



LAKE HALENSEE DAZE
JEFFREY L. FEDER

Jeffrey L. Feder was born in 1958 in New York. He received his Ph.D. in Zoology at Michigan State University with Dr. Guy Bush and did post-doctoral research at Princeton University working with Dr. Martin Kreitman. Feder has subsequently been a Professor in the Biological Science Department at the University of Notre Dame, where he is currently Director of the GLOBES-IGERT Program (Global Linkages of Biology, the Environment and Society). An evolutionary biologist, Feder has published around 80 articles or chapters in anthologies, mainly on the biology and genetics of speciation for phytophagous insects. – Address: Department of Biological Sciences, University of Notre Dame, P.O. Box 369, Notre Dame, IN 46556-0369, USA. E-mail: feder.2@nd.edu

It was a quiet month of August in Lake Halensee in our old hometown. Gone is the lively banter of Fellow companions at the Chatterbox Café restaurant. Until early this morning, silence had fallen faintly and generally all over Wiko land, where the sound of Robert's laughter once proclaimed us to be among the living and not the deaf. For dead now is our poet's society. And heard nevermore is the rap, rap, rapping from children, late night Fellows, and significant others on our front doors. Out too is the ping pong endlessly rocking, out are our mockingbirds' throats, the musical shuttles, out the ten-month midday colloquium, the monologue questions to beguile and befuddle, out to wander alone, bare-headed and barefoot, from the memories of the birds that chanted, I, uniter of the here and hereafter, now stand on the Villa Walther deck, alone whence all had fled, to sing a reminiscence song out of body and soul, to the end of the Wiko experience we have shared and have known. Yet my task be not done, before I too can flee, duty's job from Rector

Giuliani requires of me to recount the year in benedictory words, all the things that I did, that I said, that I heard. But suddenly and without warning, workman's drills attacked this morning, came sounds that blasted and shook the deck, that wrecked the calm and strafed my head, yet still with brave despair and some regret, I stayed upon this post of death, to write four things this year I learned the best.

First, I learned that the sciences and the humanities can mix. However, like oil and vinegar, you have to keep shaking the bottle to avoid quick separation. I am not sure whether or not the current format of the weekly colloquium is the best way to ensure mixing. Perhaps one means to generate greater cross talk would be for biologists to give seminars on the subjects of our fellow humanists and students of the subjective to present the material of the objective scientists. In addition, it may be productive to define group projects outside the realms of our respective specialties in the humanities and sciences to provide common ground for discourse and collaboration. I will take this lesson home to me when I reassume the directorship of our GLOBES interdisciplinary program at the University of Notre Dame.

Second, I learned a lot about different strategies and styles for studying biology from my colleagues and friends in the sympatric speciation, bat echolocation, and perception groups. Thank you. Personally, I was able to get a good start on my own objective of developing a general theory of genome evolution accompanying divergence-with-gene-flow-speciation. This resulted in a series of papers with Patrik Nosil that have been published and/or are currently in review, as well as plans for additional future work on the subject. We also finished a nice group paper about what is and is not sympatric speciation, led by Jim Mallet after Jim's memorable opening Wiko invocation saying the problem did not exist and that we were all on vacation. It was also a good year for the Feder lab, highlighted by a paper appearing in the journal *Science* demonstrating the process of sequential speciation in action for parasitic wasps. In brief, we showed that speciation can cascade across trophic levels, as new niches and ecological opportunities associated with speciation in *Rhagoletis* fruit flies that form in the process of switching the plants they attack ripple through the ecosystem to cause speciation in turn in the wasps that parasitize the flies. This work and other research from the lab were featured in two articles in the *New York Times* Science section and a webcast by the National Science Foundation that was a thrill for all the graduate students involved. In addition, I had the chance to write several grant proposals during my stay at Wiko that will hopefully help feather the Feder fund-

ing nest and provide students with the opportunity to keep our thing (The *Rhagoletis Cosa Nostra*) going.

Third, and on the lighter side, my year at Wiko instilled in me the knowledge that there is no soul. From personal experience, I already knew that I had no soul. But it was with great relief that I came to learn that this is a universal phenomenon not just limited to me. One positive repercussion of great comfort to me is that I no longer need feel alone when crowded in a room full of lost souls. Moreover, since it is now clear that consciousness is knowing and making sense of things past, present, and future, I am free to objectively contemplate whether Wiko was an out-of-body or out-of-mind experience. On a practical note, I am also now fully qualified to discuss the legal and ethical issues surrounding assisted suicide for robots (i. e., when to pull the plug). But this still begs the question of when robot life begins and when it should be protected, at the time of intelligent design or at the moment of electrical inception?

Fourth, I learned how to play ping pong with Jim, Bill, Sutirth, Axel, and the rest of the Thursday after-dinner crowd. I always figured that I would be reduced to having to learn to play golf and ride around in an electric cart when I got old and slobbered all over myself. Now I have a much nobler image of the pyrite years to come, with me standing, paddle in hand, across the table from Jim, discussing Zen, the Buddha, astrophysics, philosophy, and the antics of the other ex-Fellows and cats tucked away with us in the assisted living Wiko home.

Finally, to the kitchen and staff of Wiko I say thanks for the fish and to Axel for his valiant efforts to taxonomically identify all the Pisces we had eaten. In the end, it turned out to be mostly Aves (crow) after all. So as night falls, silence returns, and I pull the plug on this leaf of grass, I say without a trace of self-deception, be well, do good work, keep in touch and *tschüss* from Lake Halensee, where all the women are strong, all the children are good looking, and all the Fellows are above average.

And a verse (unedited) from Amanda:

WIKO

I made a lot of new friends at wiko. But now I have to go. it was a hole year at wiko but it only felt like one second. I hope I can come back. all my friends have to leave. it was a lot of fun. I really enjoyed it. through the whole year. I was strugeling to find a new friend. but now I have to go so my last words are. Bye and hope I see you again.

From: Amanda

To: Wiko