a prudent husband of his society. Moreover, within the ideological frame of his day, the historical aristocrat would have been right. The egalitarianism of Europe's republican revolutions did not so much deny the old aristocracy's self-conception as reject its moral valence. The conceptions of excellence on which the aristocrats of the *ancien régime* relied were unmasked as ideological – as the self-serving conceit of a dominant caste, rather than an impartial conception of human flourishing and worth.

The arguments just rehearsed similarly unmask the meritocratic pretensions of today's economic elite. The skills that they trumpet are not naturally valuable, and certainly not objectively valuable, but are instead valuable only in social and economic systems that are constructed around economic inequality. Indeed, the conception of merit that dominates US American society today is just the mask given the most recent application of the iron law of oligarchy. It is the ideological construction produced and favored by the elite that arises when human capital becomes a society's greatest productive asset and through

which that elite manages to concentrate human capital, across generations, in a narrower and narrower set of hands.

This is what is wrong with the distribution of economic advantage in the United States today. But this wrong cannot be remedied by shallow redistributions that leave the basic structures of training, production, and value untroubled. To fix the new economic inequality, one must reconstruct the economy from the ground up.

The articles take up narrower questions and address more specialist audiences. Two interconnected articles elaborate the doctrinal structure of good faith in contract law and fidelity in fiduciary law, in order to draw a fundamental contrast between two styles of sharing – sharing *ex ante* and sharing *ex post* – recognized by modern legal orders. A third, unrelated article reports the results of an experimental study of other-regarding behavior. The experiment measures the other-regarding preferences of subjects drawn from a pool representing the general US American population and from more elite subject pools. Elites display both less altruism and a greater preference for efficiency over equality than the general population.

These projects – especially taken together – drew on a wide range of materials: prominent and obscure, technical and general, and from many disciplines. The Wissenschaftskolleg library and its outstandingly skilled and dedicated staff made it possible to pursue them, and to pursue them all together and at once. I am grateful.

I, and my children, are also especially grateful for the warmth and kindness of the child-minders engaged by the Kolleg in connection with evening events for Fellows and families. I have rarely encountered so lively, engaging, and kind a group. My children loved them and miss them.



A YEAR OF QUANTIFICATION

ANDREA MENNICKEN

Andrea Mennicken is an Associate Professor in Accounting at the London School of Economics and Political Science (LSE) and Deputy Director of the Centre for Analysis of Risk and Regulation, LSE. She received her doctorate from LSE in 2005 with a thesis entitled *Moving West: The Emergence, Reform and Standardisation of Audit Practices in Post-Soviet Russia*. She studied Sociology, Accounting, Economics and Russian at the University of Bielefeld, the LSE and the State University St. Petersburg. Her work has been published in English and German, in journals such as *Accounting, Organizations and Society*; *Financial Accountability and Management*; *Foucault Studies* and various edited volumes. She is co-editor (with Hendrik Vollmer) of the German book *Zahlenwerk: Kalkulation, Organisation, Gesellschaft* (2007). Her research interests include social studies of valuation and accounting; transnational governance regimes; processes of quantification, economisation and marketization; and public sector reforms with a special focus on prisons. – Address: Department of Accounting, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, London, WC2A 2AE, United Kingdom.
E-mail: a.m.mennicken@lse.ac.uk

A year of quantification – well, almost. I began my year at the Wissenschaftskolleg, known to everyone as the Wiko, with a four-month delay, due to the birth of our son Jacob in August 2013. We, my husband Andreas, our children Clara (then four years) and Jacob (then five months) and I, arrived in Berlin in January 2014.

I was to join the Quantification Focus Group, led by Wendy Espeland. This group brought together Fellows from various disciplines in the humanities and social sciences to

study the rise, spread and power of numbers in economic and social life. Practices of quantification have come to play an increasingly important role in our life. Whether in the private or the public spheres, activities are increasingly structured around calculations and numerical representations, such as cost-benefit analyses, estimates of social and financial returns, measurements of performance and risk, market price, questionnaires of customer satisfaction, development indices, transparency ratings etc.

What underlies the rise, spread and power of numbers? Why have processes of quantification gained so much traction, not only in the economy and the sciences, including the social sciences, but also in the organization and evaluation of education, public administration and much of social life (take for example the “Quantified Self” movement)? Why has the assessment of quality, for example the quality of teaching, research, health care, development programmes and art, become increasingly connected to processes of quantitative evaluation? What are the consequences of this? In what ways have numbers changed how we engage in politics, how do we define ourselves and what something’s worth? In order to examine these and other questions, the Focus Group brought together scholars from the fields of accounting, history, history of science, sociology and statistics. Each of us brought to the group his or her own individual project(s). In our weekly meetings, we discussed our work in progress. We engaged in close reading of each other’s works and explored the production and uses of numbers in different institutional and historical contexts.

For me, the unique value of this group (which at the same time was also its biggest challenge) lay in the variety of topics it covered and the opportunities for cross-national and cross-sectoral comparison it offered. The research topics of the members in the group ranged across the history of survey practices in China; GDP calculations in colonial and post-colonial India; Alfred Kinsey’s measures of homosexual behaviour and their roles in the formation of the gay rights movement in the US; performance measurement in the police; the history of credit ratings; asylum statistics and studies of human heredity in asylums since 1789; and the rise of the category of “unsoundness of mind” in Anglo-American Common Law.

For me, joining this group was special in many ways, and I am very grateful to have been given the opportunity to participate in it. The Quantification Group offered me insights into works I had not known before due to disciplinary boundaries. It also made it possible for me to interact with scholars who had helped found the field of quantification studies, contributing to it with what nowadays are considered classics, and that had been very influential for my own work.

I was the “accountant” in the group, the second “Accounting Fellow” Wiko ever had (the first one being Mike Power in the year 1995/96). My principal research site was the Prison Service of England and Wales. I examined processes aimed at the quantification of decency and the roles that accounting practices (in particular performance measurement and prison ratings) play in processes of prison reform and economisation. In the Prison Service, numbers, such as key performance indicators or prison ratings, are not only used to increase administrative efficiency and reduce costs. They are also enrolled in attempts to ensure value plurality and “to moralise” prison management by including measures of decency, dignity and rehabilitation alongside measures of security and cost in assessments of prison performance. In so doing, boundaries between the calculable and incalculable are redrawn. Counted are no longer only costs, inmates, assaults, escapes and instances of reoffending. Attempts have also been undertaken to quantify prisoners’ subjective experiences through the development of “quantitative measures of qualitative dimensions of prison life”. In my Wiko project, I queried the extent to which prison ratings and performance measures could become a platform for combining conflicting prison values, such as those of economy, security and decency. I sought to offer insights into the inner workings of accountability regimes, their changing nature and the emergence of new regulatory spaces and practices. At a more general level, I explored the role of accounting instruments in mediating the relationship between economy and morality.

By the end of my time at the Wiko, this project has found by no means its closure. I used my time at the Wiko and the many stimulating debates we had in our group, as well as the one-to-one conversations I had with Fellows outside the group, to refine my questions, to reflect on disputed and ambiguous concepts, such as the notions of decency, morality and economisation, and to engage in broad reading outside my home disciplines of accounting and sociology, in law, history and philosophy. Very stimulating and thought provoking for example were for me the readings of the writings by Human Rights scholar Christopher McCrudden, who will be a Fellow at the Wiko next year, including his edited volume *Understanding Human Dignity*. I will also not forget my conversations with Tamás (Miklós) who queried what it means to talk about morality in the context of imprisonment. Can imprisonment ever be moral? What does it mean to talk about “moralising measures” in the context of imprisonment? And I remember very well the debates I had with Nina (Verheyen) about the roles of quantification in defining and streamlining notions of performance and the importance of a historical perspective when studying processes of quantification and economisation, including the rise of measurements (of all kinds) in prisons (public and private).

Being exposed to many historians, both within the Quantification Group and outside it, made me rethink the time frame for my study. It made me take a closer look at the continuity between different time periods, for example, between the organisation of imprisonment in Victorian times and under the Thatcher and New Labour governments. It helped me question and scrutinise the notion of neoliberalism, the relationship between liberalism and neoliberalism and the notion of “New Public Management”. What is it that is new in New Public Management? How far back can we trace the origins of instruments of quantification, including instruments of performance measurement, in incarceration? What has changed with the development of new prison performance measures and their expansion into realms that used to be thought of as unquantifiable, such as a prisoner’s dignity?

Accounting instruments, including systems of prison rating and performance measurement, are inherently both administrative and political. The Wiko and my Co-Fellows provided me with precious intellectual breathing space that made it possible for me to take a step back from my own discipline and institutional grounding and to inspect the complex interplay between quantification and regulatory change in imprisonment from different perspectives, so to attend to the multi-faceted modalities and operations of prison performance measures – from flawed tool of representation, through learning device, to powerful ammunition machine – and the conditions under which these different modalities unfold.

Vice versa, I was able to bring the accounting field closer to the members of the Quantification Group as well as to Fellows outside the group. The many one-to-one discussions, weekly group meetings and numerous informal, spontaneous conversations we had gave me the opportunity to introduce my Co-Fellows to the field of critical accounting studies and sociological approaches to the study of accounting practice. I recall, for example, the discussion I had about fair value accounting with Bruce (Carruthers); the group discussion we had about impairment testing, goodwill accounting and their involvement in processes of financialization; the discussion about the rise and spread of international accounting standards I had with Nina; the one-to-one meetings with Wendy (Espeland); and the many interchanges with Emmanuel (Didier) on the relationship between accounting and statistics, on French accounting scholarship, Emmanuel’s work on stactivism (how to fight with numbers) and our respective empirical research sites (prisons and the police).

For me, two further highlights were the two workshops our group organised. One was devoted to the study of “Numbers From The Bottom Up”: the study of motives for

making numbers, the authority attributed to numbers, the effects of numbers and the dynamics of their spread. The second workshop brought together the Quantification Focus Group from the Wissenschaftskolleg with its counterpart group from the Nantes Institute for Advanced Study. The Nantes group, too, was interdisciplinary. This group was particularly devoted to the study of statistics and had formed around the works of Luc Boltanski, Alain Desrosières, Robert Salais, Alain Supiot (the founder of the Nantes Institute for Advanced Study) and Laurent Thevenot. In its theoretical approach, this group was more coherent, following in large part the French School of “Conventional Economics”. In its outlook, the group was more critical than most members of our group, articulating a profound scepticism about the expanding role of quantification in society, focusing in particular on recent developments in public administration, where New Public Management reforms have paved the way for private-sector-oriented performance measurement instruments and a performance culture organised around the achievement of quantitative targets. Supiot speaks in this context of a cybernetic dream of putting human affairs on autopilot, where governments are no longer expected to act in accordance with European laws, but to react in real time to quantified signals.

In the workshop, we examined the power and mischiefs of numbers in representing, altering and re-creating social worlds. Although our approaches and assessments differed, the frictions between the groups were fruitful in teasing out some fundamental features of quantification in public administration and helped to raise and pay attention to some very important questions: questions concerning the relationship between responsibility and accountability and the role of individual responsibility in quantified accountability regimes; questions about power and consequences of shifts in power through quantification; and questions about legitimacy and different sources of legitimation and their societal consequences. Following the workshop, our groups decided to continue the exchange and collaboration. We will continue our engagement with the above questions in a follow-up workshop that, so the current plan, should lead to a joint book publication.

I will leave the Wiko with more questions than answers and less tangible output than I had hoped for (in terms of written pages). However, the various engagements, activities and exchanges, and in particular the various personal contacts and relationships that emerged out of these, have provided me with something that is of great, albeit unquantifiable, value.

Our collaborations will continue, as a group and in other constellations. I look forward to the workshop that I will plan with Robert (Salais), the writing of a paper that I started to think about with Wendy and many other things to come.

I am grateful to the Wiko for making all this possible, for the new co-travellers I found, and for the creation of such a stimulating environment (not only the Tuesday Colloquia were part of this, but also all the evening events, Thursday dinners, evening colloquia, concerts, lunches, breakfasts, spontaneous gatherings and the “visual themes” Monday meetings). We were looked after well. The Wiko staff helped my family to settle in quickly. *Ein großes, herzliches Dankeschön an alle!* And last not least a big thank you is also due to my husband Andreas who was able to take parental leave for this and made it possible for me to fully participate in the Wiko life.



A MULTIPLICITY OF WIKOS NATASHA MHATRE

Natasha Mhatre was born in 1979 in Bombay or, as it's now known, Mumbai, India. She studied at St. Xavier's College and received her B.Sc. from Mumbai University in 1999. She then moved to Bangalore where she got her M.Sc. in 2002 and Ph.D. in 2008 from the Indian Institute of Science. She then began working on a collaborative project between IISc and the University of Bristol and eventually transitioned to a Marie Curie post-doctoral fellowship held at Bristol. Her research interests lie in the intersection between biology and physics. She investigates how the physics of the animal and its environment affects biological function. So far, she has worked primarily on physical constraints and innovations in acoustic communication systems. In her project at the Wiko, she began work on the interplay between the physical environment of water and the sensory systems of microscopic algae that live in it. – Address: Integrative Behaviour and Neuroscience Group, Department of Biological Sciences, University of Toronto at Scarborough, 1265 Military Trail, Scarborough, ON, M1C 1A4, Canada.
E-mail: natasha.mhatre@gmail.com

The planned Wiko

I had come to Wissenschaftskolleg with a few plans. Some goals were, of course, declared: my projects for the year. I wanted to understand how unicellular algae might use mechanosensation to help them live in the difficult physical environment, a highly viscous or low Reynold's number environment. The idea was to both make my way through the

literature and to run some simulations. The other declared project was to write stories, fiction that helped explain both science and scientists.

I had, of course, a private agenda as well. I had spent three years in Bristol getting caught up with the new field I was working in. As a postdoctoral fellow, keen on getting my scientific career going, I had worked almost to the exclusion of everything else. I tend to introversion, sitting in a quiet room, getting on with my work. This phase of my career had indulged my proclivities. I had a few good papers and a pile of unpublished data to show for my time in Bristol. The need of the hour seemed to be to start publishing some of that pile, but also to look up from my work. I wanted to make up for the three years in which I had met very few new people, especially outside science. I wanted to develop an ability to work against my natural proclivity. The Kolleg promised, or rather, required engagement between its Fellows, so much the better. I attribute any success I had to the Kolleg's design and the warmth at that my Co-Fellows showed me.

So, thank you; I have no natural skills at this.

The general and the idiographic Wiko

I had read the reports from previous years and spoken to a few people who had been Fellows at the Wiko before. I had formed some notion of what the six months would be like. I also knew that there would be things that no one could know about. I was not a part of a Focus Group and knew no one but Hari Sridhar in the group of Fellows that I was to join. I expected that my Co-Fellows would be smart and scholarly, but I couldn't anticipate the sort of bonds we would form. The intelligence and the wit I expected, I did not expect the generosity of time and spirit, warmth and affection that I encountered. I was told of the superb food and wine and looked forward to it, but I did not expect to have the chance to taste an Islay from pretty much every distillery there is. I suppose nobody can know what a class, as the Wiko terms it, will be like and one can't prepare for it. It belongs to a class of phenomenon I may have a mild obsession for: emergent phenomena.

There is a general Wiko. This place exists because the staff works very hard to bring it into being. This is a place where everything works perfectly. The apartments are magnificent, so are their environs. Moves are seamless. All logistics are taken care of and one is helped through every single bureaucratic hurdle. The lunches and dinners are superlative and IT is unimpeachable. No book or research paper is unobtainable. The Wiko

staff organized everything and then organized the entertainment as well. We had the most magnificent musical concerts and receptions; they always went the extra mile. I suspect that everyone who comes to Berlin to work at the Wiko encounters this Wiko. I was and remain grateful for it.

The staff are remarkable. Giovanni Frazzetto made an immense effort to make me feel at home right from the beginning, often organizing events and outings for us and even inviting us home for a wonderful brunch. By the end of the year, he found himself dubbed “fearless leader” by a gang of slightly rowdy College for Life Scientists. I will always count him among my dear friends. Kathrin Biegger was also very generous. She very kindly invited me to stay longer than I was meant to so I could meet a guest of the Kolleg. Corina Pertschi, Antje Radeck and Nina Kitsos jumped into the breach and smoothed away all bureaucratic hurdles. They helped me even after I had left the Kolleg. I was in the UK and faced a problem coming back to Germany for an interview; they need not have, and yet they helped me again. Thorsten Wilhelmy had his second year as Secretary with us. He was always the kindest host, made time from his busy schedule to attend our events, was always there with a solicitous word and even orders to soak up more of the culture Germany had to offer. I cannot be more grateful, not just for the institutional efficiency of the Wiko, but also for the genuine warmth of the people who make it up.

Beyond this Wiko, there was the class that I was part of. I suppose each class is something of an experiment. The selection committee chooses a set of people, we all come to Berlin and the experiment begins. I am sure there are rules to human interactions, but there is also contingency. In Gould’s thought experiment, we can never rewind the tape of this evolution and expect the same outcomes. This is how, from the general institutional framework of the Wiko, something specific emerges. Would you consider me selfish if I am glad that no one can have my specific Wiko ever again? Am I allowed to prize so much the individuality of my experience?

This happy family was made and I reckon was happy in its unique way. I found an interlocutor, mentor and friend in Jahnvi Phalkey right away. I had to pick an argument and prove myself with Yuri Slezkine before he would agree to be one, but we got there eventually. I spent a great deal of time talking and taking photographs with Tong Lam and appreciate both history and images better as a result. As a bonus, Olivia Judson came and joined our group for a bit towards the end of my time. Again, I’d made another friend I hope to keep forever. Michael Hochberg organized a potluck at the beginning of the year. This kicked off a series of events: a couple of jazz concerts, an evening of very

boisterous Klezmer, dinners that Michael, Jahnavi, Gerald Wilkinson, Felix Breden and I cooked for each other. Partners, children and others were included as and when they were there, but there was always at least one good whisky! These were some of the most memorable times I had that year.

Many members of the class actively contributed to my intellectual endeavours as well. Yair Mintzker, Hari Sridhar and Giovanni Frazzetto very kindly gave of their time and read closely the stories I had written and commented on them. So did Simon Teuscher and Emmanuel Didier and I thank them for the time they took from their busy schedules. Kathleen Coleman organized a series of excellent symposia on visual arts and very kindly invited me to present. I could not believe the number of people who willingly took an hour of their time to see and discuss some of the text art that I've been working on. Gerald Wilkinson, Felix Breden, Andy Higginson, and Kasia Bieszczad took the time to comment on a paper that I am writing on tool use. The College of Life Sciences crew, Hari Sridhar, Mícheál de Barra, Andy Higginson, Kazia Bieszczad and I, spent quite a few companionable evenings working together. This entire class ensured that, even if I accomplished nothing else, I had accomplished my private desire of finding kindred spirits again.

The working Wiko

I arrived on a Sunday and Vera Kempa came over to see me into my apartment. The beautiful and quiet studio that she let me into would be my home and workplace for the next six months. The trees that surrounded it had red squirrels and this really excited me! There are very few left in the UK, where they've been outcompeted by the invasive Greys. And then, besides the squirrels, the trees obviously had many species of birds in them! I would eventually befriend many through the feeder I set up on my office window. And there were insects! When I had just arrived, it was still early autumn and the air still reasonably warm. I was heartened to hear insects singing from the trees. Klaus Ospald, the composer, once brought me a female katydid, a *Südliche Eichenschrecke* that had wandered into his room. It was, alas, the sex that did not make a sound; only the male does. The silence and the wild creatures both reminded me of Bangalore, and it was this combination that I think made me feel quite at home.

My bed was right next to my office and most days I went straight from one to the other, at the beginning and the end of each day. I fell into a working pattern that also dated back to my years as a graduate student in Bangalore. When I wasn't with my Wiko

Co-Fellows, I was here, reading, writing, coding or debugging. Pippa Skotnes had the studio next door, Tong Lam, Michael Hochberg and Kathleen Coleman had the other apartments on the floor and we bumped into each other often, especially as we all seemed to be fond of tea! Companionable neighbours, endless tea, occasional jazz and work, what more can one ask for?

I had the chance to re-examine many of the stories that I had been writing for my collection. I found I was very unsatisfied with some of the older stories and began to completely rewrite them. I am still rewriting them. I have no more stories than when I had begun, but I have better ones. Having found much more source material, I also have more topics that I want to work on. A good start.

