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HERAUSGEGEBEN VON BARBARA STOLLBERG-RILINGER
MIT BERICHTEN UND BEITRÄGEN VON

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VORWORT DER HERAUSGEBERIN

Dies war das Jahr II der weltweiten Pandemie. Während der vorige Fellowjahrgang im Frühling unverhofft mit der neuen Lage konfrontiert worden war, stand das Fellowjahr 2020/2021 von vornherein im Zeichen der Seuche. Umso dankbarer waren wir, dass alle Fellows in Person nach Berlin kamen – manche früher, andere später, allen Hindernissen zum Trotz. Vor allem die Konsulate und Flughäfen in Australien und Südafrika, Argentinien, Bangladesch und Südkorea stellten die Ausreisewilligen vor ungeahnte Herausforderungen. Aber anders als viele andere Institutes for Advanced Study blieb es uns erspart, die Fellowships auf rein digitale Fernbeziehungen umzustellen.

Die Pandemie veränderte das Leben im Kolleg grundlegend. Im Lauf des Herbstes wurde das Dickicht der Restriktionen schrittweise rigider. Begegnung und Austausch fanden bald nur noch im Freien statt, am gefrorenen See und auf der eiskalten Terrasse. Der lange Winter des Berliner Lockdown verwandelte das Kolleg in eine abgeschiedene Parallelwelt, eine totale soziale Institution, ein einsames Raumschiff, wie Anna Ahlers es beschreibt. In der Priorität der Ziele, die sich die Fellows setzten, rückte das Überleben für manche an die erste Stelle. Trotzdem oder gerade deswegen erlebte das Kolleg eine „insulare Kommunikationsverdichtung“ (Ulrich Raulff). Die Jahrbuchberichte legen Zeugnis ab von beeindruckenden sportlichen und akademischen Gemeinschaftserfolgen, sei es der *Wicked Wiko Runners*, sei es des *Different Kind of Book Club*. Und es ist erstaunlich, was dann doch auf digitalem Weg alles möglich war. Es wurden nicht nur unzählige Vorträge, Workshops und Diskussionen mit Gästen aus aller Welt virtuell bestritten, sondern es wurde auch – zum Beispiel – vom Laptop in der Wallotstraße über ein Hochleistungsteleskop in Chile Kontakt zum Weltraum gehalten. Minou Arjomand konnte schließlich selbst dem ungeliebten Zoom-Format einen überraschenden kommunikativen Reiz entlocken.

Keine Frage – dieser Fellowjahrgang wird als „extra-special Covid Class“ (Ben Oldroyd) in die Kolleggeschichte eingehen. Aber darüber sollte nicht vergessen werden, dass er auch in anderer Hinsicht ein besonderer war: Zum ersten Mal waren mehr weibliche als männliche Fellows eingeladen, und nie waren so viele Kinder aller Altersstufen dabei – einschließlich der Zwillinge von Johannes Böhme, die während des Jahres zur Welt gekommen sind.

Besonders bemerkenswert waren auch die intensiven Debatten über Fragen von *race* und *gender*, die im *Three Cultures Forum* zwischen den Angehörigen der verschiedenen Wissenschaftswelten geführt wurden und ein erhebliches intellektuelles Irritationspotenzial entfalteten. Bei aller theoretischen Aufmerksamkeit, die das Kolleg dem Thema Diversität schenkt, muss aber auch festgehalten werden, worauf George Lewis in seinem Beitrag hinweist, nämlich dass die tatsächliche Diversität der Fellows nach wie vor in vieler Hinsicht begrenzt ist. Die angemessene Repräsentation von Wissenschaftlerinnen und Wissenschaftlern aus *allen* Weltregionen ist eine Aufgabe, die uns auch in den nächsten Jahren noch beschäftigen wird.

Berlin, im Februar 2022

THE EDITOR'S FOREWORD

This was Year II of the global pandemic. While the previous Fellow year was unexpectedly confronted with the new situation in the spring, the Fellow year 2020/2021 stood from the beginning under the sign of the pestilence. We were all the more thankful that all the Fellows came in person to Berlin – some earlier, some later, despite all the obstacles. The consulates and airports, especially in Australia and South Africa, Argentina, Bangladesh, and South Korea, posed unimagined challenges to those wanting to leave. But unlike many other Institutes for Advanced Study, we were spared the necessity to shift our fellowships to distant, purely digital relationships.

The pandemic changed life at the Kolleg fundamentally. Step by step in the course of the autumn, the thicket of restrictions rigidified. Encounter and exchange soon took place only outdoors, beside the frozen lake or on the ice-cold terrace. The long winter of the Berlin lockdown transformed the Kolleg into a cloistered parallel world, a total social institution, a lonely spaceship, as Anna Ahlers describes it. For some Fellows, mere survival rose to the top priority of the goals that they set for themselves. Nonetheless, or precisely because of that, the Kolleg experienced an “insular compression of communication” (Ulrich Raulff). The Yearbook reports testify to impressive athletic and academic group successes, whether of the *Wicked Wiko Runners* or the *Different Kind of Book Club*. And it is astonishing what all was then indeed possible digitally. Not only were countless lectures, workshops, and discussions with guests from all over the world carried out virtually, contact was also made with outer space from a laptop on Wallotstraße via a high-power telescope in Chile. Minou Arjomand was finally able to find a surprising communicative charm even in the unloved Zoom format.

No question about it – this Fellow year will go down in Kolleg history as an “extra-special Covid Class” (Ben Oldroyd). But beyond that, we shouldn’t forget that it was a special one in another way: for the first time, more female than male Fellows were invited, and never before were so many children of all ages here – including the twin children of Johannes Böhme, who were born during the year.

Especially noteworthy were also the intense debates on issues of race and gender that were carried out in the *Three Cultures Forum* among members of the various worlds of science and that developed a substantial potential for intellectual perplexity. Despite all the theoretical attention that the Kolleg pays to the theme of diversity, it must be noted, as George Lewis points out in his contribution, that the actual diversity of Fellows remains limited in many ways. The appropriate representation of researchers from *all* parts of the world is a task that will continue to occupy us in the coming years.

Berlin, in February 2022

Arbeitsberichte



(T)RAUMSCHIFF GRUNEWALD
ANNA L. AHLERS

Anna L. Ahlers ist seit 2020 Leiterin der Lise-Meitner-Forschungsgruppe „China in the Global System of Science“ am Max-Planck-Institut für Wissenschaftsgeschichte (MPIWG), Berlin. Sie studierte Sinologie und Politikwissenschaft an der Universität Tübingen, der Peking Universität und der Renmin Universität (VR China) und promovierte 2013 in Sinologie an der Universität Tübingen. Nach Stationen als Ko-Leiterin der Forschungsgruppe „Politik“ am Mercator Institute for China Studies (MERICS) und als wissenschaftliche Mitarbeiterin an der Universität Bonn (FIW) war sie von 2014 bis 2020 Professorin für „Modern Chinese Society and Politics“ an der Universität Oslo. Sie ist Mitglied der Jungen Akademie (BBAW und Leopoldina) und unter anderem Mitherausgeberin des *Journal of Chinese Governance* und von *Soziale Systeme* sowie Mitglied des Editorial Board der Buchreihe „The Environments of East Asia“ (Cornell University Press). In ihrer Forschung beschäftigt sie sich mit dem politischen System der VR China, dem Verhältnis von Politik und Wissenschaft in China und dem Vergleich von demokratischen und autoritären Regimes im 21. Jahrhundert. – Adresse: Max-Planck-Institut für Wissenschaftsgeschichte, Boltzmannstr. 22, 14195 Berlin, Deutschland. E-Mail: alahlers@mpiwg-berlin.mpg.de.

Die zehn Monate am Wissenschaftskolleg vergingen viel zu schnell; wie ein irrealer Traum, von dem ein sehr angenehmes Gefühl und spürbare Erlebnisse bleiben, der aber nicht lange genug währt und – zunächst – nichts Greifbares hinterlässt. Die Covid-19-Pandemie verstärkte diesen Eindruck noch; so schwebte diese spezielle Gemeinschaft im Grunewald – für mich als durch die Lockdowns noch weiter entrückte Berliner Fellow umso mehr – doch auf sehr eigenen Bahnen durch diese für uns alle neue Welt.

Der Check-in ist mir in bester glücksverheißender Erinnerung; der überaus freundliche Empfang der Wiko-Crew, ein wunderbares Büro – oder eher: Refugium – im 1. Stock des Neubaus, das Kennenlernen der ersten Mitreisenden bei der einführenden Navigation durch die Gebäude der Wallotstraße. Die Koordinaten für das Jahr waren gesetzt und die Expedition konnte beginnen.

Ich richtete mein Zimmer mit Bett und Bad in der Wallotstraße, über das ich mich gerade als Berliner Fellow so freute, schon am zweiten Tag vollends ein; plante ich doch, an mehreren Tagen der Woche bis in den Abend dort zu arbeiten, eine Runde im Grunewald laufen zu gehen, mit Kolleginnen und Kollegen bei Snacks und Wein zu diskutieren und schließlich dort zu übernachten, um gleich morgens frisch wieder zu starten. Eine Kapsel-Kaffeemaschine und das halbe Sortiment einer dm-Filiale gehörten zu meiner Ausstattung. Dass im Nachhinein gesehen wohl leichtes Handgepäck gereicht hätte, wusste ich zu dem Zeitpunkt noch nicht.

Sehr angetan war ich auch von den so außerirdisch klaren und strengen pandemischen Instruktionen, die für alle Teilnehmer dieses Abenteuers galten. Nach dem lockerbefreiten Sommer 2020, in dem in Berlin alle Pandemiebedenken wieder über Bord geworfen schienen und meine eigene Institution in Dahlem sich kaum zu rigiden Regeln durchringen konnte, bot das Wiko manifeste Orientierung: Maskenpflicht, großer Abstand im großen Seminarraum, Desinfektionsmittel überall, keine blinden Passagiere usw. Wir, die wir aus allen möglichen, ganz verschiedenen Kontexten kamen, fanden uns schnell und gewissenhaft in diese Routinen ein.

Passend zu meiner spontanen allgemeinen Stimmung hielt die erste Astrophysikerin des Wissenschaftskollegs den allerersten Kolloquiumsvortrag. Während wir aufgrund der ventilationsfördernd weit geöffneten Fenster mit noch nicht darauf abgestimmten Raumanzügen im Seminarraum fröstelten, eröffnete sich uns eine unendliche außerplanetarische Welt und wir bekamen einen ersten Eindruck von der wunderbaren und so bereichernden Inter- und Transdisziplinarität, die dieses Jahr für uns bereithalten sollte. An diesem immensen Gewinn und engagierten Austausch sollte sich auch nichts ändern, als wir, nach wenigen Wochen der echten Seminaratmosphäre, coronabedingt leider in ein ausschließliches Digitalformat wechseln mussten.

Fasziniert war ich außerdem gleich von der Entdeckung einer neuen Spezies im Wiko-System, genannt *Homo fellowsandpartners*. Ganz aufgeklärt wurde dies nie, aber ich selbst erklärte es mir als Phänomen einer anscheinend postmodernen Nischengesellschaft im Grunewald, in der Menschen nicht mehr als Individuen auftreten und

miteinander kommunizieren, sondern nur noch durch einen weiteren, formal registrierten und mitzuadressierenden Artgenossen aufgerundet – ob tatsächlich mit an Bord oder nicht. Auffällig war, dass diese Doppelwesen nahezu ausschließlich aus Artgenossen mit gleicher oder ähnlicher Profession, oder zumindest gleichem akademischen Stand, zusammengesetzt waren. Ich selbst hatte, wie mir erst nach dem Einstieg klar wurde, vor dem Check-in diese formale Einordnung nicht ernst genug genommen (und meinen in Fernbeziehung befindlichen Partner nicht angegeben), sodass ich fortan in der Wiko-Passagierliste, zusammen mit lediglich einer anderen Kollegin, als Vertreterin einer irgendwie inkompatibel wirkenden, redundanten Gattung aus der zurückgelassenen Welt geführt wurde.

Die wissenschaftliche Arbeit am Wiko war, unterstützt vom exzellenten Bibliotheksteam und den herausfordernden Fragen und Kommentaren der Co-Fellows, für mich ein großes Vergnügen. Mein Vorhaben, Studien zum Verhältnis von Politik und Wissenschaft im gegenwärtigen China, schritt voran, wurde aber unter anderem durch die Pandemie und die Aktualität des Themas stark beeinflusst. Zum einen wirkte die Volksrepublik China noch mehr als sonst wie eine ferne Galaxie, die nicht nur durch Reisebeschränkungen unerreichbar wurde (und bleibt). Zum anderen ist Chinas rasanter Aufstieg im globalen Wissenschaftssystem inzwischen auch in Deutschland ein sogar von den Tagesmedien beachtetes Thema und die öffentliche Debatte darüber von zunehmender Sensationslust und Polarisierung geprägt. Anekdoten und pauschale normative Statements verfangen im nicht akademischen Orbit dieses Themas eher als analytische Tiefenschärfe, so scheint es. Nicht so glücklicherweise im Wiko, meiner Druckkammer, wo echtes Interesse an den größeren, abstrakteren, mit der Weltgesellschaft des 21. Jahrhunderts verknüpften Fragen zu diesem Thema herrschte und Hinweise und Anregungen der Kolleginnen und Kollegen meine Forschung signifikant voranbrachten. Meine Überlegungen zu Aspekten wie akademischer Wettbewerb, Technokratie, Demokratie und Autokratie und ihr Verhältnis zu Wissen oder Wissenschaftsfreiheit und -autonomie haben von diesem Austausch und mehreren Veranstaltungen am Kolleg maßgeblich profitiert und dies wird auch für die noch fertigzustellenden Arbeiten prägend sein.

Währenddessen wurde uns im Unterdeck der Wallotstraße 19 alles andere als Astronautennahrung angeboten. Selten habe ich mit mehr Passion zubereitete vegetarische mehrgängige Mahlzeiten gereicht bekommen. Überhaupt war anscheinend die Verpflegung der Mannschaft ein, wenn nicht gar *das* Kernanliegen des Wiko-Betriebes. Während die Kolloquien auch im Sommer 2021 noch online abgehalten wurden, wurde

dafür gesorgt, dass die Speisung auf jeden Fall im physischen Kollektiv stattfand. Das Haushalts- und Küchenteam navigierte stets mit einer bewundernswerten Ruhe und Freundlichkeit durch alle Extrawünsche, Unpünktlichkeiten und sonstigen corona-bedingten Herausforderungen. Nicht zuletzt wurden irgendwann, wie es sich für eine szientifische Unternehmung gehört, beim Einnehmen der Mahlzeiten mit spezieller Apparatur die Gasgehalte der Raumatmosphäre gemessen, auf die im laufenden Bespeisungsbetrieb auch Rücksicht genommen werden musste.

Mit fortschreitender und sich intensivierender Pandemie und den zunehmenden Kontaktbeschränkungen drifteten dann im Winter die Leben im Grunewald und im Rest der Stadt ein wenig auseinander, nahezu bis zum Ende unseres Unterfangens. Ich wohnte nicht in der Villa Walther und führte deshalb eine Art Satellitendasein. Gemeinsame Treffen, Essen und Seminare waren über Monate nicht mehr möglich. Die Kommandobrücke meldete sich sehr selten; die Lotsen der Fellowdienste taten ihren aufmerksamen und hilfreichen Dienst. Erst im letzten Monat, zusammen mit den sinkenden Inzidenz- und steigenden Impffzahlen und einem überraschend starken Vertrauen in eine außergewöhnliche Immunität der Community, war die Zeit der Abkapselung vorbei und brach sich der Wunsch nach Ausnutzen der verbleibenden Zeit und Kontakten im Wiko seine Bahn.

Meine Funkverbindung in den Grunewald blieb immer bestehen, aber ich denke, ich hätte auch in der Zeit der starken Einschränkungen versuchen können und sollen, öfter an den Rest der Mannschaft anzudocken; unter anderem aufgrund persönlicher Belastungen in diesem Jahr war das aber nicht durchgängig und so intensiv wie gewünscht möglich. Umso mehr hoffe ich, dass die Besatzung meines Jahrgangs auch über die zeitliche und räumliche Distanz hinweg Kontakt miteinander hält, und als in der Nähe Anässige freue ich mich auf den Luxus der postpandemischen Berliner Abende im (T)raumschiff Grunewald auf neuem Kurs.



A PARALLEL REALITY
MARCELO A. AIZEN

Marcelo Aizen graduated in Biology at the Universidad de Buenos Aires in 1985 and obtained his Ph.D. at the University of Massachusetts in 1992. At present, he is Investigador Superior of CONICET (the National Research Council of Argentina) and Profesor Titular at the Ecology Department of the Universidad Nacional del Comahue in Bariloche. His research has focused on a diversity of basic and applied topics in plant reproductive ecology and plant-pollinator interactions, from the study of pollen tube-pistil interactions to global assessment of pollinator declines and the so-called pollination crisis. He is the author of more than 150 articles. Some of his research has been published in journals such as *Science*, *Nature*, *PNAS*, *PloS Biology*, and *Current Biology*. In the last few years, he and his group have been studying the consequences of the invasion of the buff-tailed bumblebee (*Bombus terrestris*) on the native biota of Patagonia and of invasive bees, in general, on agriculture. – Address: Grupo de Ecología de la Polinización, Centro Regional Universitario Bariloche, Universidad Nacional del Comahue and INIBIOMA, Quintral 1250, 8400 San Carlos de Bariloche, Río Negro, Argentina. E-mail: maizen@comahue-conicet.gob.ar.

I arrived in Berlin in late September from Bariloche, Argentina, after sorting out several pandemic-related obstacles: a long wait until the German embassy opened up in Buenos Aires to obtain my visa; travelling to Buenos Aires (about 1,700 km. distant from my hometown in NW Patagonia) in the absence of any regular domestic transportation due to severe mobility restrictions; and finally getting to Europe in one of the few international flights departing from Ezeiza, Buenos Aires' international airport. But after all, as the saying goes “God is Argentinean” (well, at least the Pope is!), and against all odds and

thanks to continuous support and encouragement from Wiko's staff, I managed to get to Berlin and started a year in which I have lived in the parallel world of Wiko's cozy reality.

During my sabbatical year and being physically alone in Berlin (my partner never managed to make it to Berlin because of travel restrictions), my Co-Fellows, staff, and amazing new friends from outside the institute became my family. This was a small but immense world of affection, smiles, and care, in which I have never felt alone. I will always remember the day of Maradona's death in late November, when the Fellows and staff gave me their condolences as if Maradona were a close relative of mine. Even though I am not a football fan, I was very moved by the gesture and realized for the first time that, perhaps just by being Argentinean, Maradona was a close relative of mine after all. This network of stimulating talks and warm human interactions became the center of my new Berlin world during the last pandemic year.

Containment, comfort, and a long, gray, pandemic winter provided a perfect environment for inspiration and exploration. The focal idea of my proposed sabbatical project was assessing the extent to which the portfolio effect can increase crop diversity on the country and global scales and thus increase agricultural sustainability; this topic was preempted before I started my fellowship (see Renard, D., and D. Tilman (2019), "National food production stabilized by crop diversity," *Nature* 571: 257–260). Therefore, using the freely available dataset of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations (www.fao.org/faostat/en/), I explored instead the question of what ecological characteristics have led to the decline in the yield of many crops over the last few decades (1961–2018). It has been proposed that a global decline in the abundance and diversity of bees, the most important pollinator group of wild and cultivated plants, is the main driver of decreasing agricultural productivity, particularly affecting those crops that greatly depend on pollinators. For instance, wheat and rice are wind-pollinated crops and thus do not depend on pollinators, whereas apples and cocoa are crops that greatly depend on pollinators to produce the fruits and seeds we consume. However, comparisons of the mean yield of crops from different categories of pollinator-dependence hide the fact that most crops that greatly depend on pollinators are trees. A worldwide trend of increasing tree mortality has been related to global climate change, which could indicate that decreasing crop yield might be more closely related to the growth habit of a crop than to its dependence on pollinators. Disentangling the influence of these two confounding factors is important for understanding the causes of yield decline. The analysis I conducted assessing the incidence of positive and negative temporal trends in yield from > 6500 crop x country time series (1961–2018),

involving a total of 137 crops and 170 countries and territories, showed that about one quarter of all time series exhibited a negative trend. I found that being a tree is a more important predisposing factor of yield decline than having a high pollinator-dependence. I conclude that climate change is probably having a direct effect on crop productivity, affecting differentially crops that are trees, the growth form most vulnerable to the stresses imposed by reductions in water availability and increasing temperatures.

In addition to carrying out this evaluation, during my sabbatical year at Wiko, my students and colleagues from my research group back home and I published four scientific articles, all of which note the Wiko affiliation. In the first article on the list (see ref. 1 below), directly related to the research I have been conducting at Wiko, we investigated the role of ecological factors in determining yield and variability among 107 crops on a global scale. We found that yield decreased with increasing pollinator-dependence in tree crops, but not in herbaceous and shrubby crops. We also found that interannual yield variation tended to increase with increasing pollinator-dependence, and it was greater in crops from temperate regions, in those cultivated for their reproductive organs, and in tree crops. Thus, despite millennia of artificial selection and decades of genetic engineering, the main processes behind plant domestication, the growth of crop plants is still subject to the same intrinsic and extrinsic ecological constraints (“boundaries of nature”) that limit the growth of any other, wild plant.

Regarding the boundaries of nature, we further investigated more explicitly whether plant domestication can produce extreme phenotypes that transcend these boundaries (ref. 2). Specifically, we asked whether annual crops, given a limited resource budget, exhibit a trade-off between seed size and seed number that resembles that occurring in wild plants. This analysis involved a compilation of data from the literature that included data on seed size and seed number for 49 grain-crop and 87 wild annual plant species from 15 families. We found that seed number-size characteristics of grain-crop species lie within the bivariate variation exhibited by wild species, and so they do not exceed the boundaries of nature. Therefore, human domestication can create phenotypes that are at the limit of what is found in nature and that can persist in the environment thanks to external subsidies (nutrients, agrochemicals, etc.), but man has not so far created “monster plants.”

Although domestication does not create monster plants, it can change a plant phenotype in predictable ways. In particular, we investigated whether crops’ greater susceptibility to herbivores than their wild relatives can be explained by either artificial selection for decreasing defense levels, which increases its palatability to humans, or for increasing nutritional

quality (ref. 3). Our results confirmed higher herbivory and lower levels of all types of defenses in crops compared with wild relatives. However, contrary to expectations, nutritional quality was lower in crops than in their wild relatives, which may enhance biomass loss to herbivores if they increase consumption to meet their nutritional requirements. These findings are meaningful in advancing our understanding of how changes in defensive and nutritional traits following domestication could influence crop susceptibility to herbivore attacks.

One of the questions I addressed during my colloquium at Wiko (“Myth and reality of the global pollination crisis”) was how much evidence exists for a global pollinator decline. Although we count on evidence that pollinators are decreasing in abundance and diversity on local and even regional scales, the evidence that these declines scale up globally was missing. To fill this knowledge gap (ref. 4), we focused on bees, the most important and one of the most diverse pollinator groups (the common honeybee is just one species among about 20,000 species of bees), and turned to publicly available data on specimen collections and observations gathered at the Global Biodiversity Information Facility (GBIF), mostly coming from museum and academic collections and supplemented by citizen-science efforts. Based on the analysis of a data set that included about 4,000,000 bee records, we found that the number of bee species being collected or observed over time has been steadily declining worldwide since the 1990s. After addressing several potential biases associated with this non-systematically collected dataset, we conclude that a ca. 25% decrease in bee diversity observed during the last few decades can be attributed to a great extent to the fact that many species are becoming rarer and less likely to be found. Given the relevance of bees and pollinators in general for agriculture production and for the reproduction of hundreds of thousands of wild plants, the publication of this article had immediate global repercussion, and its main findings have been reported in some of the most important news media worldwide (e.g. CNN, Euronews, CBS News, *Die Welt*, etc.). More importantly, as part of the biodiversity crisis we are witnessing caused by man’s unsustainable use of earth’s natural resources, the results of this study have contributed to increasing pressure on governments to take swift action to avoid further species loss and to preserve our natural heritage.

Even though I did not achieve as much academically as I wanted (a common feeling among the Fellows), my stay at Wiko was a much-needed break in life, particularly a temporary escape from the hardships of Argentina’s daily reality. Going back to a country with chronic ~50% annual inflation after a year is like experiencing the “Good Bye Lenin” syndrome. I know I will be shocked when I step into a supermarket for the first time back at home. However, my fellowship at Wiko reaffirms my conviction that it is worth

continuing to develop a scientific career in a country of the Global South such as my beloved Argentina. Despite dealing with limited resources and many obstacles, our work there can make a difference, not only in terms of our research contribution, but also of keeping the wheel moving by training a new generation of scientists. I firmly believe that developing a well-connected local scientific community is not a sufficient but, yes, a necessary condition for increasing a country's general welfare and for diminishing inequality. In this respect, I am sure that Wiko can play an even more important role by increasing the representation of Fellows from the Global South, which this year was ~10% of all Fellows (e.g., in the present cohort I was the only representative from Latin America) and by fostering more and stronger links with institutions from our part of the world.

After being so well cared for and pampered at Wiko, I know it is time to go home. However, I am sure that my links to this unique place and to my new friends from Berlin will last forever. Finally, I cannot thank Wiko's exceptional staff and my Fellow friends enough for creating, in the middle of a pandemic world and despite many limitations on social interaction, this soft and cuddly parallel reality far away from home, but so close to the best of human nature.

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BEGEGNUNGEN IN ZEITEN DER ISOLATION NADINE AMSLER

Ich bin eine Historikerin mit einem besonderen Interesse für die Geschichte der eurasischen Verflechtungen in der Frühen Neuzeit. Ich habe in Bern, Berlin, Paris und Peking Religionswissenschaft, Geschichte und Chinesisch studiert. In meiner Dissertation, die ich 2015 an den Universitäten Bern und Freiburg (Deutschland) abgeschlossen habe, habe ich mich mit den Frauen im Christentum des frühneuzeitlichen China befasst. In der Postdoc-Phase, welche mich u. a. an die Goethe-Universität Frankfurt a. M. führte, begann ich mich mit der Frage zu beschäftigen, wie frühneuzeitliche Herrscherdynastien für ihren Nachwuchs sorgten und welche Rolle dabei den Ammen zukam. Nach meinem Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg wechselte ich an die Universität Freiburg (Schweiz), wo ich als Assistenzprofessorin ein vom Schweizerischen Nationalfonds gefördertes Projekt zu dynastischer Reproduktion in der Frühen Neuzeit in europäischer und globaler Perspektive leite. – Adresse: Département d'histoire, Université de Fribourg, Avenue de l'Europe 20, 1700 Fribourg, Schweiz. E-Mail: nadine.amsler@unifr.ch.

Keine andere Herrschaftsform war in der Frühen Neuzeit so weit verbreitet wie die Monarchie. Sie basierte in der Regel auf dem dynastischen Prinzip – dem Prinzip also, dass einem verstorbenen Herrscher ein direkter Nachkomme auf den Thron folgen sollte. In den politischen Theorien der Frühen Neuzeit galt die Monarchie als die stabilste aller Herrschaftsformen. Sie hatte aber einen entscheidenden Nachteil: Ihre Stabilität hing vom Vorhandensein legitimen Nachwuchses im Herrscherhaus ab. Die zahlreichen Erbfolgekriege, die im Europa der Frühen Neuzeit ausgefochten wurden, zeugen davon, dass dies vor allem bei den nach dem monogamen Prinzip organisierten europäischen

Herrscherhäusern bei Weitem nicht immer der Fall war. Wie wichtig das Vorhandensein von Fürstenkindern für frühneuzeitliche Herrscherdynastien war, ist in der Forschung schon lange bekannt. Mich interessiert die Frage, wie Herrscherhäuser dem Problem der dynastischen Reproduktion konkret begegneten. Welche Vorkehrungen trafen das Fürstenpaar, die Erzieherinnen, Ärzte und weitere Angehörige des Hofes, um das physische Wohlergehen und das Leben der besonders vulnerablen jüngsten Mitglieder der Dynastie – der Kleinkinder – zu sichern? Dieser Frage ging ich in meinem Jahr am Wissenschaftskolleg nach. Mein Augenmerk lag dabei besonders auf der Rolle der Ammen, welche die Fürstenkinder während des ersten Lebensjahres mit Milch versorgten. Als Frauen aus relativ bescheidenen sozialen Verhältnissen, die während dieses ersten Lebensjahres dem dynastischen Nachwuchs so nah wie kaum jemand anderes kamen, hatten sie eine ambivalente Rolle inne, die dazu einlädt, das Verhältnis von physischer Nähe und sozialer Distanz im Umfeld frühneuzeitlicher Herrscherfamilien neu zu durchdenken. Für das Jahr hatte ich mir zum Ziel gesetzt, einen substanziellen Teil der Quellenauswertung für ein Buchprojekt vorzunehmen, das das fürstliche Kinderzimmer an drei Fürstenhöfen aus dem süddeutschen Raum in den Blick nimmt, und erste Kapitel zu entwerfen. Darüber hinaus wollte ich Material sammeln für ein vergleichendes Projekt, das die Rolle von Ammen an europäischen Höfen, den Ming- und Qing-Höfen Chinas sowie am osmanischen Hof in den Blick nimmt.

Unsere vierköpfige Familie kam bereits Anfang August 2020 am Wissenschaftskolleg an – aufgrund des Schuleintritts unseres Sohnes etwas vor Beginn des akademischen Jahres. Allein die Tatsache, dass wir den Umzug nach Berlin inmitten der Pandemie realisieren konnten, schien uns alles andere als selbstverständlich, nachdem im Frühjahr ihr Beginn und die dagegen ergriffenen Maßnahmen auch den grenzüberschreitenden Verkehr zwischen der Schweiz und Deutschland zum Erliegen gebracht hatten. Doch da waren wir schließlich, in Grunewald – und fühlten uns in unserer Wohnung im historischen Teil der Villa Walther bald sehr wohl. Dank der vielen Kinder, die nach und nach mit den Fellow-Familien des Jahrgangs eintrafen, fühlten sich auch unser Sohn und unsere Tochter in der Wiko-Gruppe bestens aufgehoben. Mit ihrer umfassenden Unterstützung haben uns außerdem Andrea Bergmann, Vera Pfeffer und Nina Kitsos das Ankommen in Berlin sehr erleichtert.

Zu meinem Lieblingsort entwickelte sich sehr bald mein Büro in der Wallotstraße mit Blick ins Grüne – ein Rückzugsort, an dem ich mich ungestört in die Arbeit vertiefen konnte. Kaum waren Kita und Schule angelaufen, begann denn auch eine Phase

intensiver Arbeit – unterbrochen nur von den von Dunia Najjar und ihrem Team wunderbar orchestrierten Mittagessen und von den Dienstagskolloquien, von denen ich oft inspiriert, ja beschwingt an den Schreibtisch zurückkehrte. Besonders angetan hatte es mir der einmalige Bibliotheksservice des Wissenschaftskollegs. Die Fähigkeit des Bibliotheksteams, jede gewünschte Publikation in allen erdenklichen Sprachen ausfindig zu machen, machte das Kolleg zu einem wahrlich paradiesischen Arbeitsort. So fokussiert und – ja – etwas weltentrückt waren die ersten Monate in Grunewald, dass mich die schrittweise beschlossenen Restriktionen zur Pandemiebekämpfung im Herbst kaum anfochten. Als dann aber die deutsche Bundesregierung und die Landesregierung von Berlin kurz vor Weihnachten einen „harten“ Lockdown inklusive Schul- und Kitaschließungen beschlossen, betrafen die Restriktionen plötzlich auch meine eigentlich doch so ideal eingerichtete Arbeitssituation.

Die Schließungen führten dazu, dass in den Wintermonaten und bis nach Ostern die Betreuung unserer zwei Kinder einen substanziellen Teil meiner Arbeitszeit und der meines Partners Nadir Weber – auch er ein Historiker mit vollem Arbeitspensum – in Anspruch nahm. Die häufigen Unterbrechungen führten dazu, dass der Arbeitsfluss ins Stocken geriet. Die „Notbetreuung“, welche die Kindertagesstätte Johannesches Sozialwerk sowie die Grunewald-Grundschule für diese Zeit auf die Beine stellten, gab uns die Möglichkeit, einen Teil unserer Arbeitspensum abzuarbeiten. Trotzdem kamen wir beide in der zweiten Hälfte des Jahres mit unseren Buchprojekten weniger gut voran, als wir uns dies gewünscht hätten.

Vom „harten“ Lockdown der Wintermonate betroffen waren selbstredend nicht nur Schulen und Kindergärten, sondern auch das Wissenschaftskolleg. Der Austausch in der Fellowgruppe fand in unserem Jahrgang unter erschwerten Bedingungen statt. Dass ich trotzdem viele gute Erinnerungen an das Jahr in Grunewald behalten werde, ist ganz maßgeblich meinen Mitfellows zu verdanken. Selbst in den Monaten strengster Beschränkungen, in denen sich die Gruppe nur noch digital treffen konnte, gab es immer wieder lichte Momente zwischenmenschlicher Begegnungen, die den von zahlreichen Regeln des *social distancing* geprägten Alltag aufhellten. Unvergessen bleibt ein Moment während eines winterlichen Umtrunks auf der Terrasse im Garten der Villa Walther, bei dem wir mit Sophie Bernard und Madeleine Beekman die Schwäne dabei beobachteten, wie sie schlitternd und rutschend auf dem erst wenige Zentimeter dick zugefrorenen Herthasee spazieren gingen. Mit Magdalena Waligórska teilten wir einen magischen Moment in der leuchtenden, tiefend nassen Sandgrube im Grunewald an einem

regnerischen Auffahrtstag. Dankbar bin ich auch Anna Frebel für ermutigende Gespräche in der klirrenden Kälte des Berliner Winters, Marcelo Aizen für entrückende Gitarrenklänge an heiteren Frühlingsabenden sowie Ulrich Raulff und Andreas Dorschel für ihre nachbarschaftliche Hilfe.

Parallel zu solchen persönlichen Begegnungen im kleinen Rahmen liefen die verschiedenen Formate des wissenschaftlichen Austauschs im digitalen Raum weiter. Besonders dankbar denke ich dabei an die von Alexander Bevilacqua maßgeblich mitgetragenen Treffen einer spontan entstandenen Frühneuzeit-Gruppe zurück. Diese entwickelte sich im Verlauf des Jahres mehr und mehr zu einer epochenübergreifenden Historiker:innengruppe, in der äußerst anregende Diskussionen über laufende Arbeiten am Kolleg geführt wurden. Im Frühjahr führte ich außerdem mit Nadir Weber einen digitalen Workshop zu Körper und Kontaktchancen am frühneuzeitlichen Hof durch. Dass wir uns für Diskussionen über konkrete Körper im physischen Raum und deren Beziehung zur Macht in einem unkörperlichen virtuellen Raum trafen, welcher physische Distanzen (fast) gänzlich nivellierte und zugleich auf neue Art sichtbar machte, erschien uns dabei beinahe wie eine Ironie des Schicksals. Doch auch wenn wir eine Durchführung in Präsenz bevorzugt hätten: Wir freuten uns über die lebhaften Diskussionen, die sich auch im virtuellen Raum entwickelten.

Für meine Forschung wurde ich im Verlauf des Jahres mit vielen Anregungen beschenkt, manchmal auch von unerwarteter Seite. Michael Cant versorgte mich mit einem ganzen Bündel von evolutionsbiologischen Artikeln zum Phänomen des *allosuckling* bei nichtmenschlichen Tieren. Harel Shapira machte mich auf das Werk des Soziologen und früheren Fellows des Wissenschaftskollegs James C. Scott aufmerksam, das mir half, einen Aspekt meines Quellenmaterials neu zu perspektivieren. Alex Bevilacqua teilte großzügig Material zu Ammen und Säuglingen, auf das er während seiner eigenen Recherchen zum frühneuzeitlichen Fürstenhof stieß. Vom Netzwerk „Working Futures“ habe ich wichtige Impulse mitgenommen. Sophie Bernard, François Sarfati und Michel Lallement halfen bei der Vorbereitung eines wichtigen Vortrags auf Französisch. Ihnen und den vielen anderen Fellows, die ihre Ideen mit mir teilten, sowie ganz speziell auch Daniel Schönplug und Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger möchte ich für die vielfältigen Anregungen, die ich im Verlauf des Jahres von ihnen empfangen durfte, danken.

Nach einer langen Zeit relativ starker sozialer Isolation hellte sich die Situation gegen Ende des Jahres auf: Die Pandemiemaßnahmen wurden nach und nach zurückgenommen, die Museen, Konzerthäuser und Freibäder öffneten wieder ihre Pforten, in die

Stadt kam wieder Leben. Die Schule kehrte für die letzten Wochen in den vollständigen Präsenzunterricht zurück, und am Wissenschaftskolleg wurden gemeinsame Essen und Treffen vor Ort wieder möglich. Diese letzten Wochen entschädigten uns für viele Entbehrungen des Winters – und sie machten uns den Abschied von Berlin nicht leicht. Nie ist Berlin schöner als an einem lauen Sommerabend im Juni ... Zurück im Länggass-Quartier von Bern, vermisse ich manchmal das weltstädtische Berlin, mehr noch aber die Ruhe von Grunewald – und die vielen Tiere, die uns durch das Jahr begleitet haben. Der Specht, der in der Birke vor dem Kinderzimmer turnte, die Eichhörnchen, die im Kastanienbaum vor dem Küchenfenster ihre Nester bauten, die Füchse, die sich im Garten der Villa Walther herumtrieben ... sie werden uns bestimmt nicht vermissen. Wir denken aber gerne an sie zurück.