As it turned out, most of my time was devoted to the science. I worked on clearing the pile: a review that I had to write on active processes in insect hearing and a couple of papers that I was writing with my colleagues in Bristol. This was greatly helped along by a visit from my colleague from Bristol, Robert Malkin. I also began work with Prof. Liverpool from the department of Applied Maths in Bristol and we got a simulation study underway. We would meet and work over Skype nearly every week. I was able to begin learning the math from him and have used it in a simulation that models individual microswimmers as non-linear oscillators, to see if patterns of cooperative swimming emerge. We've managed to complete the base code for the project and have already seen some interesting preliminary results by the end of my time in Berlin. Much more work, however, needs to be done and we hope to get to the first manuscript within a year.

I also made my way through a large part, though not all, of the reading I had hoped to do. So far, most of my reading on microalgal ciliary motility, mechanotransductive channels and also the effects on collective swimming supports the hypothesis that I propose. The next step would be to carry out the experiments. My time at the Wiko was invaluable in planning this experimental programme, and now the harder job begins: to find both funding and also a lab in which to carry out this programme. I was able to initiate this process from Berlin as well. I was able to develop and to submit several applications for faculty positions, fellowships and grants while in Berlin. Some have resulted in interviews, and I am still waiting for the results of others. An equivalent effort would have been impossible in any other situation, and I am very grateful for the pause that the Wiko enabled.

The partially bridged Wiko

Perhaps I should use the more familiar term, the “two cultures”; indeed, each Wiko class is drawn from both. One gets the feeling that in an older Wiko it was more usual to have Fellows from the humanities and that a special effort has been made to bring natural scientists into the programme. This year, as I suppose every year, we had to talk over the walls that separate the disciplines, and there was some good-natured sniping across the boundaries. Felix Breden and Bruce Carruthers certainly exchanged a round of friendly and entertaining fire during their respective Tuesday Colloquia.

As a biologist, I suppose I belong clearly to one culture, but I have a foot, nay a toe in the other, as a photographer, a writer and artist. I’ve even partaken of the academic humanities before coming to Wiko; I’ve attended talks and read books that would traditionally be considered from the humanities. So I was familiar with at least the language. In the six months at the Wiko, I had the opportunity to also develop a sense for the mode of working, the evidence and the motivations that drive academics in the other culture.

I really enjoyed several conversations, particularly with the historians, Jahnvi Phalkey, Tong Lam, Yuri Slezkine, Yair Mintzker, Cheikh Babou, Andrii Portnov and the social scientists, Bruce Carruthers, John Carson and Wendy Espeland. Early on, I discovered that they all shared a deep distrust of the generalizing tendency of scientists. (I might say biologists but we had few non-biologists this year, so I cannot tell. A sad omission; I feel a few physicists would have been an interesting addition to the mix.) I spent much of the rest of the year understanding the sources of this distrust, and I believe there are important cautionary tales there. I don’t believe general explanations are impossible or even uncalled for. But I am now convinced that we, especially as biologists, need to raise the standards for when we allow an explanation to be extended from the specific to the general. Even at the Wiko, there were often claims made that would not be held up by the evidence produced. Although to be fair, the transgressors belonged to both cultures. Similar themes came up in my conversations with Andy Higginson. Despite being biologists, we stand across another divide, the divide between ultimate and proximate explanations, between the evolutionary biologist and the mechanistic biologist (yes, I made that term up). We also came away from our conversations with a similar mutual respect for the other’s concerns. I think this reconfiguration will prove to be an important dimension in my own future research and how I view that of others. It will be something I will always think about.

In the middle of all this, while I was still in Berlin, I would sometimes be frustrated and impatient at how little work I was accomplishing. I would spend a lot of time fretting and thinking about issues sparked by conversations or arguments I had had. I often felt I was allowing my mental space to be occupied too much by the agendas of other people. In retrospect, it seems that I got more done than I felt I did. Since I've left the Wiko, my search for an appropriate place to do my work has continued. I have had no responsibilities that I have not created myself, and I have certainly not been more productive! The impatience I felt in Berlin came from the easy mental trap I had fallen into. I had believed that "time to think" meant time to think only about what I had brought to the Wiko with me. A part of me had expected my work would be the primary focus of all the waking hours in Berlin. I am glad it wasn't. This would have been incompatible with my own secret agenda, but more importantly, I would have done myself a disservice. Had I spent my time focused on my declared projects alone, rather than learning more, I think I would have learnt a lot less.



EIN SCHÖNER AUSNAHMEZUSTAND TAMÁS MIKLÓS

Tamás Miklós wurde 1955 in Budapest geboren. Er ist Dozent an der Eötvös Loránd Universität Budapest mit dem Forschungsschwerpunkt Geschichtsphilosophie. Neben seiner Lehrtätigkeit arbeitet er als Autor und Übersetzer philosophischer Bücher. 1981 gründete er *Bärentanz*. Gesellschaftstheoretische Zeitschrift der Universitäten ELTE und MKKE, die erste zensurfreie sozialwissenschaftliche Zeitschrift des Landes seit 1956, die bis 1990 ein Forum für gesellschaftliche Reformgedanken in Ungarn war. Anschließend gründete er Atlantis Foundation and Atlantis Publishing House, wo er als Verleger tätig ist. Er war Projektleiter zahlreicher Forschungsprogramme. Längere Forschungsaufenthalte in Zürich, Bonn, Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Feldafing und Berlin. Auszeichnungen: DekaBank-Preis des Literaturhauses Frankfurt zur Förderung der deutschen Literatur und Wissenschaft im Ausland (2005) und Ritterkreuz des Verdienstordens der Republik Ungarn (2006). – Adresse: Philosophisches Institut, Bölcsészettudományi kar, Eötvös Loránd Tudományegyetem, Múzeum Krt. 4, 1088 Budapest, Ungarn.
E-Mail: tamas.miklos@wiko-berlin.de

Die Monate im Wiko waren eine sehr wertvolle und entspannte Zeit. Es war mir eine große Ehre und Freude, den liebevollen und inspirierenden Kreis der Fellows, des Leitungspersonals und der Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeiter des Wissenschaftskollegs kennenzulernen. Nach einigen nicht unbedingt leichten Jahren in Budapest war das eine Art schöner Ausnahmezustand in meinem Leben.

Ob die zauberbergische Welt des Wikos noch immer zum echten Leben gehört oder jenseits davon liegt, wie mein Freund, der ausgezeichnete Philosoph, der großherzige

Jocelyn Benoist fand, sehen wir vielleicht auch in Abhängigkeit davon, aus welcher Welt wir gekommen sind und in welchen Welten wir uns suchen. Für mich war dieser Ort eine Welt von Freunden: Jocelyn und der großartige Komponist Klaus Ospald, der wunderbare Pianist Pierre-Laurent Aimard, die Historiker William Mulligan und Yair Mintzker, mit denen ich mich immer wie in der Gesellschaft von engen alten Freunden gefühlt habe, Michele Loporcaro, Yuri Slezkine, die immer den faszinierenden wie natürlichen Kern vieler Tischgespräche gebildet haben, der weise und würdevolle Baber Johansen und seine graziose Frau, Maria Pia di Bella, Laurenz Lütteken, von dem ich über Musikgeschichte, Cheikh Anta Babou, von dem ich über Afrika, und Eckart Goebel, von dem ich über Goethe so viel gelernt habe, die feine und nette Gesellschaft von Daniel Markovits, Gebhard und Maria Kirchgässner, Tong Lam und Emmanuel Didier, die immer viel zu kurzen Gespräche mit Andrii Portnov, die tiefe und warme Stimme Theodore Porters und vor allem die zauberhaften und klugen Frauen, Nina Verheyen und Janina Wellmann, Giovanna Pinna und Andrea Mennicken, die drei Grazien aus Indien: Jahnvi Phalkey, Mahua Sarkar und Natasha Mhatre, und die Damen, die eine Art Fürsorge für uns übernommen haben: Kathleen Coleman, Jenna Gibbs und Wendy Espeland, und meine Nachbarin Pippa Skotnes mit ihren schweigsamen Giraffen ...

Ich kann hier gar nicht alle aufzählen, denen ich für die ausgezeichneten Arbeits- und Lebensumstände danke – für die Wohnung, das köstliche Essen in einer familiären Umgebung, die Veranstaltungen, die Bibliothek, die Konzertkarten, die Organisation außerordentlicher Gesprächsmöglichkeiten. Für die ernsten und freundschaftlichen Gespräche und ihre große Hilfsbereitschaft bin ich Luca Giuliani, Wolf Lepenies, Dieter Grimm, Thorsten Wilhelmy, Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus, Katharina Biegger, Joachim Nettelbeck und Christoph Möllers sehr dankbar. Außerordentlich wichtige Unterstützung habe ich von Sophia Pick, Vera Kempa, Sonja Grund und Corina Pertschi erhalten. Bei dem IT-Experten Wolfgang Neudorfer und dem Fahrradexperten des Hauses Florin Lobischer bedanke ich mich ebenso herzlich. Ich weiß noch immer nicht genau, womit ich all das verdient habe. Die netten Damen und Herren der Bibliothek, des IT-Services und der technischen Dienste, der Hauswirtschaft, Verwaltung und Fellowdienste, die keine unlösbaren Probleme kennen, haben uns eine mir früher unvorstellbar produktive Forschungsumgebung ermöglicht. Mein schönstes Erlebnis war das tagtägliche liebevolle Lächeln von Vera Schulze-Seeger, Lena Mauer und Petria Saleh – ein Geheimnis, das mit dem Wiko verbunden ist.

Zu den wichtigen Arbeits- und Lebensbedingungen gehören neben den Menschen auch die (für mich überraschend in preußischer Weise nummerierten) Bäume und die

Seen im Grunewald. Sie waren bedrohlich schön. Diese schwere Schönheit hat uns vom Alltagsleben der sterblichen Erdgenossen unwiderstehlich losgelöst und gleichzeitig fast verschlungen. Es ist gut, wenn man hier Freunde hat, um sein Eigengewicht nicht völlig zu vergessen. Nachdenklich wird man aber auf jeden Fall, darüber haben Jocelyn, Klaus und ich – und auch unser inzwischen verstorbener gemeinsamer Freund, der Philosoph László Tengelyi, der uns noch im Herbst besucht hat – oft gesprochen. Obwohl mir die Tage in Berlin ungewöhnlich lange hell erscheinen, bezahlt man sie mit umso längeren und dichterem Schatten.

Wenn ich an die mir wichtigsten Ergebnisse dieser Zeit denke, dann sind es diese Gespräche. Ich konnte aber in Berlin auch sonst gut arbeiten. Ich habe in dieser Zeit drei größere Vorträge geschrieben und einen vierten ausgearbeitet, zwei davon gehören zu meinen geschichtsphilosophischen Lieblingsthemen. (Über Schiller und über die geschichtsphilosophischen Interpretationsmöglichkeiten von Trobador- und Minnelieder.) Auch zum geplanten Hauptthema meines Aufenthalts, zur Geschichtsphilosophie Reinhart Kosellecks, konnte ich sehr viel Literatur finden, lesen oder zur Aufarbeitung vorbereiten. Ich hoffe, dass ich bald auch diese Arbeit fortsetzen kann. Ich hatte die besondere Möglichkeit, das Deutsche Literaturarchiv Marbach zu besuchen, wo ich erste Einblicke in die Koselleck-, Blumenberg- und Gadamer-Sammlungen nehmen konnte. Selbst die sehr kurze Lesezeit in diesem Archiv war mir eine Inspiration.

Meine Fellow-Freunde haben mir auch gute Bücher empfohlen. Es war mir ein zusätzlicher Genuss, einige Texte meiner Fellow-Kollegen zu lesen. Die Gespräche und die Vorlesungen an der Freien Universität, der Technischen Universität, der Universität Potsdam, der Universität in Wuppertal oder im Berliner Centre Marc Bloch waren ebenfalls wichtig und folgenreich für mich. Auch die Teilnahme an einem Podiumsgespräch über geschichtsphilosophische Fragen mit einem Berliner Historiker warf für mich interessante Fragen auf. Vielleicht eröffnet sich bald eine gute Möglichkeit für eine Zusammenarbeit mit der FU Berlin. Ich denke, dass die Zeit in Berlin Ausgangspunkt und Inspiration weiterer Gedankengänge und Arbeiten sein könnte. Ob das so ist oder ob dies vielleicht eine in sich geschlossene Ausnahmezeit bleibt, von der man nur einige wichtige Elemente retten kann, werden wir erst nachträglich beantworten können.

Als ich am Ende meiner Wiko-Zeit noch zur Philosophie-Konferenz „Unterwegs zu einer phänomenologischen Metaphysik“ nach Wuppertal fuhr, konnte ich nicht wissen, dass ich dort die letzten langen Gespräche mit meinem alten Freund László Tengelyi führen sollte.

Da ich auch Verleger eines Wissenschaftsverlags bin, freute ich mich sehr, mich mit Verlegerkollegen und Freunden der Verlage Suhrkamp, Fischer, Beck, Wagenbach und Matthes & Seitz treffen zu können. Ich habe nicht nur die unglaublich reichen Konzert- und Theaterangebote Berlins, sondern auch einen sehr interessanten Atelierbesuch und die freundschaftliche Gesellschaft der Mitglieder der Akademie der Künste genossen. Auch mehrere Buchprojekte unseres Verlags konnte ich hier zu Ende bringen: In dieser Zeit habe ich die umfangreiche ungarische Zohar-Ausgabe, den neuen Band der Platon-Gesamtausgabe und ein Jullien- wie auch ein Deleuze-Buch redigiert. Die zur Konzentration nötige Ruhe habe ich hier gefunden und sie hat auch diese umfangreichen Arbeiten ermöglicht und beschleunigt.

Eine unerwartete und liebevolle Unterstützung habe ich im Wiko bei der Vorbereitung der deutschen Ausgabe meines eigenen geschichtsphilosophischen Werks *Der kalte Dämon* gefunden. Ein Kapitel dieses Buches konnte ich weiterschreiben und die bereits übersetzten Texte verbessern. Mit Sophia Pick werde ich diese Arbeit an der Sprache des Buches fortsetzen – für die Ermöglichung dieser Zusammenarbeit wie auch für die Unterstützung meiner weiteren Arbeiten in Berlin bin ich der Leitung des Wissenschaftskollegs sehr dankbar.

Die von Fellows veranstalteten Seminare über die Interpretation oder über Goethe waren sehr lehrreich für mich und auch vom Dienstagskolloquium habe ich oft profitiert. Wichtiger war mir aber, die Kollegen dort besser kennenlernen zu können. Auch die leidenschaftliche Art, wie Reinhart jedes Mal über Musik sprach, hat uns Fellows begeistert. Einzelne Gespräche mit Philosophen, Historikern und anderen Wissenschaftlern außerhalb des Wissenschaftskollegs haben mir diese Zeit noch wertvoller gemacht.

Es hat mich auch tief berührt, mit welchem ernstem Interesse die Wiko-Gesellschaft die neueste historische Entwicklung in Ungarn verfolgt.

Es ist gut, dass Familie und Freunde die Fellows begleiten oder besuchen können. Trotzdem ist es natürlich nicht immer leicht, fern von der gewohnten menschlichen Umgebung zu leben. Eine gute Tischtennispartie, an manchen Abenden das Klavierspiel von Pierre-Laurent oder von Klaus oder ein gemeinsames Glas Wein erleichterten es immer auf wundersame Weise.



ON EMPATHY
YAIR MINTZKER

Yair Mintzker is Assistant Professor of History at Princeton University, specializing in German-speaking Europe in the early modern and modern periods. Born and raised in Jerusalem, Mintzker received his M.A. in History cum laude magna from Tel Aviv University (2003) and his Ph.D. from Stanford University (2009). He joined the Princeton faculty in 2009. Mintzker is the recipient of numerous prizes as well as fellowships from the DAAD, the Whiting Foundation, the Stanford Humanities Center, and the Institute of Advanced Study in Princeton. He is the author of numerous articles and book chapters. His first book, *The Defortification of the German City, 1689–1866* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 2012), tells the story of the metamorphosis of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century German cities from walled to defortified places. It won the American Urban Association's book prize for 2011 and 2012. Mintzker is currently working on a book on the trial and execution of Joseph Süss Oppenheimer ("Jud Süss"), in 1730s Stuttgart. – Address: Department of History, Princeton University, 129 Dickinson Hall, Princeton, NJ 08544-1017, USA. E-mail: mintzker@princeton.edu

I do not believe for a single moment that we live in the best of all possible worlds. After ten wonderful months at the Wissenschaftskolleg, however, I do believe I've lived and worked in one of the best of all possible academic environments. Before I say anything else in this short report, I would like to thank the many individuals who make the Wissenschaftskolleg such an incredible place: the Rector and the Secretary; the Fellows Selection Committee; the PR group; the General Administration and the *Fellowdienste* teams; Lena, the cooks, and the restaurant workers; the terrific maintenance and cleaning

personnel; and the absolutely incredible (and I mean, i-n-c-r-e-d-i-b-l-e) librarians. Much of what I accomplished during my fellowship year I owe directly to all these individuals. I feel especially lucky to have had the privilege to be at the Kolleg before Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus's retirement. I know I speak on behalf of many hundreds of former Fellows when I say that the Wissenschaftskolleg will be a very, very different place without him.

I used the ten months at the Wissenschaftskolleg to begin writing a book about the trial and execution of Joseph Süss Oppenheimer (a.k.a. "Jud Süss"). Oppenheimer is one of the most iconic figures in the history of anti-Semitism. Originally from the Jewish community in Heidelberg, in 1732 Oppenheimer became the Court Jew (special financial advisor) of Carl Alexander, the duke of the small German state of Württemberg. When his patron the duke died unexpectedly in March 1737, the Württemberg authorities arrested Oppenheimer, put him on trial, and condemned him to death for unspecified "misdeeds". On February 4, 1738, Oppenheimer was hanged in front of over 10,000 spectators just outside Stuttgart. He is most often remembered today through the vicious Nazi propaganda movie made about him in 1940, directed by Veit Harlan.

As I see it, one of the great joys of academic life is the constant need to face different interpretations and perspectives. Academe is inherently diverse, and the Wissenschaftskolleg is a prime example of that. In every *Dienstagskolloquium* – indeed, at almost every meal and in almost every conversation I've had – I had to reconsider my views on some pretty fundamental issues. The majority of scientists in our group thought very differently about certain topics than the humanists among us; and these, in their turn, had some pretty strong opinions about topics no social scientist seems to ever consider seriously. The experience of trying to figure out why another Fellow's perspective was so different from my own has been incredibly enriching to me, even if – indeed, especially if – it did not change my mind in the end. All of this is a rather cumbersome way of expressing my gratitude to the other Fellows this year. Even when I strongly disagreed with you, I learned a great deal from our exchange. For that, as for many other things, I am deeply thankful.

I mention the issue of diversity of perspectives for another reason. One of my early discoveries while working on the eighteenth-century trial of "Jud Süss" this year was that even those people who wanted Oppenheimer to die had an uncanny ability to look at the world through his eyes. This is true for Oppenheimer's political enemies while he was still in power, his inquisitors during the trial, and the many contemporary eyewitnesses of his execution, including those who rejoiced at his death. I even found some eighteenth-century

descriptions of Oppenheimer's execution, which literally told its story through the eyes of the condemned man himself, i.e., in the first person singular. ("I was brought to the execution place. I was raised onto the gallows. They put the noose around my neck. They hanged me. I was dead.") The unnerving fact about such descriptions is that they seem to have little to do with empathy. I spent many weeks contemplating this fact and many hours discussing it with other Fellows.

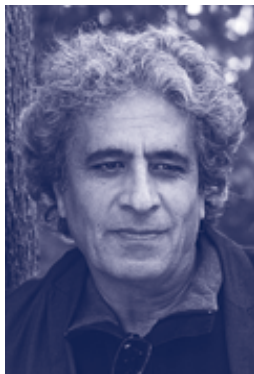
We are told by academics with otherwise very different intellectual agendas that one thing that binds human beings to one another is their ability to look at things from the other person's perspective. There is a long philosophical-economic tradition that views the free market as the place in which ties of empathy are forged because of the different players' need to anticipate each other's actions, among other things. Much more disconcerting than these unconvincing attempts to sing the praises of capitalism, however, are arguments stemming from the humanities themselves. Martha Nussbaum and Lynn Hunt are no court philosophers of early 21st-century American capitalism. And yet they, too, seem to think that if we only look at things from someone else's perspective most of our political problems will disappear.

In fact, the issue of perspective-as-empathy is much more than a purely academic issue. Please pardon my use of the first person plural when I say this, but many of us seem to believe in this, too: when things get rough, when we find ourselves in an interpersonal or inter-communal conflict, a first and perhaps even sufficient step in addressing and even solving it is exactly this ability to look at things from the other side's perspective. I like to paraphrase the Beatles here and say with Paul McCartney and John Lennon that a lot of us believe that "if you only look at it my way, we can work it out".