DISTANCED PUBLICS
MINOU ARJOMAND

Minou Arjomand is an Assistant Professor of English at the University of Texas at Austin. Her research and teaching focus on the relationship between aesthetics and politics, especially in theater and performance in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. Her first book, *Staged: Show Trials, Political Theater, and the Aesthetics of Judgement* was published by Columbia University Press in 2018. At the Wissenschaftskolleg, she was working on a new book, tentatively titled *Radio Publics*. – Address: Department of English, Comparative Literature, University of Texas at Austin, 204 W 21st Street B5000, Austin, TX 78712-1164, USA. E-mail: arjomand@utexas.edu.

I came to the Wissenschaftskolleg to start a book that would at once be a history of radio and a new theory of the public sphere. There is a long tradition in political philosophy of imagining the public sphere as a theater, a “world stage” in which people gather and perform for one another. This tradition of political philosophy – exemplified for me by the works of Hannah Arendt – shaped my previous research about theater as well as my conception of political action. But after finishing my first book, I started to become interested in thinking about forms of political action that do not require physical co-presence or the visibility of public performance. While my earlier work sought to uncover what sorts of publics and forms of judgment a live theater performance might create, my new book project, *Radio Publics*, concerns dispersed publics that radio might foster. Radio – like theater – can create publics, but ones that – unlike theater – do not require physical co-presence and that are defined by sound rather than sight. This shift from a focus on the visual to the aural can be a way of imagining new models of the public in a time of mass migration and diasporic connections.

Back in 2018, when I applied to the Wissenschaftskolleg, I thought this idea of dispersed publics was a very clever and perhaps even novel idea; I had the great fortune that the selection committee agreed with me. Of course, by September 2020, when the fellowship started, it did not seem either so clever, or so novel, to be thinking about how dispersed publics work when we cannot gather physically. As the COVID-19 pandemic closed down public spaces in Europe, and then in the United States, we were all transitioning into a Zoom world. Of course, this is not to say that public assembly ceased. The summer of 2020 saw mass protests for Black Lives across the United States, and indeed the world. But in our day-to-day lives, we were all slowly learning how to be together while apart. After a first few in-person colloquia, we shifted our meetings online for what we all hoped would be a short time, but we never came back.

As I continued my research, and as the various waves of lockdowns swept over Berlin and changed our daily lives, I started to revise the conceptual pairs that I had long taken to be opposites: public and private, assembled audiences and dispersed listeners. With the help of the incredible Wiko librarians I was able to access copies of two magazines published in the 1920s–’30s by proletarian amateur radio clubs. These clubs advocated for working class people to have greater access to the airwaves, both as radio producers and as listeners. They also challenged government censorship of radio programming, provided guides on how to build and access international shortwave radio stations (especially the German-language service of Radio Moscow), and published poems, jokes, and cartoons about radio. In the magazines, I read through the radio schedules and descriptions of programs that Berliners listened to in the tumultuous final years of the Weimar Republic. Some sounded quite exciting. By 1932, a shortwave radio listener in Berlin could tune in to broadcasts from cities including Buenos Aires, Cairo, Nairobi, and Baghdad. Some of it was considerably less exciting, like the Deutsche Welle’s special “Women’s Radio” (Frauenfunk) shows on topics like “The Housewife’s Potato Worries” (Kartoffelsorgen der Hausfrau).

In the final years of the Weimar Republic, political struggle played out over the airwaves. Leftist activists interrupted scheduled programming and got their voices on the air. They would interrupt live broadcasts yelling slogans like, “Against the rich! For the poor!” and singing the “Internationale.” They even disrupted the signal of Hindenburg’s New Year’s Eve speech in 1932, broadcasting a call against militarization over his address. What was striking to me was how live assembly and virtual battles for the airwaves intertwined. The proletarian radio clubs built portable receivers and loudspeakers and would

broadcast from bicycles, boats, and cars; they even had their own agitprop theater troupe called the “Red Waves” (Die roten Wellen) that agitated in front of train stations and on flatbed trucks. These gatherings did not always take the form of street protests. The magazine *Arbeitersender* published article after article criticizing Frauenfunk programs for their reactionary gender and class politics and encouraging women to gather to listen to and criticize the program together.

It would not be responsible to conclude with any big generalizations about what this radio listening and activism in the Weimar Republic means for us today, though that would make for a nicer report. But what I can say is that doing this research at the time of the pandemic revealed to me new ways in which personal choices are always also political ones and how engaging with people at a distance is always also about how we imagine our lives together.



HASEN UND HASENSPRUNG KATYA ASSAF-ZAKHAROV

Katya Assaf-Zakharov studierte Rechtswissenschaft an der Hebrew University of Jerusalem und promovierte an der Ludwig-Maximilians-Universität München als Stipendiatin des Max-Planck-Instituts für Innovation und Wettbewerb. Seit 2008 hat sie einen Lehrstuhl an der juristischen Fakultät sowie am Forum Europa an der Hebrew University. Die Schwerpunkte ihrer bisherigen Forschung waren die kritische Auseinandersetzung mit der Konsumkultur und den kapitalistischen Werten, insbesondere deren Unterstützung durch das Rechtssystem: *Image in der Werbung* (Carl Heymanns Verlag, 2007); „Magical Thinking in Trademark Law“, *Law & Social Inquiry* 37 (2012): 595–626; „Capitalism vs. Freedom“, *NYU Review of Law & Social Change* 38 (2014): 201–268. Zusammen mit dem Fotografen Tim Schnetgöke beschäftigt sie sich zurzeit mit Graffiti und anderen Formen nicht beauftragter Kunst und mit den Narrativen des urbanen Raums. Sie entwickeln das Konzept eines Rechts auf Teilhabe an der Stadtgestaltung: „Reading the Illegible: Can Law Understand Graffiti?“, *Connecticut Law Review* 53 (2021); „(Un)Official Cityscapes: The Battle over Urban Narratives“, *Harvard Civil Rights–Civil Liberties Law Review* (im Erscheinen). Ihr Projekt „Du bist am Zug“ soll den Bürger*innen eine Chance geben, an der Gestaltung ihrer Stadt unmittelbar und niederschwellig teilzunehmen. – Adresse: Faculty of Law, The Hebrew University of Jerusalem, Mt. Scopus, Jerusalem, 91905 Israel. E-Mail: katya.assaf@mail.huji.ac.il.

Meine Reise nach Berlin war nicht einfach. Mitten in der Covid-19-Pandemie entschieden die Fluggesellschaften, nur noch Katzen und Hunde mitfliegen zu lassen. Warum? Einfach so, man hat ja ohnehin genug zu tun. Aber ich habe zwei Kaninchen. Und sie in

Israel zu lassen, war keine Option. Das heißt, ohne die Kaninchen hätte ich gar nicht nach Berlin kommen können und meine Fellowship wäre daran gescheitert.

Ich bin kein Mensch, der sich durchsetzt. Bin eher schüchtern und zögernd, und wenn man „nein“ zu mir sagt, akzeptiere ich das und gebe auf. Diesmal war ich aber nicht bereit, aufzugeben und auf die Fellowship zu verzichten, denn ich hatte so lange davon geträumt. Es war mir sehr wichtig.

Was habe ich gemacht? Alles. Den Hafen in Haifa angerufen und nach einem Schiff gefragt, das uns nach Europa bringen könnte. Egal wohin, man kommt ja immer mit einem Auto oder Zug weiter. Es hätte auch ein Frachtschiff sein dürfen. Ich habe die deutsche Botschaft um Hilfe gebeten. Unzähligen Fluggesellschaften habe ich zu erklären versucht, dass Kaninchen sich kaum von Katzen unterscheiden, und wenn doch, gewinnen gerade die Kaninchen diesen Vergleich in allen flugbezogenen Aspekten. Irgendwann war es soweit: Eine winzige israelische Fluggesellschaft ließ sich von meinen Argumenten überzeugen. Ja, ich durfte mit den Kaninchen fliegen, und zwar in der Kabine! Nach Frankfurt! Ich war wunschlos glücklich.

Eine Woche vor dem Abflug erhielt ich eine lakonische SMS: „Ihr Flug wurde gecancel.“ Nicht einmal: „Bitte entschuldigen Sie die Unannehmlichkeiten“ oder etwas Ähnliches. Wann geht der nächste? Am Telefon war keiner zu erreichen, aber auf eine E-Mail-Nachfrage bekam ich ein paar Stunden später die Antwort. Wieder sehr lakonisch. „Wir fliegen nicht mehr nach Frankfurt“, sonst kein Wort. Ich schaute nach, wo meine winzige Fluggesellschaft noch hinfliegt. Moskau. Kiew. Tiflis. Und dann ... Paris! Oh ja, das ist ja ein Katzensprung bis Deutschland! Das Ticket umzutauschen war kein Problem, und auch die prinzipielle Kaninchen-Zusage ließ sich auf den neuen Flug übertragen. Aber zwei Tage vor der Abreise kam erneut die lakonische Nachricht: „Ihr Flug wurde gecancel.“ Dann aber gleich noch eine SMS mit dem Angebot, einige Tage später zu fliegen. Das war mir zu riskant. Da sollten meine Kinder mit ihrem Vater (die alle ganz normal mit Lufthansa nach Frankfurt fliegen sollten) schon in Deutschland sein. Was passiert, wenn sie schon da sind und mein Flug gestrichen wird? Werde ich das ganze Jahr in Israel mit den Kaninchen und ohne Kinder verbringen? Was für ein Albtraum ...

Nach dem ersten Schock schaute ich mir die Abflüge an und stellte fest, dass es bei meiner winzigen Fluggesellschaft in zehn Stunden noch einen Flug nach Paris gab. Der durfte nicht mehr gecancel werden, das darf man ja nur 24 Stunden im Voraus. Also blitzschnell einpacken, noch schneller das Gesundheitszeugnis für die Kaninchen und einen Covid-Test für mich organisieren. Und es hat tatsächlich geklappt. Nicht

reibungslos. Nicht, dass am Flughafen jemand von der Erlaubnis, mit Kaninchen zu fliegen, gewusst hätte. Nicht, dass jemand diese Erlaubnis hätte akzeptieren oder irgendeine Verantwortung hätte übernehmen wollen. Nicht, dass ich keinen Nervenzusammenbruch gehabt hätte. Aber schließlich hat der Pilot alles entschieden: „Klar dürfen Sie fliegen! Ich hatte ja als Kind auch ein Kaninchen. Die sind doch süß!“ Was für ein Glück, dass man in Israel ist. Und dass kein Kaninchen den Piloten gebissen hat, als dieser ein Kind war.

Und als wir nach einem Flug, einer Zugreise von Paris nach Frankfurt und einer Autofahrt mit den Kindern von Frankfurt nach Berlin endlich angekommen waren, haben wir als Allererstes in der Gegend den Hasensprung entdeckt. Das war irgendwie sehr berührend.

Ich bin kein Mensch, der sich durchsetzt, habe ich am Anfang geschrieben. Es klingt vielleicht komisch, aber diese Kaninchengeschichte markierte einen Wendepunkt in meinem Leben. Und da kam das Wiko-Jahr. Vielleicht kein richtiges, weil durch Corona vieles nicht stattfinden durfte. Aber es war mein eigenes Wiko-Jahr und das war wunderschön. Mein ursprüngliches Projekt – das ich zusammen mit meinem Kollegen, dem Fotografen Tim Schnetgöke durchführen wollte – hatte vor allem mit Graffiti zu tun und sollte sich auf Interviews mit Graffiti-Malern einerseits und eine Analyse der Rechtslage hinsichtlich Graffiti andererseits konzentrieren. Wir wollten dafür plädieren, dass Graffiti erlaubt sein sollten. Wir hatten eine Stadt im Sinn, die von ihren Einwohner*innen gestaltet wird. Aber vor allem hatte ich einen Aufsatz zum Thema im Sinn.

Hier am Wiko hat man das Gefühl, dass alles möglich ist. Es wird vor allem durch die Fellows vermittelt, die sich mit solch unterschiedlichen Aufgaben und Fragen beschäftigen und in so vieler Hinsicht kreativ sind. Man kann neue Sterne entdecken oder eben auch Don Giovanni neu interpretieren. Das ist sehr inspirierend. Und die großzügige Unterstützung durch die Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeiter, vor allem durch Daniel Schönflug, der immer bereit war, sich Gedanken zu meinem Vorhaben zu machen und konstruktive Ratschläge zu geben, war eine sehr große Hilfe.

Ich bin Rechtswissenschaftlerin und schreibe viel darüber, wie das Rechtssystem verändert werden sollte. Das ist absolut üblich, genau das wird von Rechtswissenschaftler*innen erwartet. Doch habe ich noch nie erlebt, dass meine Vorschläge die Rechtslage erheblich verändert hätten. Ab und zu haben meine Aufsätze die eine oder die andere Gerichtsentscheidung beeinflusst. Aber das Image berühmter Marken ist immer noch sowohl in Deutschland als auch in den USA geschützt, und das amerikanische Rechtssystem

hat immer noch eine starke Neigung, individualistische und materialistische Werte gegenüber den kollektiven und den ideellen zu bevorzugen. Obwohl ich dies vielfach kritisiert habe!

Hier am Wiko ist mir klar geworden, dass ich keine weitere Idee nur rein theoretisch unterstützen will. Keinen weiteren Vorschlag machen, der vielleicht gut argumentiert und belegt wird, aber nichts ändert. Irgendwann hatten Tim Schnetgöke und ich die Idee, ein Projekt zu starten, das unseren Ansatz – eine von den Bürger*innen gestaltete Stadt – umsetzt. Vielleicht erst in kleinem Umfang. Aber auch der weiteste Weg beginnt mit einem ersten Schritt.

Unser Projekt heißt „Du bist am Zug“ (dubistamzug.org) und zielt darauf ab, Menschen die Möglichkeit zu geben, ihre Botschaften im öffentlichen Raum zu präsentieren. Diese Idee hat sich bei der Ausarbeitung noch vielfach verändert. Noch bis vor Kurzem dachten wir, dass „Du bist am Zug“ unbedingt in Berlin und unbedingt mit Zügen durchgeführt werden müsse. So sollte das funktionieren: Berliner*innen laden auf einer Website Beiträge hoch, die sie im öffentlichen Raum präsentieren möchten. Diese Beiträge können jede Form haben, zum Beispiel Foto, Bild, Witz oder Gedicht. Ein Zufallsgenerator wählt eine bestimmte Anzahl an Beiträgen aus, die anschließend auf Folien gedruckt und auf Zügen der BVG präsentiert werden. Die Züge mit den Botschaften fahren durch die Stadt und so erfahren die Berliner*innen, was ihre Mitbürger*innen bewegt.

Wir glauben immer noch, dass dieses Format sehr gut funktionieren könnte. Aber heute sind wir viel flexibler. Das Projekt kann in jeder Stadt starten, es kann jedes Medium – ob Plakatwände oder Litfaßsäulen – mit einbeziehen. Die Hauptsache ist, den Menschen eine Möglichkeit zu geben, im öffentlichen Raum sichtbar zu werden. Und zu sehen, was dann passiert. Was werden die Menschen ihren Mitbürger*innen mitteilen wollen? Wie wird man darauf reagieren? Welche Diskussionen können dadurch angeregt werden? „Du bist am Zug“ ist ein Experiment, das unsere Idee – eine von ihren Einwohner*innen gestaltete Stadt – hoffentlich unterstützen und mit Sicherheit weiterbringen kann, aber gleichzeitig ist es auch an sich ein Schritt in diese Richtung. Ein tatsächlicher, kein theoretischer.

Kann eine Rechtswissenschaftlerin ein solches Projekt mitinitiieren? Wird das klappen? Wird eine von den hundert Behörden, an die wir Briefe geschickt haben, uns überhaupt antworten? Das wissen wir noch nicht. Aber die Kaninchen durften ja auch nicht fliegen ...



RUNNING, BAKING, WRITING
MADELEINE BEEKMAN

Madeleine Beekman was born in 1964 in Amsterdam, the Netherlands, where she started a school career in the Montessori system. Normally, children only go to Montessori kindergarten and primary school, but Madeleine did it all and attended the Montessori Lyceum in Amsterdam. Being a Montessori student meant that she had a ball, as learning was only of secondary importance, particularly in primary and secondary school. At least that is how she saw it. Despite, or perhaps because of her Montessori school experience, she somehow made it to the University of Amsterdam, where she studied Biology, majoring in Entomology (the study of insects) and Population Biology. During her PhD, she studied bumblebees, combining theoretical and experimental work. In between her MSc (1991) and PhD (1998) and straight after her PhD she tried to figure out what “real” life would be like by working in a commercial business that tested the side effects of pesticides on beneficial insects and mites. She soon found out that real life paid well, but was too boring for her liking, so in early 1999 she moved to the University of Sheffield, UK, to do a postdoc. From Sheffield she moved to Sydney in 2001, where she became a full professor in 2013. Madeleine may not have moved many times, but she did move a long way. Surely that counts for something. – Address: School of Life and Environmental Sciences, The University of Sydney, Macleay A12, Sydney NSW 2006, Australia. E-mail: madeleine.beekman@sydney.edu.au.

Sometimes within the pile of boring and insignificant emails, a gem appears in your mailbox. I received such a gem on November 20, 2016, an email from Raghavendra Gadagkar, asking if I had ever considered applying for a fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg. Well, no. I hadn't. Of course I knew about Wiko, had visited briefly in 2005 when my former

postdoc adviser Francis Ratnieks was a Fellow, but never thought that I would make the cut. And even if I did, what was I going to do, being an experimental evolutionary biologist? But I thought about it and reckoned that I should give it a go. So, I dug up an old idea to write a book on how evolution works and sat down to write a pre-proposal. That pre-proposal became a real proposal, and the idea of writing a book became an exciting but daunting prospect. Then all I could do was wait to hear.

I wouldn't be writing this yearbook entry if the outcome had not been positive, so in August 2020 I moved to Berlin with my partner and fellow Fellow, not without hiccups (see Ben Oldroyd's entry), first to find out if I would survive three weeks of intensive German language classes and then if I could actually write a book. My expectations about learning German were more realistic than the expectations I have been told I had for my first day at kindergarten (which in the Netherlands we also call "school"). Apparently I came home disillusioned that after a whole day of school I still could not read. I was pleased to realise that my high school German was still in my head somewhere; I just had to find it. Locating my rusty German was greatly helped by my wonderful teacher Reinhard von Bernus, and my only co-student Michael Cant. Sadly, but probably not surprisingly, my ability to know when to use the *Dativ*, *Akkusativ*, or *Nominativ* had not improved in the intervening time. The three weeks were seriously intense, but a wonderful way to start a fellowship at Wiko and a good entry into Berlin.

Before my 9:00 German classes, I would explore the Grunewald forest on my bike or on a run. Once you make it out of bed, it is glorious to be out there in the early morning, before most humans have made their appearance and when many of the animals have not yet gone into hiding. Every morning I would greet the elderly man who would be coming out of the forest by the time I went in (doesn't he sleep at all?). A nice new routine in what was still an unknown place.

Grunewald did not remain unknown for long. I got to know the place very well, because in early October my wonderful neighbour-times-two, Bettina Schwab (Bettina later also became my office neighbour), suggested a running club. Now that was scary, as I knew that she liked to run for a long time, and I was just happy to do short runs by myself so I had time to contemplate life. But not to worry, I had a way out of this conundrum without coming across as rude, so I just said that her proposed time was too late for me, being an early morning exerciser. "Not a problem," she said, "what time would you prefer instead?" That excuse gone I came up with a new one. "Well," I said, "I cannot run as fast and as long as you can, so I can't join." Clearly not one to give up easily, she again said, "Not a problem,"

followed by “you can run for as long or as short as you wish and at your own pace.” With no more excuses to think of, I was clearly defeated and reluctantly joined what would soon become known as the Wicked Wiko Runners. (Yes, we are real, with a logo and official merchandise; contact Daniel Schönplflug, the Wicked Wiko Runners’ President For Life, for more information, also on memberships (which are actually free)). As our numbers increased, so did the number of kilometres we ran, cumulating in a half-marathon. In distance only, as Covid restrictions soon threw the kybosh on all our plans. The Wicked Wiko Runners kept me sane (and made me fit) through the long and harsh winter in Covid times. Who would have thought that running 14 kilometres at minus 14, in the snow, would be so much fun if you share the experience with wonderful people and can then take a picture of your frozen eyebrows and eyelashes? That is Wiko for you. Or, that is what Wiko could be for you if you are open to new experiences and challenges.

Speaking of challenges. Who could bake the best cake? Starting with the best *Käsekuchen*? One of the many reasons why the Wicked Wiko Runners was so successful, or so insane, depending on your perspective, was because of our coach, Shamil Jeppie. Shamil, when he is not being an historian of Africa, is a long-distance runner, and for that, he claims, he needs a lot of fat. And that fat should, or at least could, come from *Käsekuchen*. So Shamil and I set out to find out what the best recipe is to bake the best-ever *Käsekuchen*. Clearly the results of our experiments are not yet peer reviewed, and they never will be, as we keep the secret of our success to ourselves. What a way to spend a lockdown at Wiko: run and bake yummy cakes.

I guess some work also needed to be done, so what about that book? I soon realised that I did not want to write an academic book. To be honest, I had become bored with academic writing quite a while ago, when reviewers started to criticise my work as being “too colloquial.” So, you mean that you should *not* be able to understand what I am trying to say? When you think about it, doesn’t it give you enormous pleasure to read a well-written book about a topic you don’t really understand but would like to understand? Well, I am going to write such a book. That was the decision I made very early on after arriving at Wiko. But how? What do I know about writing books, especially for a lay audience? Nothing, as it turned out.

Some of us were contemplating writing books for a general audience, and we got together to start the Not Your Average Book Club, headed by Daniel Schönplflug, who is not only the quickest person ever to get back into long-distance running by joining the Wicked Wiko Runners, but is also an experienced nonfiction writer. At some stage we

had weekly meetings, which we soon renamed our “therapy sessions,” during which we read and commented on each other’s writing. I must say that it has been a true privilege to have been part of this small group of people who trusted each other enough to lay themselves bare. Without the Not Your Average Book Club, my book definitely would not see the light of day (given that it has not yet seen the light of day, I just wanted to get this in to make it clear than any potential failure would be due to me and to me alone).

That was the running, baking, writing part of my year at Wiko. Of course there was more. Much more. Wiko makes you realise how siloed we all are, happily staying in our own intellectual bubbles, regurgitating our thoughts to the converted who reassure us we are correct. As soon as you move out of that bubble and start to interact with others outside of your normal sphere of influence, you realise that not everyone thinks the way you do. Of course, deep down you know that not everyone thinks the way you do (and if you find that statement surprising, I suggest you go and seek professional help), but such people can be dismissed because of their lack of education and experience, or whatever excuse you want to use. Enter Wiko where you soon realise that you are having conversations with intelligent people who think completely differently from you. As an evolutionary biologist, that will be your lot if you are happy to open up and be challenged and to challenge. I soon learned that the humanities tend to dislike almost anything to do with biology and evolution when it comes to humans. As I happen to be a “radical, reductionist, naturalist” (thank you Christel Fricke for the epithet; it makes me proud!) I got into trouble many times. But then, after we decided we could not agree, we still liked each other. That has been one other essential lesson for me from my time at Wiko. There are still people out there with whom you can disagree well, and with whom you later can share a wonderful glass of wine in Villa Jaffé or the courtyard of Villa Walther.

Which brings me to my last point: Villa Walther. Why Oh Why did I never find out how to get into the tower of Villa Walther? Is it because someone did hang themselves up there for a reason I now cannot remember and the tower is forever locked? Is that why, despite looking for every possible way to get up there, I never found an entrance? What secrets lurk up there, in the tower overlooking the lake where the swans and coots successfully raised their young this spring, while we experienced the magic of being Wiko Fellows for ten amazing months? This is a story I sadly cannot follow up on, but perhaps one day, someone will find that secret door, leading to the secret staircase, and look out over the lake and think for a moment what a privilege it is to be a Fellow of the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin.



NEW RULES IN BERLIN
SOPHIE BERNARD

Sophie Bernard est Professeure de Sociologie à l'Université Paris Dauphine – PSL et chercheure à l'IRISSO depuis 2006 où elle est membre de l'équipe de direction. Elle est membre honoraire de l'Institut Universitaire de France. Ses recherches s'inscrivent en sociologie du travail et de l'emploi. Elles ont d'abord principalement porté sur la rationalisation et l'automatisation du travail dans les services (*Travail et automatisation des services*, 2012). Ses travaux s'intéressent depuis une dizaine d'années à la question du brouillage de la frontière entre travail indépendant et travail salarié. Après s'être focalisée sur les transformations du salariat induites par ce mouvement (*Le nouvel esprit du salariat*, 2020), Sophie Bernard a ainsi mené des enquêtes sur les mobilisations collectives des chauffeurs Uber en France, puis sur leurs conditions de travail et d'emploi dans une perspective de comparaison internationale (à Paris, Londres et Montréal). Elles ont donné lieu à la publication de plusieurs articles. – Adresse : Université Paris Dauphine – PSL, Place du Maréchal de Lattre de Tassigny, 75775 Paris cedex 16, France.
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Fermeture des commerces « non-essentiels », des bars, des restaurants, des musées et des salles de spectacle, puis réouverture des commerces et des terrasses sur présentation d'un test négatif, qui sera ensuite uniquement obligatoire à l'intérieur ; fermeture des écoles, réouverture une semaine sur deux, puis réouverture totale juste avant leur fermeture pour les vacances scolaires ; restriction des contacts sociaux limités à la rencontre de deux foyers comprenant au maximum cinq personnes, etc. Les messages de Petria nous informant des nouvelles règles en vigueur à Berlin durant la crise sanitaire auront rythmé cette

année passée au Wissenschaftskolleg. Sources de déceptions quand les règles se faisaient plus restrictives, sources d'espoirs quand elles se révélaient plus permissives.

Notre promotion a heureusement pu faire connaissance au début de l'année. Certes, nous étions soumis à quelques règles régulant nos échanges, mais nous avons néanmoins pu participer à quelques *Tuesday Colloquia* en présentiel, partager quelques déjeuners et quelques dîners. Ces premiers mois auront été précieux, permettant des rapprochements que nous avons pu réactiver par la suite. L'arrivée de l'hiver s'est malheureusement accompagnée de celle de restrictions plus sévères. Le Covid aura indéniablement réduit les possibilités d'interactions durant tous les événements habituellement organisés par le Wissenschaftskolleg. Les déjeuners ont été supprimés avant d'être livrés ou retirés au restaurant, les dîners du jeudi soir ont été annulés, les *Tuesday Colloquia* sont passés en Zoom. Et pourtant, je ne saurais oublier la gentillesse de Dunia que je croisais tous les jours au restaurant lorsque j'allais retirer mes déjeuners, dont le sourire et les quelques mots échangés illuminaient ma journée. Avec ces restrictions, il nous a fallu dès lors improviser pour maintenir un minimum de vie sociale et nous y sommes parvenus tant bien que mal. Et j'en viens même à penser que la quasi-absence de vie culturelle à Berlin, bien que frustrante, a peut-être participé à nous rapprocher davantage. Qu'il vente ou qu'il neige, le jardin de la Villa Walther a ainsi été l'un de nos refuges, nous permettant de nous côtoyer régulièrement avec les autres *fellows*. Je garderai également, au milieu de cet hiver difficile, un beau souvenir de nos retrouvailles en famille avec d'autres *fellows* avec l'arrivée de la neige à Berlin. Nos descentes en luge au bord du lac Halensee et nos promenades sur les lacs gelés conféraient une forme de normalité à cette période si étrange. L'arrivée du printemps s'est accompagnée de la levée progressive des restrictions. Pour rattraper le temps perdu, outre les déjeuners et les dîners du jeudi soir désormais rétablis, les barbecues et les dîners improvisés sur la terrasse du jardin se sont multipliés les derniers mois, avec le plaisir d'une vie sociale retrouvée. Le jardin de la Villa Walther aura été le témoin de nos échanges, mêlant discussions scientifiques et théories surréalistes sur l'architecture de ce bâtiment, désaccords et fous rires salutaires. Nous avons à nouveau pu profiter de la vie berlinoise, de ses restaurants et de ses musées notamment. Je me souviendrai également longtemps de cette mémorable manifestation du 1^{er} mai à vélo, durant laquelle nous nous sommes retrouvés à des milliers de vélos sur l'autoroute réservée à notre usage pour l'occasion.

Marquée par le confinement, cette année au Wissenschaftskolleg se caractérise pourtant par l'ouverture. Ouverture à d'autres disciplines et à d'autres perspectives notamment, puisqu'elle m'aura permis de découvrir des recherches en sociologie, en sciences

politiques, en philosophie, en histoire, en droit, en littérature, en architecture, mais aussi en biologie, en neurosciences, en nanotechnologie, en astrophysique, ainsi que des productions artistiques et journalistiques. Ouverture à l'international également, avec des *fellows* venant du monde entier, témoignant de la diversité des contextes politiques et socioéconomiques dans lesquels chacun est amené à travailler, avec plus ou moins de difficultés. Bien qu'en Zoom, les *Tuesday Colloquia* ont été l'occasion d'écouter des interventions aussi diverses qu'enrichissantes. Ces rendez-vous quotidiens ont permis de confronter des approches théoriques et empiriques propres à chaque discipline et, par là-même, de nourrir mes réflexions. J'ai particulièrement appris de nos échanges avec les philosophes et les historiens de notre promotion, dont les approches présentent indéniablement une proximité avec celle adoptée par la sociologie, tout en s'en révélant complémentaires. C'était une occasion rare de pouvoir en apprendre davantage.

Si j'ai pu assister à de nombreuses interventions intéressantes, j'ai également eu l'opportunité de présenter mes propres travaux dans plusieurs espaces rattachés au Wissenschaftskolleg. Mon livre étant en cours de rédaction, j'ai pu bénéficier de la sorte de questions et de commentaires permettant de nourrir mes réflexions. Nous avons ainsi créé un workshop avec les sociologues présents, qu'il s'agisse des *fellows*, des *partners* ou des *permanent fellows*. Si les discussions interdisciplinaires permettent des découvertes enrichissantes, ces rendez-vous réguliers, reposant sur la présentation de recherches en cours, étaient une opportunité d'échanger plus précisément avec des spécialistes à propos de la démarche d'enquête ou des concepts mobilisés dans nos enquêtes respectives. J'ai pu moi aussi présenter les avancées de mon ouvrage dans le cadre du *Tuesday Colloquium*, ainsi qu'à l'Institut d'études avancées de Bucarest (le New Europe College), un partenaire du Wissenschaftskolleg, disposant ainsi d'une opportunité rare de tester mes hypothèses de recherche en détails auprès d'un public diversifié. J'ai également participé au workshop du réseau *Working Futures* organisé par Lisa Herzog et Bénédicte Zimmermann qui portait sur les catégorisations du travail. Outre les contributions passionnantes des intervenants, j'ai ainsi été amenée à réfléchir à la catégorie de « travailleur de plateforme » avec une collègue juriste. Enfin, j'ai été invitée à participer à la Summer Academy consacrée au « Sustainable Work ».

Le Wissenschaftskolleg constitue un environnement intellectuel particulièrement stimulant, offrant des ressources rares pour mener à bien ses projets. Tout est mis en œuvre pour faciliter leur mise en œuvre. Il me suffisait de marcher une dizaine de minutes de la Villa Walther pour me retrouver dans mon bureau situé à la Villa Jaffé, non

sans avoir régulièrement croisé sur mon trajet bucolique des écureuils et un renard. Cet espace de travail était tout à fait approprié pour rédiger le livre que j'avais prévu d'écrire cette année. Je souhaitais profiter du temps libéré cette année pour analyser tout le matériel recueilli dans le cadre d'enquêtes menées sur les conditions de travail et d'emploi des chauffeurs Uber à Paris, Londres et Montréal. Je pouvais compter sur l'efficacité des personnels de la bibliothèque pour obtenir le jour même tous les ouvrages et articles utiles à mes réflexions. J'ai ainsi pu accéder à toute une littérature anglo-saxonne difficilement accessible dans mon université. La fermeture des écoles dans un premier temps, et leurs horaires réduits dans un second temps, ne m'ont malheureusement pas permis de tirer autant parti que je l'aurais souhaité de ces ressources extraordinaires. Le temps m'a en effet manqué pour achever mon livre cette année.

Pour autant, je tire un bilan positif de cette année, certes frustrante au regard de mes nombreuses aspirations en venant à Berlin et au Wissenschaftskolleg, mais aussi enrichissante tant professionnellement que personnellement grâce aux amitiés nouées. Si l'hiver a été une période difficile, je garderai précieusement le souvenir de la vie sociale intense des derniers mois, et en particulier de la *party* venue clôturer cette année, démontrant la convivialité que nous sommes parvenus à instaurer en dépit des difficultés.



GREY SKIES AND SILVER LININGS ALEXANDER BEVILACQUA

Alexander Bevilacqua is a historian of early modern Europe. He was born in Milan, Italy and educated at Harvard College, the University of Cambridge, and Princeton University, from which he received his doctorate in 2014. From 2014 until 2017, he was a junior fellow at the Harvard Society of Fellows. Since 2017, he has been Assistant Professor of History at Williams College in Williamstown, Massachusetts. Bevilacqua is the author of *The Republic of Arabic Letters: Islam and the European Enlightenment* (2018; paperback 2020), which won the Herbert Baxter Adams Prize from the American Historical Association. He also co-edited *Thinking in the Past Tense: Eight Conversations* (University of Chicago Press, 2019). His articles have appeared in *History of European Ideas*, *Journal of Qur'anic Studies*, *Journal of Modern History*, *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*, and *Past and Present*. – Address: Department of History, Williams College, Hollander Hall, 85 Mission Park Drive, Williamstown, MA 01267, USA. E-mail: ab24@williams.edu.

Early on a Saturday morning in October, I visited Sanssouci for the first time. Rushing to make my allotted time slot, I entered the park from the east, past an obelisk spangled with fake hieroglyphics. Frost iced the hedges and the early morning sunlight sliced diagonally across the path. Soon I reached four marble busts on plinths: two Black women and two men. Glistening in the light and frost, the sculptures were more arresting than anything else I saw that day (only later would I learn that I'd been looking at twentieth-century copies). Within the palace, four further Black busts dotted the long gallery dedicated to the *fêtes galantes* of Watteau and others. Why did Frederick II of Prussia place these works in the garden that was dearest to him, as well as in the gallery of his most beloved paintings?

As the city of Berlin went into ever deeper versions of lockdown, and non-essential businesses (not to mention archives, libraries, and museums) closed to the public, I plumbed the history of the Black people at the courts of the Holy Roman Empire. My questions moved beyond the design of the garden and the placement of the busts to the presence of Black men at the Brandenburg-Prussian court, starting not with Frederick II but with his great-grandfather, Friedrich Wilhelm, the so-called Great Elector. Fortunately for me, historians like Craig Koslofsky, Rebekka von Mallinckrodt, and many others have explored aspects of this history. By the end of the seventeenth century, Black attendants were common at German courts. The Atlantic slave trade enabled elite Europeans to acquire enslaved Africans and forcibly bring them to Central Europe, where they were put to work as musicians, pages, valets, and grooms. This effort to employ Black people at German courts and in noble households stemmed from the lively interest of European princes and nobles in embodied forms of human difference and, especially, in skin color. The Brandenburg-Prussian case is unique, however, because Brandenburg was the only member of the Holy Roman Empire to participate in the Atlantic slave trade.

As I collected printed and digitized primary sources, as well as modern treatments of this history, I also read art-historical scholarship, histories of the Atlantic economy, whiteness studies, Black feminist scholarship, and intellectual histories of race and racism. That I was able to pursue any of this is a testament to the Wiko library, which never went into lockdown and continued to feed my curiosity with books, journal articles, and exhibition catalogues. I could not be more grateful to Anja, Kirsten, Stefan, Timo, and Jane. For me, their work was the heart of the Wissenschaftskolleg, a heart that continued to beat as the rest of the institution went into a vegetative state.

I had not come to Berlin to work on this. On the contrary, I was preparing a project on the European study of Asian history during the early centuries of European expansion. This work, which was temporarily on hold in Berlin, issued from my earlier research into the European study of Islam in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As a historian of the cultural and intellectual consequences of global interactions, I take a broad interest in how people of the past have perceived and organized human difference. While earlier I focused on religion, race is an enduring way in which people have organized the variety of humankind, and in a manner that exceeds what is colloquially meant by “racism,” for genealogical thinking pervades self-understandings of individuals and groups from families to nations. The European nobility of the medieval and early modern eras were great self-mythologizers, and their self-representations (for example, their invention of the

family tree as a way to visualize descent) contributed to racialization in Europe and beyond, with enduring consequences. In my current work, I am most interested in how European princes and nobles enacted their racialized self-understandings through court festivities such as masquerades and carrousel that often evoked ancient Rome. I will continue to pursue this research well after I have left the Wissenschaftskolleg.

This year did not go as expected. But changing direction in one's research is surely one of the less striking examples of how people transformed their lives in response to a global pandemic. What I also take from this is that if the experiences that we temporary Berliners had anticipated did not occur, other, equally meaningful ones did.

Our disembodied year tested the boundaries of what kind of intellectual community can be sustained without the intimacy of daily interaction. I learned that platforms like Zoom are best at enabling smaller intellectual communities to flourish, for example a workshop for work in progress that I created with Nadine Amsler, the other early modernist in our cohort. Daniel Schönplflug, Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger, and Nadine's husband, Nadir Weber, were generous conversation partners, and papers by Lorraine Daston, Shamil Jeppie, and Yael Sternhell expanded the range of our discussions, which began in person in the autumn and ended, happily, with a final in-person session in the Wiko garden in June.

Moreover, to say we had a remote community is not to say that we had no community. Even in the darkest moments, whether via email, WhatsApp, or on cold winter walks, the Fellows sustained each other and took care of one another. I am especially grateful to Johannes Böhme and Imogen Savage, Merve Emre and Christian Nakarado, Jaeeun Kim and Sung Ho Kim, Yael Sternhell and Ishay Rosen-Zvi, and Magdalena Waligórska for their friendship. When Wiko itself seemed to disappear into the locked-down city, we found community in each other. Eva Marlene Hausteiner and Helen Pfeifer were likewise indispensable Berlin companions. I took particular joy in getting to know my friends' children, who seemed blissfully unaffected by the ambient gloom. Aydin and Altan Nakarado, who used the year to learn German and grow several inches, surely had the most fruitful fellowship year of anyone. (They were also the most fun to be around.)

In spite of all the lockdowns, even the city itself occasionally delivered: particularly memorable were exhibitions on Aby Warburg (Haus der Kulturen der Welt, pre-lockdown) and Rembrandt's *Orient* (Museum Barberini, Potsdam, during a two-week reopening of museums in March before they all closed again). Our final month has witnessed reopenings of virtually everything – more riches than we can take in. (This

includes the Prussian State Archives, where I have made an initial foray.) As we prepare to leave, a welcome sound I first heard last August from the street below my Charlottenburg apartment has returned: a man playing a barrel organ for passersby, grinding out, at breakneck speed, the melodies from *La traviata*. This organ grinder is a good deal more cheerful than the lonely one who concludes Schubert's *Winterreise*, because he leaves out Violetta's final, tubercular Act. Good riddance.



EINE KLEINE, KURZE UTOPIE JOHANNES BÖHME

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1.

Es gibt einen vagen Schmerz, der in der Ahnung besteht, etwas nicht vollständig, umfassend genug erlebt zu haben. Es wird immer über diesem Jahr die Idee schweben, wie anders es gewesen wäre, wenn wir uns nicht sechs Monate lang in unsere Wohnungen hätten sperren müssen. Aber dennoch blieb irgendwie auch das Gefühl: Wenn man schon eine Pandemie erleben muss, dann *so*.

2.

Die ersten Wochen des Kollegs erscheinen nun fast wie ein fantastischer, optimistischer Traum. Wir hätten es vielleicht wissen müssen, dass diese Form der Normalität bald zu

Ende sein würde: 40 Menschen in einem geschlossenen Raum, während vorne Anna Frebel über die ersten Sterne spricht. Abendessen unter fünf Meter hohen Decken. Etwas Schaudern jetzt beim Gedanken, wie leichtfertig wir damals Leben aufs Spiel gesetzt haben. Ich bin damals davon ausgegangen, dass es das ganze Jahr so bleiben würde.

3.

Am Anfang des Jahres arbeitete ich an einem Text über einen Orca, der im niederländischen Wattenmeer gestrandet war und der seither sein Leben eingesperrt in einem für einen Schwertwal winzigen Becken in einem Vergnügungspark auf Teneriffa verbringt, in dem er Runde um Runde um Runde dreht. Ich war vor Beginn des Fellowjahres auf Teneriffa gewesen und verbrachte die ersten Wochen im Kolleg damit, alles zu lesen, was ich zu den Tieren finden konnte. Erst später stellte ich fest, dass es mit Michael Cant einen Biologen gab, der mehrere Aufsätze über Schwertwale veröffentlicht hatte. Beim Mittagessen erzählte er von den männlichen Schwertwalen, die in einigen Gruppen ein Leben lang abhängig von ihren Müttern bleiben, kaum je von ihrer Seite weichen und nach wenigen Wochen zugrunde gehen, wenn ihre Mütter gestorben sind. Ich habe erst nach und nach verstanden, was für ein Glück es ist, in einer Gemeinschaft zu leben, in der derart viel Wissen ihr Zuhause hat.

4.

Als freier Journalist ist man ständig mit der Rechnung im Kopf beschäftigt, die Zeit in Geld abwägt. Was ein Glück das war am Anfang: einen Monat lang nur zu lesen, wohl wissend, dass davon nur Bruchstücke, Fragmente in den Text Eingang finden würden. Zielloses Lesen, zumindest für eine Weile.

5.

„An alles kann sich der Mensch, dieses Schwein, gewöhnen“, heißt es in Dostojewskis *Schuld und Sühne*. Wir haben uns im Nachhinein sehr schnell, sehr reibungslos an die veränderten Umstände gewöhnt. Ich habe den Lockdown nicht als einschneidend erlebt, lediglich als Reduzierung meines Alltags, als Konzentration auf die Arbeit, als Verengung meines Radius auf einige wenige Räume. Ich bin weiterhin jeden Morgen von Charlottenburg in mein Büro im Grunewald gefahren, habe Kaffee gekocht mit Angela Creager, wobei wir uns den Luxus einer kurzen Konversation erlaubt haben, über amerikanische Politik, übers Schreiben, über die Suche nach krebserregenden Stoffen in

Chemikalien, über die Uckermark und Sylt und darüber, wo man den besten Kaffee in Berlin finden kann. Das Mittagessen alleine im Büro sah sicher traurig aus, wenn man es denn gefilmt hätte, aber das tat zum Glück niemand. Im Dunkeln ging es wieder nach Hause. Es hätte schlimmer sein können.

6.

Eine weitere Gewohnheit, die das Leben in dieser Zeit erträglich gemacht hat: die langen Läufe am Sonntagmorgen mit einigen anderen Fellows. 16 Kilometer, 17 Kilometer, 23 Kilometer durch den Grunewald, um die Krumme Lanke herum, manchmal zur Havel und zurück. Shamil Jeppie ermahnte uns, langsam zu laufen. Wer am Ende des Sommers einen schnellen Marathon laufen will, der beginnt im Winter so langsam, dass es sich fast lächerlich anfühlt. „Speedwork“, sagte Shamil, „kommt später“, viel später. Das Fundament wird langsam gegossen. Dabei: die Schönheit des Waldes, des Wassers, die Verrückten, die bei zwei Grad im See baden gingen, keuchende Gespräche über Reisen nach Timbuktu, über Tyrannen und Tiere, die das Geschlecht wechseln können. Manchmal glaubte ich, ich könne ewig weiterlaufen. Spätestens ab Kilometer 20 erinnerte mich mein Körper daran, dass dem nicht so war. Hin und wieder das Gefühl, sich am liebsten hinzulegen und einfach liegen zu bleiben; aber auch das ging vorbei. Es war ein etwas masochistisches Vergnügen, aber es half uns allen, nicht durchzudrehen.

7.

Von meinem Büro aus konnte ich, wenn ich im Winter bis in die Nacht hinein arbeitete, öfter einen Fuchs sehen, der durch den Garten streifte, mit dieser rastlosen Raubtierenergie. Als der Schnee fiel, sah ich morgens die Spuren vor meinem Fenster. Einmal trug er ein Kaninchen im Maul. Madeleine erklärte mir später, dass sich die Stadtfüchse genetisch von den Landfüchsen unterschieden. Aber zu welcher Gruppe die Grunewaldfüchse nun gehörten, wusste auch sie nicht.

8.

Ich habe die Kolloquien über Zoom am Anfang immer als etwas quälend empfunden. Da fehlte immer etwas von der Unmittelbarkeit, die entsteht, wenn Menschen zusammen in einem Raum sitzen. Es war fast unmöglich festzustellen, wie die anderen die Vorträge wahrnahmen. Ich dachte eigentlich nicht, dass die Limitationen dieses Formates zu überwinden sind. Dann kam der Vortrag von Minou Arjomand, die uns ein Hörspiel in allen

Sprachen des Kollegs, auf Deutsch, Englisch, Französisch, Hebräisch, Spanisch und Arabisch, aufführen ließ, was gerade deshalb so unglaublich berührend war, weil man plötzlich die Gruppe an ihren Rechnern spürte. Wir waren alle in diesem Moment etwas weniger alleine, etwas weniger isoliert, und das war natürlich schon ein unglaubliches Privileg.

9.

Ich wollte eigentlich mehrere Gerichtsreportagen schreiben, und jetzt wurde es, ganz am Ende, doch nur eine, über einen Kriegsverbrecherprozess in Monrovia, Liberia. Ich glaube, einige andere Fellows hielten es für verrückt, im März, mitten in der Pandemie, nach Westafrika zu fliegen. Sie hatten natürlich recht. Es war eine verwirrende, anstrengende Recherche. Das wohl erste Mal, dass ich nach zehn Tagen vor Ort das Gefühl hatte, fast weniger zu verstehen als vorher. Alles an dem Fall schien auf schwankendem Boden zu stehen. Die Zeugen widersprachen sich in so gut wie jedem Punkt. Die Menschen, die wir trafen, erzählten uns Dinge, die überhaupt nicht zusammenzupassen schienen. Ich kam zurück und wusste nicht, was ich aus all dem machen sollte. Einige Tage nach meiner Rückkehr bekam ich plötzlich Fieber. Gleichzeitig rief mich der Fotograf, mit dem ich dort gewesen war, an, und fragte im Plauderton, wie denn so meine Coronatests gelaufen seien? Seiner sei übrigens positiv. Ich ließ mir von meiner Frau eine Tasche packen, die ich vor der Wohnungstür abholte, und ging an den einzigen Ort, wo ich glaubte, niemanden in Gefahr bringen zu können: mein Büro. Ich fieberte fünf Nächte ausgiebig, las Graham Greenes *Journey without maps* und machte drei Coronatests, die allesamt negativ waren. Am Ende war ich fast vier Wochen von zu Hause weg gewesen und ziemlich froh, dass es vorbei war. Auch die schönen Wiko-Büros mit Bett und Bad und Minikühlschrank eignen sich nur bedingt als Sanatorien.

10.

Gegen Ende des Jahres hatten wir noch eine Podiumsveranstaltung, in der es um Wahrheit und Lüge und den Medienwandel gehen sollte. Mir ist in diesem Jahr klar geworden, wie unterschiedlich Journalisten im Vergleich zu Wissenschaftlern auf die Welt blicken. Einer der Hauptgründe scheint mir zu sein, dass Journalisten sich immer *auch* als Teil der Unterhaltungsindustrie sehen. Ich glaube inzwischen mehr und mehr, dass diese Selbstwahrnehmung ein großes Problem ist. Der enorme wirtschaftliche Druck, der durch den Kollaps des Anzeigenmarktes und den Verlust von Lesern entstanden ist, hat die Pathologien einer Wirklichkeitserfassung, die vor allem darauf schaut, ob etwas

starke Emotionen hervorruft, nur weiter verschärft. Die große Herausforderung wird darin bestehen, dem nicht komplett nachzugeben, selbst wenn das Geschäftsmodell an allen Seiten wegbricht. Es muss weiterhin auch im Journalismus einen Platz geben für Dinge, die uneindeutig, komplex und schwer zu durchdringen, ja langweilig sind.

11.

Für mich hatte das Jahr letztlich etwas Utopisches. Nicht nur, weil das Kolleg wie eine Traumwelt etwas abgeschirmt vom Rest der Stadt liegt. Sondern vor allem, weil es so etwas sonst kaum gibt: dass eine derart heterogene Gruppe zusammen, aber getrennt arbeitet, ohne formale Hierarchien untereinander, Junge und Ältere, zumindest für einige Zeit isoliert von ökonomischem Druck. Es entstand so eine Art der Freiheit in Gleichheit unter uns Fellows, die wohl wieder verpufft wäre, wenn dieser Zustand allzu lange angehalten hätte. Aber für diese begrenzte Zeit war es, zumindest für mich, eine Annäherung an einen Idealzustand. Etwas, das ich von nun an für immer vermissen werde.



ADVENTURES IN NORMAL BEHAVIOUR
MICHAEL CANT

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I learned a new word at the Wiko – the word is *normative*.

I'm a biologist who studies the evolution of animal social behaviour. I work on a few different organisms. For most of my career, I've studied an unusual and fascinating social mammal called the banded mongoose, but I've also worked on termites, wasps, and killer whales. I'm interested in the evolution of cohesion and diversity in animal societies: why some animal societies are egalitarian while others are despotic, why some individuals are more aggressive than others, and how altruism can evolve in a supposedly selfish Darwinian world. And of course I am interested in the evolution of our own unusual and often baffling social behaviour.

But here I was, newly arrived at the Wiko, surrounded by experts in human behaviour – sociologists, political scientists, philosophers, historians – and I kept hearing this word normative. This was a word I had rarely thought about, but now it was everywhere. Every time someone casually dropped it into a conversation, I'd spend the next minute or two distractedly trying to figure out exactly what they meant.

I confessed my ignorance to the philosopher Andreas Dorschel at dinner one evening. He explained using his knife and fork. You could place them like this, or like this, he said, and that would be perfectly useful. But everyone places them like this – that's normative. "So normative is behaving according to the rules?" I asked. Andreas smiled patiently and said there are whole books written about the meaning of normativity, but yes I could think about it as rules based on shared values, a shared appreciation of what is good or bad, right or wrong. The values themselves might be enacted every day – as in the knife and fork example – or they might be mere aspirations. The rule "If someone slaps you on the right cheek, offer him the other" is a norm that many might aspire to, but no one would ever do this really, would they?

This idea of shared rules or values that operate behind the scenes to shape behaviour is of particular interest to me because I spend a lot of time watching animal behaviour and trying to understand the social rules they might be using. For example, one of my study organisms is a paper wasp that forms small groups of four or five females who cooperate to build a nest (Cant and Field 2001). All of the females are fertilised and could lay eggs themselves, but only the top-ranking female does so; the rest form a queue to inherit her position, should she die for some reason. We have used experiments to uncover some of the rules that these animals follow. One such rule is "Reduce how hard you work as you move up the queue to inherit" (Cant and Field 2001). Another is "When you inherit the nest, treat your subordinates more aggressively if you were treated aggressively yourself" (Thompson et al. 2014).

Or another example: In one of the wonderful interdisciplinary discussions organised by Daniel Schönflug, Wiko's Academic Coordinator, I showed my colleagues a video clip (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VQr8xDk_UaY) of a Japanese puffer fish in which breeding males use their bodies to sculpt elaborate circular designs in the sand on the ocean floor, topped off with delicately placed seashells. These constructions are visited by females who, if sufficiently impressed, lay their eggs in the centre for the male to fertilise, and subsequently, look after her brood. At one point, over footage of a male working away at his design, the voice-over says, "In his head is an object of mathematical

perfection.” But whose head, I asked, contains the mathematical perfection? Is it his, or hers? The artist, or the art critic? And isn’t this normative behaviour in just the same way as the knife and fork laid out carefully at the dinner table?

Well, not quite, said some of the Fellows. Humans use their capacity for language to establish and disseminate their current set of norms and can change those norms overnight if they so choose. By contrast, the rules employed by Japanese puffer fish in the construction and assessment of artwork are presumably genetically encoded, hard-wired into the brains of both males and females. These seem to me like differences in degree rather than kind, however. Chimpanzees and paper wasps quickly learn a norm to respect social rank because they get beaten up if they fail to act submissively to a dominant. They are quick to adopt new, less submissive norms if a new leader takes over who is vulnerable or unable to enforce discipline. These animals are born with brains that are predisposed to learn the flexible rules of the societies they inhabit.

Human norms may be different from animal rules in other respects, however. One morning I mentioned to the philosopher Christel Fricke that I’d been upset and annoyed for a few days because someone had been mean to me. You’ve suffered a moral wound, she said. You’ve spent the weekend in the normative sphere – questioning whether you are justified in your anger, reassuring yourself of your right to feel wronged. Animals don’t do that, said Christel.

This is a good point. Most of us do spend a great deal of time engaged in moral modelling and self-reflection, but I don’t think animals do; not least because they don’t have time to. Again, however, I suspect this is merely a cognitive elaboration of our ancient hominin brains. The search for self-justification that had occupied my weekend was all very diverting but also very much after the fact. I don’t know what a chimpanzee thinks after it has been attacked, but perhaps something not so different from my own urge to retaliate, an urge quickly (and normatively) suppressed. The neural architecture that generates our normative sphere is the result of our long evolutionary history of life in close-knit groups composed of friends, relatives, and enemies, filled with risk and reward, opportunities for cooperation and conflict. Not so different, in other words, from the other animals I study.

In my year at the Wiko I published a study that I think illustrates how research on animal societies can yield potential insights into patterns of human behaviour that seem to be firmly in the normative sphere (Marshall et al. 2021). Across a range of traditional and industrialised societies, humans are found to possess a strong fairness norm – by which

I mean a preference for equality and sharing. Other mammals (e.g. capuchin monkeys, chimpanzees, dogs) show signs of annoyance or frustration when presented with inequality that is disadvantageous to themselves. But only humans typically pay costs to redress inequalities that place them at an advantage. In young children, for example, focal subjects sacrifice rewards to achieve equality with a social partner, whereas chimpanzees presented with an equivalent task do not (Ulber et al. 2017).

How did this fairness preference evolve? One theory is that fairness preferences evolved because of human reliance on cooperation in an uncertain world. Individuals that are successful in finding food or avoiding a predator today might not be so lucky tomorrow, so a preference for fairness and reciprocity can benefit everyone in the long run. The underlying logic is very similar to the philosopher John Rawls' famous "veil of ignorance" concept which was proposed as a theoretical mechanism to achieve fairness in human societies (Rawls 1971). Where decision-makers are ignorant or uncertain about their own gains, they should allocate resources for the good of society rather than themselves, typically reducing inequality. This is why, for example, a norm for U.S. presidents is to place their assets into a blind trust, to ensure that they make decisions in the interests of the country as a whole, not their own personal gain.

Our study tested whether a veil of ignorance can play the same role in promoting cooperation in a non-human cooperative species, the banded mongoose. One of the many unusual features of banded mongoose society is that multiple breeding females in each group (five, on average) synchronise birth to exactly the same morning. This remarkable birth synchrony appears to mix up cues to maternity among the communal litter, creating a veil of ignorance over parentage of offspring. Using a theoretical model, we showed that in these circumstances, from behind a veil of ignorance of parentage, mothers in good condition should focus their effort on caring for those offspring that are most in need. The predicted outcome is a redistribution of resources to level up inequality among the offspring.

We tested this prediction by giving half the pregnant females in each of our mongoose group extra food during pregnancy (35g boiled egg per day), leaving the other half of mothers as controls. Altogether we fed 101 mothers, and 97 unfed control mothers. As we suspected, fed mothers subsequently gave birth to larger offspring and the mothers themselves were in better condition after birth. But these females then directed almost all of their care at the smaller offspring of control females, not their own young, which levelled out the initial size differences between offspring and equalised their chances for survival

to adulthood. As predicted by our model based on the veil of ignorance, those most able to help offered it to the most needy, and in doing so minimised the risk that their own offspring would face a disadvantage. The paper attracted lots of media attention. One news article put it succinctly: “Rawlsian mongooses solve inequality problem!”

This research shows how simple experiments on wild animals can reveal new insights into the mechanisms of social evolution in general and the possible ancient origins of normative behaviour in humans in particular. Game-theoretical economic models designed to understand rational human behaviour often turn out to be even better suited to other animals, because natural selection (usually) favours rational or fitness-maximising behaviour, whereas we all know how irrational humans can be. Our study highlights also that in animal societies (including the societies of *Homo sapiens*) what counts as fitness-maximising behaviour is not necessarily selfish. Sometimes the Darwinian answer to life’s challenges is fairness and altruism.

All of this, I hope, conveys something of the intellectual thrill of my year at the Wiko. I was pleased to have achieved some of the goals I set myself, but even more excited to have discovered many new ones along the way. The Wiko enabled me to zoom out to appreciate a much broader world of human inquiry, to find a new sense of comradeship and shared endeavour with artists, scientists, historians, and philosophers. I am proud to have met such remarkable and inspiring colleagues, who were always generous with their time and knowledge. And of course I am proud to have learned my new word.

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SURVIVED AND THRIVED HAKAN CEYLAN

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When the pandemic of bubonic plague arrived in Cambridge in 1665, Isaac Newton had to escape from Trinity College to his hometown Woolsthorpe for “self-isolation.” He used this precious “obligation-free” time to think about the scientific questions that most interested him. This retreat eventually allowed him to invent calculus, create the science of

motion, and unravel light and gravity. This historical example greatly inspired me when starting my College for Life Sciences fellowship at the peak of one of the most notable global events of this century, the Covid-19 pandemic. Like the rest of the world, the pandemic inevitably lessened the opportunities in Berlin and the Kolleg. However, my Newtonian inspiration to study outside the traditional realm of my research, i.e., my laboratory, motivated me even further to join Wiko at the second peak of the global pandemic.

My initial goals during my stay were (1) surviving a global pandemic, (2) connecting with the biomedical research community of Berlin, (3) and identifying realistic medical problems for which my research on microscopic robots can make a disruptive or radical impact.

With these thoughts in mind, I moved to Villa Walther on the last day of August and received a beautiful office in Villa Jaffé. My office and work were about 10 min walking distance apart. The accommodation and work environment provided by Wiko was extraordinary and stimulated creative thinking in every way throughout my stay. Grunewald, where the Wiko campus is located, is one of Berlin's most likable and peaceful corners, shaped by lakes and old villas. As described by the then-Secretary Thorsten, the villas in this neighborhood were built by the "old money," referring to Berlin's late 19th- and early 20th-century elites. The neighborhood protrudes into the Grunewald forest, allowing us excellent opportunities for academic and social activities.

Berlin is an essentially flat city, so I leased a bicycle the first week I arrived. It was such fun to discover the magnificent city in the fall before the cold of winter arrived. At the same time, Wiko lunches started. It was an obligatory part of my fellowship – along with all the other Fellows – to share lunch every day, except Thursdays. This year there was an exception due to the pandemic, such that Fellows could waive this obligation if they felt uncomfortable being in a relatively crowded environment. I joined every lunch, but at some point, they turned into a home delivery service due to the tightened pandemic restrictions. Thursday meals were turned into famous Wiko dinners, which were marvelous. I was fortunate to have joined a few of them. I must acknowledge Dunia and her teams' exceptional ability to handle diverse personal requests, likely doubling the required effort every year due to the chaotic regulations of the pandemic.

My first objective at Wiko, surviving the global pandemic, was of partial success. I fell victim to Covid-19 in the second week of December, despite my aggressive use of protective equipment and social distancing with people as much as possible. I had to do 15 days of self-isolation, and the overall course of the disease was moderately mild, including lots of coughs and the loss of my senses of taste and smell. I was greatly indebted to Madeleine

Beekman, Benjamin Oldroyd, Shamil Jeppie, Marcelo Aizen, and Vera Pfeffer for their special caring and invaluable support during this period. During this time, all the Fellows wrote to me, wishing me a speedy recovery. I wholeheartedly felt that Wiko was like a family to me, and a lasting bond was cemented.

Concerning my second objective, connecting with the biomedical research community of Berlin, I gave more than ten scientific talks to disseminate my research data. I felt privileged to give a Tuesday Colloquium. The questions and encouragement after the talks were constructive and sparked new directions in my thinking. I was among the few lucky ones who could give an on-site Tuesday Colloquium at Wiko because soon after, all such large gatherings were canceled to impose tighter social contact. My other talks had to be online, as most of the institutions in Berlin were either in home office mode or were entirely closed to non-employees. Among these talks, the one with Berlin Partner for Business and Technology GmbH, Healthcare Industries, MedTech Cluster was particularly productive towards my third objective. We have started exchanging ideas with Prof. Thomas Picht from Charité Universitätsmedizin towards collaboration.

I did several faculty interviews during my time at Wiko. Daniel Schönplugg, Madeleine Beekman, Benjamin Oldroyd, Shamil Jeppie, Marcelo Aizen, Bettina Schwab, and Ugur Kilic ensured that I prepared well for these interviews. I cannot overemphasize the significance of their contributions to my receiving offers from major European and American universities and institutions. Eventually, I took up the faculty position offered by the Mayo Clinic, where I am currently working.

The time also allowed me to prepare a comprehensive review article on the medical applications of miniaturized robots that is currently in the final stage for submission for peer review.

Last but not least, I was beyond thrilled to receive a farewell video from my amazing friends at Wiko. It was regrettable to leave these amazing people after six months. However, I felt fortunate to come back in June for the final farewell party.

Wiko, at least for people in natural sciences and engineering, is a paradise. It provides ample time and opportunity to think about the next big thing in one's professional career, which of course, on the medium and long time scales, reflects positively on society and the overall intellect.

Knowing that I would be devoting all my time to interacting with the biomedical research community in Berlin, I took some time to explore my new surroundings, visiting museums, local swimming pools, and lakes around Berlin. With Bettina Schwab's lead and Shamil Jeppie's captainship, we started a running club, the Wicked Wiko Runners Club, with a

group of Fellows with exclusive T-shirts that we had made. My wife – then my partner – first joined in mid-December due to the travel restrictions imposed on non-EU countries during the Covid-19 pandemic. I am incredibly grateful for Vera Pfeffer's and Nina Kitsos's support so that she could eventually make it and experience the unique environment of Wiko.

When I was at the Kolleg, I had been in Germany for over six years. However, my heavy laboratory and administration-oriented work duties at my former research institution severely limited my capacity to learn sufficient German language. Eva von Kügelgen made sure that I was appropriately moved up to B1 level German (officially certified by independent authorities soon after leaving Wiko!). Soon after we started our German course, we had to move online because of the tightened restrictions. However, this later helped us; even after my fellowship ended, she was so kind to invite us to the online classes. The language course went beyond teaching German; it catalyzed a special bond among the Fellows participating.

The movie night event was an excellent initiative organized by Katya Assaf-Zakharov to foster discussions about interesting topics. The Fellows compiled an interesting list of movies. We also planned a special movie night together with Jan-Werner Müller to discuss the lives and interactions of the Turkish community in Germany. Unfortunately, the tightened restrictions during the second wave of the pandemic did not allow the movie nights to continue.

Berlin is a city known for its countless most extraordinary museums. I had a long list of museums that I wanted to visit each week. However, the tightened restrictions limited this goal to only the Deutsches Historisches Museum, a colossal museum needing attention for two full days. The same disappointment also occurred regarding the discovery of rich Berlin cuisine. By late October, most of the restaurants were closed down. Although I could order food from some restaurants I wanted to visit, this did not fully substitute for the on-site experience. Especially after catching the Covid-19 virus, my lack of appetite precluded new tastes for some time.

Overall, I consider my experience at Wiko a total success despite the limitations of the pandemic. I have learned a lot from a culturally diverse and rich environment. It transformed my lifestyle and daily routines drastically. Wiko impacted many aspects of the way I think, communicate, and express my thoughts. I have made many new friends from all continents. There are at least a dozen other great names I cannot mention here due to the space restriction. Nevertheless, their contribution to a new me after my fellowship ends is beyond measure. I am beyond thrilled to know that I am always welcomed in Berlin and I see Wiko as my house therein. At the end of six months, I realized I found much more than I had come for.



A YEAR AT WIKO IN PANDEMIC TIMES ÈVE CHIAPELLO

Ève Chiapello is Professor at the EHESS (School for Advanced Studies in Social Sciences), Paris, France, where she holds a chair in the “sociology of the transformations of capitalism.” Her present work is about the financialization of public policies. She received the Anneliese Maier Research Award 2016 from the Humboldt Foundation, which enabled her to organize a series of international conferences with the Universität Hamburg about the financialization of social, environmental, and development policies. From its contributions she is co-editing various volumes: special issues in the *Journal of Urban Affairs* (with L. Knoll and M. Warner, 2020), *Historical Social Research* (with L. Knoll, 2020), the *Journal of Cultural Economy* (with A. Engels, 2021), and a collective book at Routledge (with A. Engels and E. Gresse, 2022). She has published the following books: *Artistes versus Managers* (Métailié, 1998), *The New Spirit of Capitalism* (with L. Boltanski, Verso, 2005, first French edition 1999, available in ten languages), *Management Tools* (with P. Gilbert, Cambridge University Press, 2019, first French edition 2013, available in three languages), and numerous articles in international peer-reviewed journals. She recently co-edited the book *Faire l'économie de l'environnement* (with A. Missemer and A. Pottier, Presses des Mines, 2020.). – Address: Centre d'Étude des Mouvements Sociaux, EHESS, 54 boulevard Raspail, 75006 Paris, France. E-mail: eve.chiapello@ehess.fr.

After years of heavy workload and responsibilities directing a new Master's degree and my research laboratory before leaving Paris for Berlin, I was looking forward to the fellowship. My objective was to take the time to mature the production of an individual book that would conclude several years of work on the financialization of public policies,

which work until now has been carried out mainly by convening international conferences and coordinating collective publications. This work on financialization consists of exploring how calculative instruments, devices, and mind-sets specific to financial activities are penetrating a range of non-financial sectors. In particular, I try to document that a great many reform plans and systems devised in response to what can be seen as crises of capitalism draw on the knowledge, know-how, problem identification, and problem-solving methods of finance professionals. The principal argument is that in this age of financialized capitalism, public policies are being written partly in the language of finance and are striving to enrol actors from private finance. Since the 2000s, financial inventiveness has indeed also focused on creating new financing vehicles and tools that are likely to support social or environmental objectives (green finance, social finance, blended finance, impact investing, etc.), a movement that gained momentum after the 2008 financial crisis and that has been accelerating since 2015, the date of the Paris COP21 on climate issues and the adoption of the Sustainable Development Goals by the United Nations. I am particularly interested in all the initiatives that start from the principle that the states lack money and that only the involvement of private investors will make it possible to face the great contemporary challenges.

But I also had various ongoing projects to advance: to finalize a special issue of *Journal of Cultural Economy* on “the Fabrication of Environmental Intangibles,” co-edited with Anita Engels; a collective work on “Financializations of development,” co-edited with Anita Engels and Eduardo Gresse, whose 15 chapters I had to reread and revise while starting to work on the introductory chapter; three doctoral theses that my students had to finalize and defend between December 2020 and April 2021; and a research fieldwork carried out in 2017 with L. Celerier and A. Jeny about an initiative of the French state (the creation of an agency for the valorisation of the state’s intangible heritage) that was waiting to be analysed to produce a publication. I also wanted to be able to bring together in Berlin a group of young researchers with whom I am working to develop a sociology of financial circuits. I therefore had many ambitious objectives, and it soon became clear that the long-term project, the maturation of the individual work, was giving way to the other works already underway, which were then all completed with the exception of the working seminar on financial circuits, which was postponed to October due to the pandemic. The fact that I had imagined a busy, even unrealistic, program was not the only reason for postponing work on the personal book. The Covid crisis also played an important role in this development, for reasons both personal and related to the research itself.

In fact, the first quarter was severely handicapped by the pandemic situation. The second wave that overwhelmed Europe again dashed the summer's hopes for a quick return to normalcy. Having planned to move to Berlin with my last child, a 16-year-old daughter who was going to attend a year at the Französisches Gymnasium Berlin, and leaving my husband in Paris, we had hesitated to organize the move, but the summer break of 2020 had convinced us to go ahead. Very quickly, however, the situation became difficult again, generating significant family stress. The round trip between Paris and Berlin that my husband had planned was constantly threatened by changes in international travel regulations. And during a return trip to Paris for the vacations in mid-October, I tested positive for Covid and had to isolate myself in France while letting my daughter go back to school alone. The illness was benign and paradoxically brought me a relaxation that allowed me to envisage the year more serenely afterwards. Alas, on the family level, the high schools in Berlin ended up closing their doors, shifting all their courses to distance learning, which complicated the task of my daughter, who had not had time in a few weeks to build solid relationships and who found herself very isolated.

As far as life at Wiko was concerned, we had a few almost normal weeks. I had joined the last week of the summer intensive German course, where I was able to meet some colleagues, and we could have lunch in the canteen, but only at fixed, pre-assigned times, not facilitating meetings. A handful of colloquiums and dinners, respecting distances and barrier gestures, could be organized before the situation closed. The German courses that I had decided to continue at the rate of two one-and-a-half-hour sessions per week and the colloquiums were held on Zoom until the end of the year. A parallel life between Fellows and neighbours began to be organized to try to get to know each other better and to break the isolation, with a shared drink, a dinner, or a walk in Grunewald. The German classes also became an important place where we could meet in small groups to exchange news. In the end, even if social life was limited and some Fellows went home or preferred to completely isolate themselves, warm bonds of closeness were built over time and the magic of the fellowship at Wiko operated in part. As a not-quite-beginner in German, I also had the pleasure to progress in this language throughout the year and to gain in ease in the country. One of my German groups has decided to continue the courses at its own expense after the end of the fellowship, a commitment that we are keeping for now. The first part of the year was therefore another moment of collective trial and error, after the lockdowns of spring 2020, which required considerable energy from all of us.

The Covid crisis also had an impact on the content of my work. Indeed, suddenly, the states that, especially in Europe, were carrying out austerity policies and controlling public finances, partly to try to mop up the drift of their finances linked to their intervention during the financial crisis of 2008, seemed to have recovered some room for manoeuvre. The money that had been lacking began to flow freely to support the incomes of people and businesses hit by the closures, to finance public health policy, to introduce tests and then vaccinations, and finally to finance the recovery plans. The monetary institutions, which had begun to change their doctrines in the wake of the financial crisis, strongly support the efforts of the developed states. The money that was lacking to achieve Sustainable Development Goals or to finance public services or environmental transition became abundant for crisis management. While the previous rhetoric was that it would not be possible without the help of private investors, not only were they no longer the target of the policy, but one could follow a massive reorganization of financial activities under the effect of abundant and free money, such as a stock market boom that also greatly enriched the investors. In short, the coordinates that framed the discussion that I had been studying in my work for several years were suddenly turned upside down. It was a shock that I had to absorb, and so I spent several weeks trying to understand if what I had been looking at for a few years was disappearing or if the ecosystem of actors and practices that had been put in place was just adapting to the new situation. The preparation of my colloquium that I gave on February 23 was the occasion to do this work. These weeks were also the time when I could think about my book project. The availability offered by my stay at Wiko, a certain serenity finally found back at the beginning of the year 2021, and the perspective of the colloquium made this work possible and brought me back to my initial project. This helped me to better frame it and finally to mature the way I wish to close my current research program. If this project did not progress much afterwards, presence in Berlin allowed me to meet Camille Roth from the Centre Marc Bloch, with whom I am currently building a survey from Twitter on these worlds of finance and administration that seek to embed private finance in public policies. This survey is in theory the missing link, the one that will allow me to tie together the various scattered threads I have drawn so far while offering me elements to account for recent transformations in the discussion.

These ten months in Berlin were ultimately months of encounters and openness, both thanks to the privileged relationships established with a few Fellows, which I hope will last for a long time, and thanks to my learning German and the visits and excursions that

I tried to make during the weekends, which brought me closer to this great country, France's neighbour that I know so little about. The different projects I arrived with have progressed and I have been able to produce for them much more in-depth work than I would have done in a normal year. This is the case with the introductory article of the Special Issue of the *Journal of Cultural Economy*, which is far from being a simple introduction, since we propose a typology, an analytical framework, and a critical analysis of what we have called environmental intangibles. Environmental intangibles are particular solutions to respond to the problem of environmental damage. They are produced through special commodification processes that aim to transform environmental impacts into commodities. In most cases, what is sold is a unit of impact that can be positive or negative: a unit of either environment restoration (a credit) or environment destruction (a permit). Similarly, the work on the French initiative to value public intangible assets became an opportunity to deepen my knowledge both of the accounting reforms aimed at implementing accrual accounting and of the open government data policies. The freedom offered by my fellowship allowed me to take the time to go deeper into these topics.

In the end, I was lucky to have lived through those ten months of pandemic at Wiko while colleagues had to teach remotely and my university had to be run with mostly homeworkers. Sure, it was a complicated year and I wish it had lasted twice as long, but so much less difficult than for most students and academics.



A SCHOLARLY REFUGE
ANGELA N. H. CREAGER

Angela Creager is the Thomas M. Siebel Professor in the History of Science at Princeton University. She completed her Ph.D. in Biochemistry in the laboratory of Howard K. Schachman at the University of California, Berkeley, where she developed an interest in the history of biology. Supported by postdoctoral awards, she retrained as a historian of science at Harvard University and MIT, then joined the History faculty at Princeton University. She specializes in the history of biomedical research, from virology, as featured in *The Life of a Virus: Tobacco Mosaic Virus as an Experimental Model, 1930–1965*, to the history of environmental health and regulation. In 2018, her book *Life Atomic: A History of Radioisotopes in Science and Medicine* was awarded the Patrick Supper Prize in the History of Science by the American Philosophical Society, which also elected her to membership in 2020. From 2016 to 2020, she was Director of Princeton’s Shelby Cullom Davis Center for Historical Studies, where she oversaw residential fellowships and seminars on the themes of “Risk and Fortune” and “Law and Legalities.” – Address: Department of History, Princeton University, 129 Dickinson Hall, Princeton, NJ 08544, USA.
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I must start this report by saying how immensely grateful I am that the leadership of the Wissenschaftskolleg did not cancel or postpone its 2020/2021 fellowship program or take it remote, as so many other institutes and centers did. Because of my administrative responsibilities (as Department Chair), I could not have rescheduled a year in Berlin until at least 2024. Being able to be in residence at the Wiko this year meant that I was able to be focused, productive, and disengaged from my home department in ways that would have

been simply impossible had I remained in Princeton. The time difference certainly helped, giving me six hours before any email from the US rolled in. In addition, staying in Princeton would have meant being consigned to working at home. It was such a privilege to have a beautiful office to come to each day – and a hot lunch waiting for me there! Johannes Böhme and I made full use of the little kitchen at the end of the hall to make excellent coffee together in his French press. (I even brought in a grinder.) As he taught me to say, full cups in hand and heading back to our offices, “Frohes Schaffen!”