As I hope I already made clear, I am a great believer in the value of multiple perspectives, in academia and elsewhere. What the story of Jud Süß shows us, however, is that there are people who have a remarkable ability to look at things from someone else's perspective without a shred of empathy, let alone morality. Looking and feeling are not identical; perspective and empathy are not one and the same thing. I do not doubt that humans have an ability to imagine the world through other people's eyes. What I strongly disagree with is the simplistic idea that this ability makes us into moral creatures. Humans imagine someone else's perspective for multiple purposes: sometimes as a form of entertainment (including even pornography), sometimes as a way of controlling, manipulating, and even killing others. The chess player has to look at the board through her opponent's eyes in order to beat her; the colonial administrator needs to understand the natives in order to

control them; the hunter has to think a little bit like the deer in order to kill it. There is little empathy involved in any of these cases, neither as a motivation nor as a consequence.

I leave the Wissenschaftskolleg having forged what I hope will be lifelong friendships, an incredible amount of food for thought, and many, many wonderful memories. I also leave it with a renewed confidence in the absolutely indispensable social and political role of the humanities in general and history in particular. I have never believed that history is a source of simplified “lessons from the past”. History is better viewed as an arena in which to cast doubt on existing power structures, a source base for arguments with which to defend core humanistic principles and oppose any vulgar or complacent explanations for why change is unnecessary. It is the fundamental obligation of the intellectual to challenge the powers that be rather than to serve them submissively; to cast doubt on, rather than propagate, the dangerous idea that we live in the best of all possible worlds.



WATER HAS EARS SHAHRIAR MONDANIPOUR

Shahriar Mondanipour is a novelist and essayist. He was born and raised in Shiraz, Iran. In 1975, he moved to Tehran and studied Political Science at Tehran University. In 1981, he enlisted in the army for his military service. He volunteered to join the front during the Iran-Iraq War and served there as an officer for eighteen months. Following his military service, he returned to Shiraz where he worked as director of the Hafiz Research Center and director of the National Library of Fars. Because of his literary and political activities, the censors hindered Mondanipour from publishing his fiction from 1992 until 1997. In 2004, he became Fellow of the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin. He came to the United States in 2006 as the third International Writers Project Fellow at Brown University. In 2007 and 2008, he was a Writer in Residence at Harvard University and in 2009 at Boston College. In 2011, Mondanipour returned to Brown University as a visiting professor of literary arts, where he taught contemporary Iranian literature and modern Iranian cinema. He has won numerous awards for his novels, short stories, and nonfiction. His last novel *Censoring an Iranian Love Story* was published in ten languages. His short stories have appeared in *PEN America*, *The Literary Review*, *The Kenyon Review*, and the *Virginia Quarterly Review*. E-Mail: shariar@mandanipour.net

“Absolutely not, under no circumstances will I make Wiko’s house another home for myself.”

It was with this sentence that during my first two or three months in Berlin, I constantly reminded myself of a fear.

For me, Wiko started with a lake.

My apartment's balcony overlooks a lake that in my fictional imaginings whispers at night, and I do not understand its German language. I have intentionally given it a sentimental name, the Whispering Lake. The good thing about this name is that it does not allow smart yet unimaginative people entry to the lake. Not even fishermen. In the last story I wrote about this body of water, for four days, every day, the narrator goes to see a stubborn fisherman who from early in the morning scratches the skin and flesh of the lake with his fishhook. And to dissuade the fisherman, every day the narrator tells him a tale.

"Sir! This lake has no fish."

"Sir! Industrial sewage waste has leaked into the lake and the fish are either all dead or toxic ..."

Day three:

"Sir, I lied to you about the industrial sewage waste. But it is best that you not fish here. Once upon a time, I knew someone who had planned to blow himself up among the tourists around the "Der Rufer" statue. He did not succeed. Instead, he went to the middle of this lake and blew himself up. Water and dead fish splashed out as far as the sidewalk on the far side of the street. TNT toxins are still in the water. The fish here are the fetuses of death."

And on the fourth day, he says:

"I lied to you about the suicide bombing. Once upon a time, my best friend went to the middle of this lake and slashed his wrists. The fish have drunk his blood. I cannot allow anyone to toss my friend's blood into a frying pan."

And the old man, who bears no resemblance to the old man of the *Old Man and the Sea*, replies that he never did and never will believe these naïve stories. And while casting his fishing line, he asks why the man is so afraid of anyone fishing in that lake. The narrator does not answer.

"But I will not tell him that there have been nights when I have whispered a name I once loved very much to this patience-stone lake. Water has ears; then the stupid fish, too, have memorized that name. It is a pity to ..."

It was not easy. It was harder than hard to leave my home in Cambridge, Massachusetts. It was my third home since I left Iran and became another so-called immigrant writer or exile. I knew I was tired of again starting a new life in a new town, of little by little buying furniture – a sofa to sit and sleep on, a bookshelf for old and new books, a plant, a painting – and of again choosing a corner as a nest for my writing. And of growing fond of all these, for nine months or a few years. And then, again, the heartache of having to tear my

heart away from this home ... But my simple crime is not the gift of bright and dark fire to mankind, it is only and only a few stories.

I have again returned to Berlin. Wiko has arranged a beautiful apartment for me. Seeing it makes me miss my home in Iran, which I left for presumably nine months, but I have now suffered being away from it for seven years.

“No, not this time. I should not make another home at Wiko. I will not give my heart to any of the beauties this place has. I will remain a stranger until I have to again pack my stories, suitcases, and books and go to some unknown place somewhere in the world.”

My great hope is that Wiko might be able to get a visa for my daughter to come to Germany, so that we can see each other after seven years. During these years, four times her applications through US embassies and consulates in Istanbul, Ankara, and Dubai have resulted in a “no”. They did not even give any weight to Harvard University’s acceptance letter for her to attend a three-month fellowship.

Still, there are complications that we Iranians are familiar with and tolerant of at embassies. Friends at Wiko tell me, “No matter how, we will bring your daughter to Berlin.” And I tell all of this to the lake.

... The scene of a father and daughter’s reunion after many years, and the shed or unshed tears, is repetitive and tiresome for airports in this world of separations. My son arrives from Boston. After years, the family is gathered together. As much as we still love each other, have we not become strangers to one another?

I show the lake to my daughter. At home and among family, we call her Baran. The same name that the Public Register’s office did not give us permission for. I look for the swans. The little rascals are not there.

I am hopeful that I can keep her in Germany for at least one year; perhaps there will be another possibility for her to go to the US. If this happens, perhaps it will put an end to the anonymous letters that tell me if I do what I am planning to do, they will rape my daughter in Iran.

The swans show up. Can I tell them, in front of my daughter, that it is hard, harder than hard, to pretend to be strong and steadfast in Berlin, too?

And every morning, just as all the mornings of the past years and years, I have no escape from my first wakeful activity of reading Iranian news websites. Bad news, dark news, the stoning of hope ...

I wish Mr. Obama, in his moderate policies toward the Iranian regime, at least knows how to play ping pong as well as Mr. Nixon did vis-à-vis China ...

I take Baran to see the Brandenburg Gate, and then I show her the laughable line that remains of the cryable Berlin Wall. And later, the pieces of chewing gum stuck on a few souvenir sections of the wall. But I do not tell her that, in contrast to this, no one has dared stick gum on Arthur C. Clark and Stanley Kubrik's piece of stone.

And again, fascinated, I ask the "Der Rufer" statue, "Do you, too, shout in your sleep?"

And Baran's visa will not be renewed after three months.

It did not rain that much in Berlin this year. And my Baran leaves. And once again, I am cloudy.

But there are emotions that one cannot share with anyone, cannot walk them away, cannot forget them in the middle of a party. This is why some people turn to writing stories. And after each story is finished, they still feel that those emotions have remained unsaid, and again the yearning to write another story besets them. The writer hauls a story's rock to the hilltop. The rock does not roll down. He sets it down right there on the top. And he returns to carry another rock on his shoulder. All writers are like this; the only thing that differs is the height of their hills. For some, their hills have thorns.

It was thus that I rediscovered the solitude of writing. And I knew that Wiko, too, had become a home for me. I chose a cozy corner to write in, I grew accustomed to it, and then writing wildly began.

It meant working seven or eight hours, day and night, more at night. In a thank-you letter to friends at Wiko, I wrote that as a symbol of my gratitude, I would offer them a love story with a bright ending. Not a juvenile Hollywood ending, but one that would at least have a small opening to light. But it seems I have no escape from my dark stories. And, still, I try to cheer myself up: when you write about darkness's Heart of Darkness, it is in fact as if you are hinting at brightness's empty place.

Then, forget about a spirited love story. I start a new novel. It is as black as tar and drenched in blood. I have about five months in Berlin. Can I finish it?

Consequently: Trip to Amsterdam, cancelled, trip to Auschwitz, cancelled, trip to Prague, cancelled ... And:

It would not let me reach for it, to strangle it. I was wearing gloves, but it tore through them and with its beak bit into the soft skin between two of my fingers. The old, bald, tattletale parrot was constantly repeating my name. The last time I had seen it, it had constantly repeated the name of its wretched, dead owner. The man had probably taught it my name so that there

would be a witness to his death. To distract myself from the stabbing pain, which felt as if the wound of an Indian dagger doused in poison had caused it, I looked over at the hell-bound corpse of the parrot's owner. It was in the middle of the room and the rug was lapping up the lacquer-red color of his blood.

And the parrot had made my hand bleed. I tried to use a wire from my forever-present guitar, to throw the loop of the metal thread around its neck and, with pleasure, to yank the two ends. But, as if it were dancing, the motherfucker was swaying its head left and right, and ducking. I thought I saw a sarcastic smirk in the corners of its old, flaking beak. Just like its owner. And it kept repeating my name, more and more clearly each time ...

There was no tub in the bathroom of the apartment; otherwise, I would have thrown its cage into hot water. And I would have looked to see whether bubbles float out of parrots' beaks, too, when they are being boiled.

... The two crimson patches on its wings and the red ring around its neck gave me a divine inspiration. I drew my Mauzer and put its barrel between two of the cage bars. Curious, it came forward and tasted it. I wasted a bullet in its mouth. And bloody green feathers were in the air, falling to the floor, one of them landed on my sleeve ...

I hope Wiko, which provided nine months of brightness for me, will forgive the darkness of this novel.

Translated from Persian by Sara Khalili



PLANS, ENCOUNTERS, AND ...
WILLIAM MULLIGAN

Born in 1975 in Dublin. Studied History at the University College Dublin and European Studies and History at the University of Cambridge. Publications: *The Great War for Peace* (2014); "The Trial Continues: New Directions in the Study of the Origins of the First World War." *English Historical Review* 129, 538 (July 2014); *The Origins of the First World War* (2010); *The Creation of the Modern German Army: General Walther Reinhardt and the Weimar Republic, 1914–1930* (2005). – Address: School of History & Archives, University College Dublin, Newman Building, Belfield, Dublin 4, Ireland.
E-mail: william.mulligan@ucd.ie

Few research plans drafted by historians survive the first encounter with the archives. And fewer still probably survive the encounter with the breadth of ideas at the seminars and dining tables at the Wissenschaftskolleg. All one can do is adapt and allow the plans to evolve amidst the encounters.

On September 2, 2013, I arrived at the Villa Walther, dragging my suitcases from Halensee S-Bahn station, unaware of the M19 bus route, the artery that connects the Wiko to the city. The Wiko offered a three-week intensive German language course in September. Taking this course proved valuable, not only as a means of reviving my moribund German, but also as an opportunity to meet other Fellows before the ten-month fellowship began formally on September 15.

From the outset, the disciplinary range of the Wiko was evident. Evolutionary biologists rubbed shoulders with sociologists, historians with literary scholars. In other circumstances, this interdisciplinary *mélange* might have fragmented and atomized, but

bonds were quickly formed. Conversations ranged widely. The rival merits of *Breaking Bad* and *The Wire* featured as prominently as those of kin selection and multi-level selection. The apparently prosaic supported the academic, and the scholarly conversations buttressed the rhythms of everyday life. In this way, ideas seeped through disciplinary membranes during the seminars, lunches and dinners.

Given my project on international politics between the end of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871 and the outbreak of the First World War in 1914, 2013/14 was an ideal moment to spend at the Wissenschaftskolleg. *The Sleepwalkers*, Christopher Clark's tome on the origins of the First World War, had just been translated into German, under the title *Die Schlafwandler*, and had vaulted to the top of *Der Spiegel*'s bestseller list and into the centre of public debate on the commemoration of the war. Some viewed Clark's arguments as a timely and well-researched revision of the Fischer thesis, which had held German leaders primarily responsible for the outbreak of the war. Others considered Clark's view that the leaders of the six belligerents – not including Belgium – had all contributed to the demise of the European peace as ill-founded, and possibly downright dangerous.

My project, however, was less interested in the origins of the war than in the maintenance of peace between the great powers within Europe for over four decades after the establishment of the German Empire in 1871. It was still a violent era, particularly evident in the colonial wars fought by European states. Yet these four decades were also the longest period of *great power peace* in modern European history until the very end of the Cold War. The question of who had started the war or how it had come about had led successive generations of historians to privilege conflict at the expense of cooperation, aggression at the expense of restraint, and fragility at the expense of stability in their analyses of international relations. Of course changing the question – in this case to why great power peace had endured so long – is an age-old trick, from students bewildered in an examination to politicians evading an awkward topic. In this project, the proposed payoff was that an emphasis on peace – how it was constructed, maintained and imagined – would draw historians' attention to issues in international relations often considered marginal, such as international law and ethics.

The research plan was simple. I proposed to look at a series of crises between the 1870s and 1914, in which different governments considered the use of military force against a great power rival. Moreover, various international relations theories, such as offensive realism and power transition theory, predicted war in the conditions of the great power system between 1871 and 1914 as the likely outcome; indeed, according to the logic of

some theories, war was a rational choice. I planned to investigate why political and military leaders had decided against war on so many occasions before 1914 and then to use these studies as a basis to analyse the intellectual hinterland of their reasoning. This would enable me to assess how restraints were embedded in the cultures of international relations in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. During the course of the year, I would conduct research in archives throughout Germany and produce two articles related to the project.

Well, plans. In part my plans foundered on the completion of earlier projects. In the first few months of the fellowship, I finished editing my book manuscript, a collection of essays and a review article on recent literature on the origins of the war, including *The Sleepwalkers*, which appeared in the July 2014 issue of the *English Historical Review*.

Being at the Wiko and in Berlin also changed my normal pattern of working. It is a sociable institution in a sociable city. To the extent that I used to have a pattern, it involved working in the morning, drifting in the afternoon and catching up in the evening. But the evenings in Berlin quickly filled up – indoor football on Monday, seminars at the Freie Universität on Tuesday, dinner at the Wiko on Thursday, visitors at the weekends, and, of course, *Tatort* on Sunday. Then there were frequent concerts, lectures and discussions about the political issues of the day at the Wiko, events that were often held on Wednesday evenings. And so I changed and, despite myself, I eventually found the daily routine of reading, lunch, more reading, dinner and socializing in the evening calming, even appealing. It was a good way to work.

Research conditions also led me to prioritize reading over writing. The easy access to archives in Berlin and elsewhere in Germany and the excellence of the Wiko's library in getting all kinds of sources, from rare source editions to long runs of reviews, ensured that the fellowship was an opportunity to immerse myself in reading. I found great pleasure in being able to hop on my bike and cycle to archives and the newspaper library or in seeing references to contemporary articles and debates and finding the volumes of reviews waiting for me in the library the following day.

Encountering new ideas also created productive disruption. Cooperation and conflict, altruism and selfishness, power and justification, empathy and violence – the same words, but different concepts, that ignored disciplinary borders and became the currency of interdisciplinary exchange. The opportunity to discuss their meaning and application was stimulating, and the reading tips were invaluable. I benefitted greatly from discussions with biologists, sociologists and economists, not to mention other historians. These

encounters led to new questions about and perspectives on my original research project. For example I became more interested in how politicians, diplomats, scholars and other writers before 1914 accounted for the transformation of international relations, from an imagined beginning of human society to the system of great power politics. Their thoughts on international relations reflected their assumptions about human nature and sociability. This raised wider questions about the origins of later re-education programmes under occupation regimes, how people's minds became an object of international politics and to what extent international institutions were considered capable of transforming human nature. Others introduced me to work on frameworks of justification in shaping social interaction. Historians generally regard public justifications of foreign policy with scepticism – and rightly so. Yet actions require justification and politicians recognized this restraint before they embarked on a particular course of action. I became increasingly interested in examining what frameworks leaders used to justify their foreign policies to their own subjects and an international audience and to what extent these justifications were explicitly shared between rival great powers. These justifications provide an alternative way of analysing the changing normative environment in Europe on the eve of the war. From discussions about legitimacy and discourse to the *Sprachkrise* of the late nineteenth century, new vistas opened on a regular basis.

The Tuesday Colloquium has its own particular rituals, which I suppose vary from year to year. People scurry through the door into the *Große Kolloquienraum* just before 11 a.m., are entertained by the chair's introduction of that week's speaker and absorb an hour of erudite argument and insight. Then the questions come. And because these questions are generally posed by scholars from other disciplines, or historians working in a completely different field, it is difficult to anticipate them, at least during the first few weeks, when the conventions of the colloquium are established. And it is all the better for that. I think. Curiosity, anxiety, expectation and doubt jostled alongside each other in my mind as I prepared for the colloquium. At the end of the talk and the discussion, aside from a vague feeling of relief, I had a host of new questions, from the fungibility of power in international politics to the significance of Futurism.

So after the encounters, the socializing, and the sheer enjoyment of being at the Wiko had laid waste to my original plans, I left Berlin on July 15 with questions and ideas. And some writing to do.



ERINNERUNGEN IN DREI ABSÄTZEN KLAUS OSPALD

Klaus Ospald, geboren 1956 in Münster (Westfalen), studierte Komposition an der Hochschule für Musik in Detmold und an der Hochschule für Musik in Würzburg. 1985 war er Stipendiat an der Pariser Cité des Arts, 1987 gewann er den ersten Förderpreis der Landeshauptstadt Stuttgart. Im selben Jahr nahm Ospald ergänzenden Privatunterricht bei Helmut Lachenmann. Gespielt werden seine Werke von international renommierten Interpreten und Orchestern, wie dem Ensemble Contrechamps, dem Ensemble Modern, der MusikFabrik, dem Collegium Novum Zürich oder dem Arditti Quartett. Bedeutende Podien für zeitgenössische Musik wie die „Donaueschinger Musiktage“, die „Münchner Biennale“, die „MaerzMusik“ und der „Warschauer Herbst“ brachten Uraufführungen seiner Werke. – Adresse: Hochschule für Musik Würzburg, Hofstallstraße 6–8, 97070 Würzburg. E-Mail: klausospald@web.de

Ja, der Bericht ... er muss geschrieben werden.

Schon Ende August – und wie oft bin ich noch in Gedanken an diesem Ort.

Briefe schreibe ich sehr gern, aber Berichte? Vielleicht als „al fresco“?

„Muss es sein? – Es muss sein! Es muss sein!“ Also als „al fresco“:

(wobei diese Überschreibung von Beethoven über sein letztes Streichquartett sich bekannterweise „nur“ aufs Geld bezog: der Hofkriegsagent Dembscher – so las ich – hatte es versäumt, sich zu der Uraufführung des Quartetts rechtzeitig zu subscribieren und wollte ohne Nachzahlung ins Konzert gehen. Dies ließ Beethoven nicht zu. Und auf ein „Wenn es denn sein muss!“ kam ein „Es muss sein. Es muss sein!“ Recht so! Und gleich einen Kanon daraus. Nur, dass ich hier kein Streichquartett komponiert habe.

Dafür wurde u. a. meines aufgeführt, mit dem wunderbaren jungen Londoner Castalian Quartett und Ylva Stenberg, Gesang in der „ausverkauften Halle“ des Kolloquienraums des Wissenschaftskollegs. Ein unvergesslicher Abend!)

Ja, das Geld, ein zentrales Thema, das so oft beherrschende, das leidige, das.

Doch zurück: Was hat dieses zehnmonatige Stipendium am Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin für mich als freischaffenden Komponisten bedeutet?

Zehn Monate äußere und innere Ruhe ohne existenzielle Sorgen und Nöte, seit langem mal wieder. Eine zehnmonatige Pause im lästig zermürenden Kampf ums Überleben.

Ein ganz wichtiger 1. Absatz!