Even with the restrictions imposed by the pandemic, I was able to get to know the other Fellows well, not least due to German classes with the wonderful Eva von Kügelgen, the Life Sciences chats, the Three Cultures Forums, lunches, dinners, and colloquia. They are an amazing bunch – and the Permanent Fellows that I got to know, too. Not only was each Fellow brilliant in their own domain, but they also communicated well, and generously, with practitioners of other disciplines. (Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger set this tone herself, and the amazing George Lewis made it an art.) Zoom is not the best medium for sharing one’s research, but Fellows used it to creative ends, especially Minou Arjomand’s unforgettable radio drama involving us all. Thanks to Daniel Schönpflug’s thoughtful cultivation, the Three Cultures Forum also came to life, enabling scholars to bridge their divergent disciplinary perspectives and find unexpected commonalities. I learned so much from these interchanges; the sessions on race were especially important and illuminating. I was equally impressed by the lectures and public events that the Wiko organized to showcase this year’s Fellows. (The film shorts, too, thanks to Katharina Wiedemann.) We managed a few excursions, as well as enjoying performances together (even when unplanned, with Jaecun Kim and Alex Bevilacqua) at the Philharmonie when it reopened in June. I especially appreciated the fascinating guided walk with Sonja Dümpelmann through some of Berlin’s urban parks. Although I was not in the runner’s club, I could not help but find their dedication (especially Shamil Jeppie’s) inspiring. Lastly, as a historian of biology with a background in biochemistry, I was especially keen to be in conversation with outstanding life scientists, which this year included no less than three bee biologists: Marcelo Aizen, Madeleine Beekman, and Ben Oldroyd. How sweet! I aim to keep these connections alive.

With respect to my own work, I had two goals. One was to see through production three major collaborative projects that I had been working on for several years. The second was to draft, or mostly draft, my monograph examining research on and regulation of environmental carcinogens in the second half of the twentieth century. Happily, I met

my goals, starting with the collective work. In December 2020, the British Journal for the History of Science published volume 5 of its open-access serial *Themes* that I coedited with Elaine Leong and Mathias Grote: *Learning by the Book: Manuals and Handbooks in the History of Science*. I co-authored the introduction and contributed an article. In January 2021, *Risk on the Table: Food, Health, and Environmental Exposure*, a volume co-edited with Jean-Paul Gaudillière, appeared. Here, too, I co-authored the introduction and contributed a chapter. Lastly, a seven-person co-authored book titled *Residues: Thinking Through Chemical Environments* is in production with Rutgers University Press and will appear this December. My last task in residence at the Wiko was finishing the copyedits on that manuscript. In addition to these book-length projects, I was involved in two other collaborations this year. I revised a co-authored article with Maria Rentetzi on the IAEA's role in setting international standards for radiation protection. She and I also co-organized with two other senior scholars a webinar on "Negotiating Radiation Protection" that ran all this year, featuring the work of about a dozen emerging scholars from the US, Europe, and Japan. We will edit their papers (which were excellent) into a volume.

My own book has the provisional title *Making Mutations Matter: A History of Environmental Risk through a Bacterial Test for Cancer-Causing Chemicals*. From the 1960s to the 1980s, many scientists and government agencies regarded cancer as an environmental disease, one that could be controlled by regulating exposure to carcinogenic chemicals. I examine these ideas and ambitions from the lab bench up, by following the trajectory of an influential Petri dish test that was used to identify potential cancer-causing substances. The history of the Ames test, as it was called, provides a prism for viewing both the changing landscape of cancer biology and the struggle between environmentalists and industry over US chemicals regulation, in which testing requirements became a political battleground. While the Ames test became widely adopted in toxicology, its role in regulatory oversight of chemicals was patchy and contested. By following a test rather than a law, I intend to extend work on the politics of regulatory decision-making to include materials and scientific practices.

I came to Berlin in the fall of 2020 with three chapters drafted, but incompletely. While at the Wiko, I was able to flesh out the parts I had started and draft two other chapters. An article drawn from one of these chapters has just appeared online in *Science, Technology, & Human Values*. I am currently working on sketching out the last two chapters before I return to teaching and administration. I want to offer heartfelt thanks to the amazing library staff at the Wiko – especially Anja Brockmann, Kirsten Graupner, and

Stefan Gellner – for not only obtaining nearly everything I requested, but also finding relevant primary sources I was not even aware of. I made good use of the state-of-the-art scanning machine in the library.

I am still undecided about whether to try to undertake the US-based archival work that I initially planned on this project, which became a casualty of the pandemic. Visiting US federal agency archives in the summer 2020 was, of course, impossible. I have already amassed an overwhelming amount of published material – these agencies constantly issued printed materials about their studies, assessments, decisions, and regulations. (In her wonderful colloquium, Yael Sternhell observed how the nineteenth-century US federal government committed itself to becoming a publisher; that trend is even more evident in the twentieth century.) Companies as well as government agencies are involved in the history I'm documenting, yet I do not have access to corporate archives. (Some of these papers have become available through litigation, in on-line repositories such as UCSF Industry Documents and ToxicDocs.) Is it more symmetrical – not to mention manageable – to tell this story with the mostly published sources I currently possess? This is a question I hope to resolve in the coming year. In any event, I will return to Princeton with a largely drafted book manuscript, thanks to my fellowship year at the Wissenschaftskolleg. I am deeply grateful to its excellent staff for literally making this productive year possible, as well as so very pleasurable.



BINSENWEISHEITEN
ANDREAS DORSCHEL

Meine Neugier ist schon im Studium in zwei Richtungen gezogen worden: Philosophie und Musik. In Wien und Frankfurt am Main habe ich zwischen 1983 und 1991 beides in etwa gleichen Anteilen studiert, wenn auch in Philosophie abgeschlossen (Promotion Goethe-Universität Frankfurt 1991; Habilitation Universität Bern 2002). Nach dem Studium lehrte ich an Hochschulen in Deutschland, Großbritannien, den USA und der Schweiz. Prägend waren die Jahre 1997 bis 2002 an der University of East Anglia; hier habe ich besser begriffen, was zum einen Kollegialität, zum anderen akademische Lehre sein kann – davon hatte ich in Deutschland zu wenig mitbekommen. Unvergesslich bleiben mir die Begegnungen mit W. G. („Max“) Sebald in Norwich zwischen September 1997 und Dezember 2001, im Arts Building wie bei meiner Familie zu Hause. Seit 2002 leite ich das Institut für Musikästhetik der Kunstuniversität Graz: ein guter Ort für die Verbindung meiner eingangs erwähnten Interessen. Als Schwerpunkte meiner Arbeit haben sich im Lauf der Jahre herausgeschält: Theorien der Subjektivität; Ideengeschichte; Philosophie der Musik; Ästhetik und Poetik – Letztere spielte auch die Hauptrolle in meinem Berliner Projekt. Ich habe viele gute Jahre im akademischen Leben verbracht, nicht zuletzt 2006 als Gastprofessor in Stanford, aber mein bestes verdanke ich dem Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin. – Adresse: Institut für Musikästhetik, Universität für Musik und darstellende Kunst Graz, Leonhardstr. 15, 8010 Graz, Österreich.
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Nach meinem Einzug in der Koenigsallee 20 suchte ich den *genius loci*. Und so führte mich mein erster Weg zur Wallotstraße 19. Da mich Wasser stets stärker anzieht als Stein

(unter Schriftgelehrten: wegen Laotse natürlich), ging ich als Erstes nicht ins Gebäude, dem Anschein nach eine Insel gestriger Bürgerlichkeit, sondern ans Ufer des Halensees, auf den man von der Ostseite des Hauses aus blickt. Betreten kann man das Ufer nur über den Weg gleich nebenan zur Rechten. Der Blick von dort Richtung Wasser gab mir die tröstliche, von möglicher Überforderung befreiende Idee ein, von nun an als Fellow des Wissenschaftskollegs einem Institut für Binsenweisheiten anzugehören. Die Binse, *Juncus acutus* L., ist ein Gras mit starren, rundlichen und borstig zugespitzten Blattspreiten; diese sind meist hohl oder mit einem schwammartigen Sternparenchym (Durchlüftungsgewebe, Aerenchym) erfüllt, welches der Versorgung mit Sauerstoff dient. Was sie mit Weisheit oder genauer doch mit höchst suspekten Weisheiten in Verbindung gebracht hat, ist philologisch nicht zweifelsfrei gesichert. Wahrscheinlich liegt dem deutschen Ausdruck das gleiche Bild zugrunde wie der schon in den Komödien des Plautus und Terenz belegten lateinischen Redensart *nodum in scirpo quaerere*, „einen Knoten an der Binse suchen“ (wo keiner ist), sinngemäß: unnötige Schwierigkeiten machen. Binsenweisheiten versprechen demgemäß Wahrheiten, die knotenlos, glatt, selbstverständlich sind. Vielleicht, dachte ich mir am Ufer des Halensees, ist das, was ich mir für Berlin vorgenommen habe, gar nicht so schwierig.

Vorgenommen hatte ich mir, über die Frage nachzudenken, wie etwas tragikomisch sein kann. „Tragisch“, „komisch“: Das scheinen gegensätzliche Qualitäten zu sein; so sind sie zu unterschiedlichen Zeiten eingeführt, behandelt, gedeutet worden. Sonst schwächen gegensätzliche Qualitäten einander. Wer Schlechtes zu Gutem gibt, erhält Mittelmäßiges. Wegen des Schlechten ist die Sache weniger gut, wegen des Guten weniger schlecht. In tragikomischen Situationen hingegen scheint die eine Seite die andere zu steigern: So, eben Seite an Seite, werden sie noch schneidender. Wie das möglich ist, war die Frage, von der sich im Lauf des Jahres am Wissenschaftskolleg herausstellte, dass sie nicht eine Antwort hat, sondern – allenfalls, bestenfalls – Antworten. Von der Suche nach ihnen habe ich mich wenig ablenken lassen. Die Ablenkung durch Stephan Schlaks und Daniel Schönplugs Einladung, zu einem Heft der *Zeitschrift für Ideengeschichte* über absinkende oder abgesunkene Prunkvokabeln des akademischen Betriebs einen Essay über den „Diskurs“ beizusteuern, war allerdings eine willkommene. Und nicht einmal ausschließlich eine Ablenkung: Denn dieser Gegenstand bietet eine ideengeschichtliche Komödie.

Aber ein Bericht wie dieser ist nicht dazu da, von mir zu reden, trotz des erzwungenen biografischen Vorspanns, sondern von anderen: den anderen, die mir so viel gegeben haben. In der Zeit zurückspringend, nämlich in den September 2020, ist da als Erster

Luca Giuliani zu nennen: Er hat die ganze Sache davor bewahrt, aufs falsche Gleis zu geraten. Besser gesagt: Sie stand schon darauf; deshalb bedurfte es auch einiger Beharrlichkeit von seiner Seite, bis ich die Weichen anders stellte. Seine Kenntnis (nicht nur) der Antike ist unerschöpflich; aber mehr noch als sein Wissen hat sein Denken mich weitergebracht. In Thorsten Wilhelmy, Sekretar in der ersten Phase des akademischen Jahres, und Daniel Schönplflug, Wissenschaftlicher Koordinator des Wissenschaftskollegs, begegneten mir ganz unterschiedliche Stile des Erörterns einer Sache: jener mit literaturwissenschaftlicher Kompetenz nicht lockerlassend, dieser, nahezu pädagogisch, eigentlich immer nur fragend. Beides hat mir gleichermaßen geholfen.

Es zählt zum eisernen Bestand der Philosophie des Wissenschaftskollegs, dass diejenigen, die es versammelt, aus den Natur-, Sozial- und Geisteswissenschaften kommen statt aus einer dieser Disziplinenfamilien. Ein schöner Moment, in Vorbereitung wie Durchführung, war für mich das *Three Cultures Forum* „Competition and Rivalry: What is won, what is lost?“ mit dem Evolutionsbiologen Michael Cant und der Soziologin Anna Lisa Ahlers am 2. Dezember 2020. Die Gespräche mit Biologinnen und Biologen am Wissenschaftskolleg zählten für mich zu den lehrreichsten. Inwiefern, das passt nicht leicht in diesen Bericht. Aber ein Beispiel ist so kompakt, dass es doch gelingen kann. In einer anfänglichen Szene von Chaplins *The Kid* (1921) findet der Tramp ein Baby auf der Straße und hat von diesem Moment an ein wenn nicht tragisches, so doch trauriges Problem: Wie werde ich es wieder los? Meine Intuition schon beim ersten Sehen der Szene war, dass gerade das Traurige der Szene Bedingung der Komik der fortwährenden Versuche des Tramps sei, sich seines Funds zu entledigen. Aber wie macht man das anderen plausibel? Die Neurowissenschaftlerin Bettina Schwab schlug mir vor, das Baby als unabhängige Variable zu behandeln und einen möglichen komischen oder eben nicht mehr komischen Effekt als abhängige Variable. Würde der Tramp mit einer Puppe statt des Babys hantieren, wäre – schon im Gedankenexperiment wird das klar – die Szene nicht mehr traurig, aber sie strandete eben deshalb auch in einem Klamauk, der an Komik nicht mehr heranreichen würde. In den Geisteswissenschaften wird zu selten so, zumindest quasi-experimentell, gedacht; aber die Lektion würde ihnen guttun.

In Gesprächen mit Nora Kreft, die gegen Ende des Fellowjahres eine Woche zu Gast am Wissenschaftskolleg war, habe ich einiges gelernt über Schwächen des Textes und meine eigenen; Erstere habe ich zu beseitigen gesucht, Letztere dürften nicht zu beseitigen sein. Sehr bedaure ich, dass Rüdiger Bittner aufgrund der Umstände nicht auch in den Grunewald kommen konnte; alles, was er mir schrieb, hat mein Denken erheblich

weitergebracht. Ulrich Raulff war leider nur zu kurz am Wissenschaftskolleg; eben weil Tragik, Komik, Tragikomik die Grenzen des guten Geschmacks überschreiten, wären seine Studien zu diesem für mich wertvoll gewesen. Dass Ève Chiapello meinen notorisch schlechten Scherzen, die in englischer Sprache noch schlechter sind, etwas abgewinnen konnte oder jedenfalls hartnäckig so tat, als könne sie es, hat meine Laune während der Arbeit an dem Buch beträchtlich gehoben. Christel Fricke absolvierte mit mir das ganze Jahr hindurch eine *tour de force* in kultiviertem Eskapismus, von Händels *Ariodante* und *Giulio Cesare in Egitto* über Mozarts *Le nozze di Figaro*, Verdis *Don Carlo* und Wagners *Ring* bis hin zu Strawinskys *Le rossignol*, in der Wahrnehmung intensiviert durch die Rotweine der *Cave de Bacchus* in der Westfälischen Straße. Für mich war das vorwiegend (nicht ganz) Urlaub von der Tragikomik; ein solcher ist nötig, denn einmal angekommen, neigt Tragikomik dazu, sich über alles auszubreiten. Vieles von dem, wofür ich sonst noch dankbar bin, ging hinter den Kulissen vor sich. Das Wissenschaftskolleg ist eine Insel der Seligen. Aber es macht nicht unbedingt selig – dies ist mir bewusst –, eine Insel der Seligen verwalten zu müssen.

Und zum Schluss: Ich hoffe, was ich am Halensee geschrieben habe, ist nicht allzu hohl oder schwammartig ausgefallen. Aber so etwas zu beurteilen, sollte man nie Autoren überlassen. Darum bin ich nun seelisch darauf gefasst, dass der erste Rezensent meines Buches behaupten wird, es biete im Grunde bloß Binsenweisheiten.



HALENSEE: BEYOND BUILDINGS,
BORDERS, BOUNDARIES, AND BY-LAWS
SONJA DÜMPELMANN

Sonja Dümpelmann is a historian of urban landscapes and environments and Professor at the University of Pennsylvania Weitzman School of Design. She is the author and editor of several books, most recently the prize-winning *Seeing Trees: A History of Street Trees in New York City and Berlin* (Yale University Press, 2019). She has served as Senior Fellow in Garden and Landscape Studies at the Dumbarton Oaks Research Library and Collection (2014–20), Washington, D.C., and as President of the Landscape History Chapter of the Society of Architectural Historians (2013–16). In 2015, she was an August-Wilhelm Scheer Visiting Professor at the Technical University of Munich. Before joining the Department of Landscape Architecture at UPenn, she held associate and assistant professorships at Harvard University, the University of Maryland, and Auburn University. Dümpelmann holds a doctorate (Dr.-Ing.) from the Berlin University of the Arts and a master's degree (Dipl.-Ing.) from Leibniz University Hannover. She has also curated exhibitions on landscape-related topics in Germany and the U.S., and she has worked as a landscape designer in Studio Paolo Bürgi, Switzerland. – Address: Weitzman School of Design, University of Pennsylvania, 102 Meyerson Hall, 210 South 34th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19104, USA. E-mail: sdue@design.upenn.edu.

Having obtained my Dr.-Ing. degree from the Berlin University of the Arts in the early 2000s and returning to the city for shorter- and longer-term visits over the years, I was no newcomer to Berlin. Grunewald and Westend, however, were still largely blank spots on my mental map. Most of my previous experiences of these areas had been limited to riding my bike between the heart of Charlottenburg, where I lived for a while, and Dahlem.

With its large villas and their gardens and luscious tree canopies, this part of the city always appeared otherworldly, and I almost always got lost.

Now, for the first months of the fellowship, I found myself working in one of the majestic Grunewald villas that I had only paid marginal attention to in the past, usually passing through the area (when at all) as fast as possible. Now, in the mornings, I sometimes went for a short run around Hundekehlesee. After a few weeks at Wiko it dawned on me that this small lake appeared on a map that I sometimes showed in one of my courses on topics related to the intersections of environmental, landscape, and forest history. The area surrounding Hundekehlesee was an example of how private development in the early twentieth century marred public access to a natural amenity. By 1909, the land along the lake's eastern edge had been plotted and sold off to private developers (not without protests by forest conservationists), destroying parts of the forest and the public pathway that now only leads along its western side and that I used on my runs. Halensee, a water hole formerly called Hohler See, at whose southern tip Wiko's Villa Linde occupies pride and place, is another case in point. Today, the only and very limited access to the southern part of the lake is located next to Villa Linde. Friedenthal Park, the only extensive public area abutting Halensee in the north, owes parts of its existence to the area's early twentieth-century use as Berlin's first fairground, also called Halensee Terraces (Terrassen am Halensee) and Lunapark. Located at the opposite end of Halensee, Wiko could be described as a contemporary fairground of sorts for scholars. Yet, it is as easy to associate as it is to dissociate some of the institution's luxuries and strengths that I experienced with some of the things that Berliners would have come to encounter at the Halensee Terraces in the early twentieth century.

There and then, a large restaurant founded by Berlin's best-known restaurateur and one of the city's famous culinary chefs became the social center. At Wiko, in a different way, Dunia and her staff continue this tradition; they took great care of us, navigating the ever-changing pandemic restrictions with never-ceasing energy and good humor, and with continuous adjustments to lunch-delivery and distribution systems demanded by the special circumstances. Besides the first colloquia that we were able to hold in the same room sitting at a distance, wearing masks, in coats and scarves until the end of October, it was these lunches and the first dinners that brought us together, "socially distanced," and, for a while at least, within the same spaces.

As physical distances had to be increased during the seemingly endless second wave of the pandemic that stretched well into the spring of our fellowship year, intellectual and

professional distances decreased. When communal lunches and same-space gatherings were no longer possible, I moved to my own apartment in Berlin-Friedrichshain. Now I would bike perhaps more than ever before in Berlin, between the city and my Wiko office in Grunewald, crossing a transect of the city, from its easternmost edge within the light-rail circle to its western edge just beyond the Ringbahn. This movement across urban territory inadvertently followed the itinerary that early-twentieth-century Berliners living in the working-class district of Friedrichshain would have undertaken on special occasions on their day off, to experience diversion and entertainment of various kinds at Lunapark on Halensee. Crossing district and rail lines, the river Spree, and Tiergarten, upon reaching Grunewald one entered a different world. At Lunapark in the early twentieth century, this world comprised a swimming pool with artificial waves; a shaking staircase; a house that could be turned and stood on one side; a roller coaster; an early version of the auto scooter; and, tragically, ethnological expositions including the so-called Somali Village. Wiko's otherworldliness a century later was not characterized by Lunapark loudness, but rather by the luscious quietness and serene atmosphere of its villas and their gardens, providing a setting that in these pandemic times was suggestive of Boccaccio's *Decamerone*. Yet, metaphorically speaking, Wiko also provided water to swim, or even float in, e.g., the extraordinary supply of library resources that never appeared to dry up, not even during the worst "lockdown" times. Waves and shakes were offered by colloquia participants, fellow Fellows, and Daniel Schönflug during and between various meetings and the regular colloquia. These weekly Tuesday meetings, despite or perhaps because happening mostly on Zoom, also provided free roller coaster rides into various disciplines, their approaches and methods. They offered insights into topics as diverse as the discovery of the oldest stars; the development of medical robots as small as a human cell; the nature of the tragicomic; and the different character traits of rural and urban bats in Tel Aviv. Alexander Bevilacqua and George Lewis's colloquia presentations and two of the Three Cultures Fora were dedicated to questions of race and (de-)colonization in history, in contemporary music, and in the human, social, and natural sciences, thus inadvertently also providing the necessary critical context for Lunapark's early twentieth-century colonial ethnological expositions.

Providing both seclusion and diversion during a year in which the world was characterized by pulses of spatial contraction and expansion, Wiko gave me the time and mental space to develop ideas and collect materials for my next book projects and to research and write several articles, including chapters on the role of independent environmental film

in 1970s West Berlin urban development; on the varying roles of plants in the history of landscape architecture; on the early years of landscape architectural education and racial and gender discrimination in the U.S.; on how Humboldthain, one of Berlin's earliest public urban parks, in the late nineteenth century became a hybrid expression of both nativism and colonialism and fostered an educational experience of empire; and on the color green and its multiple roles and meanings in landscape planning and design. The various events characterizing our fellowship year – among them first and foremost a pandemic ravaging the globe that required isolation and social distancing and that is causing ever-greater inequalities – has set in stark relief the importance of identifying, explaining, overcoming, and transgressing boundaries and borders of spatial and other kinds. In various ways, Wiko provided multiple opportunities for this purpose. At our farewell party, several Fellows commented that it felt like a wedding. Finally, after a fellowship year that had simultaneously appeared like a split second and a lifetime, social distance melted away on the dance floor of Villa Linde's terrace.



I'M SORRY THIS IS LATE
MERVE EMRE

Merve Emre is Associate Professor of English at the University of Oxford and a contributing writer at *The New Yorker*. She is the author of *Paraliterary: The Making of Bad Readers in Postwar America* (University of Chicago Press, 2017), *The Ferrante Letters* (Columbia University Press, 2019), and *The Personality Brokers* (Doubleday, 2018), which was selected as one of the best books of 2018 by the *New York Times*, the *Economist*, NPR, CBC, and the *Spectator* and adapted for the 2021 CNN/HBO Max documentary feature film *Persona*. She is the editor of *Once and Future Feminist* (MIT Press, 2018), *The Annotated Mrs. Dalloway* (Liveright, 2021), and *The Norton Modern Library Mrs. Dalloway* (Norton, 2021). She is finishing a book titled *Post-Discipline: Literature, Professionalism, and the Crisis of the Humanities* (under contract with the University of Chicago Press). In 2021, she was awarded the Robert B. Silvers Prize for Literary Criticism and the Nona Balakian Citation for Excellence in Reviewing by the National Book Critics Circle. In 2022, she will serve as one of the judges of the International Booker Prize. – Address: Rothermere American Institute, Oxford University, 1a South Parks Road, Oxford, OX1 3UB, United Kingdom.

I am late in delivering my yearbook entry. This is in part because I kept putting off writing it, and in part because I wanted to wait to write it until I had missed all that was good about the Wiko and had forgotten all that was *nicht sehr gut*. It has been long enough now that I cannot remember what it was that I was supposed to have forgotten. In this state of amnesia, I can begin.

Andrea, Vera, Maike, Daniel, Katharina, Daniela, Dunia, Petria, Ursula, Eva, Thorsten, Barbara – it is hard to know how to praise this extraordinary group of people. When my family and I arrived, they made us feel like we had come home, only this home was nicer and cleaner and better equipped than ours, and everything in it ran smoothly. If asked to name the one thing I am most grateful for, it would be Andrea's organization of our children's schooling at the Johannisches Sozialwerk Kita, in a large and lovely building on the other side of Herthasee. What I will always remember is sitting on the balcony of our apartment one morning in September and hearing the voices of our boys carry across the lake. They speak German beautifully and secretively now – in whispers to one another, so that we don't understand, and to their German-speaking babysitters, who are responsible for making sure they do not lose the language. Even if I had accomplished nothing at the Wiko, this would have been enough to justify my year there. (For me, at least.)

But I did manage to accomplish some things, even with lockdown and the intermittent school closures. I finished two new annotated editions of *Mrs. Dalloway*, which were both published in September, shortly after we left the Wiko. I wrote three chapters of the book I was supposed to be working on, *Post-Discipline*, and two scholarly articles related to it. But what my time at the Wiko really allowed me to do was to pursue a second and complementary career as a critic. I wrote six magazine pieces for *The New Yorker*, gave a lot of talks on Zoom, and started to assemble a non-fiction book that I have been calling *Love and Other Useless Pursuits* – among them, the pursuit of beauty and the pursuit of literary criticism. I thought a lot, as T.S. Eliot put it long ago, about the function of literary criticism at a time when both literature and criticism are being systematically devalued. A lot of this thinking was done in conversation with my Co-Fellow Alex Bevilacqua, whose companionship is the other aspect of my time at the Wiko for which I am most grateful. I miss our long lunches at the kitchen in Villa Jaffé, where we puzzled over what was to be done. We reached no satisfactory answers but found that the very exercise of thinking and talking so closely with another person was enough to stave off despair. (For me, at least.)

What else? The sun and moss on Herthasee in summer; the ice that dazzled it in winter; and the mist that stretched between and across the banks when the ice started to melt. Riding our bikes everywhere: into the forest, weaving our way around the very tall and very slender white birches; across the city to Treptower Park, where our older son knelt solemnly alongside the two statues at the base of the war memorial; from the Robin Hood Playground to the Wagner Playground to the 1001 Nights Playground to the Playground

for Witches. Speaking my first language, Turkish, to Anita and Ur, the couple who lived next door to the Wiko, and to nearly every taxi driver, kebab store owner, and volunteer medic at the COVID-testing centres. Driving past field after field of yellow rapeseed on our way to Rügen, where an un murmuring blue-grey sea stretched before us. One bright, fragrant spring afternoon after another spent with Alex and our children in the wooden lawn chairs on the Wiko garden, wondering if the swans were going to hop the fence and beat us with their wings. The mussels in white sauce and garlic bread Dunia served in the dead of November. The leftover toys and books and puzzles in the Villa Jaffé library. The astonishing red-gold sunrises we could see from our balcony. The fact that Maike has been extremely patient with my tardiness, understanding, as I'm sure she does, that the task of remembering is hard, because it makes one want to return. All this is what I miss, and it is substantial. (For me, at least.)



ROAD NOT TAKEN
ANNA FREBEL

Anna Frebel is an astronomer and tenured professor of Physics at MIT. Originally from Germany, she received her PhD from the Australian National University's Mt. Stromlo Observatory in 2007. Following postdoctoral work at the University of Texas at Austin and the Harvard-Smithsonian Center for Astrophysics, Frebel joined MIT in 2012. She is a world-leading expert in the search for and analysis of 13-billion-year-old stars that she uses to study the origin of the chemical elements and the formation of our Milky Way galaxy. For her discoveries and her mentoring, she has received numerous honors and awards. In 2016, she was named one of ScienceNews Magazine's "Ten Scientists to Watch." Her research journey is detailed in her popular science book *Searching for the Oldest Stars* (Princeton University Press; also available in German as *Auf der Suche nach den ältesten Sternen*, S. Fischer). – Address: Department of Physics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 77 Massachusetts Ave., Bld. 37-664C, Cambridge, MA, 02139, USA. E-mail: afrebel@mit.edu.

[...]

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

Robert Frost

This past year at Wiko has been one full of unforeseen adjustments, changes, and untrod-den paths – for me, for Wiko, and for the world. Scientifically speaking, it was very

productive, though. Together with my students and collaborators from across the globe, we completed a dozen peer-reviewed papers with two of them published in *Nature Astronomy* (Chiti et al. 2021) and *Nature* (Yong et al. 2021). I enjoyed having the time and headspace to closely work with my students and more junior colleagues (entirely via Zoom, often daily and late at night due to time zone differences) to jointly produce results on a new search technique for the oldest stars in the Milky Way, on three ancient stellar streams in the outskirts of the Milky Way, on observational and theoretical results about the formation and evolution of the earliest galaxies that formed after the Big Bang, on the formation of the heaviest elements across the universe, and on the first characterization of a previously unexplored stellar population in the disk of our galaxy.

Due to travel restrictions, I was not able to invite any of my colleagues from across Europe or make any planned visits myself, but at least I was able to give several online talks and colloquia about our latest results. Luckily, from October on, I was able to do my telescope observing remotely instead of traveling to Chile in person. From my laptop in my apartment in the Villa Walther, I began to regularly operate one of the world's largest telescopes in Chile, the 6.5-meter Magellan telescope, to collect new spectroscopic data, some of which was immediately used in our work. The Chilean night would start around 2 a.m. German time and lasted until midday. Remote observing this way was a first for me, but it worked surprisingly well, including dropping the kids off to school and daycare during carefully timed 30-min. exposures as the night went on in Chile. Exhausting it was – but “coming home” with a bag full of good data at the end of each of those dozen observing nights spread between October and May made me briefly forget about being a single mom with young children without a developed support system, living through pandemic times.

Much of the research that I had actually planned on the origins of the very heaviest elements, however, did suffer from severe delays due to various telescope closures throughout 2020 and/or other associated reasons. But when one door closes, another one opens, and Wiko seemed destined to be a place with doors to step right through. I unexpectedly walked through such a door after a lunch meeting with Daniel Schönflug early in fall 2020. As we talked, I realized I had the opportunity to use this year to start writing my second book and to take the time to collect all materials and background information I would need. The sudden and immense inspiration I gained from that meeting was something I had longed for even though I had not prepared to actually do any book writing at all while at Wiko.

Soon after, I added book writing and thinking to my regular calendar. At that time, I founded the “Different Kind of Book Club” – a Zoom group for Fellows interested in

writing their own books, with regular discussions guided by Daniel. I was interested in finding “accountability buddies” and in getting repeated feedback to make full use of the rich intellectual environment of Wiko. I imagined the uphill struggle of book writing might be more productive and enjoyable if shared in some way with like-minded fellow academics. Four of us ended up meeting weekly for most of the year with each of us working on outlines, exposes, and chapters. Thank you, Madeleine, Ben, Shamil, and Daniel for your time, wise commentary, laughs, and zoom faces when times were dreary otherwise!

My book will still take a while to finish. But I am so glad I was able to get started with telling a story of mentorship, career development, professional skills and leadership, and how to empower young and aspiring scientists to pursue a fulfilling science career. There still remains a lack of effective systemic and systematic advice and guidance for young scientists, especially women. This continues to keep academia a sink-or-swim environment rather than a collaborative and supportive space to jointly tackle exciting and challenging frontiers of humanity. The book concept broadly builds on the materials that I had developed for a new MIT graduate class on career development and professional strategies, paired with some of my own experiences. Daniel and the book club inspired me to find a way to include my own path through the academic maze, and I’m excited to have added this angle.

As I continue my writing, I gladly notice that I have taken a little piece of Wiko back home with me. I am immensely grateful for having had a chance to take this road that I had not planned on going down. It has made a difference already and it continues to inspire me as I keep marching on.

It was truly a privilege to join Wiko for a year, no matter how unusual it was, and I would like to express my warmest thanks to all the Wiko staff for their wonderful and most appreciated support, especially Andrea, Dunia, Maike, Daniela, Katharina, and Daniel for making it all happen, against all odds, again and again. My two young children were especially lucky, because they had a nearly normal year in large part thanks to the many children of the other Fellows living with us in Villa Walther and having that big garden to play in. I will probably never again experience so many children knocking on our door daily for all of them to come and go and play together like it’s the most normal thing in the world. Because it was. They made such good friends and we miss you all dearly!



10 MONATE UND MEHR ALS 100 GESCHICHTEN CHRISTEL FRICKE

Christel Fricke studierte Philosophie und Romanistik an der Universität Heidelberg. Dort hat sie auch ihre Promotion und Habilitation im Fach Philosophie abgeschlossen. Seit 2003 ist sie Professorin für Philosophie an der Universität Oslo. Von 2007 bis 2010 war sie Leiterin des multidisziplinären Centre for the Study of Mind in Nature. Sie ist Mitglied der Norwegischen Akademie der Wissenschaften und der Königlich Norwegischen Wissenschaftlichen Gesellschaft. Lehr- und Forschungsaufträge führten sie an die University of Cambridge (UK), Columbia University (USA), Universidade Federal do Rio Grande do Sul (Brasilien), Emory University (USA), Australian National University, Pontificia Universidad Católica de Chile, University of Chicago (USA), University of Oxford (UK), Humboldt-Universität (Deutschland) und University of Arizona (USA). Ihre Arbeitsschwerpunkte liegen in der Moralphilosophie und ihrer Geschichte. Sie hat u. a. Bücher und Aufsätze über Kant und seine Vorgänger und Zeitgenossen sowie über die schottische Tradition des moralischen Sentimentalismus publiziert. Sie interessiert sich insbesondere für Adam Smith; dessen moralischer Sentimentalismus ist für sie eine wichtige Inspirationsquelle geworden. Am Wissenschaftskolleg hat sie an einem Buch geschrieben, Arbeitstitel: „Responding to Moral Wrongdoing: A Conversational Approach“. – Adresse: IFIKK, University of Oslo, PO Box Blindern, 0315 Oslo, Norwegen. E-Mail: christel.fricke@ifikk.uio.no.

Als sich im März 2020 auch in Europa die Covid-19-Pandemie ausbreitete und die Universitäten schlossen, um bis auf Weiteres Vorlesungen und Seminare nur noch online zu erlauben, mussten alle, die für das akademische Jahr 2020/2021 als Fellows an das

Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin eingeladen worden waren, bangen; bestand doch die Gefahr, dass das langfristig geplante Forschungsjahr der Pandemie zum Opfer fallen würde. Erst Ende Mai wurde die Einladung bestätigt. Ich war erleichtert, hatte ich da doch schon drei Monate allein in meiner Osloer Wohnung am Schreibtisch verbracht; die Aussicht auf ein ganzes Jahr der Forschungsfreiheit in Isolation erschien mir wenig verlockend, zumal in Oslo auch der Zugang zu Bibliotheken sehr eingeschränkt war.

Was mich in Berlin erwartete, war sehr ungewiss. Es bestand kein Anlass zu der Hoffnung, dass die Fellows sich – wie damals die von Giovanni Boccaccio in seinem *DeKameron* beschriebene Adelsgesellschaft – auf einer pandemiefreien Insel würden isolieren können, um vor Ansteckung und Tod geschützt zu sein. Isolation ist schließlich nicht der Zweck eines Aufenthaltes am Wissenschaftskolleg, und es geht auch nicht darum, sich an feinen Speisen und Weinen zu ergötzen und sich mit dem Erzählen von Geschichten spielerisch die Zeit zu vertreiben. Im Rückblick erscheinen mir nun aber die zehn Monate, die ich am Wissenschaftskolleg verbrachte, wie ein Aufenthalt auf einer wenn nicht der Pandemie, so doch dem akademischen Tagesgeschehen entrückten Insel. Das Leben auf dieser Insel bot trotz der unvermeidlichen Verpflichtung zu sozialem Abstand immer noch hinreichend oft Gelegenheit zu persönlichen Gesprächen. Es wurde zwar viel gearbeitet, aber es ergab sich auch immer wieder die Gelegenheit, einzelne Kolleginnen und Kollegen zu treffen oder in kleinen Gruppen zusammenzukommen und zu diskutieren. Bisweilen – und vor allem gegen Ende des Aufenthalts – war es sogar möglich und erlaubt, bei diesen Gesprächen gemeinsam zu essen und Wein zu trinken.

Der Anfang war hoffnungsvoll; die Fellows hatten Gelegenheit, einander persönlich kennenzulernen. Als bald aber wurde das Zusammenkommen Schritt für Schritt eingeschränkt. Als zwei von ihnen erkrankten, wurden alle weiteren Treffen und gemeinsamen Mittagessen auf unbestimmte Zeit abgesagt. Einige Fellows ergriffen daraufhin die Flucht in heimatliche Gefilde, um der Seuche im Kreis ihrer Lieben zu trotzen; fortan erschienen sie nur noch zweidimensional auf den Bildschirmen und auch nur noch dann, wenn Zoom-Vorträge stattfanden. Selbst nachdem die erkrankten Fellows wieder genesen waren, durften wir nicht zu mehr Geselligkeit zurückkehren. Allen potenziellen Besucherinnen und Besuchern wurde bis auf Weiteres jeder Zugang zum Wissenschaftskolleg verwehrt.

Wie ließ sich das Beste aus dieser merkwürdigen Lage machen? Vor mir lagen viele Monate, in denen ich mich meiner eigenen Arbeit in ungewohnter Ungestörtheit widmen konnte. Es gab keine akademischen und auch keine gesellschaftlichen Verpflichtungen.

Stattdessen stand uns ein vorzüglicher Recherche- und Bibliotheksservice zur Verfügung; ein Team hoch kompetenter Bibliothekarinnen und Bibliothekare sorgte dafür, dass trotz der grassierenden Pandemie der Zugang zu Bibliothekssammlungen erhalten blieb.

Ich war mit einem Buchprojekt angereist, das schon erste Gestalt angenommen hatte. Aber es erwies sich, dass diese Gestalt noch zu kümmerlich war. Ich entschloss mich zu einem Neubeginn. Nicht zuletzt unter dem Eindruck eines gegenwärtig laut vernehmlichen Rufes nach evolutionären Erklärungen von Moralität und dem drängenden Einfluss der am Wissenschaftskolleg zahlreich versammelten Evolutionsbiologinnen und -biologen versuchte ich mich zunächst an einer evolutionären Erklärung des Ursprungs von Moralität. In der Auseinandersetzung mit ebendiesen Biologinnen und Biologen (insbesondere mit Ben Oldroyd, Madeleine Beekman und Michael Cant) sowie mit den Fachgenossinnen Corinna Mieth und Ge(sang) Wang wurde mir aber klar, dass ich nach den Ursprüngen wenn nicht der Moralität, so doch des Bedürfnisses nach ihr weniger in der Biologie als in der Sozialpsychologie zu suchen hatte (die natürlich ihre eigenen biologischen Grundlagen hat). Das „Urvertrauen“ wurde das zentrale Stichwort meines zweiten Anfangs, ein Vertrauen, das neben einer moralischen auch eine epistemische Komponente hat. Mit dem Urvertrauen verbunden ist eine besondere Art der moralischen Verletzlichkeit. Die natürliche Disposition, ein Vertrauen dieser Art zu erwerben, ist wohl auch bei nichtmenschlichen Tieren zu finden – jedenfalls bei den ugandischen Erdmännchen, über deren Sozialverhalten Michael Cant so kenntnisreich zu berichten wusste. Mit der These, dass ein dem Überleben einer Gruppe förderliches Sozialverhalten von Tieren, wie es ein Evolutionsbiologe wie Michael beobachtet, noch kein Indiz für die Wirklichkeit einer moralischen Praxis ist, weil für Letztere so etwas wie die Anerkennung von moralischen Normen erforderlich ist, konnte ich Michael nicht überzeugen – aber sie ist ja auch unter Philosophinnen und Philosophen umstritten. Immerhin bin ich über diesen zweiten Neuanfang in den zehn Monaten am Wissenschaftskolleg deutlich hinausgekommen – offenbar ist auch hier die Zehn noch eine Glückszahl.

Von den Fellows, die mit Kindern angereist und während der uneingeschränkten Kontaktsperre am Wissenschaftskolleg verblieben waren, war leider monatelang wenig zu sehen. Kein Wunder, dass die Mitglieder der munteren Gesellschaft, von der Boccaccio berichtet, alle sehr jung waren und noch keine Familien gegründet hatten. Am Wissenschaftskolleg waren es diejenigen, die entweder ohnehin allein waren oder fern ihrer Lieben ausharren mussten, die ein neues Familienkonstrukt erfanden, um sich in den neu gebildeten Kleinfamilien – und im Rahmen der gesetzlichen Vorschriften – doch ab und

zu treffen zu können, nicht zuletzt, um sich zu vergewissern, dass sie nicht die einzigen Überlebenden der weiter grassierenden Pandemie waren. Ich war besonders dankbar für diese Konstruktionsarbeit, war ich doch weitgehend allein in der Villa Jaffé verblieben – hochherrschaftlich, aber bisweilen grabesstill, vor allem während der langen und ungemein kalten Wintermonate.

Zu den besonders erinnernswerten Diskussionen gehören aus meiner Sicht diejenigen mit George Lewis und Miya Joan Masaoka, Shamil Jeppie, Munem Wasif und Shahnaz Zarin Sattar (oder besser gesagt Reetu) über Kunst, WEIRD societies, Rassismus und den Trend zu Wortbildungen mit der Vorsilbe „Afro“. Sollten wir von „Afrodeutschen“, „Afroengländern“ und „Afroeuropäern“ sprechen? Oder doch lieber von „Afropeans“ oder „Afropäern“ und dann konsequenterweise nicht von „Afroamericans“, sondern von „Afrocans“? Und was wären die entsprechenden Versionen von „Afrodeutschen“ und „Afroengländern“? Was wäre ein Deutscher oder eine Deutsche, die nicht zu den Afrodeutschen gehört? Sollten wir von Deutschdeutschen sprechen? Und wenn ja, bewegten wir uns dann im Kreis? Oder sollte ich als Philosophin nicht zu streng auf systematischer Konsistenz in der Begriffskonstruktion beharren? Nun, die „Afrodeutschen“ gibt es längst. Die begrifflichen Anschlussfragen sind vorläufig ungeklärt. Allerdings, ob die Afrodeutschen mehr als ich selbst mit dem afrikanischen Kontinent zu tun haben, das möchte noch die Frage sein. Ich kann, was Afrika betrifft, bisher nur eine private Reise nach Marokko ins Feld führen. Dabei ist der allgegenwärtige Rassismus – zum Opfer wurde sogar ein Fellow unseres Jahrgangs, und das auch noch auf dem Gelände des Wissenschaftskollegs – ein großes Übel. Es ist möglicherweise ein spezifisch menschliches Übel, denn Rassistinnen und Rassisten fügen ihren Opfern nicht nur sozioökonomische, sondern auch und vor allem moralische Wunden zu. Unter den nichtmenschlichen Tieren dürfte so etwas wie Rassismus eher selten auftreten, wenn überhaupt. Zu einem moralischen Universalismus wird sich wohl kein nichtmenschliches Tier bekennen oder gar verpflichtet fühlen.

Der Verdacht tauchte auf, ob nicht der große Philosoph Immanuel Kant selbst zur Verfestigung dieses Übels beigetragen haben könnte – ebenso höflich wie nachdrücklich artikuliert von Alex Bevilacqua. Die ehrwürdige Berlin-Brandenburgische Akademie der Wissenschaften hatte zu dieser Frage eigens eine öffentliche Diskussion organisiert. Diese wurde am Wissenschaftskolleg fortgesetzt – interdisziplinär und nicht mit alleinigem Fokus auf Kant. Meiner Ansicht nach lässt sich der genannte Verdacht nicht wirklich entkräften – wobei Kant wohl weniger persönlich ein Rassist war als überzeugt von

der kulturellen Überlegenheit der Weißen. Hätte er Boccaccio gelesen, wäre er allerdings noch skeptischer geworden, als er es ohnehin schon war, was die tatsächliche Bereitschaft zum Triebverzicht im Namen der Vernunft betrifft. Die Evolutionsbiologinnen und -biologen dagegen, insbesondere jene, die die Menschen für lediglich eine weitere Art von Affen halten, hätten an Boccaccios Geschichten ihre Freude gehabt – jedenfalls an den ersten neunzig Geschichten. Nur auf die letzten zehn hätte ich mich berufen können, die ich der Veraffung des Menschen dessen Fähigkeit entgegenzusetzen bemüht bin, um eines moralischen Ideals willen Triebverzicht zu leisten – die Fähigkeit und die Bereitschaft, diese in die Praxis umzusetzen, sind dabei natürlich zu unterscheiden. Das moralisch gute Handeln lässt sich nicht auf das Handeln reduzieren, für das die Gesellschaft, zu der die Handelnden gehören, keine Sanktionen vorsieht. Dies gilt so lange, wie die gesellschaftlichen Ordnungen den moralischen Idealen der universalen Gleichheit und Gerechtigkeit nicht genügen – also immer und überall.

Zu den besonders vergnüglichen Episoden gehörten auch die Diskussionen und Ausflüge mit Ève Chiapello. Bei einem Abendessen im Kreis der unfreiwillig Vereinzelt kam es zu einem Gespräch über Poesie. Auf Anregung der Soziologin Jaeun Kim beschloss die kleine Gesellschaft, einen südkoreanischen Film mit dem (englischen) Titel *Poetry* anzusehen. Die Protagonistin dieses Films wagt sich mit der These hervor, dass es zum Dichten genau zweier Talente bedarf: der Liebe zu den Blumen und der Neigung, eigenartige Dinge zu sagen. Andreas Dorschel hätte wohl Anlass gehabt, Tragikomik zu diagnostizieren.

Mit dem späten Frühling wurde auch die Tradition der offiziellen gemeinsamen Abendessen wieder aufgenommen – für diese ist das Wissenschaftskolleg eigentlich berühmt, unser Jahrgang musste auf viele verzichten. Dann aber konnten die Fellows sich durchaus an die Gesellschaft des *DeKameron* erinnert fühlen. Donnerstags abends wurden auf der Terrasse die Tafeln mit schneeweißem Linnen gedeckt, blinkende Trinkgläser standen umher, und alles war mit Zweigen und Blüten zierlich geschmückt. Köstliche Speisen wurden aufgetragen und der Tisch mit edlen Weinen bestellt, alles unter der Anleitung von Dunia Najjar, die darauf bedacht war, die besonderen diätetischen Wünsche der Fellows genau zu erfüllen, ganz unabhängig davon, ob diese nun ethische oder medizinische Gründe hatten. Gerade viele der Evolutionsbiologinnen und -biologen fühlten sich verpflichtet, auf den Verzehr toter Tiere – wenn nicht gleich aller tierischen Produkte – zu verzichten, obwohl ein Mensch, wenn er oder sie doch nur ein Affe ist, solche ethischen Gründe wohl schwerlich anerkennen kann.

Wiederum waren es die Tischgespräche, die Anlass für einige Heiterkeit boten. Michael Cant erklärte den Unterschied zwischen einem Elefanten (sehr intelligent) und einem Rhinoceros (sehr dumm) mit dem ihm eigentümlichen englischen Humor. Auch einige der Permanent Fellows des Wissenschaftskollegs standen für wunderbar inspirierende Gespräche zur Verfügung. Dieter Grimm, Lorraine Daston, Luca Giuliani und natürlich Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger bereicherten die Gruppe der Fellows auf das Trefflichste.

Ende Juni wurden alle Fellows hinauskomplimentiert, obwohl draußen in der Welt die Pandemie immer neue Virusvarianten hervorbrachte. Im Rückblick erscheint mir der Aufenthalt wie das Stranden auf einer Zauberinsel der Gelehrten. Anfängliche Bedenken zerstreuten sich alsbald. So viel Muße, so viel Zeit zum Lesen und Nachdenken, so viele Gelegenheiten zu ausführlichen Gesprächen über Affen und Menschen, über Moral und Gesetz, über soziale Ordnungen und moralische Utopien war nie – und wird wohl für mich so nie wieder sein.

Ich hatte keinen Schutz vor der Pandemie erwartet und fand mich erfreulich unbehelligt von den Einschränkungen, die uns auferlegt wurden. Wohlweislich hatte ich schon vor meiner Ankunft alle Reisepläne aufgegeben. Die draußen grassierende Pandemie zwang mich nicht nur zum Rückzug. Im Gegenteil, sie schützte mich auch vor jedem akademischen Aktionismus. Ohne sie wäre ich nie zu einer solchen Ruhe und Konzentration gekommen. Ich hätte Vorträge gehalten und wäre zu Konferenzen gereist. Nie hätte ich die Lust und Freude an der erzwungenen Ortsfestigkeit erlebt, die mir der Aufenthalt am Wissenschaftskolleg schließlich bereitete. Großer Dank an alle neu gewonnenen Freundinnen und Freunde, an Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger und das ganze Wissenschaftskollegs-Team, die mir den Aufenthalt so angenehm und ertragreich gemacht haben.

Zum Abschluss will ich doch einmal Boccaccio zu Wort kommen lassen:

Wie in hellen Nächten die Sterne den Himmel und im Frühling die Blumen den grünen Anger zieren – zuständig für die Sterne war Anna Frebel, zuständig für die Blumen und ihre Bestäubung war Marcelo Aizen, auch sie sind Freundin und Freund geworden –, so gereichen gute Sitten und wissenschaftliche Diskussionen nicht nur zum allgemeinen Nutzen, sondern auch zum Schmucke des persönlichen Lebens. „Denn gute Geschichten können uns immer förderlich sein, und darum soll man ihnen immer aufmerksam zuhören, wer immer auch der Erzähler [oder die Erzählerin] ist.“



WHY DO WE STUDY WAR, NOT PEACE? TONI GOSSMANN

Toni I. Goßmann investigates imprints of natural selection on the molecular level using timely and innovative analyses of genomic and other types of omic data. His research areas cover various aspects of biomedicine, molecular biology, and animal conservation. During his doctoral studies at the University of Sussex (UK), his work on quantifying the rate of adaptive evolution across species inspired an entire field and led to the development of new and extended methods in population genetics and comparative genomics. During his post-doctoral research at the University of Hohenheim and University Sheffield, he became interested in the genomic determinants of genome evolution, such as recombination and reproductive systems. He recently was awarded an ERC starting grant to establish the link between epigenetic and genetic mutations, using wild songbirds as a model system. He is now a Professor for Evolutionary Genetics at Bielefeld University. – Address: EvoGen Lab, Department of Animal Behaviour, Bielefeld University, Konsequenz 45, 33615 Bielefeld, Germany. E-mail: toni.gossmann@uni-bielefeld.de.

I arrived on Good Friday and I am leaving on a Friday for good. Or maybe not; there is an alumni club, I was told. My stay at Wiko was very short, almost the blink of an eye. I think some of the ideas need to sink in first. It was a pleasant short breeze.

I am from around here, but I had never been to that part of Berlin. *Grunewald*. Supposedly the name means green forest. I think the naming is well chosen in anticipation of climate change. Green forests will become rare. In COVID times, it had some amazing tranquility. Disrupted by the noises of all these Porsches, Ferraris, and Lamborghinis.

I did not hear the electric BMW, though. I should get one of those – it looked futuristic. It perhaps is good for keeping the green forests.

My first academic encounter at Wiko was with Daniel. He told me that sometimes there needs to be tension or a heated discussion. This is what sticks in your mind and what you will remember. In one of the Tuesday Colloquia, someone asked, “Why do we study war, not peace?” Here you go. It sticks in your mind. I was told that Daniel helps you with writing the books. Massive help. I am not writing a book. Unfortunately.

Back to Berlin. Unlike many other German cities, Berlin has some sort of working Uber service. Even in *Grunewald*. I frequently used Uber when getting along abroad. Not so much in recent times, though. Uber has been stigmatized as being an evil capitalist construct. What I learned at Wiko is that of all the bad employers, it is one of the better ones. How does this relate to my employer? What I understood is that, working for Uber, you have flexible working hours. Like in academia. But to be really successful you need to work very hard. Like in academia. It is more beneficial to work extreme hours. Like in academia: you are most productive when the Department is empty. Uber’s work load is dictated by an algorithm. I am wondering whether they should do that in academia as well.

So when I drove with the Uber to the vaccination center, I encountered the diversity of the public space. Only this time I was more aware of it than usual – thanks to another Tuesday Colloquium. What messages do I want to see and what messages do I not want to see in the public space? It is almost like a newspaper that randomly appears in front of your eyes. What I see is mostly advertisement. Not so much about opinion, although some ads have opinion. Where is all the art? We need more of that... certainly. I conclude that we are in the era of the homogenized boredom of public space. More tension is needed. It sticks in your mind.

In the last days of my stay at Wiko, Berlin opened up again. It started to feel like being able to breathe. The opinionated public space did not matter so much anymore. Museums and zoos, restaurants and cafes – sometimes life can be simple. Just being around people. What surprises me is that during the last year my thoughts centered on when life was good – and now within a couple of weeks, I feel like all the limitations never existed. There is peace, and it came quickly. The bad times will be remembered in the history books. But now – for me – it is background noise you deal with with dignity – like the next tax declaration.

So when Berlin opened, Wiko became a place of exchange as well. We had lunches and dinners, and there was a chance to see people in reality without masks. Some people look very different on screen. I unfortunately did not have time to talk to everyone. There were inspiring ideas and comments on the Tuesday Colloquia, and I wish there would have been more time to interact with people in reality. But there was some hint of what “real” Wiko might have been like. We started to have discussions in the garden, with philosophers, sociologists, and historians. It was great – but I really lost my hope for interdisciplinarity. As a matter of fact, it felt like when Berlin was the divided city: somehow coexisting in separation.

We resided at the *Villa* Walther. It is an amazing place. It looks a bit like a castle and has a great open balcony on the back side. It was used as a financial school during the Third Reich, and after the war a new part was attached to it on one side. The architecture works and does not work at the same time. Most Fellows resided there. So does the Kosovarian embassy. In the evening, Marcelo played his melancholic guitar songs on the back terrace. Then it all started to make sense – we study war because peace is something we have to find for ourselves. Thanks Marcelo and thanks Wiko!



DAS JAHR ALS FELLOW IM WISSENSCHAFTS-
KOLLEG IN LEMMATA. SPIEGELUNGEN DER
PANDEMIEERFAHRUNGEN 2020/2021
HANS MICHAEL HEINIG

Hans Michael Heinig, geboren 1971, ist Rechtswissenschaftler mit Arbeitsschwerpunkten in der Verfassungstheorie, dem Religionsrecht und der Sozialrechtstheorie. Studium der Rechts-, Geschichts- und Sozialwissenschaften in Hamburg, Hannover und Bochum. 1998 Erstes und 2004 Zweites Juristisches Staatsexamen, 2002 Promotion mit einer Arbeit zum deutschen Staatskirchenrecht und europäischen Religionsrecht, 2008 Habilitation an der Juristischen Fakultät der Ruprecht-Karls-Universität Heidelberg. Seit 2008 Inhaber eines Lehrstuhls für Öffentliches Recht, insb. Kirchenrecht und Staatskirchenrecht an der Juristischen Fakultät der Georg-August-Universität Göttingen, zugleich Leiter eines Forschungsinstituts in Trägerschaft der EKD. Einige typische Publikationen: *Der Sozialstaat im Dienst der Freiheit*, 2008; *Die Verfassung der Religion*, 2014; *Prekäre Ordnungen*, 2018; *70 Jahre Grundgesetz*, 2019 (Hrsg. zusammen mit F. Schorkopf); „Verfassung im Nationalstaat“, in: VVDStRL 75 (2016), S. 65 ff.; „Religions- und Weltanschauungsfreiheit“, in: *Handbuch des Staatskirchenrechts*, 3. Auflage, 2020, S. 559 ff.; „Mit offenem Ausgang“, in: *FAZ* Nr. 74 vom 29. März 2021, S. 6. – Adresse: Georg-August-Universität Göttingen, Lehrstuhl für Öffentliches Recht, insb. Kirchen- und Staatskirchenrecht, Goßlerstr. 11, 37073 Göttingen, Deutschland. E-Mail: ls.heinig@jura.uni-goettingen.de.

Archiv- und Bibliothekszugang. Schwierig in Pandemiezeiten. Der Bibliotheksservice des Wissenschaftskollegs ist legendär. Man findet in Deutschland keinen besseren Ort, um schnell und zuverlässig mit Literatur versorgt zu werden. Doch auch dieser profunde Dienst stößt im Lockdown an Grenzen. Erst recht erschwerte die Pandemie den verlässlichen Zugang zu Archivalien. Beworben hatte ich mich beim Wissenschaftskolleg mit

einem wissenschaftsgeschichtlichen Thema. Als sich im Oktober abzeichnete, dass der Archiv- und Bibliothekszugang problematisch wird, machte ich aus der Not eine Tugend und wechselte den Fokus: weg von der Wissenschaftsgeschichte, hin zu einem Themenkreis, zu dem ich immer schon mal mehr wissen wollte: Repräsentation und ihre Krisen. Welche Ideengeschichten liegen demokratischer Repräsentation zugrunde? In welchen Kontexten etablierte sich der Parlamentarismus? Was ist eigentlich gemeint, wenn von „Krise“ der Repräsentation die Rede ist? Welche Abhilfe wird vorgeschlagen? Wie stellt sich eine verfassungsrechtliche Perspektive auf Krisendiagnostik und mögliche Reaktion dar?

Bundesnotbremse. Als Rechtswissenschaftler mit einem Schwerpunkt im Verfassungsrecht kam man 2020/2021 um die Beschäftigung mit dem „Recht der Pandemiebekämpfung“ nicht herum. Zu Beginn der Zeit im Wissenschaftskolleg verarbeiteten wir, meine Wissenschaftscommunity, die bis dahin gemachten Erfahrungen; die Inzidenzen waren niedrig, und was im Herbst und Winter auf uns zukommen sollte, war noch unklar. Zeit also, verfassungsrechtliche Bindungen wieder in Erinnerung zu rufen und verfassungsrechtliche Maßstäbe nachzuschärfen. Die bundesrepublikanische Normalität vor COVID-19 war geprägt von einer recht zupackenden Grundrechtsbindung. Der Verhältnismäßigkeitsgrundsatz erlaubte eine engmaschige gerichtliche Kontrolle der Verwaltungspraxis. Die Konstitutionalisierung der politischen Ordnung ging so weit, dass eigentlich jeder gesellschaftspolitische Streit am Ende vor dem Bundesverfassungsgericht landete. Und *judicial self-restraint* ist dem Verfassungsgericht weitgehend fremd. Die Pandemie brachte neue Erfahrungen: Die Gerichte, gerade das höchste Gericht in Karlsruhe, hielten sich merklich zurück – und der Verhältnismäßigkeitsgrundsatz erwies sich in der Anfangszeit der Pandemie, bei Unklarheit über Infektionswege, über Krankheitsverläufe, über die Gefährlichkeit, über Infektionsfolgen, als sehr grob wirkender Maßstab. Umso wichtiger werden dann, könnte man denken, Legitimationsfragen (→ Repräsentation – besonders in der Pandemie). Wenn schon die Grundrechtsprüfung nur „ausgedünnt“ erfolgt, wächst die Bedeutung organisationsrechtlicher Anforderungen. Deshalb geriet zunehmend die Praxis informeller Koordination zwischen Bundeskanzlerin und Ministerpräsidenten in die Kritik. Sollte nicht das Parlament statt der Regierungen wesentliche Grundentscheidungen treffen? Wie sollten Exekutive und Legislative in der Pandemie funktional zugeordnet werden? Könnten Landesparlamente rechtsverordnungsersetzende Gesetze erlassen? Und wo liegen Grenzen einer möglichen Parlamentarisierung? Einen Höhepunkt fand die Debatte im Erlass der sogenannten „Bundesnotbremse“, also des § 28b Infektionsschutzgesetz, im

April 2021. Neben dem klassischen Aufsatz (JZ 2020, S. 861 ff.) und Kongressbeitrag (digitale Sondertagung der Staatsrechtslehrervereinigung im April 2021) boten Zeitungsartikel (FAZ Nr. 245 vom 21.10.2020, S. 11), Blogs (Verfassungsblog, 2020/11/25) und Tweets (@hmheinig) das notwendig schnelle Format für eigene Interventionen.

Dienstagskolloquium. Gibt der Zeit am Wissenschaftskolleg einen Rhythmus. Unverzichtbarer Lernort. Fand ab Oktober nur noch digital statt. Bildet ungemein. Jede Woche Studium generale. Alsbald etablierten sich auch Rituale und festgefügte Rollen: Wer hat die Kamera an, wer aus? Es gab die beflissenen Immer-Fragen-Steller und die Zurückhaltenden. Natur- und kulturwissenschaftlicher Visualisierungsehrgeiz stieß auf PowerPoint-Verweigerung. Ein möglicher Preis der Pandemie: auch mal harte Kontroversen austragen zu können. Das geht sozialverträglich wohl nur, wenn man anschließend beim Lunch weiterdiskutieren, über sich lachen und gemeinsam ein Glas Wein trinken kann. Oder auch zwei.

Drachenblut. „Ich bin auf alles eingerichtet, ich bin unverletzlich geworden. Ich habe in Drachenblut gebadet, und kein Lindenblatt ließ mich irgendwo schutzlos. ... Meine undurchlässige Haut ist meine feste Burg“, heißt es am Ende der Novelle *Der fremde Freund* von Christoph Hein. Die Pandemie ließ die meisten von uns eine ganz andere Erfahrung machen. Wir haben eben nicht in Drachenblut gebadet. Wir sind unfassbar verletzlich. Mitten im Leben sind wir vom Tod umfängen, wusste schon Luther. Doch das abstrakte Wissen um die Kontingenz des Weiterlebens wird in der Seuche kollektiv konkret. Das lehrt Demut. Und empört. Das Aufbegehren gegen eine schicksalhaft verstandene *conditio humana* war immer auch Triebfeder der Wissenschaft. mRNA-Impfstoff ersetzt heutzutage Drachenblut. Das Gerangel um den Zugang zur Impfung war anfangs groß. Die intensiven und auch zähen ethischen, verfassungsrechtlichen und politischen Debatten um Impfpriorisierung erscheinen im Rückblick des Hochsommers 2021 wie aus einer anderen Welt. Die Praxis Dr. Kowalski eröffnete vielen Fellows den Zugang zum begehrten Piks. Andere reisten zwischendurch in die Heimat – das führte schneller zum Ziel. Unverletzlich sind wir nach der Impfung immer noch nicht. Aber wir fürchten weniger ums blanke Überleben. Der Mensch ist ein soziales Wesen. Reden, lachen, lieben, streiten, weinen, versöhnen – das geht auch im digitalen Raum, aber in Präsenz bekommt alles eine andere Intensität. So wie unser rauschendes Abschiedsfest, bei dem so manche(r) ausdrucksstark und ausgiebig tanzte, dem und der man das gar nicht zugetraut hatte.

Epistemische Macht. Thema des Buches, das bei mir den größten Eindruck im Laufe des Jahres hinterlassen hat: Alexander Bogner, *Die Epistemisierung des Politischen*, 2021. Als gemeinsame Mittagessen unter den Fellows wieder möglich waren, musste sich jeder und jede anhören, wie anregend ich das Buch fand, wie hilfreich, um pandemisch-politische Gegenwartskonflikte besser zu verstehen.

Förderstrategie der VolkswagenStiftung. Eigentlich soll man als Fellow ja alle anderen Verpflichtungen ruhen lassen. Aber manche will man einfach wahrnehmen. Etwa: als Mitglied des Vorstands der VolkswagenStiftung eine neue Förderstrategie mitentwickeln. Das Ergebnis intensiver Gespräche zwischen Forschungsausschuss und Geschäftsstelle der Stiftung kann sich sehen lassen: <https://www.volkswagenstiftung.de/unsere-foerderung/die-neue-förderstrategie-der-volkswagenstiftung>.

Gravelbikes. Neu entdecktes Bewegungsglück durch den Grunewald, entlang der Havelchaussee und rund um den Wannsee.

Homeschooling. Der Plan für die Zeit im Wissenschaftskolleg umfasste gewiss nicht, nebenbei den Schulstoff des Kindes zu unterrichten. Aber als es Mitte Dezember erneut ins Homeschooling ging, wurde offensichtlich, dass das deutsche Bildungssystem die Zeit seit dem ersten Lockdown nicht mit der Didaktik digitalen Lernens verbracht hat. Die Pandemie wirkte sich auf Kinderlose sehr anders aus als auf Familien. Das merkte man auch im Jahrgang. Die einen waren weit mehr mit Sorgearbeit in Beschlag genommen, als ihnen lieb war. Die anderen machten das Beste daraus, dass das Berliner Kulturleben brachlag und wenig Ablenkung vom konzentrierten Arbeiten bot. Die einen fühlten sich in ihrer Produktivität arg ausgebremst, die anderen erlebten einen Schreib-Boost. Der gemeinsame Nenner aller: Lieber die Pandemie als Fellow im Wissenschaftskolleg verbringen mit all diesen Freiheiten und Möglichkeiten, die immer noch blieben, als im Digitalunterricht an den Heimathochschulen. Es reichte, sich mit dem Homeschooling rumzuschlagen.

Lunch at home. Das Wissenschaftskolleg ist ohne den täglichen Restaurantbesuch, ohne den permanenten Austausch mit den anderen Fellows seiner Seele beraubt.

Netflix. Zufluchtsort im Lockdown, wenn das → Homeschooling bewältigt und die Tageslektüren beendet waren. Jedenfalls bevor die → Gravelbikes angeschafft wurden.

Repräsentation – besonders in der Pandemie. Was meint man eigentlich, wenn man von der Krise der Repräsentation spricht (→ Archiv- und Bibliothekszugang)? Das Beste am Wissenschaftskolleg war unter den gegebenen Bedingungen der Freiraum fürs Lesen und Schreiben. Wobei ich mehr gelesen und weniger geschrieben habe. Seit der Habilitation hatte ich nicht mehr so viele Bücher in kurzer Zeit gelesen. Nach und nach kam ich den Diagnosen auf die Spur: der Verlagerung der Politikformulierung in informelle Gremien und nicht majoritäre Institutionen, dem wachsenden politischen Desinteresse, der Erosion von Volksparteien, den neuen populistischen Bewegungen sowie autoritären Überformungen ehemals liberaler Demokratien. Die akademische Krisendiagnostik ist vielfältig und teilweise auch widersprüchlich. Beklagt werden Über- und Unterresponsivität der Politik infolge demokratischer Repräsentation, ihre soziale Selektivität, der Verlust republikanischer Gesinnung durch Professionalisierung der Politik, aber auch ein Akzeptanzverlust repräsentativer Demokratie infolge gesteigerter Partizipationsansprüche. Solche Ansprüche finden sich besonders in bildungsstarken Milieus, die von einer postmaterialistischen Werthaltung geprägt sind. Hier hat sich eine gewisse Skepsis gegenüber traditionellen Formen der Politikformulierung – der Parteien als Mittlerinstanzen, der *gatekeeper*-Funktion klassischer Medien, der kommunikativen Rückkopplungsprozesse eines parlamentarischen Regierungssystems – ausgebildet. Die Skepsis kann umschlagen in mildes oder auch exzessives Wutbürgertum, das so gesehen ein Mittelschichtphänomen und eine Erscheinung eigenwilliger Elitenskepsis ist – der politischen Elite schlägt Misstrauen aus den anderen Funktionsebenen entgegen. Es empören sich nicht die sozial Deprivierten, sondern die „Gebildeten unter den Verächtern“ der repräsentativen Demokratie. In Reaktion darauf sucht man alternative oder ergänzende Partizipationsmöglichkeiten. Lange Zeit wurde der Ausbau direktdemokratischer Willensbildungselemente (Volksbegehren und Volksentscheid) anempfahlen, doch hat sich inzwischen gezeigt, dass diese Instrumente andere Herausforderungen für die politische Repräsentation, ihre soziale Selektivität, eher verschärfen. Denn direkte Demokratie begünstigt diejenigen, die ihre Interessen eloquent artikulieren und die kampagnenartig politisch mobilisieren können. Die Moderations- und Ausgleichsfunktion von Volksparteien und Koalitionsregierungen entfällt hier. Momentan wird deshalb verstärkt mit Gremien experimentiert, deren Mitglieder aus der Bevölkerung ungeachtet ihrer Vorbildung und Fähigkeiten gelost werden (Bürgerkonvente). Ob solche Elemente der aleatorischen Demokratie die repräsentative Demokratie sinnvoll ergänzen können, wird sich zeigen. Ich persönlich bin skeptisch, weil Politik hier auf die Beantwortung von Sachfragen

reduziert wird, politische Opposition nicht mehr richtig adressierbar ist und offenbleibt, wer die „Entscheidungsarchitektur“ (Verfahren und Informationsfluss) der gelosten Gremien mit welcher Legitimation bestimmt.

Die Corona-Pandemie nun war keine Zeit, in der mit neuen Partizipationsformen experimentiert wurde. Im Gegenteil. Ausnahmesituationen wie eine Pandemie sind die „Stunde der Exekutive“, war allenthalben zu hören. Gefordert war in der ersten Infektionswelle zu weiten Teilen administratives Mini- und Midimanagement – und die Grundsatzzentscheidungen mussten gerade in der Anfangsphase der Pandemie unter extremem Zeitdruck auf prekärer Wissensbasis getroffen werden. Regierungen wurden zu den zentralen politischen Akteuren, die Parlamente spielten hingegen – zumindest zeitweise – in der öffentlichen Wahrnehmung eine nachrangige Rolle. Direkte Bürgerbeteiligung jenseits des klassischen Rahmens repräsentativer Demokratie wurde nicht praktiziert; selbst die traditionelle indirekte Teilhabe über die demokratische Öffentlichkeit blieb ungeachtet digitaler Möglichkeiten schwierig.

Unter diesem Eindruck diagnostiziert ein Teil der rechts- und politikwissenschaftlichen Literatur eine Verschärfung der eh schon ausgemachten Krise politischer Repräsentation. Die Marginalisierung der Parlamente schreite abermals voran. Als Krisenindikator könne man das Aufkommen von außerparlamentarischen Protestbewegungen (Stichwort „Querdenker“) werten. Wer den Rechtspopulismus als Ausdruck eines Repräsentationsdefizits begreift, wird auch die rechtspopulistische Instrumentalisierung der Pandemie für globalisierungskritische, xenophobe, eliten- und expertenskeptische Positionen in die Negativbilanz der Repräsentation in der Pandemie einstellen.

Doch sollte man aufpassen, keinem verselbstständigten „Narrativ“ der Repräsentationskrise aufzusitzen: Das Krisenmanagement in Deutschland fand lange Zeit sehr hohe Zustimmungsraten in der Bevölkerung. Mehr Partizipation verlangte anfangs allenfalls eine kleine Minderheit. Nach der Akutphase der ersten Infektionswelle intensivierte sich zunehmend die parlamentarische Begleitung der Regierungsarbeit. Das Dokumentations- und Informationssystem für Parlamentsmaterialien des Deutschen Bundestages weist für COVID-19 über 4.000 Vorgänge aus, der Bundestag erließ 48 Gesetze mit thematischem Bezug. Die Regierung erhielt weit über 3.000 parlamentarische Fragen und Anfragen, über 400 Reden und Wortmeldungen im Plenum zu Aspekten der Pandemie sind vermerkt. Handlungsformen und Beratungsformate veränderten sich zudem – wenn auch zögerlich. Anfangs standen in der parlamentarischen Gesetzgebungsarbeit Pandemiefolgen im Wirtschafts-, Arbeits- und Rechtsleben im Vordergrund, während die Gefahrenabwehr

und Risikoprävention durch exekutive Rechtsetzung organisiert wurde. §§ 28, 32 InfSchG boten dafür eine sehr pauschal gehaltene Ermächtigungsgrundlage. Vorbehalten hatte sich der Bundestag zudem die Entscheidung darüber, ob eine epidemische Lage von nationaler Tragweite im Sinne des § 5 InfSchG vorliegt. Mitte November 2020 verabschiedete der Bundestag dann eine auf die COVID-19-Pandemie zugeschnittene Spezialnorm, § 28a InfSchG – wiederum in Verbindung mit § 32 InfSchG angelegt als Ermächtigung zu exekutivem Normerlass. Nachdem es in der informellen Koordination zwischen Bund und Ländern aus Sicht der Bundesregierung zunehmend schwierig bzw. unmöglich wurde, noch hinreichenden Konsens über die legislativen Grundlinien zu erzielen, wurden in der zweiten Aprilhälfte 2021 mit § 28b InfSchG schließlich unmittelbar anwendbare verhaltenslenkende Verbots- und Gebotsnormen für den Fall der Hochinzidenz (→ Bundesnotbremse) vom Bundestag verabschiedet. In der Gesamtschau wird man sagen können, dass der parlamentarische Gesetzgeber auf der Bundesebene sich zunächst auf Begleitgesetzgebung beschränkt hat und bei der legislativen Gefahrenabwehr und Risikoprävention spät und dann auch nur zögerlich tätig wurde. Zugleich nahm der Bundestag durch parlamentarische Beratung sowohl in den Regierungsfractionen als auch durch Plenardebatten und mittels der Ausschüsse seine Kontrollfunktionen gegenüber der Regierung wahr. Die Politik der Bundesregierung wurde durchgängig von einer parlamentarischen Mehrheit getragen. Diagnosen aus der Rechts- und Politikwissenschaft, die von einer krisenhaften Entparlamentarisierung der Corona-Politik sprechen und dadurch bedingt von einer Verschärfung bestehender Repräsentationskrisen, könnten deshalb unbotmäßig pauschalisieren. Man müsste zumindest verschiedene Pandemiephasen unterscheiden. Meine Vermutung ist, dass eine aktivere Rolle der Parlamente bei der Normierung der Gefahrenabwehr und Risikovorsorge keinen wesentlichen Einfluss auf die Langzeittrends, die unter dem Label „Repräsentationskrise“ firmieren, gehabt hätte. Davon zu unterscheiden ist die Frage, ob es nicht klug gewesen wäre, frühzeitiger die besonderen Leistungen parlamentarischer Gesetzgebung zu nutzen; ich nenne nur die unmittelbare demokratische Legitimation, die deliberativen Verfahrenselemente, die Integration von multiperspektivischer Fachexpertise und von politischer Opposition in den Beratungsprozess, die spezifische Form von Öffentlichkeit, die formalisierten Entscheidungsverfahren, die Anwendung des Mehrheitsprinzips. Damit eng verbunden ist die Überlegung, dass eine stärkere parlamentsgesetzliche Anleitung der Corona-Politik auf Bundesebene auch die exekutiv-föderale Verflechtung der Pandemiepolitik ermäßigt hätte. Die wird demokratietheoretisch zum Problem, wenn demokratische Verantwortung

für das Wahlvolk nicht mehr präzise adressierbar ist, wenn also unklar ist, auf welcher Ebene welche politische Mehrheit sich ändern müsste, um durch Wahlentscheidungen eine andere Politik zu bewirken. In der Situation befanden wir uns in Deutschland zwischenzeitlich allemal.