(... denn auch in den sogenannten „hohen Künsten“ waltet das: „LEK-Paradoxon“!

Ja, da kann jeder jetzt mal recherchieren, was das ist! ... bestimmt hat er das aus einem dieser Dienstagskolloquien! Ja, hat er!)

Versteckt, abgeschirmt im Souterrain, auf Erdhöhe, in lichter Ruhe und ruhigem Licht, hinter Gittern bei rauschendem Blätterwerk: mein Schreibtisch.

Regelmäßige, „rüstige“ Rundgänge, dabei eingelaufene, nicht sichtbare Spuren hinterlassend; die Begegnung mit einem Fuchs auf ähnlichen Pfaden, jedoch anders motiviert, mit inbegriffen.

Das allein ist ein 2. würdiger Absatz!

Aber auch jeder Schritt mit Tränen der Geschichte übersät:

Meine Rundgänge – durch eine genau abgemessene, mir in mein erschrecktes Gesicht springende weiße Schuhkartonneubausiedlung über ein verwildertes Niemandslandgleisgrundstück kommend – am Mahnmal „Gleis 17“ vorbei, beeindruckend schlicht und unbeobachtet; den armen Rathenau an der Kurve hinter der Weißen Villa einfach abgeknallt und Göring hat wohl auch über mir seinen dreckigen Hintern reingeschoben ...

Und sehr still an den Schreibtisch.

Und dann die Begegnungen mit den anderen Gefährten, mittags und, klar, dienstags, das: „My field of work ...“.

[Zwischen „host and parasite“ (die, bei gegenseitig vollständiger Zerstörung, mit dem Begriff „Kompetenz“ eingeordnet werden, sodass für mich eine vollkommen neue Dimension des Wortes „Kompetenz“ aufleuchtete!), Schnitzel, Wein und Kriegen, die nicht stattfanden, obwohl sie hätten stattfinden können müssen – tja, der Mensch ist immer für eine Überraschung gut.]

So bereichernde Gespräche! Meine neuronalen Verknüpfungen wurden wieder richtig geschmiert und: ich vermisse diesen horizontweiternden Austausch schon jetzt!

(Zwischen Richard Strauss und dem ewigen Dilemma der Künstler mit der Staatsmacht: das gilt auch noch heute: zwischen Zäpfchen und Größenwahn. Wobei die Frage erlaubt sein mag, wieso Naturwissenschaftler immer besser wegkommen, wenn's ums Moralisches geht: immerhin haben „wir“ keine Atombombe gebaut, von den Bio- und Chemiewaffen ganz zu schweigen. Aber vielleicht ist ja alles nur ein gradueller Unterschied ... na ja.)

(Zwischen „Wohltemperiertem Klavier I“, überkochenden „Die Soldaten“ und die Macht des „Ranking“, sogar an Gefängnissen und Schulen. Und Friedhöfe? „Hier liegen Sie richtig!“ Wertung: AAaa ..., verpasste Dienstagsfrage ...)

Und zwischendurch waren die Eindrücke doch so stark, dass ich Pausen setzen musste und Wiederholungszeichen strich. Temporeduktion: *Andante un poco con moto*.

[Zwischen „Schwarmintelligenz“ (gibt es das auch in unserer Gesellschaft, ja? Ein Blick in die Geschichte und die Erinnerungen bestätigen grausam: Intelligenz ist ein Fremdwort!) und Diskussionen mit Philosophen, die über die Ignoranz des Komponisten verzweifeln, der davon nicht abließ, dass Gedanken aus dem Hirn kommen. Proteinen sei Dank! Danach alle mit äußerster Schwebung und Ausgelassenheit zurück, nein, nicht an den Schreibtisch, einfach rasch zur Nacht in das Souterrain].

Und dabei nicht zu vergessen:

Das ungemeine Privileg in Anspruch genommen zu haben, von Menschen umgeben zu sein, deren Aufgaben darin bestehen, noch darüber hinaus Bedingungen zu schaffen, die nicht nur die bestmögliche Grundierung für einen Arbeitsprozess legen sollen, sondern sich auch für das grundsätzliche Wohlbefinden der „Gäste“ verantwortlich fühlen.

[Denn ein kurzer Blick in die Welt genügt, um dieses Privileg in seiner Bedeutung zu erkennen und besonders hervorzuheben (und wie labil selbst dieser Zustand ist, haben wir mit dem Ukraine-Russland-Konflikt und dem nicht enden wollenden Konflikt zwischen Israel und den Palästinensern selbst in dieser Zeit des Aufenthaltes erfahren!).] Das ist jetzt ein ganz starker Absatz!

In meinem Fall ist das wunderbar gelungen.

Und wenn ich überlege, an welchen Orten ich schon komponiert habe: in Gartengeräte-schuppen zwischen Hammer und Sichel oder auf maustotfreigeschaufelten Dachböden

im hohen Norden ... dagegen besaß doch „mein“ Souterrain nahezu ein wagnerianisches Ambiente ...

Nie hätte ich ganz bestimmte Personen getroffen, die ich jetzt nicht mehr missen möchte und die meinen Horizont belebt und erweitert haben!

(... wenn ich nur an die rechtsrheinisch, leidenschaftlich satirisch-satyrisch geführten „Sorbonner-Pantheon-Debatten“ beim Bulgaren denke, oder an die tiefen „Budapester Einsichten“ bis hin und ganz besonders auch: die stets leidenschaftlich musikalisch-literarisch geführte Stimme aus dem „gläsernen Palast“! Und die Frage ist mehr, wie den stets lebendig-spontanen Akt des Zusammenkommens „auf der Wiko“ am Leben zu erhalten, nachdem die alltäglichen Wellen wieder durchs Zimmer schwappen. Da ist der fehlende Donnerstagabendsekt noch das geringste Problem!)

„Wer im Kopf umräumt, dessen Schreibtisch muss fest stehen.“

Diesen Satz von Arno Schmidt konnte ich für zehn Monate am Wissenschaftskolleg für mich aus- und einlagern, verbunden mit einer hier neu gewonnenen inneren Gelöstheit, die mir ohne das Stipendium nicht zuteil geworden wäre.

(... und zu guter Letzt duzten sich sogar der Musikwissenschaftler und der Komponist herzlich: muss ich mir Sorgen machen?)

Apropos Wirklichkeit, ja, ich höre die Stimme vom linksrheinischen Ufer laut herüberschallen:

Halt ein! Bruder! Halt ein! Rufe ich zurück. Hier eine von vielen, 500 m von der Wallotstraße entfernt:

Coda (alla tedesca)

Ich saß im „Floh“, ein Lokal direkt unterhalb des Mahnmals „Gleis 17“, nur mit einem mir distinguert erscheinenden, allerdings Handy telefonierenden Herrn mittleren Alters an der Theke. Wir waren die einzigen Gäste.

Nach Beendigung des Telefonats entschuldigte sich der offensichtlich ausländische Gast in gebrochenem Deutsch bei mir für seine Unhöflichkeit (wo gibt es denn das noch heute??). Ich winkte gutmütig ab, wollte aber wissen, welche Sprache ich denn eben gehört hätte. „Arabisch!“ Ah, was für ein wunderbarer Kla... – in dem Moment wurde die Tür aufgerissen und ein Ureinwohner im blauen Overall mit grimmigem Blick – wohl aus dem Wald der Grunen kommend – spähte unruhig in das leergefegte Lokal, erblickte

nur uns beide und brüllte ohrenbetäubend in unsere Richtung: „Scheiße! Nur Fremde!!“, drehte sich um, knallte die Tür hinter sich zu und ward nimmermehr gesehen. Warum war der Fremde mir nur vertrauter als der Einheimische? Und zurück an meinen Schreibtisch.



BERLINESQUE
JAHNAVI PHALKEY

Jahnavi Phalkey is Lecturer in History of Science and Technology at the India Institute, King's College London. Her research interests are focused on the history of science and technology as it intersects with the transformation of the Indian subcontinent. She is the author of *Atomic State: Big Science in Twentieth Century India* (2013) and co-editor of a forthcoming volume on *Key Concepts in Modern Indian Studies*. Phalkey is Lead Scholar and External Curator of an exhibition on science in India at the Science Museum in London. – Address: King's India Institute, King's College London, Strand, London, WC2R 2LS, UK. E-mail: jahnavi.phalkey@kcl.ac.uk

Up until my arrival in Berlin, I was accustomed to wandering purposefully in the corridors of the *Age of Extremes*. In Berlin, there was enough time and leisure to wander aimlessly in search of stories in the Age of Empire. I arrived as a historian of 20th-century science and technology. I am leaving as a historian of 19th- and 20th-century science and technology. This could be, ideally, the end of my report but I might dare say a little more since I am yet to unravel the full implications of this metamorphosis.

The Quantification Group made for curious fellow travellers. It was also interesting to get to know a little more about the French School of quantification led valiantly by the Nantes group – we await a manifesto from them in the coming years! In the meantime, some of my conversations with Lorraine Daston, Ted Porter and Bruce Carruthers will stay with me for a long time. It is my hope that the ideas that grew out of these conversations will find their way into my work on numbers.

When my work on numbers does eventually see the light of day, Sonja Grund, Kirsten Graupner and Anja Brockmann could take credit for it between themselves. Their generous support in organizing my research on the history of statistics, but equally for two other edited volumes, is invaluable. Thanks to them, the two volumes are progressing towards publication!

At my arrival, I had planned to visit a museum every week. I did nothing of the kind but even so managed to visit some stunning exhibitions at the Museumsinsel and the Hamburger Bahnhof. These have indelibly shaped the transition of my thinking from primarily in words to now thinking also in three dimensions and about objects in history. Berlin has shaped my exhibition proposal for the Science Museum in London. I hope to indicate the influence of the city on my thinking, even as I look forward to bringing the exhibition to Berlin in 2018.

Lars Hubrich sometimes showed up for dinner. Sometimes he showed up with Nina after dinner for the Yuri Slezkine-led whiskey sessions. In one of those conversations, he mentioned paper editing as a solution to the difficulties of editing a (first) documentary film. I will remain grateful to him for opening that door to misunderstanding and never tell him what I eventually subjected my editor to! But despite my misdeeds, we moved ahead with the film. It has given me enough faith to pour my entire research grant into filmmaking equipment! We will meet again, I hope. In Berlin.

Living in Berlin strengthened old friendships and helped build new ones. Grunewald offered its best memories of Walter Benjamin. This meant that the M19 became my life-line to David Bowie. On my days out, it was a pleasure to meet Charlotte Klonk, Joanna Pfaff-Czarnecka, Ludger Derenthal and Margrit Pernau. It was a joy to reconnect with Tong Lam, Hans-Jörg Rheinberger and Uljana Feest – old colleagues from the Max Planck Institute for the History of Science.

The surprise and the madness of the ten months were the incorrigible biologists. Felix, Gerry, Hari, Michael and Natasha (in alphabetical order) brought birds, guppies, French food, movies, music and irreverence to my everyday life! Janina Wellmann, John Carson and Vera Schulze-Seeger provided everyday affection a-plenty.

Among other things, this proved to be the year to hone my cooking skills – for one dish. Those subjected to my experiment know what I am talking about. Speaking of taste, from being a strict non-smoker I went on to become a selective smoker. Any future lung problems will be singularly attributed to Laurenz Lütteken and the delectable cigars that

he shared with Natasha and me. It was interesting to find out that he appreciates the Muppets at a much deeper level than I do.

Luca Giuliani, Thorsten Wilhelmy and their colleagues at the Wiko have done all they could and I wonder if that reduces the rest of my professional life to a mere grudge against all future Fellows who will enjoy all that I will henceforth not, in Berlin. Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus always found the right people for me to talk to about my museum work. I cannot thank Eva enough for her indefatigable efforts to improve my proficiency (or the lack thereof) in the German language. In the end, she even tried Kafka! My apologies to her for, unfortunately, I did not get as far as both of us would have liked to see me go.

I once told Joachim Nettelbeck that my report would be called “Thinking in Captivity”. After leaving Berlin, I might better say that Berlin captivated my thinking – putting much else that I arrived with on the pause mode, such that I was able to parse out questions that had patiently awaited my attention for years: questions about me, about my work. By the end of my stay, I found a few answers. Alongside, I also got some work done.



WIKO SWAN SONG
THEODORE M. PORTER

Theodore Porter grew up on the Olympic Peninsula in the US state of Washington. At Stanford, he took half of his undergraduate courses in mathematics and the physical sciences but majored in History, thereby, quite inadvertently, acquiring a decent preparation for graduate study in the History of Science. His Princeton dissertation and first book were about statistical reasoning across a range of social and natural sciences in 19th-century Europe. After a postdoc at Caltech and a year as member of a research project on the “probabilistic revolution” at the Zentrum für interdisziplinäre Forschung of the University of Bielefeld, he took up a faculty position at the University of Virginia. Since 1991 he has been a professor at UCLA. *Trust in Numbers* made his reputation, while *Karl Pearson: The Scientific Life in a Statistical Age* is his least successful and most interesting book. His press wants the next one to be called *The Unknown History of Human Heredity*. – Address: Department of History, University of California at Los Angeles, 6265 Bunche Hall, Los Angeles, CA 90095-1473, USA. E-mail: tporter@history.ucla.edu

Many of us were surprised to learn what modest demands the Wissenschaftskolleg puts on its members. There was no expectation that the group I had helped to assemble, scholars from various disciplines interested in the worldly uses of quantification, should produce an edited book or other collective project. Nor did Maecenas press us to get papers out or to complete the books we promised. The administration seemed to prefer that we devote time to something quite different, and even asked us during introductions to identify a secret project. We had a heavy responsibility to join the lunches and dinner each week.

No, Wiko did not press us to be productive in any ordinary way. The work of power here is more subtle. It wanted merely to change our lives. To this end, the staff took charge of quite a lot of the ordinary concerns of life, including the complications of moving to Berlin, finding a place to live, and registering with the authorities. Can it be by accident that we were surrounded by artists and musicians, including several Fellows and still more partners and even children? A weekly group meeting explored visual themes in scholarship and art. Many of us think of ourselves as writers, though mostly of nonfiction. Some of us work across the boundary of natural science and humanistic themes.

Although I spent a lot of evenings at concerts and operas, I was among those disciplined souls who resisted the temptation to sacrifice my research project for something new. And still the resources of Wiko got in the way of finishing it. The temptation of the archives was the least of the problems, but has to be mentioned. In the course of a discussion with our librarians about where I might turn up 19th-century reports from the institution at Leubus, a convent turned asylum in what was then Prussian Silesia, it occurred to me this information had probably been filed with the relevant ministry and might be sitting in archives. And so it had, as they soon discovered. In a few weeks I had a two-page list of relevant sources in the Geheimes Staatsarchiv Preußischer Kulturbesitz [I love this name: the *secret* state archive of Prussian cultural heritage]. My gradual recognition of the significance of Leubus for my book was already forcing me to work up in detail a topic I had thought might be worth a paragraph. In the end I had a radically different chapter, at the cost of an extra month.

The Wiko library was the smiling face of a conspiracy to hold me back. Some years earlier, as I made my way through the 19th-century numbers of the *Annales Médico-Psychologiques*, I had been interested to discover a French commentary on the scandalous 1840 US census, which authorized the announcement of absurdly high rates of insanity among free blacks in northern states, with the highest, at one insane per 14 residents, in Maine. An industrious Massachusetts asylum doctor and statistician soon discredited this result. So what was up with this French author arguing that the high rates must be real since the northern census-takers would have had no incentive to distort them. With the assistance of a good librarian, you may find that he was an anarchist of Caribbean origin. He believed that insanity rates in the US were high for whites as well as blacks, owing to an American preoccupation with business success and the severe demands of puritanical religion.

For the most famous of French asylum doctors, Étienne Esquirol, such causes proved insanity to be a disease of civilization, but he had a rival who insisted that this was rubbish,

that insanity arose from ignorance and barbarity, not education and culture. Esquirol cited Humboldt for the almost complete absence of insanity among the “barbarians” of South America. His challenger needed, and found, his own expert on primitive peoples. That was the Baron Roger, recent French governor of Senegal and a great admirer of the mores of these African Muslims. Soon we had his books, which presented these people not as free from insanity, but as so charitable with the insane and so relaxed about rationality that the mad, though abounding, did not stand out from ordinary life. It gave me an interesting paragraph, and cost me about two weeks.

In the spring, when I reached my chapter on the great French-led “international” effort to harmonize the statistics of insanity over the whole institutionalized world, I thought I should make an effort to get hold of a report from 1864 on the asylum at Blois. Its then director, the aptly-named Lunier, was the great international advocate of standardized madness. His report didn’t seem to be available anywhere in Germany, and I did not know where to find it even in France. But the librarians soon had a copy for me, showing that, behind the veneer of an international congress, the table of causes of insanity in Blois was practically indistinguishable from the one that was said to have emerged a few years later from extensive deliberations of an international commission. This does not by itself explain why the effort so quickly broke down. It seems that after their military defeat in 1870/71, the French stopped answering German inquiries. These are just a few of the opportunities made available at Wiko to deepen my research, and to slow it down. Just once, the librarians gave up hope on an online document that I had in the meantime turned up on my own.

My project was, and still is, about how the data of asylums and of censuses of insanity provided the materials and many of the tools for the scientific study of human heredity. This is not only to recognize that it was and remains a highly quantitative endeavor, but to see how much of its dynamism came from techniques of handling data applied to distinctive populations in institutions, notably asylums, that had been created by new medical and social policies. We see also that the eugenic aspect of the investigation of heredity was present from the beginning, decades before Charles Darwin and his cousin Francis Galton turned their attention to the biological reshaping of human populations, akin to plant and animal breeding.

My fellow Fellows, and in particular the members and friends of the Quantification Group, provided a terrific working environment. There were two of them in the office to my left, two to my right, one downstairs, one upstairs. We exulted in little discoveries,

helped each other with translations, and invented some jokes. As the end approached, the group decided to pursue a plan for an edited volume in collaboration with a group with similar interests in France. Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus seemed pleased when we told him. Wiko appreciates the little indicators of academic productivity, but wants them to rise from our own initiative. I am hoping the edited volume does not develop so quickly that I will have to prepare another paper before my book is done.



PURPOSEFUL PLAY AT WIKO
– THE WISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG –
“KINDERGARTEN OF THE GODS”
PAUL ROBERTSON

For well over 40 years, Professor Paul Robertson performed throughout the world as leader of the internationally renowned Medici String Quartet, of which he was a founding member. A Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and Visiting Professor in Music and Medicine to the Peninsula Medical School, he is also Visiting Fellow of Green, Templeton College, Oxford. He is also a member of the European Cultural Parliament and Associate of the Royal Society of Medicine. During the 1990s he played a significant role in educating the public about the burgeoning role of brain science in Music. This work reached a wide public with his highly acclaimed Channel 4 television series “Music and the Mind”. Paul has presented a number of “special feature” programmes for Radio 4, the most recent of which, “Hearing Ragas”, explored his coma experience and the late Sir John Tavener’s masterpiece “Towards Silence”. For a number of years, he was a Cultural Leader at the World Economic Forum. In 2001, Paul was awarded a fellowship by the National Endowment for Science, Technology and the Arts [NESTA]. In 2004, he was inaugurated as Visiting Professor in Art and Leadership to the Copenhagen Business School. Following severe health problems, Paul now focuses upon supporting his wife Chika as joint CEO of the Music Mind Spirit Trust, based from their home in Sussex (see: MusicMindSpirit.org). – Address: St. Hugh’s College, University of Oxford, St Margaret’s Road, Oxford, OX2 6LE, United Kingdom.
E-mail: davidrobertson1946@mac.com

In a perfect world, everyone would be granted a stay at the Wissenschaftskolleg – surely the most apt compensation for having been born human. The elegance of such “largesse”

would be that it would constitute either a visitation to heaven or to hell according to the sensibilities of the recipient.

This special year's grace with all its possibilities and opportunities for meeting and assimilating new ideas, disciplines and influences, as well as for reflecting upon them, marks a "rite of passage" for many Fellows. Such significant punctuations of life take on a different aspect, according to how and when they occur. For the younger Fellow, the heady mixture of intellectual intoxication and challenge must prove seminal. For those midstream in their career, it offers a wonderful enrichment and respite, whilst for those of us approaching their "*philosopod*"* years, it is a heady yet humbling glimpse into what our science or arena of expertise may look like in future generations.

In my case, serious illness had accelerated my passage into *philosopodactics* or *philosopodiatry*(?). Obligated by continuing health issues to discard my professional life as a performing musician and unable even to continue my various previous teaching roles (in both Leadership and the Medical Humanities), I arrived in Berlin feeling frail but with a clear and optimistic agenda.

One key part was to complete a book and hope to find a literary agent to take it on. Another was to exorcise the many Jewish "ghosts" I continued to carry about Germany in general and Berlin in particular.

In my case, my fellowship became possible purely by serendipity, which is always a good sign in my experience. Simple online research made it immediately and reassuringly clear that the ethos and membership of the Kolleg is extremely "inclusive" and that its Fellows are chosen irrespective of their race, colour or creed. However, the excellence and high accomplishment of the Fellows was also evident.

Following all sorts of medical delays, I was finally able to make my way to Wiko only far into the academic year (as late on as April). The patience and supportive attitude of the Kolleg authorities was evident all through this somewhat tortuous process, as it was to be throughout my stay. As someone with health problems, I cannot begin to express how utterly delightful and enabling all the Wiko staff were and continued to be throughout my stay. I do thank you all.

In fact the assumption of the whole Wiko team – "front of house", technical, academic, "support", catering etc. – was that Fellows are honoured guests to be made welcome and

* N.B.: A "philosopod" is apparently a newly coined term describing how academics of a certain age and maturity increasingly drift into philosophising!

looked after in every particular. This naturally establishes as the norm the highest level of gracious behaviour from everyone – a rare and altogether desirable model of community life daily enacted in leafy and beautiful Grunewald.

It hardly needs to be said that the level and variety of intellectual company is unsurpassed. However, I imagine each year produces a very different composition. As in cuisine or musical composition – varying ingredients synthesise into a unique set of flavours in this wonderful annual Wiko dish.

In my year there were two central intellectual “hubs” – one based upon Quantification and Assessment and therefore largely social/mathematic in flavour (although also delightfully endowed with many memorably sanguine characters). Another, complementary grouping consisted of a scintillating and radical group of evolutionary biologists studying cancer – at once intense and fun-loving. Swimming within and between these two central “amoebic” structures were a number of artists, legal and economic specialists, historians etc. These ameliorated, negotiated, neglected or galvanised each other as occasion demanded. Again, I was much struck by the fact that these high-powered academics, so adept at the cut and thrust of university politics, competitive research and academic empire-building, were so able and willing to put aside their habitual intellectual carapaces and make themselves so generously open to discussion, debate and new ideas. Of course, in that sense Fellows of the Wissenschaftskolleg are “on holiday”, and it was delightful to see these sophisticated individuals “disrobe” and reveal their underlying passion and enthusiasm for the beauty of ideas. This special environment allowed even the most defensive individuals to re-inhabit their essential “childlike” (as opposed to “childish”) wonderment of being in the world and exploring it without prejudice. Was it only my imagination that, whilst here, many of them could be observed wandering about with eyes widened – just as children do?

It gradually dawned on me that this was indeed a very special kindergarten – a place of safety for the enquiring mind. A high degree of trust is required to create such a precious space and once again I would comment upon the very high level of care shown by the Wiko staff. As something of a student of Leadership Studies, I also recognise that such an environment of attentive “mindfulness” is necessarily set by the senior leaders of the College, the Rector Luca and Head of Fellows Reinhart, together with their other senior colleagues and Board etc. Theirs was a light but adept touch – always by example (the only kind that finally carries integrity and effectiveness).

Along with the broader abundant ideas and concepts came smaller yet equally significant “consolations”: – one, for example which I particularly cherished – the discovery that

the supposed “pig-like” busts of Socrates (which embellish so many editions of Plato’s accounts of his work) are in no way representative of his true appearance, but much more likely a “Satyric” parody by which his ideas and person could be honoured without incurring the wrath of the contemporary Athenian authorities. Such insights and many, many more were the delight of the weekly seminars. However, wonderful lectures and events take place virtually all day every day – and self-discipline is required!

... and what of my own aims and preoccupations?

Much enriched by varied stimulating conversations and new concepts, my book was indeed completed and taken up by a leading literary agent. Only time will now reveal whether it can become something of merit.

From a place of pretty deep introspection (and frankly, post-trauma depression), the wonderful mixture of constant (but never intrusive) intellectual stimulus, together with regular inspirational drafts of the exceptionally high-calibre musical culture unique to Berlin, my mood gradually lifted into something approaching normal. Thank God.

The ghosts of horrors past also gradually ameliorated as I discovered that Berlin is a place that has honourably (and even beautifully) acknowledged its terrible recent history. The many discreet but powerful monuments that are everywhere present, together with an overwhelming sense of memory for the crimes of yesteryear render this one of the healthiest societies I have visited. In fact, there is a care and vigilance in German democracy that could teach the UK some really important and much-needed lessons right now. I pray they do!

My final comment to you is: should the opportunity to become a Fellow come your way – accept quickly, eagerly and with alacrity. You would be mad not to!



LABOUR IN GRUNEWALD
MAHUA SARKAR

Mahua Sarkar received her Ph.D. from The Johns Hopkins University in 1999. She is currently Associate Professor of Sociology and of Asian and Asian-American Studies at Binghamton University. She has recently held fellowships from the Internationales Geisteswissenschaftliches Kolleg (IGK) at the Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin, the Centre for the Study of Developing Societies, Delhi and the Asia Research Institute at the National University of Singapore. She is a historical sociologist by training with specific expertise in the fields of Religious Nationalisms, Gender/Feminist Theory, Postcolonial and Subaltern Studies, Transnational Migration and Global Labour History. Her publications include *Visible Histories, Disappearing Women: Producing Muslim Womanhood in Late Colonial Bengal* (Duke University Press, 2008, South Asian edition by Zubaan, Delhi, 2008); "Between Craft and Method: Meaning and Inter-Subjectivity in Oral History Analysis." *Journal of Historical Sociology* 25 (2012); and "Changing Together, Changing Apart: Urban Muslim and Hindu Women in Pre-Partition Bengal." *History and Memory* 27, 1 (2015), forthcoming. She is currently working on her second book on transnational temporary contract work and circular migration. She has two additional projects: one on commercial gestational surrogacy as a form of labour and another on socialist internationalism. – Address: Department of Sociology, Binghamton University, Binghamton NY 13902-6000, USA. E-mail: msarkar@binghamton.edu

I arrived at the Wissenschaftskolleg in late August 2013 as a EURIAS Fellow with a few good intentions. First, and most importantly, I wanted to work on my on-going project on transnational contract work and circular migration involving "low-skilled" Bangladeshi

men. Second, I intended to begin work on two new projects that had been on my mind for some time now: on gestational surrogacy as a rapidly globalizing industry and the challenges it poses to the understanding of motherhood as the constituent other of paid work; and a study of intellectuals from the Indian subcontinent who spent decades working in the USSR as translators for Soviet publishing houses that specialised in the production of books in foreign languages. Third, I hoped to finish two papers based on my earlier work on inter-communal relationships in late colonial Bengal, with a particular focus on the experience of Muslim women, on the one hand, and the vexed relationship between history and memory, on the other. And finally, beyond all these academic projects, I hoped to learn about and from the work of my Co-Fellows coming from multifarious disciplinary backgrounds and academic contexts, further my elementary knowledge of German, enjoy the fantastic cultural life Berlin has to offer, reconnect with old friends – I had lived in Berlin before – and hopefully make a few new ones.

This was of course a rather ambitious agenda for a single academic year and I was appropriately sceptical. Looking back on this year that is slowly coming to an end, I am therefore amazed at just how many of these goals I was able to realize – undoubtedly thanks largely to the astounding institutional support that the Wissenschaftskolleg extends to its Fellows.

Where should I begin? The Fellow Services department – especially Corina Pertschi – was extremely helpful even before I arrived, making it easy to settle seamlessly into a routine. Eva von Kügelgen and her team of German instructors were tireless in their effort to help us “master” the language – sometimes against all hope! The IT team was formidably efficient. The staff members at the library were simply amazing; without their prompt and relentless assistance it would have been impossible to work simultaneously on multiple projects. The maintenance team at the Villa Walther was always at hand to address the myriad problems one expects in an old building. What is more, Florin Lobischer had imaginative solutions that transformed a spare room into a perfectly equipped study. At the *Empfang*, Vera Schulze-Seeger had solutions for every question I could dream up throughout the year. And in the restaurant Lena Mauer and her team were always cheerful and accommodating.

Intellectually, the sheer breadth of foci at the Wiko seemed a little bewildering at first. But over the course of the year, through the Tuesday Colloquia, but also rather more importantly over the many lunches and dinners, I learnt to appreciate the insights that arose from this meeting of scholars from widely disparate disciplinary backgrounds and

with very different substantive interests. The useful conversations I had with historians Cheikh Anta Babou and Yuri Slezkine – with whom I share interests in writing histories of difference and of life under Socialism, respectively – deserve special mention here. But there were others – Michele Loporcaro, Elena Arriero, Michael Hochberg, Simon Teuscher, Pippa Skotnes, Jocelyn Benoist, Hari Sridhar, Emmanuel Didier, Kasia Bieszczad, Ted Porter, Tamás Miklós, Shariar Mondanipour and William Mulligan to name a few – whose camaraderie made this stay at the Wiko both intellectually stimulating and socially pleasant.

This year in Berlin was also extremely useful in deepening my existing connections with other institutions, colleagues and friends in the city and beyond. The close and continuing intellectual engagements and friendship with Andreas Eckert, Jürgen Kocka and other scholars at *re:work* (*Arbeit und Lebenslauf in globalgeschichtlicher Perspektive*) at Humboldt University – an important locus for research on global labour history – were particularly significant for me in this regard. Another important source of sustenance was the *Werkstatt der Kulturen* in Neukölln – where Philippa Ebéné organizes superb world music concerts, exhibitions for a host of occasions including Black History Month and lectures by renowned public intellectuals such as Paul Gilroy, Gareth Young and Hakim Adi. It was a pleasure to visit this alternate intellectual/cultural universe, and I found myself heading for it on many occasions – sometimes with friends from the *Wissenschaftskolleg* and *re:work*.

Being in Berlin and the Wiko facilitated the forging of new connections as well: for instance with the Karl Polányi Centre for Global Social Studies at the Corvinus University Budapest and the Max-Planck-Institut für Bildungsforschung. And finally, the EURIAS conference hosted by the Helsinki Collegium for Advanced Studies brought me in contact with a wide group of scholars from many other institutes for advanced studies in Europe.

Beyond work and professional activities, there was Berlin itself – a city I love – with its numerous musical venues, museums, exhibitions, movie theatres and events. I must confess that at first I really missed the bustle of Kreuzberg and Mitte. But as the months passed, I slowly came to appreciate the quiet sense of retreat on offer amidst the lakes and greenery of Grunewald. The discovery of Little Asia on Kantstraße, nearby, and the Bejte in Schöneberg – which József Böröcz, my partner, and I frequented with Wiko friends and colleagues – did much to facilitate this process of adjustment.

In sum then, this was indeed an extraordinary year that afforded invaluable time away from the busy-ness and routines of academic life in the US, space for reflection and intellectual growth and a remarkably conducive environment for work, marked by a mixture of solitude and camaraderie. And I want to thank the Wissenschaftskolleg, especially Rector Luca Giuliani, Thorsten Wilhelmy, Katharina Biegger and Reinhart Meyer-Kalkus, as well as the EURIAS for making this year both possible and memorable.



PLACE
PIPPA SKOTNES

Pippa Skotnes was born in Johannesburg and attended school at the Convent of the Holy Family. This experience provided a wellspring of ideas, some of which materialised in her continuing artwork, the *Book of Iterations* (2001–2014). She was educated at the University of Cape Town, where she studied Fine Art and Archaeology and received her M.F.A and D.Litt. degrees. After she had published her artist's book *Sound From the Thinking Strings* (1991), she became deeply interested in the nature of the book, producing several volumes inscribed on the bones of horses, an eland, a leopard and seven blue cranes. She has also published a number of other books, including *Claim to the Country* (2007) and *Unconquerable Spirit* (2008) and exhibited artwork widely. She is currently Michaelis Professor of Fine Art and Director of the Centre for Curating the Archive at the University of Cape Town, where she has been working on a project about landscape and holes in the ground, as well as the historical capture and expatriation of African animals. – Address: Michaelis School of Fine Art, University of Cape Town, 31–37 Orange Street, Gardens, 8001, Cape Town, South Africa. E-mail: pippa.skotnes@uct.ac.za

I am in my office at the University of Cape Town as I write this report. All around me are the things I have accumulated over the past twenty-five years: on a shelf are penguin skeletons and below them the skulls of many varieties of African wild pigs. One cabinet displays silver Catholic votive reliefs from Italy, another a collection of plastic Madonna bottles with water from Lourdes. On the walls are watercolours, woodcut prints, engravings and etchings, and in boxes are hundreds of old postcards sent to my mother from all over the world. On one shelf, a lithographic portrait of Jesus of the Sacred Heart appears

to gaze across the room at the beautiful face of Keith Carradine on the cover of the LP “I’m Easy”. Below him nestle the study skins of several species of woodpecker. Two giant beetles found in the Congo are mounted in a wooden box, and several vintage typewriters compete for space on a table that also supports a pile of old photograph albums. There are dozens of pairs of Chinese baby booties in soft boxes, items of marquetry from Mauritius, cloth from Timbuktu, baskets and fossilised whale vertebrae, shelves of books and a large portrait of Robert Redford and Paul Newman as they hunkered down before the final scene in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Out of my window I look through the trees to the imposing edifice of Table Mountain blurred by a pale breath of cloud, and above it, a deep blue winter sky. The sounds are of Hadedah ibises and Egyptian geese, and the smells – today at least – are of fresh rain and a hint of cinnamon from the potpourri of the perfumery of Santa Maria Novella in Florence. This is the environment I left (with not insignificant feelings of separation anxiety) to take up my fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg in Berlin.

By contrast, my studio in the Villa Jaffé was airy, light, white-walled and empty. It was a beautiful room with lovely proportions, tall windows and a wide balcony, but my initial sense of delight and pleasure soon gave way to a feeling of vague panic. I am the kind of artist who collects things and who derives comfort from being surrounded by the mess of *stuff*. I like to have at hand those objects I can organise and arrange, sort through, touch and feel. I am fascinated by the way things move around the world and by how so many have landed as neighbours in my workroom. They constantly give me pause for thought. Side by side, what do they make of each other? How do they change each other, and what can I make of them? At Wiko, at first, I felt rather alone, imagining this absence of clutter could well be liberating, but not entirely sure I could make this true. I spent days organising the tables, gazing out the window, sniffing the air. I tried to imagine the absent objects, the things that might once have filled the room, the people who had lived in it and the lives that must have given the space another presence altogether. I soon discovered that the building was once owned by Georg and Emmy Braun (commemorated in the Stolpersteine outside), from whom it was appropriated for Hermann Göring’s Reich Hunting Association and the offices of the Reich Hunting Museum. Later it was used for a button factory and then a hospital and today the descendants of the Braun family occupy the top floor, creating the comforting sounds of life continuing above the ceiling of my temporary studio. I began to feel I could, if nothing else, assemble a spectral collection and somehow make sense of it in the project I was to embark on.

To be sure, I did not arrive at the Villa Jaffé entirely empty-handed, since as part of my project I had brought with me the skeletons of two giraffes that had lived in South Africa, and whose bones a local taxidermist had prepared for me. My project at the Wiko was threefold. In the first place, I planned to study and transcribe the archival holdings relating to the Special Mission of Magistrate Louis Anthing who, at the request of the colonial government at the Cape in the 1860s, travelled to the borders of the colony in the north and reported on the hostile interactions between Dutch settlers, Khoi herders (and others) and the !xam or Cape San. Anthing's correspondence details the destruction of the San by the farmers (both Dutch and others), including rare interviews with !xam survivors of the genocide, along with the refusal of the British to act in any way to halt the killings. In the second place, I wanted to think about the ways the horrors of colonial exterminations and cruelties have contemporary echoes in the establishment of game farms in the northern Cape, and the invitation to European, American, Eastern and local hunters to kill African animals for pleasure. Both my giraffes had been caught up in the circulation of animals from zoos to game farms (and post-mortem to Berlin), having travelled from a zoo in the north of the country to the south, and both had died of starvation as a result of inadequate nutrition. The fate of the giraffes offered me a contemporary example of the ways in which forms of colonization continue today. Thirdly, I wanted to continue a long-term interest of mine in the nature of academic publication and to interrogate the ontology of the book. These three interests came together, literally, in writing the Anthing texts on the surface of the bones. In this I resolved to mimic the monk-like life of the monastic scribes of illuminated manuscripts, working long hours with ink and blade, glue-size and gold leaf (interrupted only by the lavish three-course lunch to which I looked forward each morning).

During my stay at the Wiko, I was able to transcribe the archive and read extensively, developing ideas in several related areas. One was the late 19th-century movement of both animals and people out of Africa and into Europe and beyond for colonial shows, circuses and zoos. One of the major traffickers for these shows was the German Carl Hagenbeck, to whom the modern zoo owes its general layout and existence. Hagenbeck provided detailed information on the capture and transportation of animals in Africa and on the travails of providing conditions that would help ensure the survival of animals trekking across both desert and sea to reach Europe. I reencountered the writing of Kafka and my fellow countryman J. M. Coetzee, and I was provoked by the latter's contentious suggestions (in the comments of Elizabeth Costello) that we should not separate our

blindness to forms of animal cruelty from a blindness that has, in the past, allowed human genocide and extermination. I browsed the bookshelves in the room beneath me and was delighted to finger through the books that had come from the very hands of their authors, some of whom had shaped my own thinking when I started out as a much younger academic and artist. And I savoured the gradual sloughing off of the suffocating skin of administration that often smothered my life at the University of Cape Town. But it was in my fellow Fellows, the staff at Wiko and the city of Berlin itself that I found the richest rewards.

By an enormous stroke of luck, my beautiful studio faced the apartment and office of a scholar of gladiatorial Rome, Kathleen Coleman. Feeling the same brimming anticipation of the small pleasures of the day, we quickly fell into a routine of morning coffee, the brisk stroll to lunch together and an evening drink after a film screening or lecture. We initiated an informal visual seminar together and ended up taking a trip to Sicily to look at Roman mosaics, particularly those that pictured the capturing of animals in Africa and their transportation to the amphitheatres of the Roman Empire. There is a future book in these mutual interests, and we hope to work on it over the next year.

Another of the benefits of this year in Berlin was exposure to the memorials and the astonishing museums of the city. My husband, David Brown (also an artist) and I would spend each weekend exploring the public sites in the city and not infrequently wandering into the graveyards, and abandoned or deserted places, too. No city anywhere can lay claim to a richer diversity of architectural and artist-generated memorials, museums, displays, temporary and permanent exhibitions, as well as places that express the transitions of its history. Berlin is a city of war, of walls, of division and of tragic and traumatic histories. Everywhere are the traces of the destruction of the city at the end of World War II, with walls spattered with gunshot and with the broken spire of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church as a constant visible reminder. By contrast, today reconstruction and rebuilding takes place in both east and west. It is an injured, but simultaneously thriving city that does not hide its wounds. Beneath one's feet and in multiple architectural and sculptural reminders are the small and the substantial memorials to the people carted off to concentration camps or murdered in the streets. These people were, of course, the Jews for the most part, but the prejudice and discrimination of the Nazi period seemed to know few boundaries. The wall that subsequently divided the city remains in fragments in places and the miseries of this division are recorded in multiple ways and sites.

Museums are, perhaps, one of the most startling and moving places where these traumas come to rest. The complex history of the city is folded into the institutions in ways

that make the collections in museums – no matter from where – survivors of war, conflict, theft, appropriation, and partial destruction. These objects become the magnificent, poignant, affective way to read a history: full of valence, expressing longing and giving presence to the violent conflicts that caused a global circulation (and devastation) of objects, of people and of things. All of this, and much more, has, for me, implications for understanding the ways South Africans celebrate and commemorate the past and the ways we could or should or need to.

Much as the city displays its trauma, it also seems to nurture a secret life. So many times we wandered through corridors that opened up into wonderful courtyards impossible to imagine from the street. David, on his daily bike rides through the Grunewald forest came upon groups of wild boar, piles of unexploded shells, naked bathers in the lake, a British wirecutter. One sunny Sunday while walking towards the Martin-Gropius-Bau Museum, a fox ran past us with a small grey rabbit in its mouth – long soft ears flapping as he trotted along – and I was only subsequently introduced to the story of the no-man's-land rabbits, who had been trapped in blissful peace in the no-man's land on East Berlin's side of the Wall that divided it from West Berlin.