Staatsleistungen. Manche Themen nimmt man aus dem „eigentlichen“ Leben ins Wissenschaftskolleg mit. Die Ablösung von Staatsleistungen war so ein Thema. Nach mehr als 100 Jahren wurde erstmals ein ernsthafter Gesetzentwurf zur Verwirklichung des Verfassungsauftrags im Parlament diskutiert. Die Anhörung im Bundestag, an der ich als Sachverständiger teilnehmen durfte, fand natürlich auch nur digital statt (<https://www.bundestag.de/dokumente/textarchiv/2021/kw15-pa-innen-staatsleistungen-829020>). Sie zeigte anschaulich die hohe Dynamik in der religionspolitischen Ordnung. Mit dem gesellschaftlichen Wandel verändert sich auch das juristisch-normative Vorverständnis. In der politischen Praxis wurde aus dem Verfassungsgebot der Ablösung über viele Jahrzehnte ein Tabu. Das hat sich inzwischen aufgelöst. Die Dynamik bleibt hoch: Welche Entschädigung geht mit der Ablösung einher? Was sind die verfassungsgebotenen Kriterien: Leistungsäquivalenz oder bloß angemessene Entschädigung? Und was ist schon angemessen angesichts von Vermögensverschiebungen, die bis in die Reformationszeit zurückreichen? Manche Themen nimmt man aus dem Wissenschaftskolleg auch wieder mit. Das Thema Staatsleistungen etwa. Der Gesetzentwurf scheiterte, alle Fraktionen im Bundestag versprechen Wiedervorlage nach der Bundestagswahl im September.

Teufelssee. Nächstgelegene Badestelle in heißen Berliner Sommern und Schaubühne für Charakterdarsteller der modernen Großstadt.

Universitätsgovernance. Noch so ein Thema, das ich aus Göttingen mitbrachte. Nach dem Misserfolg im Exzellenzwettbewerb und einem krachend gescheiterten Verfahren zur Neubesetzung des Universitätspräsidiums schien es an meiner Heimatuniversität an der Zeit, sich etwas grundlegender Gedanken zur Universitätsgovernance zu machen. Das passte gut zu meinem Interesse an Repräsentationsfragen. Ist nicht der dysfunktional agierende akademische Senat sinnbildlicher Ausdruck einer Krise der Repräsentation in der funktionalen Selbstverwaltung? Arbeitsgruppen konstituierten sich, Papiere wurden geschrieben, Workshops abgehalten, Reformagenden entworfen. Die zuweilen klebrige Wirklichkeit der zwischen identitätspolitischen Konflikten, Reputationswettbewerb und

Turboökonomisierung hin und her gerissenen Gruppenuniversität lässt sich leider nicht so einfach abstreifen. Was in Erinnerung bleibt, ist zumindest dieses Zitat: „An easily governed university is no university at all“ (Boulton/Lucas, „What are Universities for?“, 2008, S. 15).

Villa Walther. Neue Heimat auf Zeit. Eine Wohnung hoch oben in den Baumwipfeln mit Blick auf gleich zwei Seen. Wie vermisse ich doch die Geräusche, die Kinder bei Sprungübungen auf ihrem Roller machen.

Wissenschaftsgeschichte des Religionsrechts zwischen 1890 und 1960. Blieb einstweilen ungeschrieben; → Archiv- und Bibliothekszugang. Aber das Thema „läuft nicht weg“.

Zoom. Fluch und Segen. Mehr ist dazu nicht zu sagen.



WRITING AND RUNNING IN GRUNEWALD SHAMIL JEPPIE

Shamil Jeppie teaches in the Department of Historical Studies, University of Cape Town, where he also directs the *Tombouctou* Manuscripts Project, which he founded in 2002 with the aim to work with, and study, manuscript collections and book cultures in Timbuktu, Mali and across the larger region. *The Meanings of Timbuktu* (2008, edited with Souleyman Bachir Diagne; French translation 2011) covers key aspects of the scholarship and libraries investigated by the project. Apart from his focus on the history of the book and collections, he has written about aspects of South African social history. During 2020/2021, he worked on the draft of a book about the long history of scholars and collectors in the Sahara region where Timbuktu is located. He has been involved for many years in fostering humanities networks across Africa and the South. – Address: Department of Historical Studies, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, 7701, Cape Town, South Africa. E-mail: shamil.jeppie@uct.ac.za.

I started my Wiko experience in August in online German classes (including film evenings) with the ever-patient Eva von Kügelgen. As the late winter days of Cape Town dragged on, Vera Pfeffer sent flight possibilities with few options due to the pandemic, and only “repatriation” flights were leaving the country. I was *not returning* to a European country, so theoretically would not be allowed to take any of them. At one stage, I thought I would become a “Zoom Fellow,” as departure dates were set and flights booked, then the flights were cancelled. I became rather disheartened until Vera wrote, then called, confident that, even though it was short notice with a long layover, a Cape Town–Istanbul–Berlin flight with a 10-hour stopover at Istanbul Airport should work! It did. I arrived at

Villa Walther on a balmy mid-September afternoon to a warm welcome from Vera. After a short quarantine, I presented myself at Wallotstraße 19, and there were a few weeks of “socially distanced” lunches, Tuesday Colloquia in the seminar room, two Thursday dinners, and German classes in Villa Jaffé. However, soon it was “virtual” contact only and delivered lunches, with trips to Wallotstraße buildings only to collect books or mail, never without the appropriate mask. The lockdown was tightened in November and lasted through late May 2021; in between there were short periods of relaxation of the rules, but with Covid test results always necessary if one wanted to do anything beyond basic shopping. My nostrils had to just accept the intrusions if I wanted to see an exhibition or see and hear the Philharmonic live. However, June in Berlin with lots of long sunny days was wonderful, memorable. Then packing began and with it the nostalgia for the months past of quietly writing, engaging with new colleagues, and experiencing Berlin public space.

The lockdown conditions suited me in the beginning, because I could focus entirely on getting on with my writing, without trips to museums or visits to restaurants, for instance. With the excellent library services, I was able to immediately gather a good number of works that I could not consult before my arrival. I was able to keep many books in my apartment for the entirety of my stay; some multiple-volume works I would otherwise not have been able to check out of a library at all. In the first quarter, I finished papers that I had promised to editors and continued work on my book in between. By late November, a “book club,” an interdisciplinary group with an interest in writing well-researched works for a “general readership,” had been formed. This forced me to focus on writing draft chapters to pre-circulate to others in the group. At the outset, our proposals were subjected to rigorous criticism. I had to think carefully and write with more imagination about how to make 16th-century West African manuscript book history interesting to biologists, an astronomer, a Europeanist, and a legal scholar, amongst others. I benefitted hugely from the probing questions and stylistic suggestions from the group. I learned a great deal from their work, from their comments on my work, and from Daniel Schönplug’s steering of the group and his insights on good writing and publishing matters. The approach to my project changed, for the better. I also found the responses to my work from the Early Modern history group most valuable. My ten months in Grunewald surrounded by a group of highly motivated scholars, including many historians, who were curious about my work and generous with their suggestions and criticism, made all the challenges of a long period of various kinds of isolation worthwhile. Leaving aside the genuine difficulties and challenges of social isolation during this time, I can only

dream of more of this kind of productive quiet, rigorous but generous engagement, and collegiality.

I was able to participate – as presenter or in the audience – in various seminars in Berlin, such as at the Leibniz-Zentrum Moderner Orient, the Freie Universität, and the *EUME* programme of the Forum Transregionale Studien (for which I thank Georges Khalil). Most of the new colleagues who attended my talks, and whose work I got to hear about, I could not meet in person, unfortunately.

If the restrictions of various intensities of lockdown and increasingly cold weather allowed or forced me to sit and work on my book, then my need to move was satisfied by the birth of what we called the *Wicked Wiko Runners Club* (with a self-appointed leadership and even a club T-shirt). I had an entry to the Berlin Marathon for September 2020 and was training according to a programme until cancellation of the event. Two days after my arrival, I started exploring on my own Grunewald, with its rich range of historic street names, and parts of the forest and adjacent areas, but not yet too far in. I was told on my first day that the forest is just up the road, but one needs to be aware of the wild boars! In late October, we had the running group that over the months explored the forest and lakes in ever-increasing distances with no boars in sight, only lots of dogs in places on a Sunday morning. The Sunday long runs were wonderful for exploring the area through Krumme Lanke to Schlachtensee and even part of the tough Havelhöhenweg; we would effortlessly cover up to a half-marathon (and some of us more) at times, and in the Spring we added a Tuesday late afternoon speedwork session at an excellent community sports facility nearby. The running club kept us healthy and inspired, and we often continued to chat about our work, with the biologists commenting on insects, bees, and birds that the rest of us would not have noticed otherwise. (Perhaps I was too focused on keeping the pace slow on Sundays and making sure we got the speedwork sessions right on the Tuesdays when I was present.) It was a fantastic way to do things in a group and discover the Grunewald forest, especially in a period when there were few alternatives for social interaction (at one stage even group runs were disallowed by the Covid *Beschränkungen/Einschränkungen* – words even native speakers had to get used to). Apart from the running, there was the possibility of swimming in the terrific lakes along the routes we took. In January, one wonders how a person could even touch such water (although there were always a few locals immersing themselves); in June, one wonders how could one not swim in such water! I could not get enough of the lakes, which are just a short bicycle ride away when one is not running around them.

Daniel – a strong runner, former triathlete, and committed member of the club – was appointed Life President of the *Wicked Wiko Runners Club*. So the club is assured of a future in Grunewald. Long-distance running, late afternoon jogs, or speed sessions and sunset forest walks cannot, however, exhaust all one's time when not writing and reading. They are often as solitary as writing and reading. I was happy to be included when various small gatherings were organized – often, but not only, in a quiet Villa Jaffé and within the limits of the changing and detailed Covid-19 *Beschränkungen* – to meet to watch movies and have long dinners together. I had to upgrade my elementary cooking and baking skills for these occasions. But with enough time, I was able to research, test, try, and produce consumable fare without subsequent complaints of suffering. Some of my neighbours in Villa Walther will know how many times I attempted to perfect a dish or dessert.

Of course, I cannot fathom what kind of experience I would have had under normal conditions, so I cannot really make any suggestions about what or how things could be different. The situation was beyond the limits of the leadership to change; and under the circumstances they tried everything to keep us engaged and satisfied. It was an exceptional year because of the pandemic and we had to collectively and individually decide how to make the best of an extraordinary situation. The discoveries and serendipitous encounters over many months of lunches, sitting in the lounge reading the newspapers, or simply walking together up Koenigsallee were minimal, yet this is what I imagined would be among the wonderful aspects of a year at Wiko. There are so many possibilities in a place like Wiko.

We were never able to be together as a family over the ten months because of travel restrictions, despite the best efforts of the team who got me here. I dearly missed Gigi, Mazin, and Haytham and their birthdays, I missed important birthdays and feast days together and hope conditions in the near future permit a Berlin visit. The Wiko staff members are exceptional in their commitment to fostering curiosity and rigour and to freeing Fellows from all sorts of burdens so that we can focus on our scholarly interests. I have to thank the leadership and administration for inviting me, then getting me to Berlin in extraordinary times, and making my stay so worthwhile and memorable despite everything: the Rector, Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger, Daniel, Thorsten, Katharina, Petria, Vera, Nina, Maike, Sabine, Sophia, the great team of librarians (Stefan, Kirsten, Anja, Dominik et al.), the IT team, Eva for the German classes, Dunia and Daniela for feeding us, and Dennis and Daniela for caring for our living space.



IN THE ERA OF INVOLUNTARY IMMOBILITY...?
JAEUN KIM

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When I ended the preliminary title of my new book project with the phrase “... in the era of involuntary immobility,” I did not know that the phrase would resonate with the kinds of jet-setting academics gathered at Wiko, myself included. Wiko takes pride not only in the multidisciplinary of its intellectual community, but also in its transcontinental and

transoceanic coverage, notwithstanding the limitations imposed by language – i.e., English as a lingua franca. Dealing with the infrastructure of international travels that buttress this carefully manicured diversity is usually left to the backstage work of Wiko's competent staff. To be sure, past Fellows from the Global South or fleeing authoritarian regimes must have been intimately familiar with the anxieties and indignities accompanying international travels. But I suspect that it has not been the talk of the town in most other years.

Not anymore in our year, people! We often started our first hallway and lunch table introductions by recounting the travail of getting out and getting in. Some had to cope with the unprecedented exit ban of their home country that has long boasted solid liberal democratic credentials (a nod to Madeleine and Ben). Others had to grapple with the reputational dive of their home country, which found itself on the receiving end of sweeping travel bans due to its uniquely messed-up response to the pandemic (a nod to many colleagues from the U.S.). As an academic calling the U.S. my second home, I should have been one of them, were it not for my South Korean passport that offered me a temporary refuge in the summer of 2020, where life continued with some semblance of normalcy with the daily case numbers hovering around just two digits. Alas, South Korea's suspension of visa waivers for German passport holders led to the reciprocal measure from the German government and the red tape set up by its embassy in Seoul. Those who could not arrive on time like us due to visa complications and flight cancellations were the colleagues from South Africa, Argentina, and Bangladesh (winks to Shamil, Marcelo, Wasif, and Reetu). The global pandemic offset the privilege they had enjoyed as internationally recognized academics and artists despite their "weak" passports. Many of us had to experience prolonged separation from family and significant others – although the severity of that separation varied, depending on how the global pandemic reshuffled and reinforced entrenched inequality in cross-border mobility.

Involuntary immobility also sharply captures the progressively stringent lockdown that we came to experience throughout the long and dark Berlin winter. Travel plans were cancelled; external engagements took place only on screen; and it was not us but the car carrying our lunch boxes that shuffled between Villa Linde and Villa Walther regularly. To a degree, involuntary immobility brought us together intellectually and socially. The Decameron analogy hit close to home, with the proliferation of various workshops centered on particular disciplines (e.g. biology, sociology, philosophy, early modern Europeanists, etc.), yet welcoming curious outsiders. Looking forward to Tuesday Colloquia

and Three Cultures Forums was expected. But who knew that conversing in my broken German with Marcelo, Reetu, and Wasif in our absolute beginner German class would give me such a joy! Under Ursula's kind guidance, we complained about the sun that failed to shine again ("die Sonne scheint nicht!"), shared the delight of a long "Spaziergang" taken in the middle of Grunewald, and dreamed about the day that we could finally practice our restaurant conversation skills and order legendary "Kartoffelpuffer" (for the record, during my year at Wiko, I ate as much "Kartoffeln" as I would have consumed in three years!).

While the weekly Wiko dinner disappeared, we organized occasional potluck gatherings and movie nights, mostly, if not always (wink wink), adhering to constantly changing Covid restrictions. And of course, there were long walks and bike rides to numerous lakes around Grunewald, various neighborhoods in Berlin and Potsdam, and well-known and little-known memorials and cemeteries dotting the city of Berlin – the journeys that Sung Ho and I documented religiously on the Berlin map we purchased from Bücherbogen at Savignyplatz. Serious conversations about intellectual and political matters at these informal gatherings (most consistently, how to reckon with the politics of race as scientists and citizens of the universities and beyond) generated a string of email exchanges in the following days and, at times, Three Cultures Forum sessions on related themes. But I would as fondly remember more "frivolous" conversations, like Christel's joke about taciturn Finns, Andreas's experience of a poetry class, Hakan and Ugur's story of dancing to "Gangnam Style," Erika's comparison of Korean and Korean-American films, Corinna's aspiration to wear Julia Roberts' Pretty Woman hairstyle back in the day, and Magdalena's "agony" about what to wear for her habilitation. Most importantly, without the generous and warm friendship of Alex, Ève, and Shamil – the food, drinks, outings, whining, and laughs we shared throughout the lockdown winter and beyond – my memory of Berlin would have turned out to be a lot bleaker.

That I was able to turn involuntary immobility into the time to hunker down and get some writing done was a rare privilege. Even inside Wiko, colleagues who were the parents of young children, among others, were not allowed this luxury, due to school closure. The thoughtful feedback from Andreas (on Catholic indulgence) and Harel (on ethnographic methods) helped me complete the revision of an article, "Between Sacred Gift and Profane Exchange: Identity Craft and Relational Work in Asylum Claims-Making on Religious Grounds," published in *Theory and Society*. The Wiko Sociologist Workshop offered a platform through which I could develop another article, preliminarily titled

“From Masquerade to Metamorphosis: Law, Self-Making, and Future-Making in Asylum-Seeking on Religious Grounds.” In particular, Bénédicte expanded my understanding of the capability approach; Ève introduced me to the concept of “ethno-accounting”; and Sung Ho and Michel brought Weber’s famous church/sect distinction to bear on my ethnographic findings. Furthermore, Stefan Gellner at the Wiko library helped me identify an amazing list of materials, including those in German, that expanded my theoretical and comparative understanding of my case. These two articles form the core chapters of my new book in progress, preliminarily titled *Logics of Redemption: Migration, Asylum, and Religion in the Era of Involuntary Immobility*. The preparation for my Tuesday Colloquium in late January helped me figure out the book’s basic narrative structure. The engaging discussion that followed further helped me situate my case in multiple comparative contexts. The topics of discussion included the different configurations of Church-State relations between Germany and the U.S. (thanks to Konrad, Michael, and Dieter), different understandings of the authentic religious self between early modern Europe and the contemporary U.S. (Barbara, Nadine, and Konrad), and similarities and differences among various performances of deservingness often required of immigrants (Ella and Robert). My conversation with Jan and Thorsten also pushed me to think more deeply about the question of temporality, law, and religious conversion. While I generally avoided external engagements, the portrait of my work published in *Köpfe und Ideen* (thank you Katharina!) led to an opportunity to give a book talk at Vrije Universiteit in Amsterdam, at the invitation of Prof. Pál Nyiri, a former Wiko Fellow and a renowned anthropologist of Chinese migration.

The last month in Berlin was unbelievably beautiful and memorable. The daily lunches and weekly dinners returned to the patio, which we embraced with a renewed appreciation for the co-presence of fellow human beings. (This may also explain why the farewell party turned into “the night of the nerd dance revenge”...) I also managed to visit many museums, Berlin Phil performances, and operas, alone or together with colleagues whom I can now call friends. Looking back, there is something poetic about the fact that “involuntary immobility” and the intellectual and social life that nonetheless blossomed came to characterize our year in the city of Berlin. As a migration scholar, though, I wonder if the urge to romanticize should be resisted. The global mobility regimes that sustained our privilege while producing discontents and miseries somewhere else are shifting beneath our feet in the aftermath – or are we still very much in the middle of it...? – of the global pandemic.



ZOOM, ZOOM, ZOOM
MICHEL LALLEMENT

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Zoom 1. We'll be there very soon... 10:45 a.m.... Quick, quick... hurry up before connecting. The toilet is done. But I forgot to shave... Change my shirt, drink a last coffee, push the wet laundry aside so that it is not visible on the screen... What else? 10:55. Find the link... Damn, where is it again?... 10:57. It's ok, I have it, I launch... 10:58. Stop everything... I forgot to stop the music. The Boss starts "Tougher than the Rest," but I can't let him have it now. Too bad... Quick, run to the other room. Aim for the stop button. "Left

somebody's heart in a mess. Well if you're..." That's it, Bruce is gone. 10:59. New mouse click, waiting in the Zoom lobby... My head appears in postage stamp format in the gallery of Fellows patiently waiting for the weekly seminar to kick off. 46 people are connected. All heads are at attention. There are those who are awake and those who are pretending. There are the helmeted ones, and those who keep their ears free. There are those who melt into a background that varies from week to week (ah, the little blurs as soon as they move...) and then there are those who, imperturbably, fit into the same decor that we end up knowing by heart. Why not invent a new game? *The Wiko association game*. Everyone would be presented with a series of photos of interiors, and the goal would be to associate each image as quickly as possible with the head that, every Tuesday at 11 a.m., is stuck on it. The problem is that some people never show their head. What to do in these conditions. Imagine joker cards? And what could the winner win? The right to extend her/his stay as a Fellow one more year, but on condition that corona has finally deserted the premises...

"It's 11 o'clock sharp, it's time to start our seminar..." The ritual opening sentence brings me out of my reverie. It is a young man in his thirties who is in charge today. Fluent English, international background, absolutely brilliant CV, smile on his face... So, the introduction of the speaker of the week: "Our speaker studied at..." "She is a specialist in..." "She has published many..." "She has been..." "She will talk to us about..." Now it's the speaker's turn to take the floor for at least three-quarters of an hour. From week to week, the topics vary greatly. Today's topic is the role of the wet nurses in the princely courts. The topic is specific, but no less fascinating. The exhibitor is brilliant, she shows us how the historian that she is works close to the archives; the results are sometimes surprising. Even though we are in Zoom, I am not bored... End of the presentation. Mute applause: everyone raises their hands in front of their camera and claps their hands, but the microphones are not connected. It's time for questions. In our small world of international academics, a ritual is unavoidable. Before asking a question, you have to explain to the speaker how fascinating, illuminating, inspiring... his or her presentation was... Then comes the comment. In France, and in some other countries I imagine, we are usually more sparing with praise. Whatever. Besides, it's not so bad when it's your turn to be bombarded with compliments. Everyone plays the game and, in turn, about fifteen Fellows (almost the same ones from week to week...) ask questions. The criticism is never harsh and the exchanges are always kind. A little kindness in this world of confined spaces is not bad after all.

12:40 p.m. End of the seminar. I go to Wallotstraße 19 to get my lunch. I don't have to go very far. I only have to cross the street. I live in the Remise, a spacious apartment next to the Weiße Villa, where the library is located. Mask on my nose and on my mouth, I line up in the corridor that leads to the dining room. This year, because of corona, the meals were first shared by tables of four, then of two. Now everyone gets their food delivered at home or picks up a bag. On Tuesdays, more people make the trip to Wallot 19. The time spent waiting in line allows people to continue the conversation started during the talk or simply to exchange news. It's an important moment of sociability while waiting to be served. Then Dunia, the good genius of the place, as efficient as eternally smiling, distributes to each his bag or tray. Without her and all the staff, what would have become of us...

Zoom 2. So, if you'd like to take a trip... Zurück hinter meinem Computer. Punkt 14 Uhr trete ich meinem Deutschkurs bei. Eva ist immer vor allen anderen da. Außerdem erhellt sie den Bildschirm mit ihrer unermüdlich guten Laune. George, Minou, Madeleine und Bill melden sich in den nächsten Minuten an. Der Kurs ist für uns wertvoll. Nicht nur, um ein bisschen besser Deutsch sprechen zu lernen oder um nicht mehr so oft über unsere Grammatikfehler zu stolpern. Es ist ein weiteres wichtiges soziales Moment in diesen Zeiten der Enge. Wir beginnen immer mit einer Runde am Tisch (oder eher Bildschirm), um Neuigkeiten auszutauschen, von einer Reise zu erzählen oder ein Buch zu empfehlen. Mit ihrem klaren Deutsch geht Eva auf unser Stocken und unsere Fragen ein und füllt das Zoom-Whiteboard mit neuen Wörtern, farbenfrohen Ausdrücken und essenziellen Referenzen. Die Arbeit an Texten von Schriftstellern, Künstlern, Journalisten und Philosophen hat uns einen tieferen Einblick in die deutsche Kultur gegeben. Heute ist es Hannah Arendt, die uns interessiert. Wir beschäftigen uns mit einem langen Interview mit Günter Gaus aus dem Jahr 1964. Eine Mischung aus biografischen und theoretischen Betrachtungen. Der Hang des Verstehens ist manchmal schwer zu erklimmen, aber es lohnt sich immer ... Schon 15:30 Uhr. Wir müssen aufhören und uns wieder unseren persönlichen Dingen zuwenden. Auf Wiedersehen an alle, bis nächste Woche ...

Herauszoomen. Zum Schluss habe ich noch ein wenig Zeit, um mich wieder mit meinem Forschungsvorhaben zu befassen. Ich habe beschlossen, das Jahr den nordamerikanischen Utopien des 19. Jahrhunderts zu widmen, mit einem besonderen Interesse an der Oneida Community. Ich kam mit Kopien aus Archiven hierher, die ich während eines früheren Aufenthalts an der Syracuse University erstellt hatte. Diesem Thema habe ich mein Dienstagskolloquium mit einem Blick auf die französische Situation gewidmet; ich

arbeite nun an einem Artikel, der den Inhalt meines Vortrags aufgreift und mit genaueren Bezügen zu den Archiven sowie einer elementaren Netzwerkanalyse anreichert. Auch wenn ich etwas weiter weg von der Villa-Walther-Gemeinschaft wohne, wird mir bei der Arbeit über utopische Gemeinschaften und die Art und Weise, wie man in ihnen lebt und arbeitet, nicht langweilig. Ist es die Sehnsucht nach den normalen Zeiten, in denen wir uns die Hand geben oder küssen konnten, ohne Angst zu haben, krank zu werden? In jedem Fall ist das tägliche Eintauchen in die Literatur und die Archive der Gemeinschaftswelten ein gutes Mittel gegen die Enge.

Zoom 3. Just step inside my rocket ship... 17 heures 05. L'heure de Zoom a à nouveau sonné. Réunion administrative avec des collègues français. Mais pourquoi diantre ai-je accepté d'y participer ? Important, important, important... m'a-t-on assuré. Mais je vais m'ennuyer, c'est sûr... Bon, tant pis. Clic, rejoindre la réunion par la voie audio, mettre en marche la fonction vidéo. Tout le monde est déjà là. Échange rapide de nouvelles. « Tiens, tiens... Comment se fait-il qu'il y ait un piano derrière toi ? » Explication : habituellement la Remise accueille un compositeur ou une compositrice. Il n'y en avait pas cette année qui soit intéressé-e par le lieu. Donc je travaille sur le fouriérisme et les harmonies sociales sous la vigilance constante d'un piano à queue condamné au silence par le seul fait de mon incompétence musicale. La réunion démarre. Le temps passe au compte-goutte. Quand je lève la tête, je peux voir des *fellows* aller et venir à la bibliothèque, livres en mains et préoccupations de recherche (du moins je l'imagine...) plein la tête. Après quelques mois à observer malgré moi tous ces déplacements quotidiens, je suis maintenant capable de dire qui est assidu-e et qui est aux abonnés-es absent-es. Encore un petit effort, et je serai le roi des potins du coin. À la Remise, je suis un village à moi tout seul.

Back on earth, or rather in France. My turn to intervene by zooming in to make my report. Discussions. The meeting drags on... At 6:30 p.m., finally deliverance comes. Please, music! Button on. "...looking for love honey, I'm tougher than the rest. Some girls they want a handsome Dan or some good-lookin' Joe..." Bruce is back. A glance at the e-mails before ending the day. "Can we get in touch by Zoom tomorrow? I have something important to speak with you. I promise, it won't be long. I hope everything goes well in Berlin. You're lucky that you're not bothered by long-distance meetings like we are." "No problem..." I answer, "in fact, Zoom has become my best friend..." So here we go again... *Zoom, zoom, zoom, we're going to the moon.*



TELEMATIC INTERVENTIONS GEORGE E. LEWIS

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My year at the Wissenschaftskolleg was extraordinary in many senses of that term. My friends and colleagues who had been there were mostly philosophers: Arnold Davidson, Lydia

Goehr, Philip Kitcher, Pat Kitcher. They all raved about their time at the Wiko. So I was ready for a kind of Wonderland intellectual experience – but then, the pandemic came along.

This was the year that education, scholarship, and performance around the world became telematic. For us there were no concerts, no restaurants, no museums, no in-person Wiko lunches, dinners, or colloquia. Incredibly intricate national government restrictions on inside meetings meant that we and our friends held discussions as we walked around Grunewald, with its wonderful lakes and swans, in the dead of the Berlin winter.

But I had always wanted to live in Germany for an extended period, and living on the top floor of our beautiful Villa Walther apartment, with a balcony view of the Herthasee and sunlight streaming in all day, was a dream that was actually being fulfilled, even if interacting on a regular basis with Berlin friends and colleagues I'd known for many years became difficult. The incomparable support of the brilliant staff of the Wiko helped get us all through the worst of it. Dunia Najjar made sure we got lunch every day, even arranging for the meals to be brought to our apartments during the high tide of the pandemic. Otherwise, the people I connected with the most were Maike Schaper, Andrea Bergmann, Vera Pfeffer, Deniz Gündogdu, Pit Hertling, Leonard Westphal, Gesine Rodewald, Nina Kitsos, Ivonne David, and Dennis Grimm, all of who made sure that everything worked. You could really rely on them, and with steady leadership from Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger and Thorsten Wilhelm, I felt that everyone was helping us to make the very best of a super-difficult situation. I'd like to thank everyone named above and all their colleagues.

I came to Berlin from New York City in late September 2020 with my spouse Miya Masaoka, Professor of Sound Art at the School of the Arts at Columbia University, and our son Tadashi Lewis, then 15 years old. We were scheduled to arrive at the Wissenschaftskolleg in early August, in time for Tadashi to join his colleagues at the JFK High School in Berlin. However, his passport had expired in May, and we were not able to procure a new one for him because the US Passport Office was basically closed due to COVID-19. One day in late September, after a delay of several months during which we were despairing of actually getting to Berlin at all, Miya had a dream that we had received the passport. I had just called the agency earlier that day, and was told that the passport was still “processing.” So I called again, and somehow, the message was that the passport had been mailed to us! We ended up arriving two days before the deadline for enrollment at JFK, and even though Tadashi had missed six weeks of school, the wonderful thing was that unlike New York, Berlin still had *Präsenzunterricht*. That only lasted until late November, unfortunately, and did not resume until April.

So Tadashi was able to make some friends and even pass his *Mittelschulabschluss* examination (as well as studying German), but was deprived of much of the fellowship of meeting students, which we are still quite sad about. Tadashi's lifeline was the Internet. With a six-hour time difference, he was able to converse and play video games with his friends back in New York. For me, it was my work. I came to the Wiko with a plan to write an opera that was a combination of W.E.B. Du Bois's 1926 science fiction/dystopia short story, *The Comet*, and Monteverdi's *The Coronation of Poppea*. By January 2021, it was clear that COVID was not going to allow the opera to be performed by June 2021, so it was postponed indefinitely. Meanwhile, Miya was continuing to teach remotely at Columbia, and in March 2021, she became a Guggenheim Fellow, which prompted many congratulations from people at the Wiko. For both me and Miya, there were also the incredible weekly colloquia and occasional presentations – so many people whose work I had read, or hope to read before I shuffle off this mortal coil.

For the entire fellowship year, starting in early August 2020, Miya and I took Wiko-organized group German lessons over Zoom. Mine were with Eva von Kügelgen, and the depth of her erudition, her patience, and her ardent love of teaching made an enormous, possibly life-changing difference for me. I first started studying German as a third-grader in Chicago at the age of nine, and I continued studying the language right through my second year of university. From around 1976 to 2010, when I was still a touring musician, I worked frequently in the BRD and the GDR with German musicians. However, I was always a bit embarrassed at my command of the spoken language, which still seemed unsure even after all that experience.

Eva encouraged me to throw off those shackles of self-doubt, and I found that many of my German friends and colleagues were relieved that they didn't have to write emails or talk to me on the phone in English anymore. I still made lots of mistakes, but it didn't matter now. Everyone I talked to was so encouraging – “dein hervorragendes Deutsch,” usw. I also used the television as an educational tool, a partial substitute for the relative lack of live contact with people in Berlin. I really didn't care what I watched – documentaries, breakfast shows with celebrity gossip, soap operas, *Schlagermusik*, the news, late-night political humor, game shows, home shopping, shows in Bavarian and other dialects. The subtitles were a big help, not least while we were watching live German-language commentary on the shocking January 6, 2021 invasion of the US Capitol, the bellwether of the current surge of criminal authoritarian behavior that I hope US democracy can beat back.

Eva also assigned readings from Uwe Pörksen's book about the Wiko, *Camelot in Grunewald: Szenen aus dem intellektuellen Leben der achtziger Jahre*. Pörksen's account of the very first year of the Wiko's existence, 1981/1982, portrayed the Wonderland that I was experiencing a 21st-century version of, with people like Michel Lallement, with whom I bonded through Erving Goffman (even if my grasp of Max Weber was embarrassingly slim), Christel Fricke, Ève Chiapello (and her husband Guy and daughter Claire), Yossi Yovel, Shamil Jeppie, Minou Arjomand (who I worked with at Columbia for a semester while she was a graduate student), Andreas Dorschel, Alexander Bevilacqua, Jan-Werner Müller, Erika Kiss (who provided a very useful reference for my 2020 Haus der Kulturen der Welt talk on "Telematic Afrofuturism"), Munem Wasif and his artist spouse, Reetu Sattar, Sonja Dümpelmann, Daniel Schönflug, and Anna Frebel, who inspired Tadashi with her book, *Searching for the Oldest Stars*. I even participated in an online Wiko reunion of the 2001/2002 cohort, invited by my former Columbia colleague in Psychology, Elke Weber, who along with her husband is hugely knowledgeable about new music.

This newly recovered German bore some very interesting implications. I had already been working on issues around music curation in Germany and Europe, and in September 2020 I gave a talk "at" (telematically) the Akademie der Künste as part of the symposium "Curating Diversity in Europe: Decolonizing Contemporary Music." I published this talk in the German online magazine *Van Outernational* as "New Music Decolonization in Eight Difficult Steps." The talk went semi-viral and I am always hearing from people who have read it or its translations into German and French. Around the same time, I curated a program of the music of Afrodiasporic classical composers, which was presented by the London Sinfonietta in October 2020. However, the day before the family and I were supposed to leave for London, the entire UK became a COVID-19 *Risikogebiet*. So the concert went on, but our trip was off, as well as my later invitations to give talks at Oxford and Cambridge, which ended up being done telematically.

In November 2020, I co-organized a similar program around the theme of "Vielfalt erleben," with the Ensemble Modern, one of the very best contemporary music groups in Germany, and really anywhere. We organized a five-hour telematic symposium in Frankfurt on issues in diversity and curation, and a livestreamed concert at the Philharmonie Essen. This was perhaps the first time in many years that I dared to do a pre-concert interview in German. After that, I started doing German-language radio interviews on this theme, i.e., "Black Lives Matter: Auch in der Musik?" fairly frequently, on rbbKultur, Deutschlandfunk, and

Austrian radio as well. In this way, I was able to mediatically further my modest intervention in the discussion of new music in Germany and Europe. I don't think any of this would have been possible without the encouragement of Eva von Kügelgen, so I imagine that she can be credited with helping to decolonize new music.

Of course I was aware that I was the first black person of Afrodiasporic descent to serve as composer in residence; I am also aware that my successor, Liza Lim, was just the second woman and second person of Asian descent ever in this position. From my informal research on the Wiko sites, I believe that there have been around eighteen black Afrodiasporic Fellows, out of a total of 1,870 Fellows since the first cohort in 1981. The very first black Fellow came in 1999/2000, eighteen years after the first cohort. From 2013 forward, there has been at least one black Fellow each year, although it seems that no black scholar has ever served as a Permanent Fellow.

On one view, this phenomenon was related to the near-absence of Afrodiasporic histories and composers on European stages and academic histories, which I had been critiquing in my own academic writing, using social scientist Patrick Simon's observation about Western Europe's "refusal to include ethnic categories in official statistics." While the pretext is given that this absence promotes national unity and avoids identity politics, Simon wonders whether "the negation of minority identities that prevails in France in the name of universalism is not often simply a tactic for consolidating the position of dominant groups." So, at the risk of appearing unseemly in a European context, I did count the number of black Wiko Fellows, as well as reading their Yearbook contributions. This counting and reading helped me realize that I had become part of the history of a singularly world-class scholarly institution, which deepened my appreciation.

Of the previous resident composers, I appeared to be one of the few with an equal footprint in academic writing – sometimes on contemporary music, but also on new technologies and visual art. At the beginning of my fellowship year, I felt the need to emphasize that aspect somewhat; at the opening introduction of the Fellows, this part of my work was not mentioned, whereas trombone playing, which I hadn't done since the last time I was in Berlin in 2018, was marked for exceptional emphasis. At that early moment in my fellowship year, with the foregoing history of black absence in mind, I could see right away that I would have a bit of extra work to do; thus, I've taken a documentarian rather than a speculative tack for my Yearbook contribution.

Of the 472 fellows from the US, just 3 were African Americans. The first came in the 2014/2015 cohort; I was the third. As with classical music's sensory deprivation issues

regarding the sonic absence of Afrodiasporic composers, that's a lot of widely influential scholarship to be deprived of. One could imagine people like the MacArthur Fellows Saidiya V. Hartman and Fred Moten, or perhaps Ruha Benjamin, Robert Gooding-Williams, Robin D.G. Kelley, Hortense Spillers, Kimberlé Crenshaw, Cheryl I. Harris, and Alondra Nelson, as well as non-US people working on African American culture, such as Paul Gilroy, Hazel Carby, Kodwo Eshun – so many people. Perhaps this explains why, when telling people about my opera project, I had never before encountered so many major scholars in one place who had never heard of W.E.B. Du Bois. Since “by their fruits ye shall know them,” this track record points to the need for a more diversely aware brain trust around the selection process for Fellows. I'm happy to sign onto that task if needed, but I could also think of a number of people who could help with that.

The Three Cultures Forum colloquia, brilliantly organized by Daniel Schönflug, were particular highlights of my fellowship year. I made presentations in two of these colloquia; the April 21 event, “Systematizing ‘Race’: Practices and Theories in an Emerging Modern World,” with Alexander Bevilacqua, Christel Fricke, and Ella Shohat, was particularly germane to what I was doing in classical music curation. While I was preparing my TCF presentation, Christel Fricke, who became a real friend, brought my attention to an article in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* that had been published just the week before, by a Kant expert who presented a ringing attack on those who would dare raise any issue regarding the philosopher's obvious racism, while making such easily refutable statements as “Kant makes no statement of his own about blacks.” As with my own work on the inclusion of the Afrodiasporic in new classical music, I've found that pointing out these issues implicitly calls into question the standing of those experts who have somehow spent their careers ignoring and/or denying them, as well as being unaware of people who have already done this work, such as Emmanuel Chukwudi Eze, Robert Berlusconi, or 2015 Wiko Fellow El Hadji Ibrahima Diop.