One cannot possibly end a report on a fellowship such as this without echoing the comments of many previous Fellows and heaping thanks upon Luca (with whom I was delighted to share a slow dance at our last Wiko dinner) and the incomparable staff. For so many reasons, and not least the freedom to think and read, to write and make, the Wiko is, as others have characterised it, a paradise, and we who dwelt within it were, for that time, charmed, implausibly glorious beings. I loved my fellow Fellows, took pleasure in their ideas and relished their companionship. I hope to see many of them again. For now, I am back in my studio and the clutter within it, but with all the objects somehow transformed, changed in ways that will rouse me for years to come.



TWELVE REASONS I FAILED TO FINISH
MY BOOK DURING MY WIKO STAY
YURI SLEZKINE

Yuri Slezkine is Jane K. Sather Professor of History at the University of California, Berkeley. He graduated from Moscow State University in 1978 and received his Ph.D. from the University of Texas at Austin in 1989. His most recent book, *The Jewish Century* (2004), won the National Jewish Book Award; the Annual Book Prize of the American Association for Slavic, East European, and Eurasian Studies; and the Association of American Publishers Award for Best Scholarly Book in Religion. In 2008, he was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. – Address: Department of History, University of California at Berkeley, 3229 Dwinelle Hall, Berkeley, CA 94720-2550, USA. E-mail: slezkine@berkeley.edu

12. Daily Lunches

The excellence of both the food and the conversation made it difficult to return to work before 2 p.m. Mint tea with dried mangoes helped reinvigorate flagging conversations without getting in the way of subsequent somnolence.

11. Ping-Pong Games

I did not play, but those who did barred the passageway between the dining room and the new building, slowing down my progress deskward and compelling me to watch Sonja slay her suitors, one at a time, over and over again.

10. Office Furniture

Let those who had couches in their offices speak for themselves. My cleverly articulated armchair offered a variety of reclining positions that helped translate unhurried post-prandial reflections into restorative naps of uncertain duration.

9. Monday Morning Melancholy

The July eviction-from-Paradise deadline aggravated this common condition by forcing one to wonder, at the beginning of each week, about the premature passing of the previous ones.

8. Tuesday Colloquia

I planned on skipping those that seemed too high-minded or natural-scientific, but ended up missing only one (because of a *force majeure* trip home). None of the speakers caused a scandal by publicly embarrassing themselves, but hope and curiosity kept bringing me back. The biology talks proved particularly instructive: re-educated in poststructuralist American academia, I had known that creationists were misguided and ill-intentioned, but no one had told me that humans were mammals subject to the demands and rewards of sexual selection.

7. Wednesday Salad Bars

The greater-than-average culinary variety and the ease with which one could maneuver one's way toward the liveliest table tended to minimize the advantages of a light schedule undisturbed by Tuesday Colloquia or Thursday Dinners.

6. Thursday Dinners

My particular favorite. The best parts were watching Lena's latest victim bang the gong; hoping to get a seat at the perfect table; playing with small children on the dining room steps; and drinking smuggled cognac out of a water glass as dinnertime clusters dispersed to form one unsteady circle. The more I drank, the more I smoked, and the more I drank and smoked, the more compelling and less coherent the front porch conversations became.

David Brown's greatest achievement would have been a sculpture representing Nina, Natasha, Ula, Eckart, and me smoking outside, with Laurenz standing a few feet away, fumbling for his cigars and promising more next Thursday.

5. Friday Morning Pilates Classes

A tough, but effective remedy for hangover and an efficient way of strengthening one's "core muscles" while shortening one's workday. The pleasure of watching distinguished scholars and their spouses lying on their backs with their feet in the air diminishes over time and should not be regarded as the main reason for joining.

4. Grunewald

On closer inspection, the area around the Wiko proved to be more than a ghostly resting place for gaudy villas and high-heeled old ladies with lap dogs. Some relief was provided by breathless nightingales, naked bathers, Russian gangsters, and Floh's herring with *Bratkartoffeln*, but nothing compares to the forest paths in all seasons. Villa Walther is halfway between the house on Nestorstraße where Nabokov wrote *The Gift* and the lake (not sure which one) where Godunov-Cherdyntsev's clothes were stolen. My favorite excuse for not working was a bike ride along the shore of Hundekehlesee, over to Grunewaldsee (the one with the *Hunde*), past the Hüttenweg-Koenigsallee intersection, down the straight fire trail to Krumme Lanke, on to Schlachtensee, and, after a glass of Hefeweizen at Fischerhütte and a penalty loop around the lake, back up Kronprinzessinnenweg toward the Rumänisches Kulturinstitut's welcome sign.

3. Berlin

Not as cool as trendsetters would have one believe, but cool enough to seriously encroach on one's evenings and weekends. My own music tastes tend toward the puerile, so the Oper and the Philharmonie did not offer serious distractions, but all the parks, lakes, kabobs, beer gardens, and assorted acquaintances, old and new, made for later nights and less productive mornings. Frequent visits by friends who believe the trendsetters made late nights even later. Germany's performance in the month-long World Cup made sleepless nights a matter of gratitude and reciprocity.

2. Germany

Incomparably cooler than trendsetters would have one believe. This year's highlights included the Naumburg Cathedral, the Military History Museum in Dresden, and the whole of Thuringia, especially the falsely modest Mühlhausen, complete with the nearby Kyffhäuserdenkmal (a monument to both Friedrich Barbarossa and the late Kaiserreich) and the Bad Frankenhausen Panorama (a monument to both Thomas Müntzer and late socialism).

1. Wiko

I do not believe in giving credit where it is due and do not think that truth wins out in the end (or lies somewhere in the middle), but when it comes to laying waste to best-laid plans, nothing compares to the Wiko. They know that secret projects are more important than official ones, that conversations are more fruitful than articles, and that the only way to get rid of a temptation is to yield to it, if only for the pleasure of feeling guilty afterwards.



STUDYING SOCIAL FORAGING GROUPS AT WIKO HARI SRIDHAR

Hari Sridhar obtained a B.Sc. in Zoology from Madras University in 2002, a M.Sc. in Wildlife Science from the Wildlife Institute of India in 2005 and a Ph.D. in Ecology from the Indian Institute of Science in 2014. For nearly ten years now, Hari has been studying social foraging groups of birds that contain individuals of multiple species. Earlier, he worked with the Nature Conservation Foundation on projects on rainforest restoration and human-wildlife conflict in southern India. Currently, Hari is a postdoctoral scholar at Indian Institute of Science. He is also involved in a project to conceptualise a Master's course in Conservation Practice and is also an editor of the magazine *Current Conservation*. – Address: Centre for Ecological Sciences, Indian Institute of Science, 560012 Bangalore, Karnataka, India. E-mail: harisridhar1982@gmail.com

It is 12:40 p.m. on a Monday afternoon in November 2013. Michael Hochberg walks into the Wiko restaurant, into a buzz of conversation and clinking cutlery. Only ten minutes into lunchtime and the restaurant is nearly full. Michael picks up a tray, serves himself some bread, salad and a risotto from the counter, chats briefly with Lena – the restaurant manager – and looks for a place to sit. Michael has to make a choice now. There are vacant seats at two tables, one to his left and the other to his right. At the table to Michael's right are seated two biologists (Michael is a biologist too). The table to his left is occupied by a historian, a novelist and a composer (this is beginning to sound like the beginning of a bad joke). Michael can't decide. He takes one hesitant step towards his right, changes his mind and moves towards his left, then changes his mind again and finally walks up to the biologists' table (I call this the *Wiko pirouette*, a dance move performed exclusively by

diners at Wiko restaurant). Behind him, Lena smiles to herself and makes a note on a pad ...*

For ten years now, I have been studying social foraging groups of birds. The groups I study are of an unusual kind – each containing individuals of more than one species (a mixed-species flock, in ecological parlance). Thought unusual, such groups are not uncommon. They are found all over the world, in all kinds of habitats – in fact, wherever there are birds such groups are likely to occur. Today we know, with a fair amount of certainty, that the main benefit that these groups afford is safety from predators. And the key to this safety is information. Group members inform each other – through warning or alarm calls – of the presence of a predator in the vicinity.

What interests me most about these groups is the choice of partners. How do birds decide whom to group with? More specifically, do birds choose partners that are similar to themselves (e.g. would a warbler choose another warbler?), or do they choose partners that are very different from themselves (e.g. would a warbler choose an ostrich instead?). The answer probably depends on the kind of information that the bird is looking for. If the bird is interested in supplementing its own information gathering, i.e. collecting information it can collect on its own, but in a more efficient way, then it should choose similar partners. On the other hand, if the bird is interested in complementing its own information gathering, i.e. collecting novel information that it cannot possibly collect on its own, then it is best served by dissimilar partners. Of course, there are costs, too, associated with either of these options. The more similar a partner is in ecology, the higher is the likelihood of competition. The more ecologically dissimilar a partner is, the more difficult it is to adjust and match activities. Ultimately, therefore, the decision on whom to group with is a complex interplay of these needs and costs.

Similar considerations underlie Michael's decision, too. Of course, in his case, unlike in the case of the birds, making the correct decision is not a matter of life and death! All that Michael stands to gain or lose is the opportunity to engage in meaningful and stimulating conversation. But the question whether to group with "ecologically similar" or "ecologically dissimilar" individuals is central here, too. Sitting at a table of biologists might provide Michael with the opportunity for in-depth, highly-nuanced discussions of topics in biology.

* The sequence of events involving Michael Hochberg is entirely made up, although there is no reason to believe that something like this didn't happen.

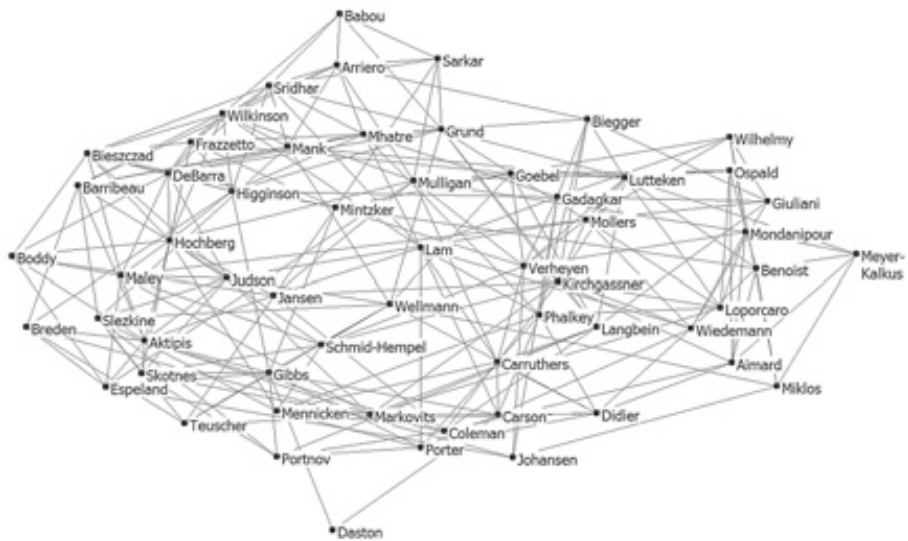
He shares with his fellow biologists a common language, a common technical understanding, which helps them get rapidly to the core of any topic being discussed. However, like in the case of birds, here too there is the chance of competition. We all know how guarded and secretive we can be in the presence of someone we perceive to be a competitor for the same ideas! Sharing a table with Fellows from other disciplines, on the other hand, provides opportunities to gain (and give) new knowledge, new approaches to truth-seeking, new ways of thinking about old problems. But the challenge here is to first overcome age-old barriers to communication and of background knowledge that exist between different academic disciplines; it is like a warbler trying to match its activity with an ostrich.

Information on how Fellows group at the restaurant is also of practical value to Wiko. Wiko aims to provide an “intellectually heterogeneous atmosphere”, to create “a productive friction that leads Fellows to reconsider their approaches, and may lead to unexpected innovation”. Wiko believes that “critical self-examination is possible only within a framework of wide intellectual variety”. The meals at the restaurant are really the only times when such “productive friction” is possible, when Fellows spend extended periods of time talking to each other. At all other times, the Fellows work more or less independently. Therefore, information on how Fellows group in the restaurant might help Wiko assess how the Fellows are using the “intellectually heterogeneous atmosphere” it provides.

I decided to make this my secret project at Wiko. I must admit that I started this in a moment of desperation, for want of distraction, more than anything else. I had come to Wiko to work on three projects; 40 days into my fellowship, none of them seemed to be going anywhere. My attempt to understand “the common underlying conditions under which organisms group with other species rather than their own” was failing because there seemed to be no common underlying conditions (or at least, none that I could make out). I wanted to write a story about bird flocks, but I started to feel that I liked the idea of *being* a writer more than writing. My third project was turning out to be suicidal. I decided to “critically re-assess my published papers”, to pretend that they were unpublished manuscripts and I was the reviewer. I wanted to see if I still stood by all that I had said in my papers. I wanted to use this to make a case for journals allowing authors to annotate their published papers. Unfortunately for me, my first attempt at this, with one of my papers, turned out to be more successful than I hoped (if you know what I mean)!

It was out of this mood of despair and frustration that the Wiko restaurant social foraging group project was born. I remember a day in late October 2013, when I was seated at a table with three other biologists, trying, unsuccessfully, to calculate, in my head, the

probability of four biologists being at the same table just by chance. It was then that I was struck by the parallels between the bird groups I had studied earlier and the diner groups I was part of now. I thought it would be fun to study these diner groups, if only to take my mind off my real projects for a while. The first thing I did was to ask Lena if she would help me collect data. She agreed immediately on the condition that she would be first author on any paper that came out of it. “I know this order of authors is very important to you scientists” is what I remember her saying and laughing. Between October 26, 2013 and March 10, 2014 (my fellowship ended on March 11), during 55 lunches and Thursday dinners, Lena and I (occasionally helped by Vera and other restaurant staff) recorded the composition of diners at each table. From this we pulled out only those pairs of diners who sat together more often than expected by chance. Using these significantly associated pairs, we built a social network. Here is a sneak peek:



A network of associations of Wiko Fellows, Permanent Fellows and staff during meals in the Wiko restaurant. Links indicate that the two nodes shared tables during meals more often than expected by chance. Only pairs of diners who were present together during meals (not necessarily at the same table) greater than 5 times were considered for the network. All partners and family members were left out of the network since their choice of tables is unlikely to be independent of the Fellows. Thanks to Ferenc Jordán for help in building this network using the software UCINET.

I am not going to describe the statistical properties of this network here. That will require a full article elsewhere (with Lena as first author). All I will do here is make a few observations, based solely on a visual inspection:

1. There is reason for Wiko to be happy: the network is characterised by a high-level of homogeneity – no substructuring, no cliques, no overly prominent nodes. What this means is that there was good mixing among the diners at the restaurant.
2. There does seem to have been a tendency, although not very strong, for the biologists to hang out together (Aktipis, Arriero, Barribeau, Bieszczad, Boddy, Breden, De Barra, Frazzetto, Higginson, Hochberg, Jansen, Judson, Maley, Mank, Mhatre, Sridhar and Wilkinson are all clustered on the left side of the graph and have a high density of links among them).
3. I have presented the data as a static network, as one snapshot. But it might be more appropriate to think of this as a dynamic network. In particular, it will be interesting to see whether the network changes systematically from the beginning to the end of the academic year. One might expect that associations between Fellows will become stronger the more time they spend together.

Building this Wiko restaurant network was meant to be a fun exercise, a way to take my mind off my failing projects, an anchor to make me feel productive every day. But the process of collecting this data, observing patterns in association and thinking about what these patterns might mean, has also forced me to think more carefully about the bird groups and question my earlier interpretations. As scientists, we have a tendency to focus on what is easily measurable, easily quantifiable, easily available. What we cannot measure, cannot quantify, cannot access, we tend to ignore. In the Wiko restaurant network, I characterised each node – each Fellow – by a series of measurable labels:

Jocelyn Benoist: Male, 46 years, philosopher, born in France, lives in France.

Cheikh Anta Babou: Male, 56 years, historian, born in Senegal, lives in USA

Kasia Maria Bieszczad: Female, 31 years, biologist, born in Poland, lives in USA

When I do analyse this network statistically, my explanations of the associations will all be in terms of these labels. But I know, already, that these labels, though very important, are inadequate. They tell only part of the story. And I know this only because I was a part of the network under study, i.e. I was both the researcher and a subject of the research. After many wonderful meals and conversations in the Wiko restaurant over the six months of my fellowship, I can tell what, for me at least, made for good mealtime

company: an ability to tell a good joke or story, an ability to laugh at oneself, friendliness, informality, a willingness to discuss sport and novels, a willingness to listen, patience, talkativeness and, above all, familiarity. This is my list. Every one of the 50-odd regular diners in the restaurant would have similar lists of their own. Maybe the birds in the groups I have studied for the last 10 years had similar inconvenient criteria as well, which I was never aware of!

Therefore, one shouldn't really be surprised, when one hears about what Michael Hochberg discussed with his fellow biologists at lunch on that Monday afternoon in November 2013. A diner who wishes to remain unnamed, who was seated at a nearby table, claims he heard the words "truffle farming" mentioned eight times. An eavesdropping passer-by insists she heard an Anna Calvi song being hummed. Another Fellow, who joined Michael's table briefly was party to a discussion on the techniques of hand table tennis. Not even one biological term was heard mentioned at Michael's table that day.

The opportunity to spend time at Wiko could not have come at a better time for me. Coming to the Wiko immediately after my Ph.D. gave me the breathing space required to take stock and plan ahead. While in Berlin, I also had the chance to discuss my work and the possibility of a post-doc with Jens Krause and Max Wolf of the Leibniz-Institute of Freshwater Ecology and Inland Fisheries, Berlin. I can't thank Wiko, its wonderful staff and the Fellows enough for the time I spent in Berlin.



WEGE DER VERWANDTSCHAFTS-
FORSCHUNG
SIMON TEUSCHER

Simon Teuscher ist seit 2006 Professor für Geschichte des Mittelalters an der Universität Zürich. Er studierte Geschichte, Skandinavistik und Philosophie an den Universitäten Bergen und Zürich, wo er 1996 promovierte und ein paar Jahre als Assistent arbeitete. 1999–2005 war er Visiting Assistant Professor an der University of California in Los Angeles; 2004–2005 Member am Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton; 2005–2006 SNF-Förderprofessor an der Universität Basel. Zu seinen Forschungsschwerpunkten gehören Schriftgebrauch, Administrationskultur und soziale Beziehungen im spätmittelalterlichen Westeuropa. Er publizierte u. a. *Lord's Rights and Peasant Stories: Writing and the Formation of Tradition in the Later Middle Ages* (Philadelphia 2012); *Blood and Kinship: Matter for Metaphor from Ancient Rome to the Present* (New York 2012, zusammen mit Christopher H. Johnsons, Bernhard Jussen und David Sabeau, Hg.); *Bekannte – Klienten – Verwandte: Soziabilität und Politik in der Stadt Bern um 1500* (1998). – Adresse: Historisches Seminar, Universität Zürich, Karl-Schmid-Strasse 4, 8006 Zürich, Schweiz. E-Mail: simon.teuscher@hist.uzh.ch

Ich bezog das kleine Büro im Neubau mit dem Vorsatz, mein Buch bis zum folgenden Sommer fertig zu schreiben. Es handelt von Umbrüchen im gelehrten Nachdenken über Verwandtschaft während des späteren Mittelalters. Mein Hauptinteresse gilt Veränderungen in den Systematisierungen der Verwandtschaft (etwa in der Form von Zählung von Verwandtschaftsgraden), in ihren Visualisierungen (beispielsweise in abstrakten Diagrammen, Körperbildern, Stammbäumen) und in den Vorstellungen über die Physiologie (etwa über geteiltes Fleisch, gemischtes Blut).

Aktuelle Debatten über die sozialen Implikationen der Gentechnologie und der künstlichen Reproduktion verleihen dem Thema einige Brisanz. Zurzeit werden in der Kulturanthropologie herkömmliche Grenzziehungen zwischen natürlichen (physiologischen, biologischen, genetischen) und kulturellen Aspekten des Verwandtseins hinterfragt. Diese Diskussionen wollte ich um eine historische Perspektive erweitern. Denn gerade in der Auseinandersetzung mit bahnbrechenden naturwissenschaftlichen Entwicklungen werden kulturelle Vorstellungen über physiologische Dimensionen der Zusammengehörigkeit (z. B. „Blutsbande“, „Reinblütigkeit“) mobilisiert, die schwer anders als durch ihre lange Vorgeschichte zu erklären sind.