However, I've also been critical of the too-easy loading of all issues of this kind, particularly in Germany, onto the heavily overworked sign of *Rassismus*. As I told a colleague in preparation for one of the many telematic talks I gave during my Wiko year, simply labeling the complex, intersectionally experienced dynamics of race as even institutional *Rassismus* cannot account for why so few Afrodiasporic composers have their works performed in Europe. Rather, one must unpack the discursive tactics, such as the construction of an identitarian consensus that such composers are somehow not “part of the tribe,” and therefore are to be ignored, clearly marked as exceptional outsiders, portrayed as

merely bringing coals to Newcastle, or framed as actually non-existing – the “Mythos der Abwesenheit,” a term I borrowed from my former student in musicology Dana Reason that was used as the headline of a 2019 *Neue Musikzeitung* article on my work. This is the real identity politics: “Woher kommst du eigentlich?”, the title of a 2021 3sat television show on being black in Germany. Of course it was not helpful that the term “Rasse” itself is fraught with contradictory meanings and is not easily translatable into the US/Anglophone notion of “race.” Daniel Schönplflug, organizer of the Fellow Forum, as well as Sonja Dümpelmann, provided me with an introduction to German-language scholarship that probed this conundrum. Based on this I was able to build a useful bibliography on the topic.

This TCF also influenced one of my Wiko composing projects, on the 18th-century Afro-German philosopher Anton Wilhelm Amo, who was already teaching philosophy at the University of Wittenberg when Kant was just ten years old. My piece *Amo* for five voices and electronics, with texts in Latin, German, Dutch, and Twi (Amo’s mother tongue) based on Amo’s 1734 “Philosophical Disputation Containing a Distinct Idea of Those Things That Pertain Either to the Mind or to Our Living and Organic Body,” was premiered by the Neue Vocalsolisten at the Venice Biennale in September 2021.

In March 2021, the Ensemble Modern “Afro-modernism” concert I curated in November 2020 was presented at the Philharmonie Berlin as part of the annual MaerzMusik Festival für Zeitfragen, sponsored by the Berliner Festspiele. During the festival period I moderated two panel discussions at the Wiko on the same evening: “Afrodiasporic Experimentalism,” held in English with sound artists Jessica Ekomane and Christina Wheeler, and “Identität, Diaspora und das Zeitgenössische: Eine Diskussion zu Identität und Zukunft der zeitgenössischen Musik,” held in German with Christel Fricke, musicologist Harald Kisiedu, and journalist and curator Arlette-Louise Ndakoze. In fact, this was the first public event at the Wiko since pandemic restrictions had begun in earnest; for example, there were no lecture-recitals in our year. Katharina Wiedemann, Petria Saleh, Sophia Pick, Dunia Najjar, and Frank Johannsen played key roles in bringing these two productions to fruition.

My Tuesday Colloquium, which took place about two weeks later, was initially meant to be a presentation of my recent musical works and a look at some of my recent scholarship. However, a rather curmudgeonly response to the MaerzMusik concert and discussions, published in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, prompted me to revise my talk. I kept the first section, on the pleasures and pitfalls of composing for voices, discussing my

use of rhetorical figures as algorithmic procedures, as influenced by Sister Miriam Joseph's *Shakespeare's Use of the Arts of Language* (1947). I then proceeded to examine issues in classical music that were brought up by the *FAZ* article, whose author used the concert to support his contention that discussions of race in classical music were nothing more than identity politics, an imported "amerikanische Problematik." *Par hasard*, Michel Lallement had just sent our German class another recent article from *Le Monde Diplomatique* by Stéphane Beaud and Gérard Noiriel, who claimed that the troubles in France around race were an artifact of "politiques identitaires," "l'Américanisation de la vie publique," and "un militantisme qui divise les classes populaires."

However, this seemed to be a classic case of projection. Despite decades of associations in Europe since 1976, and having lived on the continent for five years in the '80s, I had only seen one concert in all that time featuring the music of black classical contemporary composers. In fact, the Donaueschinger Musiktage, one of the most important contemporary music festivals in the world, had never programmed a black composer in its entire hundred-year history before October 2020, when a chamber work of mine, completed just before I arrived at the Wiko, was performed, along with works by two other black composers. At our November symposium, the former director of the Donaueschinger Musiktage publicly admitted this absence, a brave stance in my view. My Tuesday Colloquium used these recent events to reprise my view that to "present creative depth," as Patrick Chamoiseau, Jean Bernabé, and Raphaël Confiant declared in their 1993 book, *Éloge de la Créolité*, adopting a mental envelope of creolization would allow contemporary classical music to renounce its self-image as the celebration of a whiteness-based European sonic diaspora, an identity politics that, as with other addictions, operates with deadly effect. In this way, *Neue Musik* could become a true world music.

In addition to *Amo*, I wrote two other pieces, as well as four short articles. In October 2020, a 25-minute solo piano work, *Blombos Workshop*, premiered at the Skaņu Mežs festival in Riga, Latvia. The work took as its theme the backdating and de-Europeanization of the origin of the "human symbolic revolution" with the 1999 discovery in Blombos Cave in South Africa of an abstract drawing reliably dated at around 73,000 years old, as well as the vast, 100,000-year-old paint-making workshop from which it came. That same month, *Rainbow Family*, a recording of a work that premiered at IRCAM in Paris in 1984, was released, containing four pieces for interactive, improvising computers and human instrumentalists for which I wrote the software. These works were at least of historical interest, being among the earliest such works ever created. In February, *The Recombinant Trilogy*,

an album of works for solo instrumentalist and spatialized computer-based timbral transformations written between 2013 and 2017, was released.

Another article I wrote at the Wiko, “I Can’t Breathe: A Virtual Dialogue,” discusses Austrian composer Georg Friedrich Haas’s haunting work for solo trumpet, *I Can’t Breathe*, which is dedicated not to George Floyd, but to Eric Garner, who in 2014 was placed in a chokehold on the street by a New York City policeman. Garner can be heard on a bystander’s video urgently repeating the words “I can’t breathe” eleven times before passing out and then passing away. Haas’s work, written just after the birth of the Black Lives Matter organization, and well before the concept of Black Lives Matter came to international prominence, raises a number of important questions about the response of the international new music community to the increasingly multicultural and multiracial, i.e., creolized, societies in which its performances, curatorial directions, and critical, historical, and philosophical inquiries are being presented.

I also fulfilled a commission from the Guggenheim Museum for a short catalog essay, “Why Did Kandinsky Improvise?” The article asked why so little had been written by scholars about Kandinsky’s involvement with improvisation, despite his lasting influence on generations of writers, painters, musicians, and electronic media artists working with abstraction through improvisative methodologies. It turned out, for example, that his love of Cézanne and the Impressionists probably had more to do with his interest in improvisation than, say, his association with composers such as Schoenberg. My speculation is that Kandinsky’s interest in the spiritual aspect of his process of painting *Improvisations* could be traced to the eighteenth-century German aesthetic conceit of *Begeisterung*.^{1, 2} The

¹ For a discussion of *Begeisterung*, the sketch, and improvisation in Beethoven, see Richard Kramer, “The Sketch Itself,” in *Beethoven’s Compositional Process*, ed. William Kinderman (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1991), pp. 3–5. For a discussion of Immanuel Kant’s aesthetics of *Begeisterung*, see Edgar Landgraf, “Der Geist der Begeisterung: Kommunikationsparadoxien und ihre Entfaltung in Ästhetik und Poetik des späten 18. Jahrhunderts und bei Joseph von Eichendorff” (PhD diss., The Johns Hopkins University, 1998).

² “Die Fantasien von großen Meistern, besonders die, welche aus seiner gewissen Fülle der Empfindung und in dem Feuer der Begeisterung gespielt werden, sind oft, wie die ersten Entwürfe der Zeichner, Werke von ausnehmender Kraft und Schönheit, die bey einer gelassenen Gemütslage nicht so könnten verfertigt werden.” Johann Georg Sulzer, “Fantasieren; Fantasie,” in *Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste. Erster Theil* (Leipzig: M. G. Weidemanns Erben und Reich, 1771), p. 368, https://www.deutschestextarchiv.de/sulzer_theorie01_1771.

editors also accepted my translations of passages in Kandinsky's *Über das Geistige in der Kunst*. I found that some previous translations were either not terribly faithful to the original German, or were slanted to support a disapprobation of improvisation typical of classical music commentary after 1850, which a closer reading of Kandinsky's writings does not support.

The very last composition I made at the Wiko was completed just days before the end of the fellowship. *Minds in Flux*, a thirty-minute work for symphonic orchestra and electronics, was premiered at BBC Proms 2021 at the Royal Albert Hall by the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Ilan Volkov, whose mother, the historian Shulamit Volkov, was a Wiko Fellow in 2008/2009. I described the work as "a meditation on what decolonization might sound like." In these last days I also moderated a panel at the Akademie der Künste on Paul Robeson. This time I went to the Akademie in person, but the three panelists, artist Matana Roberts, curator and theorist Doreen Mende, and musicologist Kira Thurman, all appeared telematically, as did the entire panel, really. In January 2022 I was elected to membership in the Akademie.

I guess I'm running out of space, but despite the depredations of COVID, I would still count my year at the Wissenschaftskolleg as one of the extraordinary experiences of my life – although I'm sure that a number of Fellows in our cohort wouldn't mind a non-pandemic do-over. After all, just speaking of composers, Helmut Lachenmann, György Kurtág, and Toshio Hosokawa were Fellows three times, and Wolfgang Rihm and Jörg Widmann twice. But maybe we need more diversity now.



KANT, COMPROMISE, AND BARBECUE
CORINNA MIETH

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As I write this, I'm sitting at the Baltic Sea, just back from a run and contemplating a great year at Wiko that in hindsight seems to have passed very quickly between at least three different layers that I refer to as Kant, Compromise, and Barbecue.

1. Kant

Villa Walther received us with great end-of-summer days in the beautiful garden, where I met some of the other Fellows in afternoon sunshine. The pandemic seemed under control and I was amazed by all the interesting people I got the chance to talk to. When I saw a grill at the beautiful spot by the water, a vision of a relaxed barbecue instantly crossed my mind, but for the time being I was happy with Dunia's wonderful lunches. The Tuesday Colloquium presentations were another highlight; I learned so much about

things I did not know much if anything about before: the oldest stars, ant wars, female mongoose war tactics, graffiti, honeybees, and the interest that people from very different disciplines and cultural backgrounds share in Kantian philosophy. The interest in Kant amongst the Fellows was very broad, so that on the one hand, he was seen as the hero of the Enlightenment who defended the idea of equal moral worth and moral universalism, and on the other hand, he was seen as part of an ideological project of the Western Enlightenment that contributed to the invention of racism. So one topic I was debating not only in my own work, but also in discussions with other Fellows and in workshops with Kant scholars I was attending during my stay, was the relevance of Kantian philosophy today. The first contacts pretty soon led to the setup of a philosophers' working group with Christel Fricke and Ge Wang on Wednesday afternoons, where I learned a lot of new perspectives on Kant and a lot about China, too.

My own research focused on a new perspective on the Kantian approach to dignity. After finishing a paper on dignity and poverty, I started to work on dignity, modern slavery, and immigration restrictions within a Kantian framework. The idea is basically that once modern slavery is condemned as a severe form of interactional instrumentalization that constitutes a dignity violation, one should not miss the point that immigration restrictions within liberal democracies can also constitute a more structural, institutional dignity violation once migrants are denied legal channels to be a means for others on their own terms: to enter countries in order to work there, which falls under Kant's cosmopolitan right not to be treated with hostility. I'm especially grateful to Christel Fricke, Jaecun Kim, Sophie Bernard, Michel Lallement, and all the others who discussed these ideas with me. The third paper on Kant makes the point that the famous formula of humanity of the categorical imperative has a blind spot: once we treat others with hostility or disgust, we treat them neither as mere means nor as mere things, which the formula forbids, nor as ends in themselves, which the formula requires.

2. Compromise

With the summer coming to its end and the numbers of COVID infections growing again, I started to prepare the presentation of my Wiko research project on Migration, Stability, and Compromise. This went back to an earlier research project of mine on the Ethics of Migration. The difficulty for me has always been to bridge the gap between the moral assessment of migration, as we find it spelled out in Joseph Caren's book *The Ethics of Migration*, and political practice within liberal democracies. Considering the

life-endangering attempts to migrate by people who, for whatever reason, are more desperate to get into European countries than they are afraid of drowning in the Mediterranean, it looks like there is no sound moral reason to deny them entry and refuge. So on that level, it seemed to me that Carens is just right about open borders and there is nothing I can add to this discussion. Still, Carens says that danger to the stability of the receiving country might be a reason to restrict immigration; this is a reason of justice if the danger to stability stems from the immigrants themselves, but not if the threats to stability come from the backslashing population of Western democracies. In the latter case, immigration can still be restricted for the sake of stability, but only as a matter of pragmatism, not normative justification. Michael Blake speaks of a tragic choice here between giving up morality or justice for the sake of stability or the other way round. My idea was to focus my own research on the threats to stability from backlashes of the liberal democracies' own population when it comes to contested topics like migration. Here I was able to learn a lot from all the discussions at Wiko about Trumpism and populism in the US, a threat that people felt a bit of relief from after Joe Biden finally took over the office of US president in January 2021, after all the things that happened before and after the election.

Following Avishai Margalit, my idea was that compromise is by definition only a second-best, since once you compromise you can't get things completely your way. Still, the concept of compromise seemed useful to me when applied to the issue of backslashing populations: once we consider liberalism a historical project evolving in time, compromises between national liberals and cosmopolitan liberals make sense. But, as it came back to me in the discussion of my presentation, how can you ever be okay with second-best, when it comes to what you take for justice and morality? Still, compromise for the sake of stability and peace at the expense of justice might be better than war. On the other hand, stability is not something good for its own sake. Illiberal, totalitarian regimes can be very stable, but that would not be the kind of stability I was looking for. Starting the article, I took it for granted that liberal democratic stability is a valuable thing and that compromising on contested topics could be interpreted as realizing liberalism as a project in time. So that at the centre of this conception stands a critical self-understanding of liberalism as the ability to self-reflect and correct, rather than as closeness to an ideal normative content. Still, the contestation here was that liberalism might not, as I assumed, be something valuable, but part of the Western history of white supremacy and injustice and therefore itself not worth maintaining, but doomed to fail. From that view, of course, liberal democratic stability itself would not be worth maintaining, but might even be the wrong thing

to achieve, merely a disguised ideology, as e.g. a Marxist perspective has it. But once liberalism is addressed not as a solution to the problems we face today but as itself a major problem, so that it should not stay stable but be overcome, what would be the better alternative? What seemed clear to me as a result of the discussion of my paper back then was that there are quite different notions of justice out there, even within the liberal framework. Of course, that could be an argument exactly in favour of the need to compromise for the sake of peace, even at the expense of justice, once there are incompatible versions of justice. On the other hand, and this leads back to the objection mentioned above, once you are sure about your notion of justice, compromise might seem like treason and people with different notions of justice might seem like immoral persons you don't have to compromise with, since their opinion is wrong and therefore doesn't count. You feel that, as a moral person, you have to stand on principle. The most interesting thing for me when it comes to the notion of compromise is that in politics or history we might adore people who do not compromise, but stand on principle in the "here I stand, I can do no other" attitude I examined in an earlier publication. Still, in our private lives I dare to assume that most of us feel better in the company of people who are not standing on principle but are ready to compromise, who ask us what our standpoint is and respect it, who ask us what our needs are rather than judging them from their perspective in advance and who try to get along with us. To assess this difference in perception will be a further task for my research.

The long cold Berlin winter in lockdown from November till May required a lot of compromises, anyway. In mid-December, just before Christmas, I was diagnosed with COVID. I had felt that I was merely coming down with a cold and could not join the Wicked Wiko Runners on Sunday, and I informed the Wiko staff, who told me on Monday that another positive case had already been reported and that they wanted me to go to be tested. As with other things you don't really know before they happen to you, I learned some things about the disease: the biggest horror was not the mild symptoms I experienced, but the panic that I might have infected someone else – which, thank God, was not the case. Furthermore, I understood why other people did not take the test: once your result is positive, you're locked up for two weeks and you destroy all the plans of your contact persons, who have to go into quarantine because of you. Still, what really blew me away was all the support I got from those Co-Fellows who wrote me nice, supportive e-mails, walked my dog, brought food, or even called me every day to make sure that I don't work but recover. All my most cordial thanks to you guys again! Against these

odds, during the long wintertime I had the great opportunity to get to know some of my Co-Fellows better as open-minded, supportive, funny people who found ways to get through this time in grace and without growing bitter, with arranging social encounters as far as was possible, with creativity and kindness and *savoir vivre*, despite all the nasty circumstances. Special thanks to Madeleine and Katya, our Fellow speakers who kept it all together through these difficult times.

3. Barbecue

February was all covered by snow. I remember endless cold walks through the icy streets of Berlin, fingers freezing around my coffees-to-go. Then came spring, and I could not run because of a problem with my back, so I walked longer and longer every day to replace my training, contemplating my papers. While the members of the running team extended their distances every Sunday, my work felt like a marathon, and I feared that I would not manage to finish the papers in time before being overwhelmed by all my duties once back home. But then, step by step, with all the help from Anja Brockmann in the Wiko library, I got closer and closer and finished the papers and now after some time have started to run again. At one weekend in May, on a warm sunny day, we went to the Mauerpark, and all the trees that the Japanese government gave to the Germans after reunification were in bloom. That was the time for barbecue. Somehow the idea got a grip on some people and word spread that there was a barbecue at Villa Walther and people showed up bringing stuff, sharing things, sitting in the sun, chatting, Marcelo playing the guitar, and everybody starting to feel good again. Vegans, vegetarians, and meat eaters sat around a big table, drinking wine and beer and lemonade and bubbly and sometimes agreed to disagree. That was the last six weeks, a lovely time with many barbecues that found its highlight in the farewell party, after which everybody had sore muscles from their wild dancing performances releasing all the energy that had been stored during the long winter. On my last evening, we had one of these everybody-brings-what-is-still-in-their-fridge barbecues, and the mood of farewell hung in the summer air. That was it, our year, already over, with relief at finally getting back to all the family members and friends we had left at home and had missed so badly during the winter and with the prospect of seeing some of the new friends we made again in the future.

Reference list of the scientific articles and edited volumes produced during the sabbatical year and with Wiko's affiliation

Articles:

Knobloch, Thorben, and Corinna Mieth. "Migration, Stability and Compromising Mind-sets." In *Migration, Stability and Solidarity*, edited by Corinna Mieth and Wolfram Cremer, 239–270. Baden-Baden: Nomos, 2021.

Mieth, Corinna, and Jacob Rosenthal. "Blindspots in the Formula of Humanity." In *Kant on Value*, edited by Christoph Horn and Robinson dos Santos. Berlin: De Gruyter, forthcoming.

Mieth, Corinna, and Garrath Williams. "Beyond Non-Instrumentalization: Migration, Poverty and Dignity within a Kantian Framework." In "Kant and Poverty," edited by Corinna Mieth, Martin Sticker, and Garrath Williams. Special issue, *Ethical Theory and Moral Practice*, forthcoming.

Mieth, Corinna, and Garrath Williams. "Poverty, Dignity, and the Kingdom of Ends." In *Human Dignity and the Kingdom of Ends: Kantian Perspectives and Practical Applications*, edited by Adam Cureton and Jan-Willem van der Rijt, 206–223. New York: Routledge, 2021.

Edited Volumes:

Mieth, Corinna, and Wolfram Cremer, eds. *Migration, Stability and Solidarity*. Baden-Baden: Nomos, 2021.

Mieth, Corinna, Martin Sticker, and Garrath Williams, eds. "Kant and Poverty." Special issue, *Ethical Theory and Moral Practice*, forthcoming.



THOUGHTS ON THEFT AND FREEDOM
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One way of understanding privilege is that it insulates one from common experience. That might be a good thing or a bad thing. Obviously, spending a year at Wiko is a tremendous privilege, and it's a good thing in ever so many ways (some of which previous Fellows have described in much more poetic ways than I ever could – one only needs to consult the *Jahrbücher*). But 2020/2021 was also an academic year when I – and, I suppose, many others – could not fully withdraw from larger collective experiences. Obviously, there were additional COVID waves. Wiko was as caring as one could wish any institution to be; folks at all levels made heroic efforts to deliver lunches, make obscure books appear on one's library shelf, keep up a sense of intellectual engagement – the list goes on.

But there was also Trump and Trumpism. And, in a way, Wiko helped dealing with that, too.

Sometimes it felt like Trump was stealing one's fellowship. Not really, of course. But the feeling that one could not take one's eyes off the screen, and the Twitter feed in particular, dominated the early part of the academic year 2020/2021. That political attention surplus disorder was, of course, part of a tactic – what Stephen Bannon at one point had called “flooding the zone with shit”: put out so many lies, create so many scandals and provocations that people are constantly disoriented or at least distracted. The hope that one could relax after November 3rd was of course disappointed. True, there was a lull in December. But the hope that things had been resolved – and that politicians who had received fewer votes would accept that they had lost an election (not an issue that political theorists have ever thought required much philosophical probing) – turned out to be an illusion.

Wiko, in its own way, facilitated coming to terms with what happened on January 6th. Thanks to Daniel Schönflug, a number of former Fellows Zoomed in to a small workshop at the end of January; they helped make sense of images that few could have imagined, no matter their level of pessimism about US democracy: Charlotte Klonk masterfully decoded some of the highly confusing symbols found on flags and garments during the insurrection; Philip Manow, wearing his hat as realist political scientist, explained why the kind of party Trump had formed – in effect a personality cult with no long-term programmatic commitments – could not act like normal losers after a democratic election, which, as Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger had explained, also has a very particular ritualistic character that might get lost (even at the time of this writing there is of course no reason fully to relax about the state of US democracy).

And COVID, and what Germans came to call a seemingly endless *Dauerdämmerlock-down*? There is now a very understandable, very human desire to draw “lessons” from the pandemic (after all, it must have been good for something!): the need for society's “resilience” or new techniques of “self-care,” for example. Indeed, it seems plausible to view COVID-19 as a kind of test for humanity: but it's been a Rorschach test where everyone tends to see what they already believed anyway, or perhaps a Rashomon-style experience where everyone thinks something different happened. Still, there might also be something not reducible to confirmation bias.

And what could that be? Here I might be told to check my privilege or not to enter the territory of what Germans call *Leiden auf hohem Niveau* – pseudo-suffering in a very privileged position. But I would suggest that, in however attenuated a way, we all got a

glimpse of three distinct forms of *unfreedom*. Because of the lockdowns and restrictions (often entirely justified), we all learned what it feels like simply to lack access to certain goods and places. But that is of course the experience of the poor every day. Freedom is not just money, but money in many significant ways simply *is* freedom. Second, most of us had a larger sense of losing the world – not just because we became involuntary infrequent flyers, but because we felt that there was no future filled with experiences of novel aspects of the world (though to be sure, Grunewald, in its own way turned out to be inexhaustible). This is arguably the sense Jean Améry captured in his brutally honest reflections on old age. He argued that accumulated layers of time leave us with nostalgia in old age (akin to the nostalgia felt during the unstructured, homogeneous time period of lockdown); *time* – experienced as passing ever more quickly – comes to dominate *space* in life. The old, in other words, don't tend to have the sense of open horizons that younger generations have; and as much as entire industries are devoted to helping us be in denial about this fact, the basic unfreedom cannot be wished away. Finally, while many old people – warehoused in underregulated nursing homes and subject to existential fear – suffered particularly from the pandemic, younger generations also came to know novel hardships: they were left uneducated, and often uncared for. While education is often experienced as a constraint, it is actually constitutive of present and future possibilities: to be undereducated is to be unfree in many ways. To say so is not a matter of liberal elitism.

When restrictions were finally lifted a little in May, I tried to get these points about unfreedom across in a public debate in a church in Kreuzberg (broadcast, but with no public in the church itself). A politician who is often mentioned as a potential future president of Germany pushed back very strongly: she claimed that we cannot equate our kinds of experiences with those of the truly disadvantaged. Of course, on one level she was right. But on another level, I felt it was a curious thing for a politician to say. Is the task not precisely to transform disparate lived experiences into a something that as many citizens as possible can identify with? Orwell famously observed about the Second World War that if the war didn't kill you, it made you think. Yes, it can be obscene if the privileged pretend to be in exactly the same position as the most disadvantaged: the flip side of "let them eat cake" is "we were suffering too, that one time when the bread was stale." But concerns about socio-economic – as opposed to cultural – appropriation are vastly exaggerated, I think. No two lives of citizens in a democracy are ever exactly the same; and yet we expect political parties to construct platforms that appeal to people with very different forms of lived experience. In the 1940s, the British aristocrat who could retreat

to his country home had a very different war from a worker fighting at the front. But the Labour Party managed to appeal to a collective sense of sacrifice and solidarity (and shared vulnerability) in order to legitimize the creation of the welfare state. It is a question of political imagination, not of technocratically deducing individual policy lessons.

Finally: Thanks not least to the amazing work of the library staff, I was able to start a new, vast, possibly undoable project on architecture and democracy. I hope to have the privilege of finishing it one day.



YOU'RE ON MUTE
BENJAMIN OLDROYD

Ben Oldroyd is Professor of Behavioural Genetics at The University of Sydney. He completed a BSc in Agriculture at The University of Sydney in 1980 and a PhD on bee breeding in 1984. Ben's research focuses on the genetics of honey bees, the evolution of social behaviour, and evolution more broadly. In 2001, Ben was awarded a Doctor of Science for his contributions to the understanding of the evolution of honey bee societies. Ben is heavily involved with the Australian beekeeping industry, including helping beekeepers breed better, healthier strains. Ben has made important contributions to our understanding of the biology of Asian honey bees and Cape bees. His book *Asian Honey Bees: Biology, Conservation and Human Interactions* (Harvard University Press) is the authoritative text on the subject. Ben has authored over 300 scientific papers on honey bees and stingless bees and his papers have been cited over 14,000 times. – Address: School of Biological Sciences, Faculty of Science, The University of Sydney, Sydney NSW 2006, Australia.
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Our year at Wiko didn't start well. Three days before departure, we got a phone call from our Dean. "Something's come up. The Vice Chancellor has reversed your study leave approval. You can't go to Berlin."

"Why can't we go?"

"COVID mate, Berlin's a hotbed of disease. VC's office says it's not safe," said the Dean.

"But he can't go changing his mind like this. COVID's been around for the last six months. Why didn't the VC say so earlier? All our furniture is in storage and our lease ends in three days. Don't do this to us," say we.

“Hmm, you have a point. Let me call them and I’ll call you back,” says the Dean.

24 hours pass... Ring! Ring!

“Iain [the Dean] here. I found out what the problem is. Some lawyer in the VC’s office says that if you catch COVID in Berlin you might sue the University. That would put our Worker’s Compensation insurance premium up. So you can’t go.”

Us: “Please thank the VC for and his lawyer for their heartfelt concern for our welfare. Is there anything that can be done?”

The Dean: “Well you could resign, and we could have a handshake agreement to rehire you when you get back to Australia. (Pardon me, a COVID-safe elbow-bounce agreement.)”

“We don’t like that plan too much. You might forget to rehire us. What about we waive our right to worker’s compensation?”

“Good idea,” says the Dean. “Let me call the VC’s office.”

Ring! Ring! “Sorry, the legal team has called a very expensive consultant who says that Worker’s Compensation is not a negotiable right. You are not allowed to go.”

We are getting rather stressed at this point. Our plane to is set to depart in 24 hours.

“How about we use our long service leave?” we enquire.

“Let me get right back to you,” says the ever-obliging Dean.

Ring! Ring! “No, you can’t take long service leave. Legal won’t approve it because they know that you are going to Berlin and you might die or, worse, be permanently incapacitated. We have a duty of care.”

At this point we are seriously desperate. “Iain,” say we. “How can it be any of the University’s business what we do when we are on long service leave? If, for example, we chose to go Afghanistan for a nude sky-diving holiday that would not be a problem, right?”

“Good point,” says the ever optimistic Dean. “Let me get back to you.”

Ring! Ring! “OK you can take your long service leave, but only to the end of the year. Then you are on leave without pay. I’ll send you a letter. Goodbye and good luck.”

So at 10 pm the next day, we arrive at Sydney airport on a cold and wet August night with five huge bags and a great sense of relief.

The Sydney international terminal was a ghost town. Not quite tumbleweeds, but only one lonely desk open. You felt that the lights might be going out at any moment and they’d be bringing out the hurricane lamps. As the Cold Chisel song goes: *The last plane out of Sydney’s almost gone*. Which it was. The government had banned all international

travel except for “exceptional circumstances,” for which one had to seek approval. Fortunately we had got such approval on the basis of our study leave and our invitation from Wiko. But the airline still had to call some official in Canberra about each and every passenger. It took a while to get us boarded.

After passport control, the normally bustling shops selling ridiculously priced Italian suits, American undies, and French perfumes were shuttered. Even the booze places were mostly closed. On the Qatar plane, the only airline company brave (or subsidized?) enough to keep flying to Australia from Europe, the cabin crew wore full PPE for the entire flight. Maybe the VC’s lawyer was right?

But... we eventually arrived at Tegel Airport on a beautiful summer afternoon. No masks, no quarantine, no questions, no nothing! Everybody and everything was apparently normal. The sun shone. The trees and grass were verdant. Children played. Birds sang. Dogs woofed and chased each other about. Above all, no obvious signs of dead or dying people. We were greeted at Villa Walther by the smiley Vera and Daniela, who showed us to our glorious apartment via a marble stairway to heaven. In the meantime, Dennis had somehow manhandled our bags up in the lift and was manoeuvring them through the kitchen window. We had made it to Wiko!

What’s to be said about Wiko 2020/2021? While I’m sure that every year is unique in its own special way, I think that we were the extra-special Covid Class. By the end of October, as the trees started to turn and there was a distinct nip in the morning air, the case numbers were rocketing and the lockdown began to tighten its grip. Wiko staff were insisting that we followed the Robert Koch Institute’s rules to the letter. No more dinners or in-person lunches. Every meeting and colloquium shall be on line. No visitors allowed. Further afield, all the delights of Berlin were closed to us.

So we had to make our own fun. Clandestine dinners in each other’s apartments. Baking competitions for the best *Käsekuchen*. But above all, there was the Wicked Wiko Runners.

I have always been a runner/cyclist/gym person and prided myself on being fairly fit. But the longest distance I had ever run was 14 km in Sydney’s iconic City-to-Surf, and that was 25 years ago. I was somewhat alarmed, then, when our rather fit-looking neighbour Bettina Schwab, a neurobiologist, proposed a Sunday run of unspecified distance. “But last weekend we went 20 km,” said Bettina brightly, with an ambiguous smile that was simultaneously charming and menacing.

And so began the Wicked Wiko Runners. (How did we ever come up with that stupid name?) We were soon joined by others, most notably by Shamil Jeppie, a historian from

Cape Town. Shamil is a serious runner and proposed that we should train for the Berlin half-marathon in March. Surely the lockdown would be over by then?

WWR grew and grew. Some people had never run before, some were regular joggers. Shamil and Yossi Yovel were in a class of their own. I am embarrassed to admit that Yossi regularly lapped me after just six circuits of the splendid Grunewald athletic field where Shamil had us doing his “speed training” program on Tuesday evenings.

We ran all winter. Even when it was minus 10° C with deep snow, still we ran through the magical forest. Beside frozen lakes and streams, up steep trails, and over ravines, with only animal tracks of such number and variety that you couldn't believe that you were so close to the city. As the winter wore on, we ran further and further: 10, 15, 20 km. Distances that I didn't believe I could possibly do. Pad, pad, pad through the freshly fallen snow. Don't stop or fall because you will surely freeze. I wore out two pairs of winter tights!

Is there any better way to get to know your fellow Fellows than by running together? I learned about bat navigation, Timbuktu, autonomous robots that will swim into your kidney to fix a tumour, war criminals in Liberia, Argentina's ecological and political disasters, and practical philosophy (among many other things). For example, should a vaccinated person have more rights than an unvaccinated one? One point of view is “no” because no human should have additional rights over another. Another is “yes” because it's spiteful and irrational not to. Eventually I was persuaded that a vaccinated person should have more freedoms because it will encourage vaccination.

I also learned about how to write a book. For most of the year, five or six of us met with Daniel Schönflug, to read each other's chapter drafts. If you are planning on writing a book at Wiko, I strongly recommend that you form or join such a group with Daniel, especially if you are aiming at something more popular. It's all about scenes, you will discover.

One of Wiko's missions is to transform you by helping you to confront alternative perspectives. So I will finish by telling you about my own little transformation. At Wiko I met sociologists, and sociologists have a different view of the world from what you and I do (unless you are a sociologist). To a sociologist, everyday things that seem perfectly straightforward, solid, and well-defined are in fact a “social construct.” For example, I was challenged early on to understand that “wilderness” is a social construct. To me wilderness is the antithesis of a social construct, because it should not be constructed. It should be nature getting on with things all by itself. But no, it's a social construct

because it evokes ideas of “the wild West,” *terra nullius*, noble savages, etc. Well, I still think that wilderness is a thing, but I now grant that it has a sociological aspect to it.

OK, what about sex? Sex is definitely a social construct, I was informed. So’s race, gender, poverty, all socially constructed. What about gravity? That’s tricky, but for sure the *study* of gravity is a social construct. What about dachshunds? Well they are definitely a social construct. But could we not all describe a dachshund as a long dog with short legs and a long snout that we can all recognize? I can even point to some genes that are fixed in dachshunds. Isn’t a dachshund a real thing in the real world? Do we always have to analyse everything from a sociological perspective?

As the year played out, the discussions between the biologists and the sociologists got a little fractious. But by year’s end I think that I slowly came to see what they are about. So here is my understanding, for what it’s worth, and I hope it will help you stay calm when seemingly nutty things are being said. Although they might be reticent to say so in public, in their hearts sociologists do not deny that things like gravity, biological sex, and human variation are real things in the real world. But to a sociologist mere physics and biology are not interesting. It’s how we react as a society and as individuals to physics and biology that is interesting. For sure there are men and women, and on average they are biologically different in some obvious respects. But to a sociologist these differences are not interesting. Much more interesting thing is why there are pay differences between men and women, and why some ethnic groups have lower or higher socioeconomic outcomes.

In the end I came to appreciate this perspective: these differences are indeed socially constructed. But I still wish that some of my new friends would be a little less dogmatic. It seems to me that make-believe denialism of physical realities isn’t helpful to the cause and detracts from an important argument.

Outputs:

It was a very good year!

First and foremost, I wrote nine chapters of a planned 13-chapter popular book on epigenetics and evolution. I am extremely grateful to Daniel and the rest of the Book Club for their encouragement, guidance, and support in this endeavour.

I co-edited a special issue of the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London* on the above topic (cunning me).

My last three PhD students submitted their theses.

And I published the following:

- Aamidor, S. E., M. H. Allsopp, R. J. Reid, M. Beekman, G. Buchmann, T. Wossler, and B. P. Oldroyd (2020). "What mechanistic factors affect thelytokous parthenogenesis in *Apis mellifera capensis* queens?" *Apidologie* 51: 329–341.
- Ashe, A., V. Colot, and B. P. Oldroyd (2021). "How does epigenetics influence the course of evolution?" *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society B* 376: 20200111.
- Cardoso-Junior, C. A. M., I. Ronai, K. Hartfelder, and B. P. Oldroyd (2020). "Queen pheromone modulates the expression of epigenetic modifier genes in the brain of honeybee workers." *Biology Letters* 16: 202000440.
- Cardoso-Junior, C. A. M., B. Yagound, I. Ronai, E. J. Remnant, K. Hartfelder, and B. P. Oldroyd (2021). "DNA methylation is not a driver of gene expression reprogramming in young honey bee workers." *Molecular Ecology* 30: 4804–4818.
- Gillard, T. L., and B. P. Oldroyd (2020). "Controlled reproduction in the honey bee (*Apis mellifera*) via artificial insemination." *Advances in Insect Physiology* 59: 1–42.
- Oldroyd, B. P., and B. Yagound (2021). "Parent-of-origin effects, allele-specific expression, genomic imprinting and paternal manipulation in social insects." *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society B* 376: 20200425.
- Oldroyd, B. P., and B. Yagound (2021). "The role of epigenetics, particularly DNA methylation, in the evolution of caste in insect societies." *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society B* 376: 20200115.
- Oldroyd, B. P., B. Yagound, M. H. Allsop, M. J. Holmes, G. Buchmann, A. Zayed, and M. Beekman (2021). "Adaptive, caste-specific changes to recombination rates in a thelytokous honeybee population." *Proceedings of the Royal Society B* 288: 20210729.
- Utaipanon, P., M. J. Holmes, G. Buchmann, and B. P. Oldroyd (2021). "Split or combine? Effects of repeated sampling and data pooling on the estimation of colony numbers obtained from drone genotyping." *Apidologie* 52: 620–631.
- Utaipanon, P., T. M. Schaerf, N. C. Chapman, M. J. Holmes, and B. P. Oldroyd (2021). "Using trapped drones to assess the density of honey bee colonies: a simulation and empirical study to evaluate the accuracy of the method." *Ecological Entomology* 46: 128–137.
- Yagound, B., K. A. Dogantzis, A. Zayed, J. Lim, P. Broekhuysse, E. J. Remnant, M. Beekman, et al. (2020). "A single gene causes thelytokous parthenogenesis, the defining feature of the Cape honeybee *Apis mellifera capensis*." *Current Biology* 30: 2248–2259.

- Yagound, B., E. J. Remnant, G. Buchmann, and B. P. Oldroyd (2020). “Intergenerational transfer of DNA methylation marks in the honey bee.” *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* 117: 32519–32527.
- Yagound, B., E. J. Remnant, G. Buchmann, and B. P. Oldroyd (2021). “Reply to Soley: DNA methylation marks are stably transferred across generations in honey bees.” *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences* 118: e2109211118.