Den Ausgangspunkt meines Projekts sollte die Beschäftigung mit Kommentaren zu den *Arbores consanguinitatis et affinitatis* bilden, die Theologen und Juristen zwischen dem 12. und dem 15. Jahrhundert verfasst hatten. Ich hatte in den Monaten vor dem Wiko etwa zwanzig solche Kommentare gefunden. Sie diskutierten in erster Linie, wie man Verwandtschaftsgrade berechnet und Verwandtschaft in Diagrammen darstellt. Davon ausgehend fragten manche nach der Physiologie, der Kosmologie und den moralischen Implikationen von Verwandtschaftsbeziehungen. Anfänglich ging es in dieser gelehrten Tradition vor allem um die Durchsetzung von Inzestverboten, d. h. gewissermaßen um die Vermeidung der Verwandtschaft. Mit der Zeit erschien Verwandtschaft aber in immer mehr Zusammenhängen als gesellschaftliche Ordnungskategorie. Entgegen Vorstellungen über einen Bedeutungsverlust der Verwandtschaft seit dem Mittelalter soll das Projekt thematisieren, wie Verwandtschaftsvorstellungen bei der Entstehung moderner Kategorisierungen des Sozialen produktiv wurden.

Durch die Verlockungen des Wiko wollte ich mich nicht vom schon eingeschlagenen Weg abbringen lassen. Ich war fest entschlossen: Meinetwegen sollten Vorträge, Seminare und Gespräche mit anderen mich auf neue Gedanken bringen, aber bitte nur mit Blick auf künftige Vorhaben! Wann immer sie mein gegenwärtiges Projekt ins Wanken brachten, zog ich mir einen Pullover über und spazierte um den Halensee: Vor dem Haus links Richtung Trabener Straße, an den Villen vorbei, die steile Treppe hinunter zum grünen Wasser, auf dem bald schon Herzblätter schaukelten. Hie und da badete noch ein Unerschrockener. Bei der Liegewiese ließ ich mir den Wind entgegenwehen, schlug dann den steilen Weg ein, hinauf zur Autobahnausfahrt, über den Rathenauplatz und zurück zur Wallotstraße. Undurchdringlich, als wäre er an den Baumwipfeln festgeschraubt, wölbte sich ein grauer Herbsthimmel über alles. Er schien zu versprechen, dass noch Zeit bleibt.

Schon in den ersten Wochen hatte ich mein Dienstagskolloquium gehalten. In den Tagen danach begannen mir meine Mitfellows zuzusetzen. Aus der Gruppe, die zu Quantifizierung arbeitete, kam die Anregung, die Graduierung der Verwandtschaft als Quantifizierung zu verstehen und Fragen nach den mit solchen Quantifizierungen oft verbundenen Verschiebungen von Definitionsmacht zu stellen. Andere fragten, ob ich wirklich glaube, ich könne dem Eurozentrismus der Verwandtschaftsforschung dadurch beikommen, dass ich der Geschichte von Verwandtschaftskonzeptionen nachgehe – und dies ausgerechnet in Europa! Die Evolutionsbiologen fanden mich unverständlich, wollten es aber genauer wissen. Sie erklärten mir ihre eigenen Debatten darüber, was Verwandtschaft eigentlich ist. Mir wurde klar, dass ich das Natürliche an der Verwandtschaft nicht historisieren konnte, ohne zur Kenntnis zu nehmen, dass diese Natürlichkeit selbst in den Naturwissenschaften kontrovers ist. War ich vom Weg abgekommen oder hatte ich ihn gar nie wirklich gekannt?

Dazu kam ein Weiteres. Schon bald schwante mir, dass über die mir schon bekannten mittelalterlichen Verwandtschaftstraktate hinaus vielleicht noch einige mehr überliefert sein könnten – vielleicht vier oder fünf? Die Wiko-Bibliothek half nicht nur engagiert, sondern vor allem auch unglaublich kompetent bei der Suche. Bald trafen mehr und mehr Digitalisate neuer Handschriften aus der ganzen Welt ein. Nach ein paar Wochen stellte ich erschrocken fest, dass sich mein Untersuchungsmaterial jetzt nicht mehr aus ein paar Dutzend, sondern aus ein paar hundert Traktaten zusammensetzte ...

Langsam erfassten mich Zweifel daran, ob ich bis zum Sommer auch nur in die Nähe des Abschlusses meines Buches gelangen würde. Wenn ich nicht mehr wusste, wie ich das anstellen sollte, zog ich meinen Wintermantel an und ging um den Halensee. Vorbei an den Villen, die Treppe hinunter zum Wasser, das grau dalag und in der Kälte rauchte. Der Schnee schluckte jedes Geräusch, ein Unverfrorener stapfte ins Wasser, prustete und schwamm ein paar Züge. Ich sprach mir Mut zu: Solange der Frost anhielt, würde die Zeit nicht ganz wegschmelzen.

Im Lauf des Winters hielt ich Vorträge vor Kollegen aus der Mittelalterforschung. Ihre Fragen und Einwände machten mir bewusst, dass einige meiner Befunde geeignet waren, verbreitete Ideen über die Entwicklung der Verwandtschaft zwischen Mittelalter und Neuzeit zu hinterfragen. Sollte ich den Meistererzählungen und ihrer Kritik aus dem Weg gehen? Oder die Herausforderung annehmen und versuchen, meine gelehrten Traktate zum Ausgangspunkt einer umfassenderen Neudeutung der Geschichte der Verwandtschaft in Europa zu machen? In dem Fall müsste ich mich darauf beschränken, die

Grundzüge der gelehrten Debatten hervorzarbeiten und an Flughöhe gewinnen. Dem stand mein kaum zu stillendes Verlangen gegenüber, immer tiefer in die entdeckten Handschriften abzusteigen, den Autoren auf ihren argumentativen Um- und Abwegen zu folgen.

Unterdessen fand das Personal der Wiko-Bibliothek neue unbekannte Handschriften. Es waren längst mehr, als ich jemals würde lesen können. Und wer hätte der Versuchung, die von den Rechercheleistungen dieser Bibliothek ausging, widerstehen können? Ich konnte mich nicht davon abhalten, immer neue Suchformulare auszufüllen. Es zeigte sich, dass selbst so prominente Autoren wie Konrad von Megenberg und Giovanni Legnano bisher kaum beachtete Abhandlungen zur Verwandtschaft geschrieben hatten. Wenigstens die musste ich noch lesen! Und auch jenen Pariser Juristen, der forderte, Verwandtschaft nicht mehr als sich verzweigenden Baum zu visualisieren, sondern als aufgetürmte Brunnenschalen, die sich ineinander ergießen ...

Gegen Ende des Winters führte ich einen Workshop durch, der eine schon im Vorjahr begonnene Diskussion über die Epistemologie der Sozialgeschichte weiterführte. Letztlich ging es um die Frage, wie sich Akteure der Vergangenheit in ihrer Konturierung durch Beziehungen erfassen lassen – jenseits des herkömmlichen Klassendeterminismus, jenseits aber auch des gesellschaftsblinden methodologischen Individualismus. Unsere Diskussionen konzentrierten sich auf das Problem der Mediation von Beziehungen – auf die Frage, wie Beziehungen nicht nur von den Akteuren, die sie verbinden, sondern auch den Dingen, um die sie sich drehen, gestaltet werden. Wie formen Güter, Häuser, Landstücke, Handwerksbetriebe oder Mahlzeiten Beziehungen? So grundsätzlich das klingt, ließe sich das vielleicht doch recht unmittelbar in meinem Projekt umsetzen. Zwischen den Zeilen geben die theologischen und juristischen Traktate zu verstehen, dass verbreitete Formen des Nachdenkens über Verwandtschaft, zumal in den Führungsschichten, beim Medium der Besitztümer ansetzten, die unter Verwandten von Generation zu Generation weitergegeben wurden. Demgegenüber konzeptionalisierten die Gelehrten Verwandtschaft, je später desto entschiedener, durch die Mediation physiologischer Substanzen wie Fleisch und Blut. So konnte Verwandtschaft leisten, was sie in der Mediation durch Güter kaum je gekonnt hätte: Sie machte die großen abstrakten sozialen Kategorien wie Stand, Rasse und Nation operationalisierbar, von denen die westlichen Gesellschaften der Neuzeit so stark heimgesucht werden sollten.

Auch die Gespräche mit den Biologen setzten sich fort und mündeten in neue Fragen: Lassen sich die kulturenthropologischen und historischen Debatten für die Kontroverse

zwischen Anhängern der Group Selection und der Kin Selection relevant machen? Unser Verdacht war, dass die Heftigkeit dieser Kontroverse daher rührte, dass in beiden Positionen implizite, aber letztlich hochpolitische Annahmen über die Bedeutung von Verwandtschaft, von Individuen, Akteuren und Beziehungen angelegt sind. Könnten aktuelle sozialwissenschaftliche Diskussionen über Akteure und ihre Relationalität hier mit neuen, weniger polarisierenden Modellen einspringen? Und stellte das neue Interesse an Kooperation in der Evolutionsbiologie nicht auch die Sozialwissenschaftler noch einmal neu vor die Aufgabe, ihre Vorstellungen über Beziehungen im Spannungsfeld zwischen Natur und Kultur oder Historizität zu überdenken?

Unterdessen ließ sich nicht mehr leugnen, dass ich die Zielgerade meines Projekts verfehlen würde. Es hatte auf Um- und Rundwegen um den See Weiterungen erfahren. Vielleicht hatten diese es nach neuen Richtungen hin anschlussfähig gemacht. Sicher kamen so Prozesse in Gang, die nicht nur Oberflächen betrafen, sondern Fragestellungen umwälzten, Quellenlektüren neue Richtungen wiesen und Argumentationsgänge auf neue Bahnen lenkten. Das würde dauern. Mittlerweile hatte ich beim Spazieren schon ein paarmal die Jacke ausgezogen. Der See kräuselte sich blau unter den sprießenden Bäumen, die Vögel waren zurück. Ich kann mich nicht erinnern, je zuvor so viele Arten gesehen und gehört zu haben. Ich ertappte mich dabei, mich über die Leute zu ärgern, die sich schon nackt auf der Wiese zum Sonnenbad hingelegt haben. Es handelte sich nicht mehr um einzelne Verbissene, sondern um vergnügte Grüppchen. Als ließe sich nicht diskreter darauf hinweisen, dass der Sommer und mit ihm das Ende der Zeit am Wiko nahten. Würde es am Ende dazu kommen, dass ich selbst in den See springe? Jedenfalls werde ich mit neuen Fragen, neuen Kooperationsprojekten und frischer Neugier aus Berlin abreisen und viel Arbeit mit nach Hause nehmen. Dorthin, wo die Winter noch rascher dahinschmelzen.



KEIN KLOSTER, KEIN HOTEL
NINA VERHEYEN

Nina Verheyen, Dr. phil. Freie Universität Berlin 2008, seit 2011 wissenschaftliche Mitarbeiterin und seit 2015 akademische Rätin am Historischen Institut der Universität zu Köln, davor wissenschaftliche Mitarbeiterin am Max-Planck-Institut für Bildungsforschung, am Wissenschaftszentrum Berlin für Sozialforschung und an der Universität Wien sowie Visiting Scholar an der Columbia University. Wichtigste Publikationen: *Diskussionslust: Eine Kulturgeschichte des ‚besseren Arguments‘ in Westdeutschland* (2010); „Unter Druck: Die Entstehung individuellen Leistungsstrebens um 1900.“ *Merkur. Zeitschrift für europäisches Denken* 66 (2012); *Die Präsenz der Gefühle: Männlichkeit und Emotion in der Moderne* (2010, mit Manuel Borutta, Hg.); *Gefühlswissen: Eine lexikalische Spurensuche in der Moderne* (2011, mit Ute Frevert u. a., engl. Übersetzung: Oxford University Press, 2014). – Adresse: Universität zu Köln, Historisches Institut, Albertus-Magnus-Platz, 50923 Köln. E-Mail: nina.verheyen@uni-koeln.de

„Kein Kloster, kein Hotel.“ Kurz nach unserer Ankunft im September beschrieb Thorsten Wilhelmy mit diesen Worten das Wiko – und was es von seinen Fellows erwartet. Zehn Monate dürfen sie tun, was sie wollen, solange niemand hinter seinem Schreibtisch verloren geht. Neben dem Dienstagskolloquium und den diversen Abendveranstaltungen dient bekanntlich das Mittagessen der Vergemeinschaftung unter den Fellows. Davon hatte ich schon vor meinem Aufenthalt gehört, denn die Mahlzeiten in der Wallotstraße sind ein fast schon legendärer Gegenstand des akademischen Klatsches. Geklagt wird dabei in der Regel mit Wehmut über das viel zu schlecht genutzte Forschungsjahr und natürlich mit

Distinktionspotential, denn nur wenige können aus erster Hand berichten, wie man im Grunewald täglich aus dem Schreibfluss gerissen wird.

Meine Sorge war, dass mich das Mittagessen tatsächlich eher schlauchen als erquicken würde, zumal es um 12:30 Uhr begann, viel zu früh für mich. Aber wer Steuergelder ausgibt, muss Rechenschaft über seine Ausgaben ablegen, und eine gemeinsame Mahlzeit ist immer auch Gelegenheit zum Gespräch. Stipendien- und Forschungsprogramme, die das verstubte Gelehrtendasein zumindest theoretisch ermöglichen, gibt es inzwischen viele. Der freundliche Nachdruck zur geselligen Nahrungsaufnahme leuchtete mir daher trotz etwas Unbehagen ein. Positiv überraschte mich, dass uns die Leitung des Hauses nicht nur auf soziale Pflichten hinwies (wobei das Wort „Pflicht“ sorgfältig vermieden wurde und ich erleichtert beobachten konnte, wie sich ein Fellow dem Mittagessen konsequent entzog), sondern auch auf wissenschaftliche Freiheiten. Wir könnten, so erläuterte Luca Giuliani in der ersten Woche, exakt jenes Buch schreiben, das wir in unserer Bewerbung angekündigt hatten – oder wir ließen es bleiben. Wir dürften einem „secret project“ frönen, von dessen Existenz noch niemand wisse, und dieses „secret project“ dürfe außerhalb unserer Disziplin liegen oder sogar außerhalb der Wissenschaft. Mit anderen Worten: Wir wurden keineswegs zur akademischen Produktivität ermahnt, was deshalb erwähnenswert ist, weil es an deutschen Universitäten derzeit ständig geschieht. Als seien Wissenschaftlerinnen und Wissenschaftler kleine Kinder, die mit dem Klavierspiel aufhören, sobald der Lehrer das Zimmer verlassen hat.

Ungewöhnlich im akademischen Betrieb der Gegenwart ist aber nicht nur die Erkenntnis, dass die Forschenden forschungsbeziehungswise lesen und schreiben, wenn sie tun dürfen, was sie wollen. Ungewöhnlich ist eben auch die Aufforderung zum Gespräch. Von der Exzellenz-Initiative bis hin zum Zitations-Index zielen zahlreiche jüngere Innovationen im Hochschulwesen auf den zählbaren Output von Wissenschaft, der verschriftlicht werden muss, bevor er vermessen werden kann. Das mündliche Gespräch dagegen bleibt flüchtig, sein Output entzieht sich dem Papier und erst recht der Quantifizierung. Womöglich treten seine forschungsrelevanten Effekte erst Jahre später zutage – falls eine mündlich entwickelte Idee den Anstoß zu einem Satz in einem Buch oder gar zum Buch selbst gegeben hat. Eben deshalb sind mündliche Gespräche für wissenschaftliche Erkenntnis aber auch so essentiell. Obwohl ich in meiner Monografie über *Diskussionslust: Eine Kulturgeschichte des ‚besseren Arguments‘ in Westdeutschland* die kommunikative Energie der alten Bundesrepublik aus der ironischen Distanz einer nach 1968 geborenen Generation beschrieben habe, alarmiert mich daher die nervöse Text- und Outputfixierung heutiger Wissenschaftsförderung.

Mit der Aufforderung zum geselligen Beisammensein und zu der vordergründigen Nonchalance im Umgang mit der im Grunewald verbrachten Forschungszeit schwimmt das Wiko also gegen den Strom. Bei der Gründung in den frühen 1980er-Jahren bot es den Professoren ein Kontrastprogramm zu ihrem Wirken an einer von wachsenden Studierendenzahlen, aber auch von Dauerdiskussionen geprägten Alma Mater. Im Vergleich zu damaligen westdeutschen Universitäten wurde in der Wallotstraße vielleicht sogar eher wenig diskutiert, auch wenn das dem Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton abgeschauten Mittagessen schon damals explizit das Miteinander der Fellows fördern sollte. Ob dieses Miteinander forschungsorientierte Diskussionen inspiriert oder nur eine höfliche Konversation zum Beispiel über Ausflugsziele in Brandenburg, ist natürlich offen und hängt von den beteiligten Personen ab, damals wie heute. Aber als Protagonistin einer eher diskussionsarmen Generation in einem inzwischen eher diskussionsarmen Land war ich froh, wie oft es im Speisesaal dann doch um Wissenschaft und Politik ging. Harte Kontroversen vernahm ich allerdings kaum. Eher fand ein freundlicher Informationsaustausch statt, oder es wurden einfach Fragen gestellt: Eine Forscherin führte deshalb zu den von ihr verschmähten Kohlroutaden mit Salzkartoffeln in jüngste Entdeckungen auf dem Gebiet der Krebsforschung ein und ein Kollege referierte auf Nachfrage beim Kirschkuchen über seine Forschungen zu Richard Strauss. So lernte ich dies und das dazu, wobei mit der Zeit vor allem mein Interesse an den Naturwissenschaften stieg. Überhaupt: Mit Personen aus entfernten, mir völlig fremden Disziplinen zumindest vorsichtig ins Gespräch zu kommen, empfand ich als großes Privileg in diesem zurückliegenden Jahr.

Mein eigenes Projekt über „Die Entdeckung der eigenen ‚Leistung‘ in Deutschland um 1900“ veränderte sich weniger durch das Gespräch beim Mittagessen als vielmehr durch die Verführungen der Bibliothek. Ursprünglich war mein Plan gewesen, in Berlin neben einigen Quellenrecherchen in Archiven vor Ort ein erstes Buchkapitel zu verfassen, das sich auf der Grundlage bereits zuvor recherchierter Quellen der Geschichte des deutschen Leistungsbegriffs im 19. Jahrhundert widmen sollte. Erst in dieser Zeit, so wollte – und will – ich in diesem Kapitel zeigen, mündete sich in Ansätzen der heutige Leistungsbegriff heraus, der – stark physikalisch geprägt – auf das objektiv messbare Ergebnis der zielgerichteten Handlungen einer Person verweist. Davor wurde das Wort vor allem im Sinne einer sozialen oder auch finanziellen Verpflichtung verwendet, nicht zuletzt im vertragsrechtlichen Sinne. Außerdem blühte sich die Semantik im Verlauf des 19. Jahrhunderts auf, sodass der Begriff scheinbar gegenläufig zu seiner Physikalisierung

immer unschärfer wurde. Seither kann man „Leistung“ daher ins Englische mit so unterschiedlichen Begriffen wie „achievement“, „efficiency“, „capacity“, „power“ oder sogar „effort“ und vielen mehr übersetzen. Das Englische zwingt zur Präzisierung, wobei das Deutsche in diesem Falle nicht einfach nur über weniger Worte verfügt, denn Worte wie Effizienz, Kapazität, Kraft, Anstrengung stehen ja ebenfalls zur Verfügung. Aber im Deutschen darf man eben unscharf sein und einfach von der Leistung eines Menschen sprechen – ein eigentümlicher Luxus, dessen sozialem Nutzen ich in meiner Arbeit nachgehe.

Ursprünglich hätte also dieses Kapitel am Wiko geschrieben werden sollen, aber wie gesagt, die Bibliothek brachte mich zu einem Strategiewechsel. Nachdem ich nämlich in der Einführungswoche erfahren hatte, dass publizierte Quellen bis zurück in das 19. Jahrhundert im Prinzip aus jeder deutschen Bibliothek bestellt werden können und ins Haus geliefert werden, erlaubte ich mir, einige Monate recht breit in publizierten Quellen zu stöbern, die im weitesten Sinne einerseits mit der Vermessung und andererseits mit der Erfahrung „individueller“ Leistung in Verbindung standen – neben der Semantik der Leistung sind das die beiden anderen analytischen Ebenen, denen sich mein Buchprojekt widmet. Ich bestellte Zeitschriften und Autobiografien, Romane und Theaterstücke, Karriere- und Erziehungsratgeber, aber auch medizinische und pädagogische Abhandlungen. Dabei stieß ich in diesen sehr unterschiedlichen, wenngleich in sozialer Hinsicht stark bürgerlich geprägten Quellengattungen auf drei stereotype soziale Figuren, die zeitgenössisch allesamt mit der Frage individueller Leistung verknüpft wurden.

Das war erstens die Figur des „ehrzeizigen Strebers“, nach damaligem Verständnis nicht unbedingt ein Schüler, sondern eher ein Karrierist beziehungsweise einer, der die Spielregeln seiner Umgebung durchschaut und erfolgsorientiert bedient – wozu gegen Ende des 19. Jahrhunderts nun auch die punktgenaue Vorbereitung auf eine wichtige Prüfung gehören konnte. Über den „Streber“ wurden zahlreiche Romane verfasst, aber er war auch Gegenstand – und Sorge – medizinischer und pädagogischer Literatur, die sich um seinen durch rastlose Tätigkeit gefährdeten Gesundheitszustand und seine durch Egoismus getrübbte Moral sorgte. Die zweite Figur war das „Fräulein Doktor“, die akademische Variante der „neuen Frau“. Wie der Streber wurde sie für ihren Ehrgeiz und ihren Egoismus diffamiert, der sich in ihrem Falle aber im Verzicht auf Kinder beziehungsweise in veritabler Unfruchtbarkeit manifestierte, so jedenfalls die Mutmaßung mancher Journalisten und Mediziner. Beide Figuren wurden über professionelle Diskurse ebenso wie über publizistische und literarische Texte konstruiert, und beide verwiesen

zugleich auf reale Menschen, die sich mit diesen Stereotypen auseinandersetzen mussten oder sich diese – wie Autobiografien zeigen – kreativ aneigneten. Die dritte Figur war der nervöse und tentativ suizidale Schüler, dargestellt nicht nur als Opfer eines autoritären Schulwesens, sondern ebenso als Opfer ehrgeiziger Eltern: Auch er avancierte in der Jahrhundertwende zur Hauptfigur literarischer Werke (die in seinem Falle bis heute gelesen werden), auch er war Gegenstand medizinisch-pädagogischer wie journalistischer Diskurse und auch ihm haftete etwas Destruktives an: Kränklichkeit und Tod. Alle drei verweisen damit auf die ausgesprochen ambivalente Beziehung zwischen Bürgerlichkeit und Leistungsethos um 1900 – und damit genau das, was ich durch mein Buch herauszustellen und besser zu verstehen hoffe.

Wenn ich an wichtige Begegnungen in den letzten zehn Monaten am Wiko denke, gehören diese drei Figuren daher an erster Stelle dazu. Zu erwähnen sind aber auch die Fellows, die dieses Jahr zu einer angenehmen und inspirierenden Zeit gemacht haben. Letzteres gilt nicht zuletzt wegen der von Wendy Espeland geleiteten Arbeitsgruppe über „Quantifizierung“, der ich mich in Form von Stippvisiten anschließen durfte und der ich an dieser Stelle besonders danken möchte. Fasziniert haben mich außerdem die Begegnungen mit diversen Gestalten des Grunewalds, zum Beispiel dem Fuchs, der auf unserem Auto immer wieder seine Fußspuren hinterließ, dem schüchternen Windhund „Holly“, der zeitweilig im Apartment unter uns wohnte, und den Ladies im Nerzmantel, die ich manchmal bei „Curry und Scampi“ am Roseneck traf – stets am Donnerstag, wenn es am Wiko kein Mittagessen gab.



TRAVELS
JANINA WELLMANN

Janina Wellmann studierte Geschichte, Philosophie und öffentliches Recht in Hamburg, Paris und Berlin, wo sie an der Humboldt-Universität ihre Masterarbeit schrieb. Als Doktorandin in der Abteilung von Hans-Jörg Rheinberger am Max-Planck-Institut für Wissenschaftsgeschichte promovierte sie 2007 mit einer *Cotutelle de thèse* an der Technischen Universität Berlin und der École des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales in Paris. 2008 ausgezeichnet mit dem Förderpreis der Berlin-Brandenburgischen Akademie der Wissenschaften, erschien die Arbeit 2010 unter dem Titel *Die Form des Werdens: Eine Kulturgeschichte der Embryologie, 1760–1830* (Wallstein). Eine überarbeitete Fassung des Buches erscheint 2015 in englischer Übersetzung bei Zone Books. Zuletzt als Postdoktorandin am Cohn Institute for the History and Philosophy of Science and Ideas an der Universität Tel Aviv ist sie derzeit an der DFG-Kollegforschergruppe „Medienkulturen der Computersimulation“ der Leuphana Universität Lüneburg. – Adresse: Leuphana Universität Lüneburg, Scharnhorststraße 1, 21335 Lüneburg. E-Mail: janina.wellmann@leuphana.de

Ich habe drei Arten von Büchern am Wissenschaftskolleg gezählt. Da ist die Sammlung der Bücher all derjenigen, die einmal Fellow am Wiko waren. Sie stehen in der Fellow-Bibliothek. Dann gibt es die unzähligen Bücher, die täglich, stündlich, genau genommen bereits bei dem Gedanken an ein Buch schon das Wiko passieren, die gebracht, getauscht, gelesen werden. Sie sind Vorübergehende, unablässig in ihrem Kommen und Gehen. Vor allem aber sind da all die Bücher, die es noch nicht gibt, weil es die Bücher sind, die eines Tages von den Menschen geschrieben worden sein werden, die einmal Fellow am Wiko waren. Sie stehen in Aussicht, sind also da, aber nur in Fern- oder Nahsicht.

Mein Jahr am Wiko war einen privilegierten Monat länger, denn es begann bereits im August. Am 5. August, dem Montag, an dem meine Tochter zum ersten Mal ihr Klassenzimmer sah, betrat ich zum ersten Mal mein Büro.

Ich fühlte mich wie Henry Pulling. Henry Pulling ist Brite, mithin Gärtner. Er liebt Dahlien. Ich liebte mein Büro mit dem ersten Schritt, mit dem ich hineintrat und mein Blick quer hindurch und aus dem Fenster herauslief. Ich sah zwar keine Dahlien. Aber mein Büro steckte inmitten eines Baumes: Es war ein Baumhaus. Es war Sommer.

Auch liest Henry Pulling gern. Er ist ein Mann der Abwägung: „One’s life is more formed, I sometimes think, by books than by human beings.“ Alles, was mich in diesem Monat beschäftigte, waren das Grün draußen und die Zeilen drinnen.

Das Thema meiner Arbeit in diesem Jahr am Wiko war die Frage, ob es so etwas gibt wie eine spezifische Form biologischer Bewegung, d.h. eine Bewegung, die das Organische, Lebendige vor aller bloßen Materie auszeichnet. Eine Bewegung, die sich im und am Körper vollzieht, die sich in ihrer Flüchtigkeit der Wahrnehmung entzieht, zugleich aber das Organische als Lebendiges hervorbringt. Was bedeutet es, dass das Lebendige immer zugleich in Bewegung ist? Dass wir diese Bewegung unmittelbar wahrnehmen und ihr eine bestimmte Qualität zuschreiben können, dass jeder Versuch aber, diese Bewegung festzuhalten, zu analysieren und zu begreifen immer an eine Beschreibung, an ein Bild oder an laufende Bilder geknüpft ist – d.h. an eine Stilllegung oder aber umgekehrt an die Illusion von Bewegung?

Kreuz und quer durch die Disziplinen bestellte ich Bücher. Ich versank in ihrer Fülle und dem Vergnügen, sie zu sammeln und zu stapeln, bis sie mir über den Kopf wuchsen. Ich schrieb einen großen Antrag für eine interdisziplinäre Gruppe aus Wissenschaftshistorikern, Psychologen, Biologen und Bildwissenschaftlern zur Erforschung der Geschichte und Epistemologie biologischer Bewegung.

Das Thema verwandelte sich im Laufe des Jahres. Es wanderte mit den Büchern, die ich las, den Anregungen, die sie mir gaben, und den Ideen, wie ich das Thema bearbeiten wollte.

Meine Arbeit wandelte sich aber auch in den Gesprächen mit den Fellows; und von Gespräch zu Gespräch, denn es dauerte ein ganzes Jahr, die Fellows kennenzulernen.

Ich fühlte mich wie Henry Pulling, als er zu reisen beginnt, nachdem er auf der Beerdigung seiner Mutter, die nicht seine Mutter war, auf seine Tante trifft, die nicht seine Tante ist.

Mit Aunt Augusta zu verreisen bedeutet nun aber nicht allein, es zu versäumen, die Dahlien zu gießen und stattdessen im Orient-Express nach Istanbul zu reisen, im

Flugzeug zu schmuggeln oder auf der Seepassage nach Südamerika einen CIA-Agenten zu treffen:

„For someone who doesn't like airports“, I said, „you seem to know a great deal about Heathrow.“ „I've always been interested in human nature“, Aunt Augusta said. „Especially the more imaginative sides of it.“

Hatte ich bisher vornehmlich, gleichsam mit Pulling, einen Flughafen für einen Flughafen gehalten oder das Wiko für eine Station auf dem Weg vom Buch als Möglichkeit zum Möbel in der Fellow-Bibliothek, musste ich nun feststellen: Das Wiko war kein Ort der Bücher. Es war eine Bibliothek ihrer Autoren.

So begannen nun viele Spaziergänge, Unterhaltungen auf dem Flur, bei Tisch, am Kopierer, beim Kochen. Ich lernte viel über die Themen, mit denen sich meine Mitfellows beschäftigten, und hörte gern zu, wenn sie über die Länder erzählten, aus denen sie kamen. Ich habe diskutiert, ernsthaft und aus purer Lust, zukünftige Kollaborationen und Workshops entworfen, manchmal nicht zugehört und manchmal viel zu genau.

Jetzt ist wieder Sommer. Ich weiß noch nicht, was aus meinem Antrag werden wird und wohin die Reise geht. Aber eines Tages hatte meine kleine Tochter keinen Kindergarten. Wir saßen zusammen in meinem Büro. Sie hockte auf dem Fußboden und malte. Ein Haus, drei Etagen, Treppen, eine Lampe wie ein Kamm mit gelben Strahlen, ein Tisch, davor ein Stuhl. „Das ist das Wiko. Für dich. Weil du hier so gerne bist.“

Ist es also ein Bild, ein Ort, eine Passage – das Wiko? „More formed“, um Pulling umzudrehen, „by human beings than by books“? Und wenn ich das nie herausfinden werde, dann weil ich in diesem Jahr nicht die richtigen Bücher gelesen oder aber mit den falschen Menschen gesprochen habe? Der Einfachheit halber könnte ich behaupten, das alles fiele zusammen. Das wäre natürlich nicht falsch. Aber es wäre zu einfach.

Es ist wohl eine Geschichte, wie alles Geschriebene. Die Geschichte von einem besonderen Jahr, als ich am Wissenschaftskolleg Fellow war. Eine sehr schöne Geschichte, wie ich finde, für die ich allen im und am und um das Wiko herum danke, dass sie sie so reich gemacht haben.

Ich fühlte mich wie Henry Pulling: „Brighton was the first real journey I undertook in my aunt's company and proved a bizarre foretaste of much that was to follow.“



REFLECTIONS

GERALD S. WILKINSON

Gerald (Jerry) Wilkinson is Professor of Biology at the University of Maryland, College Park. He received a B.S. in Zoology at the University of California, Davis in 1977 and a Ph.D. in Biology at the University of California, San Diego in 1984. After postdoctoral fellowship experiences at the Universities of Sussex, Edinburgh, and Colorado, he became an Assistant Professor in 1987 at College Park. With over 115 publications in animal behavior, genetics, and evolution, his work has addressed a range of topics including reciprocity, communication, sexual selection, genomic conflict, speciation, longevity, and the evolution of language. Much of this work addresses the inherent tension between cooperation and conflict on different levels of biological organization from genes to various organisms, including several species of bats and stalk-eyed flies. Jerry received a Searle Scholar Award from the Chicago Community Trust and the Quest Award from the Animal Behavior Society and is an elected Fellow of both the Animal Behavior Society and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. – Address: Department of Biology, University of Maryland, College Park, MD 20742, USA.
E-mail: wilkinso@umd.edu

Before coming to the Wiko, I was chair of my department for four years. While I was not eager to be an administrator, I felt an obligation to give back to the institution that had helped me advance my career. I also thought that I might be able to make changes that would improve the lives of faculty, staff, and students. Within a month of my taking the job, the state (and therefore university) budget declined precipitously and I was told to decrease our \$5M department budget by 8%. That might not seem too bad, except that

almost all of those funds were used for salaries. Fortunately, a couple people decided to retire around the same time, and after some creative reassignment of duties as well as some new fundraising activities, I managed to avoid letting anyone go. But, that was just the beginning of four years of administrative challenges, which always seemed to arrive without warning. By year four, after three different deans and too many additional fires to enumerate, I was eager for a break and an opportunity to spend more time thinking about science, something that I found I had little time to do as department chair.

When I arrived at the Wiko, I planned to finish several papers that required additional analysis and writing, which I had been unable to find the time to do. I also hoped to develop some new research ideas that might attract federal research support. While I didn't get as much done as I hoped, I did manage to complete (with prior students, current postdocs, or collaborators) five papers, four of which have been published (Reinhardt et al. 2014, Rose et al., 2014, Wright et al. 2014, Wilkinson et al. 2014) and one of which is in review (Baker et al.). An additional paper was initiated during a workshop held at Wiko in May (Wilkinson et al. in review;) and drafts of two other papers were started at Wiko (Aktipis et al. in review; Boddy et al. in review). These latter two papers have been submitted for publication in a special issue of the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* on comparative oncology, something I certainly did not anticipate doing when I arrived in Berlin. I also made some progress in developing new research ideas related to my original Wiko proposal. My collaborators and I submitted three pre-proposals to the National Science Foundation in January and were pleased to be invited to submit full proposals in late July for two of them.

In addition to working on papers and proposals, I felt fortunate to be invited to participate in several workshops and meetings as well as give seminars and discuss research with students and faculty at a number of institutions during my stay at the Wiko. In addition to my Wiko colloquium, I gave seminars at three institutions in Germany: the Max Planck Institute for Evolutionary Biology in Plön, the University of Bielefeld, and the Ludwig-Maximilians University in Munich. I also gave seminars at the University of Bern, Switzerland, the University of Vienna, Austria, and the University of California, San Diego. In the fall I gave a talk about the potential for consciousness in bats and participated in a three-day meeting titled "The Emergence of Consciousness in Animal and Human Behavior: From Genetics to Cognition", which was organized by the Jean-Marie Delwart Foundation in Brussels, Belgium. At the very end of my stay I gave a talk on bat cooperation and participated in a three-day workshop titled "Social Evolution: Merits

and Limitations of Inclusive Fitness Theory”, held at Arolla in the Swiss Alps and organized by the doctoral program in Ecology and Evolution, which involves a collaborative network of universities in Switzerland. In addition to these invited presentations, I co-organized a workshop at the Wiko, titled “Mind the Gap: Closing the Gulf between Genomic and Phenotypic Studies of Sexual Selection”, which was attended by 15 people, and I co-organized a three-week course on Animal Communication with two past Wiko Fellows, Uli Schnitzler and Cindy Moss, which was attended by six graduate students from the University of Tübingen and six graduate students from the University of Maryland. This intensive course involved one week of lectures and student presentations at the Wiko in January and two weeks of field projects be conducted on Barro Colorado Island, Panama, in August.

One very unanticipated outcome of my Wiko experience was getting involved with the Cancer Evolution Focus Group. When members of that group mentioned to me that it would be interesting to see if cancer-like phenomena are present in different lineages that have independently evolved multicellularity, I realized that my background in organismal evolution might be useful, so I offered to help. This led to some extensive literature searches, followed by group meetings to share findings and eventually joint writing sessions. These meetings and discussions made us realize that the evolution of extreme traits, the emphasis of my focus group, could have some interesting consequences for the evolution of cancer. This led to a second collaboration that eventually included Hanna Kokko, who, shortly after she arrived in May, came up with a nice theoretical framework that links these two seemingly unrelated phenomena. Perhaps the best part of these interactions was that I genuinely enjoyed both the people and the issues. Science can sometimes get tedious. This was fun.

A second unanticipated aspect of my Wiko experience was getting to know the wonderful and engaging group of Life Sciences Fellows, several of whom became active participants in our Focus Group on extreme traits. While these Fellows were at an earlier stage of their careers, they were uniformly bright, articulate, and well-read. Consequently, it was extremely easy to treat them as peers and involve them in activities. For example, in the fall, Seth Barribeau regularly came to our focus group meetings (which were run much like a journal club) and helped plan the spring workshop. He, Elena Arriero, and Andy Higginson then all came back in the spring for the workshop that we organized and all three have been actively involved in writing the resulting paper. Their participation helped to keep the workshop discussions on track and undoubtedly was good for

them, since they had the opportunity to meet several senior members in the field, as well as discuss currently contentious issues. In addition to these three, Natasha Mhatre generously gave a wonderful lecture in our class on Animal Communication, which the students and organizers enjoyed and appreciated. I also enjoyed discussing the challenges of starting a lab as a new faculty member, something both Seth and Kasia Bieszczad will be doing soon.

Finally, a third aspect of the Wiko experience that I truly enjoyed was listening to and learning from my Co-Fellows each week during and after colloquia. To my chagrin, I realized that I had never heard a non-science talk in my academic career before the Wiko. I presume there must be worthwhile seminars in other departments, but I am at a large university where there are far more science talks every week than I could possibly attend, let alone those from outside the sciences. So, the first few Tuesdays were eye-opening. I discovered I was generally intrigued and fascinated by what each person had to say. I suspect I failed to understand aspects of some talks, but I felt like I usually understood the approach and the issues. It was fascinating to see the similarities and differences between disciplines, including those between biology and sociology, but also between sociology and history, or even different epochs in history, literature, or music. It was intriguing to hear people from different fields describe when they thought modernity began. I felt like I gained an appreciation of the challenges and virtues of the fields represented by Fellows in our class.

While the Wiko certainly gave me ample time to read, write, and think about the science that I had hoped to pursue, I was pleasantly surprised that it also provided much, much more. As someone who typically eats a sandwich by himself at his desk for lunch, I was unsure whether I would enjoy having a large meal every day and be forced to talk to people I did not know and whose fields were distant from my own. My concern did not last long. Lunchtime conversations were invariably engaging and often spanned a wide range of topics. The wide range of the Fellows' ages (from recent Ph.D. to recent retirement), gender, nationality, discipline, and interest made every table a unique and fascinating experience. As time went on, I discovered that I was getting to know and like the Fellows in our class far better than most people I have been around. Consequently, I began socializing on the weekend or in the evening with various combinations of Fellows. I think I heard more concerts and saw more football games (thanks of course to the World Cup) than I had in the preceding ten years!

Unfortunately, my wife was only able to spend three months in Berlin, but she came with the goal of seeing as many Rembrandt paintings as possible. So, while she was visiting, on many weekends we took trips to visit museums. She also accompanied me on seminar trips if there was an interesting museum nearby. Consequently, I ended up visiting a number of exceptional art museums in Amsterdam, Berlin, Brussels, Dresden, Hamburg, Leipzig, Munich, and Vienna. Before long, I found that I was looking for paintings by my own Dutch favorites (Hieronymus Bosch and Jan Vermeer) in addition to the French Impressionists that I have enjoyed since college. I also discovered other artists that I had not known (Max Liebermann, Isaac Israëls) but whose paintings seemed to resonate with me in ways that I can't completely explain. These museum visits, in combination with the Wiko colloquia, evening events, and concerts, provided me with opportunities to appreciate the arts and humanities in both academic and personal ways that I will not soon forget.

Reflecting on this past year makes me realize how unusual and extraordinary the Wiko experience is. But, having spent some time as an administrator, I know that such an experience is only possible if the organization is run well, the staff enjoy their jobs and are good at them, and there is a vision that is embraced by those at the Institute as well as those who support it. When I first arrived, I must admit to being somewhat perplexed as to what each staff person did, but as time went on and I witnessed the range of activities that occur every week, I gained a much better idea. Nevertheless, I remain amazed at how everything seemed to run so smoothly. In my experience, keeping 40 academics happy is no easy task. But, freedom, respect, and opportunity are critical. The Wiko staff have created just such an environment and I feel very lucky to have experienced it. I am tremendously grateful for having had the opportunity to be part of this remarkable family.

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WISSENSCHAFTSKOLLEG ZU BERLIN WALLOTSTRASSE 19 14193 BERLIN
TELEFON +49 30 89 00 1-0 FAX +49 30 89 00 1-300
WIKO@WIKO-BERLIN.DE WWW.WIKO-BERLIN.DE