OF FELLOWS AND SPARROWS
ULRICH RAULFF

Ulrich Raulff, geboren 1950 in Westfalen, studierte Philosophie und Geschichte in Marburg, Frankfurt und Paris. Promotion 1977 in Marburg, Habilitation 1995 an der Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin. Von 1994 bis 2001 Redakteur und Feuilletonchef der Frankfurter Allgemeinen Zeitung, von 2001 bis 2004 Leitender Redakteur der Süddeutschen Zeitung. Von 2004 bis 2018 Direktor des Deutschen Literaturarchivs Marbach, seitdem Präsident des Instituts für Auslandsbeziehungen in Stuttgart und Berlin. Seit 1986 verheiratet mit Helga Martha Sprave-Raulff. Übersetzer und Herausgeber, Verfasser zahlreicher Essays und Monografien, u. a. *Ein Historiker im 20. Jahrhundert. Marc Bloch* (1995), *Kreis ohne Meister. Stefan Georges Nachleben* (2009), *Das letzte Jahrhundert der Pferde. Geschichte einer Trennung* (2015). Von 2012 bis 2018 Mitglied im Wissenschaftlichen Beirat des Wissenschaftskollegs zu Berlin. Arbeitet derzeit an einer Studie zur Geschichte des Geschmacks seit dem 18. Jahrhundert. – Adresse: Institut für Auslandsbeziehungen (ifa) e.V., Charlottenplatz 17, 70173 Stuttgart, Deutschland. E-Mail: raulff@ifa.de.

Beide waren sie mit ästhetischen Arbeitsvorhaben nach Berlin gekommen, Fellow und Spouse. Der Fellow wollte über Geschichte und aktuelle Wirklichkeit des Geschmacks forschen, die Spouse bearbeitete ein Thema zur Geschichte des Theaters. Für beide bedeutete der Aufenthalt in Berlin ein Rendezvous mit der eigenen Geschichte. Hier hatten sie lange gelebt, bis sie, vor bald dreißig Jahren, die Stadt für immer verlassen hatten. Wohnen, so hatte ihnen das Wiko mitgeteilt, würden sie in der Villa Walther an der Königsallee, die sie von einem Besuch bei Freunden Anfang der Neunzigerjahre kannten. Sie kamen in ein dicht besiedeltes Haus.

Fellows und Spatzen bewohnten die opulent dekorierte Villa, die Fellows innen, die Spatzen außen. Beide Spezies wohnten ziemlich komfortabel, die Fellows in Ledersesseln und Einbauküchen, die Spatzen in den Fugen der Villa und auf den Vorsprüngen ihres Figureschmucks. Die Fellows hörte man zu verschiedenen Tageszeiten, aber immer nur indirekt, morgens waren es ihre Kinder, abends war es ihre Musik. Die Spatzen hörte man direkt und pausenlos den ganzen Tag. Beide Bewohnergruppen waren bildungsmäßig hoch engagiert, die Spatzen erzogen ihre Kinder, die Fellows arbeiteten an sich. Nachts waren beide still, nur gelegentlich hörte man eine schlecht gelaunte Ente auf dem Dianasee schimpfen. Bei Wind vernahm man ein Schaukeln und Quietschen im Dachstuhl, aber nur die wenigsten der Bewohner wussten, dass es der Architekt der Villa war, der sich dort vor hundert Jahren aufgehängt hatte.

Spatzen sind gute und sichere Flieger. Nur in den Wirren der Adoleszenz unterläuft es ihnen, ihr Ziel zu verfehlen und eine Glasscheibe mit der dahinterliegenden Landschaft zu verwechseln. Solche Unfälle enden tödlich oder mit schwerer Commotio. Der Spatz, der an einem Maiabend im Hof der Villa reglos auf dem Rücken lag, schien dem Exitus nah. Zwei Stunden später lag er auf der Seite, bewegte die Beine und war erkennbar nicht tot. Fellow und Spouse, die ihn jetzt zum zweiten Mal sahen und sich ihrer früheren Fehldiagnose schämten, beschlossen, den Kollegen zu retten. Ein Schuhkarton, versehen mit einem Wassernapf, sollte ihn als Feldlazarett durch die Nacht bringen. Das Gehäuse wurde auf der Treppe abgestellt, wo es dunkel und ruhig war. Morgen würde man weitersehen. Vielleicht zum Veterinär am Hagenplatz. Gegen Morgen vernahm der Fellow Geräusche von der Treppe. Sie wurden verursacht durch das Scharren des Patienten, dessen Gehäuse als Scharverstärker wirkte. Der Kollege im Karton hatte sein Wasser umgeworfen und raste durch sein Lazarett. In den Hof zurückbefördert, erwies er sich als voll flugtauglich und gänzlich genesen.

Durch die Regeln der Pandemie auf ein Leben in Klausur verwiesen, begann der Fellow, sich für das Leben anderer Klausner zu interessieren. Teile der kostbaren Forschungszeit wurden umgewidmet und der Erforschung des lokalen Schachtel- und Höhlenwesens zugeführt. Die Villa Walther erwies sich als perfekter Standort der Beobachtung und das umliegende Grunewaldquartier als ideales Feld der ästhetischen Speläologie. Seit den Anfängen des Villenviertels in den Achtzigerjahren des 19. Jahrhunderts hatte sich hier eine Verbindung von groß, breit und historistisch als herrschender Zeitgeschmack etabliert; *conspicuous consumption* war zum Prinzip der Formgebung geworden. Wilhelm Walther war der Architekt der Stunde, der diesen Geschmack zielsicher zu

treffen wusste. Hundert Jahre später wurde der Grunewald zum Schauplatz einer seltenen Renaissance. Ein zweites Mal dominierte ein ähnlicher Bauwunsch nach Größe und auffälliger Sichtbarkeit. Im Zeichen der Postmoderne behauptete sich ein dem ersten ähnlicher reaktiver Stil. Wie jener frühere versprach er, ein „monumentales und trügerisches Gegengewicht gegen die Mobilisierung des Lebens“ (Henning Ritter) zu schaffen. Allerdings hatte sich zwischenzeitlich auch das mobile Leben weiterentwickelt.

Gleichzeitig mit den Villen der Postmoderne hatte seit den Neunzigerjahren, anfangs noch zögernd, ein neuer Fahrzeugtyp die automobilen Szene betreten. Sein Namens Kürzel SUV wurde in der Berliner Mundart gern mit „Suff“ verlaudet, was das Rauschhafte des Modephänomens fein zum Ausdruck brachte. Als zeitgemäße Mobilität war das Suff das perfekte ästhetische Gegenstück zur postmodernen Grunewaldimmobilie. Groß, breit und im hinteren Teil undurchdringlich verdunkelt, *we wear sunglasses at night*, präsentierte es sich als stimmiges Ziel des aktuellen Willens zur Höhle. Die ehemals gefürchtete Mobilisierung des Lebens hatte ihren Schrecken verloren, seitdem die Ästhetik der Geschwindigkeit sich mit der des Blockhauses verbunden hatte. Tatsächlich war die Formsprache des Suffs nicht mehr von Blitz- und Dampfgöttern, sondern von Ritterburgen und Rüstungen geprägt, Zeichen der Wehrhaftigkeit, Bildern der Fortifikation. Vergleicht man den aktuellen Fuhrpark mit den grazilen Schönheiten der Siebzigerjahre, mit denen sich die Stars der *Nouvelle Vague* zu Tode fuhren, sieht man, wie seither die Linie der automobilen Evolution verlief: vom Festwesen zum Festungswesen.

Als Marinetti die Schönheit eines Rennwagens dem Bild der geflügelten Siegesgöttin vorzog, hatte er die Verbindung des Schnellen und des Schönen mit dem Kriegerischen nicht negiert, sondern unterstrichen. Umgekehrt kam auch die aktuelle Ikonografie der Fortifikation nicht ohne Elemente des Dynamischen aus. Dieser Notwendigkeit trug das martialische Suff, das eines Morgens vor der Botschaft des Kosovo, dem dritten Bewohner der Villa Walther, parkte, in bemerkenswerter Weise Rechnung. Der höllische Streitwagen aus dem Haus Lamborghini trug selbst eine Botschaft. Sie besagte, die Flying Fortress des Zweiten Weltkriegs habe ihren tellurischen Nachfolger gefunden: in Gestalt der *Racing Fortress*. Die Dynamik dieser Festung gab sich in einer feinen roten Linie zu erkennen, die das tiefe Schwarz der Karosserie, das schwärzeste Schwarz, das wir je sahen, an ihren Außenkanten feurig definierte: ein dezenter Hinweis auf das infernalische Element, mit dem der Fahrer der Festung im Bunde stand.

Lange Zeit war das alte Westberlin, das Fellow und Spouse noch in lebhafter Erinnerung hatten, eine Insel gewesen, deren Bewohner eine dazu passende insuläre Mentalität

kultiviert hatten. Reste dieses Denkstils lebten in der Bereitschaft der Berliner nach, sich gern und oft ihre Einzigartigkeit zu bescheinigen. Insuläre Zustände einer anderen Art rief jetzt der Ausnahmezustand herbei, in den die Pandemie das Wiko versetzt hatte. Sie standen in auffälligem Gegensatz zu der Erschwerung, ja Lähmung der leichten, informellen Kommunikation unter den Fellows, die in normalen Zeiten zu den wichtigsten Zwecken eines Kollegaufenthalts gehört. Die neuen Zustände bestanden in insulären Verdichtungen der Kommunikation. Der Zufall eines Treffens am Regal der Buchausgabe konnte einen solchen Zustand ebenso entstehen lassen wie eine gezielte Verabredung zum Mittagessen. Blitzartig entstand unter dem Druck der Umstände ein konzentrierter Austausch, ein Gespräch wie unter Verschwörern. Hat man jemals die Leistungen der Bibliothek, dieses großartigsten aller je erfundenen Such- und Findinstrumente, gebührend gewürdigt und dabei ihre gesellschaftsstiftende Funktion nicht übersehen? In der Situation der Pandemie wurde neben dem Restaurant die Bibliothek zum zweiten Kraftzentrum des sozialen Lebens.

Kommunikative Verdichtungen, insuläre Zustände der speziellen Art, ergaben sich auch an anderen Orten und auf andere Weise, institutionell geplant und ritualisiert. So etwa im virtualisierten Dienstagkolloquium, in dem sich irgendwann eine erstaunliche Überbietungsdynamik in Interaktivität einstellte: als gäbe es kein Glas, keine Kacheln und keine Distanz. Auch die Streifzüge im Außenraum, zu denen Fellow und Spouse immer häufiger aufbrachen, führten zu Inseln im Gewebe der Stadt, die beide vor Jahren verlassen hatten und die sie jetzt als eine ähnliche *coincidentia oppositorum* erlebten, eine seltsame Verbindung aus dynamischer Bewegung und massiver Stabilität. In den Suffis, die sich am Morgen vor der Botschaft des Kosovo versammelten, schien diese Verbindung ihr passendes Sinnbild gefunden zu haben. Ein dunkles Bild, feurig gerändert.

Der Morgen kam, an dem die Blicke von Fellow und Spouse nicht mehr auf die parkenden Festungen vor dem Haus und die Spatzenkolonien unter dem Dach der Villa fielen, sondern auf einen Wagen, neben dem gepackte Koffer und Bücherkisten standen. Die Stunde des Abschieds hatte geschlagen. Fellow und Spouse verließen das Kolleg, wie so viele andere vor ihnen und in ähnlicher Verfassung wie jene: voll flugtauglich, gänzlich dankbar und tief betrübt.



JENSEITS VON SISYPHUS KONRAD SCHMID

Konrad Schmid war von 1999 bis 2002 Professor für Alttestamentliche Theologie in Heidelberg, bevor er 2002 an die Universität Zürich kam. Im akademischen Jahr 2006–2007 war er Member in Residence am Center for Theological Inquiry, Princeton. Von 2008 bis 2010 amtierte er als Dekan der Theologischen Fakultät der Universität Zürich. Von 2012 bis 2013 leitete er eine Forschungsgruppe am Institute for Advanced Studies der Hebrew University in Jerusalem und im Herbstsemester 2017 war er Member des Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. Seit 2017 ist er Mitglied des Forschungsrats des Schweizerischen Nationalfonds sowie Vorsitzender der Wissenschaftlichen Gesellschaft für Theologie. Im Jahr 2018 erhielt er einen Humboldt-Forschungspreis und im Jahr 2019 einen ERC Advanced Grant. Seit 2019 ist er Präsident der International Organization for the Study of the Old Testament. Seine wichtigsten Veröffentlichungen umfassen die folgenden Bücher: *Die Entstehung der Bibel. Von den ersten Texten zu den heiligen Schriften*, München 2019 (gemeinsam mit Jens Schröter), Übersetzungen ins Englische und Französische; *Theologie des Alten Testaments*, Tübingen 2019, Übersetzung ins Englische; *Literaturgeschichte des Alten Testaments. Eine Einführung*, Darmstadt 2008, 3. Auflage 2021, Übersetzungen ins Englische, Portugiesische, Japanische, Spanische, Koreanische und Chinesische. – Adresse: Theologische Fakultät, Universität Zürich, Kirchgasse 9, 8001 Zürich, Schweiz. E-Mail: konrad.schmid@access.uzh.ch.

Niemals war die Wissenschaft an den Universitäten besser ausgestattet als im 21. Jahrhundert. Vor allem in den westlichen Industrienationen besteht ein breiter Konsens, dass Forschung von zentraler Bedeutung für den Erhalt und weiteren Ausbau des

gesellschaftlichen Wohlstands ist. Gleichzeitig erodiert das politische Bewusstsein, dass die Universitäten nicht nur für die Gesellschaft, von der sie finanziert werden, da sind, sondern dass sie in erster Linie der Mehrung von wissenschaftlich gesicherter Erkenntnis dienen. Weder Sichtbarkeit im globalen Wettbewerb noch technische Verwertbarkeit ihrer Forschungen können für Universitäten alleinige oder vorrangige Leitprinzipien sein, sondern sie sind vor allem gehalten, die Erweiterung der Grenzen des menschlichen Wissens weiter voranzutreiben. Es wäre allerdings eine Illusion zu glauben, dass das Nichtwissen durch Forschung notwendigerweise kleiner würde. Vielmehr scheinen sich Wissen und Nichtwissen wie Durchmesser und Oberfläche einer Kugel zueinander zu verhalten: Je größer der Durchmesser, desto größer auch die Oberfläche. Dies deutet mit an Sicherheit grenzender Wahrscheinlichkeit darauf hin, dass die Wissenschaft kein endliches Projekt ist: Sie wird nie zum Ziel kommen. Gleichwohl ist Wissenschaft keine Sisyphusaufgabe, denn sie kennt und pflegt den offenen Fortschritt von Erkenntnis, und das macht ihre Faszination aus.

Mein Eindruck der Fellows am Wissenschaftskolleg war, dass wenig sie stärker interessiert, als mehr über dasjenige in Erfahrung zu bringen, worüber sie forschen. Das Wissenschaftskolleg ist eine Insel im gegenwärtigen Universitätsbetrieb, auf der die Fellows einerseits ungestört – in diesem Jahr dank der Pandemie leider oft etwas zu ungestört – ihrer Forschung nachgehen können, diese aber gleichzeitig auch in den Kontext der Forschung anderer stellen können. Das Gespräch unter den Wissenschaften ist deshalb wichtig, weil der Fortschritt der Forschung nicht nur mehr Antworten, sondern auch mehr Fragen liefert, die in aller Regel weit über den Kompetenzbereich einzelner Forscherinnen und Forscher hinausreichen.

Mein Projekt für dieses Jahr war die Frage nach der historischen Entstehung und ideengeschichtlichen Entwicklung der Vorstellung Gottes als eines Gesetzgebers, wie sie sich erstmals im antiken Judentum belegen lässt und dann auch in Christentum und Islam ihre Wirkung entfaltete. Diese Frage lässt sich im Rahmen kulturgeschichtlicher Rekonstruktionen altorientalischen und biblischen Denkens behandeln, doch sie weist auch über diese Felder hinaus: Weshalb sind es gerade rechtliche Kategorien gewesen, die als Regulativ menschlicher Gesellschaften so wichtig geworden sind? Welche Rationalisierungsprozesse in Bezug auf die Sphäre des Göttlichen haben die Alten dazu gebracht, ihren Gott als Gesetzgeber zu denken? Welchen Einfluss hatte die Vorstellung göttlicher Gesetze auf das religiöse, soziale und politische Leben des antiken Judentums und seiner Tochterreligionen?

Die im akademischen Jahr 2020/2021 am Wissenschaftskolleg arbeitenden Fellows kamen zwar aus sehr unterschiedlichen Disziplinen, die von der Astrophysik über die Landschaftsarchitektur, die Rechtswissenschaft und Sinologie bis hin zur Literaturwissenschaft reichten, doch ließen sich im Bereich der Ideengeschichte, der Soziologie sowie der Evolutionsbiologie drei kleinere thematische Cluster erkennen, die für mich besonders interessant waren. Ich war zwar der einzige Fellow, der zu einem geistesgeschichtlichen Thema der Antike forschte – das historisch nächstgelegene Projekt beschäftigte sich mit der arabischen Schriftgelehrsamkeit im mittelalterlichen Timbuktu –, doch waren die Gesprächspartnerinnen und Gesprächspartner aus diesen drei Clustern, aber auch aus der Rechtswissenschaft möglicherweise interessanter für mich, als es fachlich nächstehende Kolleginnen und Kollegen gewesen wären, mit denen ich ohnehin in Kontakt stehe. Auch wurde mir erst im Verlauf des Jahres die Relevanz meines Themas für grundlegende Fragen der frühneuzeitlichen Philosophie und der Ethik bewusst – im Gespräch mit einer Philosophin. Umgekehrt war für mich interessant zu sehen, dass verschiedene sozialwissenschaftliche und historische Forschungsprojekte anderer Fellows sich mit Aspekten der Religion und der Theologie beschäftigten und ich mit ihnen über ihre Fragen diskutieren konnte.

In der Arbeit an meinem Thema habe ich einerseits an dem entstehenden Buchmanuskript gearbeitet, gleichzeitig aber auch zwei Aufsätze fertiggestellt, die einerseits einem Gesamtüberblick („Gott als Gesetzgeber: Entstehung und Bedeutung des Gottesrechts der Tora im Rahmen der altorientalischen Rechtsgeschichte“, *Zeitschrift für Theologie und Kirche* 118 (2021): 267–294), andererseits der Ausarbeitung eines Teilproblems zur biblischen Vorstellung Gottes als eines Gesetzgebers gewidmet waren („Auf dem Weg zum Gottesrecht: Die Theologisierung des Bundesbuchs“, erscheint 2022). Daneben habe ich eine kleine Monografie publiziert (*Die Bibel: Entstehung, Geschichte, Auslegung*, München: Beck, 2021) sowie die englische Übersetzung eines Buchs vorbereitet, das ich gemeinsam mit meinem Berliner Kollegen Jens Schröter verfasst habe (*The Making of the Bible: From the First Fragments to Sacred Scripture*, Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 2021).

Die breitere Kontextualisierung meines Themas im Gefolge der Gespräche mit Kolleginnen und Kollegen am Wissenschaftskolleg haben mich zur Zielperspektive verleitet, dass ich die entstehende Monografie gerne auf ein größeres Publikum hin ausrichten möchte und die fachwissenschaftlichen Diskussionen eher in Aufsätzen führen will. Dabei verstehe ich die Ausarbeitung einer allgemein verständlichen Monografie nicht als

„Popularisierung“ der Wissenschaft, sondern als Wahrnehmung der gesamtwissenschaftlichen Verantwortung fachspezifischer Forschung, deren exklusiver akademischer Orientierungsrahmen nur in den seltensten Fällen sinnvollerweise sie selbst sein kann.

Eine außerordentlich wichtige Erfahrung am Wissenschaftskolleg bestand für mich darin, die Mehrsprachigkeit wissenschaftlicher Diskurse zu erleben. Natürlich steht Englisch im Vordergrund, doch der ausschließliche Gebrauch des Englischen in der Wissenschaft käme einem *global parochialism* gleich: Eine Sprache ist ja nicht nur ein Informationsmedium, sondern sie transportiert auch bestimmte Weltansichten und ist von konkreten kulturellen Prägungen abhängig. So wird am Wissenschaftskolleg in Berlin selbstverständlich auch das Deutsche gepflegt und es war bemerkenswert, wie viele nicht deutschsprachige Fellows sich an den Deutschkursen beteiligten, zu denen ab und zu die Muttersprachler zum Gespräch eingeladen waren. Besonders eindrücklich war auch, wie die Fellows aus Frankreich ihre Wissenschaftskultur einbrachten und deren Vielfalt und Bedeutung deutlich machten.

In den Gesprächskontext des Wissenschaftskollegs eingebunden sein zu können, ist ein großes Privileg für Wissenschaftlerinnen und Wissenschaftler. Sie lassen sich von ihrer Forschung fesseln, und durch die Diskussionen mit anderen wird ihre Aufgabe nicht einfacher, aber interessanter. Das Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin bietet Ruhe und Irritation, Konzentration und Ablenkung, Bestätigung und Herausforderung. Die Aufgabe der Mehrung menschlicher Erkenntnis ist komplex und führt oft nur über Umwege zu immer nur vorläufigen Zielen, die die neuen Ziele zuallererst am Horizont auftauchen lassen, die sich wiederum nur als vorläufig herausstellen werden. Das ist kein Fluch, sondern der Segen wissenschaftlicher Arbeit: Sie wird nie zu ihrem Ende kommen.



IMAGINE FREEDOM
BETTINA SCHWAB

Bettina Schwab works in the field of neuroscience at the intersection of medicine and technology. With a background in physics, she studies network dynamics in the human brain and how these dynamics can be influenced by electrical brain stimulation. She is particularly interested in the motor system, involving cortical areas and some deeper brain structures, the basal ganglia. To investigate the physiology of this system, pathological alterations of it, and possible perturbation methods, she uses both computational simulations and experiments involving healthy participants, as well as patients with Parkinson's disease or stroke. – Address: Biomedical Signals and Systems, University of Twente, Drienerlolaan 5, 7522NB Enschede, The Netherlands.
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The Covid-19 pandemic has been cruel to many people. It has so far killed millions, led to lingering health deficits in even more, and affected the social and financial security of billions. Also, many scientists were affected by lab closures, financial cuts, and personal trouble. During this challenging time, Wiko was the place to be. It enabled a Fellow year in presence with all possible comfort, starting with a hygiene concept in September that still allowed us many activities. Within a few weeks, I got to know the majority of Fellows and partners, making me feel at home. I loved the gleam in everyone's eyes when they talked about their work, their unconditionally positive attitude towards their Co-Fellows, and their relief to spend a sabbatical away from administrative duties.

The first two months at Wiko were dominated by trips around Grunewald and Berlin, common lunches and dinners, barbecues in the backyard of Villa Walther. Thanks to

wonderful Ulrike, I got the opportunity to connect to several groups in my field at the Charité, which was great, in particular at my current stage as a senior postdoc. I had the time to finish an article on computational modeling of bifocal transcranial brain stimulation, in part while sitting in the huge Wiko garden, interrupted only by pleasant chats and a few foxes. A local soccer club in Schöneberg, FC Internationale, adopted me, giving me the chance to practice with them.

With the Covid restrictions and increasingly cold weather in November, things were changing. Still, lunches in pairs were possible and my partner took the chance of the lockdown to fully move in to Villa Walther and to enjoy the peacefulness there. Although of course our social activities were restricted, it was also good to have time for uninterrupted work: I submitted a DFG (German Research Foundation) grant proposal on multi-modal brain stimulation that I had prepared for a long time. I also had a lot of time to think about my future, to explore what I want to do in the next years, and to apply for positions. That also included a contact to industry, which I incredibly appreciate and which would have been my Plan A if there were no science.

A special highlight for me, actually coming with this time, was our little running club, which Shamil called the Wicked Wiko Runners. We met every Sunday morning and sometimes in between, to get lost for hours in the woods of Grunewald. It was the time for us to talk about science and life, to complain about whatsoever, to feel like a group. Madeleine ran with me even during the coldest Berlin winter days, watching other people bathing in Krumme Lanke after knocking holes in the thick ice layer. I am so proud of the Wicked Wiko Runners shirt that you guys gave me on the farewell run!

I loved our life science discussions, both in person and virtually. After a bit of time to get to know how the other disciplines think, we soon had engaging discussions with the philosophers about Peter Singer's concept of speciesism. It was amazing to feel how Hakan and I were supported by more senior life scientists, sharing not only their views on biology, but also on how to grow up in science and to build up a lab. The general colloquia were extremely pleasant, with an open atmosphere encouraging discussions across the sciences and humanities. It was a new experience to me to present to such a wide variety of people with different expertises, showing me aspects of my work that I often neglected before.

With my own field being rather dominated by men, it was thrilling to see so many bright women every day, and to watch how they succeed in many different ways despite struggles of all kinds. Pretty much all of the Fellows, independent of gender, had this infectious passion for their own field and quickly became my role models, including close

friends who went with me through the good and bad times of my stay and beyond. It was so good to have you guys, and to see all of you during this awesome last week of June, when I visited Wiko again. We then made up for a lot of the group activities that we missed in winter and had a terrific farewell. I hope to see you soon again.

I will miss the walks with Katya, table tennis matches with Corinna, Marcelo playing the guitar for me, Shamil's enthusiastic running plans and the great time that we devoted to them and to swimming in Schlachtensee, Hakan's ever-smiling face (even after the initial 14 km through Grunewald), the discussions with Andreas about his work and Peter Singer, Madeleine's fantastic cake, which I regularly got on Sundays, Ben's passion for bees and epigenetics, speed training with Yossi overtaking me, Johannes raving about his twins, the variety of languages spoken by the kids of Villa Walther, Jan dancing, Merve's straight questions, Alex' sense of humor, Anna's constructive approach to any kind of problem, Hans Michael's initiative to unite us with a bike tour, Sonja showing Berlin's parks to us, Michel's and Nadine's warm-hearted nature, Angela's and Michael's trust and support, Ève's and Sophie's views on capitalism, Magdalena's and Konrad's cultural heritage that they brought to Wiko for us, Barbara's welcoming character, Daniel's incredible empathy saving every situation, Luca depicting Carl Schmitt, Dunia's delicious *Zwiebelkuchen*, Vera's wonderful care, and so much more. I am still touched by the video that you guys made for me before I left.

But, life will go on. I was awarded an internal UKE grant together with Fanny Quandt, a clinician scientist at UKE, on the neurophysiology of motor learning in stroke patients, and the individual DFG grant I applied for during my Wiko time. I accepted a tenure track position at the University of Twente in the Netherlands and will start there in October as an assistant professor. Keeping a tight collaboration with UKE based on the two grants, I can combine clinical neuroscience with technology and computational modeling, which is ideal for me. The stay at Wiko has helped me in this critical time of becoming senior. It gave me the chance to reflect on what is important to me, to exchange with others and to learn from people who have made this step a long or short time ago, and to plan practical things. Most of all, it gave me the confidence that I am doing the right thing, that science is my passion. Wiko, I will never forget.



VOM MOORBAD IN DIE WEISSE VILLA
ULRIKE SCHWAB

Ulrike Schwab studierte Operngesang und Musiktheaterregie an der Hochschule für Musik Hanns Eisler Berlin, wo sie sich früh mit der Suche nach neuer Form und Sprache im Musiktheater beschäftigte. Sie inszenierte Verdis *Rigoletto* an der Schlossoper Haldenstein in Chur, realisierte ihren Musiktheaterabend *La commedia è finita* frei nach Donizettis Oper *Don Pasquale* auf dem RAW-Gelände in Berlin und führte Regie bei der Uraufführung der Kammeroper *Tako Tsubo* von Malte Giesen in der Tischlerei der Deutschen Oper Berlin. Für die Neuköllner Oper Berlin entwickelte sie eine eigene Fassung der Oper *Armida* von Gluck und brachte hier ihre viel beachteten Inszenierungen von *Wolfskinder*, *Ist die Welt auch noch so schön* und *Giovanni. Eine Passion* zur Uraufführung. Im Radialsystem V führte Ulrike Schwab Regie bei der Uraufführung von *Whole Body Like Gone*. 2019 war ihre Inszenierung von *Die Liebe zu den drei Orangen* nach Prokofjew im Alten Orchesterproben-saal der Staatsoper zu sehen. Zum Kinderopernhaus Unter den Linden kehrte sie im Herbst 2021 mit einer eigenen Fassung von Wagners *Lohengrin* zurück und inszenierte in der Spielzeit 2021/2022 *Pagliacci* von Leoncavallo am Theater Bremen und *Così fan tutte* von Mozart an der Folkoperan Stockholm. Im August 2021 wurde Ulrike Schwab im Rahmen der Salzburger Festspiele der Mortier Next Generation Award verliehen. – Adresse: Prüfeningener Straße 19, 93049 Regensburg, Deutschland. E-Mail: mail@ulrike-schwab.com.

Unweit der Schwarzwaldhochstraße am Rande eines beschaulichen Dörfchens namens Kniebis liegt in einer Waldlichtung das Moorbad. Ein in einer Wiese eingelassenes altes Steinbecken mit so dunklem Wasser darin, dass man gerade mal eine Handbreit hinuntergucken kann – was aber dem naturverbundenen Schwimmgenuß keinen Abbruch tut.

So idyllisch ist es hier, dass man meinen könnte, kein Handyempfang dürfte die weltvergessene Beschaulichkeit stören, aber dennoch war es genau hier, wo mich am 27. Juli 2020 der Anruf mit der überraschenden Nachricht erreichte, mir würde im Rahmen der Salzburger Festspiele der Mortier Next Generation Award verliehen und mit dieser Ehrung sei auch eine viermonatige Fellowship am Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin verbunden – welche ich bereits in nur einem Monat antreten könne. Vor Freude und Verwirrung über diesen zunächst doch auch recht skurrilen Umstand habe ich es dann auch gleich fertiggebracht, mir noch während des Telefonats am Schwarzwälder Geröll den kleinen Zeh zu brechen – immerhin jedoch, ohne mir gegenüber meinem Gesprächspartner etwas anmerken zu lassen.

Gute vier Wochen später dann saß ich also inmitten dieses illustren Fellowjahrgangs, der wie immer am Wiko vor Hochkarättern nur so strahlte, und erzählte in meinem Übersetzungsmaschinengeprägten Englisch etwas von meinen kommenden Projekten, denen ich mich am Kolleg widmen wollte: *Die Frau ohne Schatten* und *Così fan tutte*.

Für die Vorstellungsrunde wurde uns ans Herz gelegt, weniger der eigenen Biografie oder den bisherigen Errungenschaften Rechnung zu tragen als vielmehr der Frage danach, was uns im Moment umtreibt, was uns nachts wachhält. „Mein Sohn!“, hätte ich gerne geantwortet, aber in der „Taffe-Mami-Welt“ weiß man nie so recht, wann man mit den Unzulänglichkeiten beim Versuch, all diese Leben miteinander zu vereinbaren, hinterm Berg halten sollte und wann man es einfach laut in die Welt rufen muss.

Auf jeden Fall erfüllt es mich – wenn wahrscheinlich auch völlig irrationalerweise – mit Stolz, Teil des frauen- und kinderreichsten Jahrgangs in der Wiko-Geschichte gewesen zu sein. Und was sind das alles für tolle Frauen! Und tolle Männer!

Mit großer Neugierde auf die vielseitigen Hintergründe der anderen Fellows und voller Sehnsucht nach einem einmal so ganz anderen Futter für meine Arbeiten, Stücke, Fragestellungen und Überschreibungen war ich angetreten. Doch schon in den ersten Tagen der Einführungswoche merkte ich, dass ich mich zwar unbedingt für die Forschungsinhalte dieser außergewöhnlichen Denker und Denkerinnen begeisterte, aber immer wieder ebenso fasziniert von den Menschen selbst und ihren persönlichen Geschichten war. Das sollte das gesamte Jahr über auch so bleiben.

Im Dezember dann begann meine eigentliche Fellowship und damit auch die berühmten gemeinsamen Mittagessen, die zunächst zumindest noch zu zweit gestattet waren. Die dadurch ermöglichte Ruhe und Bewusstheit im Gespräch gefielen mir gut und entsprachen meinem Naturell sicher mehr als hitzige Diskussionen in großer Runde.

Gleich der erste Fellow, mit dem ich zufällig in Dunias Restaurant zusammentraf, war George Lewis. Am Folgetag war es lustigerweise seine wunderbare Frau Miya. Durch diese ersten beiden sehr inspirierenden Begegnungen war es für mich ein durchaus beglückender Start.

Doch bald schon gab es keine gemeinsamen Essen mehr. Und auch wenn das natürlich unglaublich schade war, so konnte ich doch die dadurch eintretende konzentrierte Einsamkeit enorm genießen. Ich hatte vorher nie ein nicht zu Hause befindliches Arbeitszimmer gehabt – aber wie toll ist das denn! Ich ließ den Friedrichshainer Alltag hinter mir, fuhr in die Wallotstraße in mein wunderschönes Zimmerchen und tauchte ein in *Frau ohne Schatten*, *Butterfly*, *Dialogues des Carmélites*, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, *Lohengrin*, immer wieder *Così* und schließlich *Pagliacci*. Die Bilder und Zeichnungen auf meinem zum Moodboard umfunktionierten Kleiderschrank wurden immer zahlreicher und die Weiße Villa wurde zu meinem kleinen Künstlerrefugium.

Völliges Neuland waren für mich die Dienstagskolloquien am Wiko. Sowohl die meiner Mitstreiter als auch mein eigenes. Als Short-term Fellow war ich eigentlich von der Verpflichtung, ein solches zu halten, befreit. Aber Daniel Schönflug hat es dennoch geschafft, mich zu überreden, den anderen etwas von meiner Arbeit zu zeigen. Ich glaube, er wollte unserem Jahrgang, der in dieser eigenartigen Zeit zahlreicher Begegnungen und Erfahrungen beraubt war, so viele Sinneseindrücke wie nur möglich mitgeben. Viele der Fellows hatten sich neben ihrer wissenschaftlichen Arbeit am Wiko sehr auf das rege Kulturleben Berlins gefreut, doch die Theater-, Opern- und Konzerthäuser in ganz Deutschland waren nun schon viele Monate geschlossen, und so nutzte ich dann meinen Vortrag, um meinen Mitstreitern anhand meiner Inszenierung von *Giovanni. Eine Passion* an der Neuköllner Oper Berlin einen kleinen Einblick in die freie Musiktheaterszene dieser Stadt zu geben. In dieser Produktion hatte ich 2019 gemeinsam mit dem STEGREIF.orchester den Mythos des Don Juan auf seine Zeitlosigkeit hin befragt und einen Theaterabend zwischen Volksfest, Totenfeier, Karnevalstaumel und Prozession entwickelt. Viele der Fellows waren sehr dankbar für diesen Ausflug in meine ihnen oftmals unbekannt Welt, und auch für mich war die Wiederbegegnung mit all meinen konzeptionellen Gedanken und Prozessen dieser Mozartbearbeitung ein Geschenk, denn die Wiederaufnahme oder vielmehr Adaption meiner Inszenierung für den Friedhof der Prinzessinnengärten zwischen Hermannstraße und dem Tempelhofer Feld rückte immer näher, und ein kritisches Hinterfragen von Ansatz und Arbeitsweise dieses Projektes konnte ich nun auf eine ganz neue Art und Weise für mich fruchtbar machen.

Die vielen erhellenden Kolloquien der anderen, mein Besuch bei Evas Deutschkurs, der einziehende Sommer und die letzten Abschiedsmomente ... ich kann den vielen kleinen, aber ach so feinen Begegnungen dieser Zeit in so einer Rückschau nicht gerecht werden. Fest steht, dass ich sehr dankbar bin für alles, was mir mein Aufenthalt am Wiko ermöglicht hat, und ich hoffe, dass diese Saat weiterräumen und gedeihen wird und dass ich jeden einzelnen meiner fellow Fellows einmal wiedersehen werde.



MUSLIM SPACES, JEWISH PASTS
ELLA SHOCHAT

Ella Shohat is Professor of Cultural Studies at New York University. Her books include: *Colonialité et Ruptures: Écrits sur les Figures Juives Arabes*; *Taboo Memories, Diasporic Voices*; *On the Arab-Jew, Palestine, and Other Displacements: Selected Writings*; *Israeli Cinema: East/West and the Politics of Representation*; *Talking Visions: Multicultural Feminism in a Transnational Age*; *Dangerous Liaisons: Gender, Nation and Postcolonial Perspectives* (co-edited); *Between the Middle East and the Americas: The Cultural Politics of Diaspora* (co-edited); and with Robert Stam: *Unthinking Eurocentrism; Flagging Patriotism: Crises of Narcissism and Anti-Americanism*; *Race in Translation* (translated into German as *Race in Translation: Kulturkämpfe rings um den postkolonialen Atlantik*); and *Multiculturalism, Postcoloniality and Transnational Media*. Shohat has also served on the editorial board of several journals, including *Critique*; *Interventions*; and *Social Text*, coediting several special issues: “911 – A Public Emergency?”; “Palestine in a Transnational Context”; and “Edward Said: A Memorial Issue.” Her writings have been translated into various languages, including, Arabic, Hebrew, Turkish, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Polish, Japanese, and German. – Address: Departments of Art & Public Policy, and Middle Eastern & Islamic Studies, New York University, 715 Broadway, New York, NY 10003, USA. E-mail: es100@nyu.edu.

Landing in Grunewald, after leaving the epicenter of Covid-afflicted New York, felt like an immense leap as we took our first steps into our Villa Walther apartment. Our ears were still echoing with the sounds of ambulance sirens screaming day and night, with the city intensely aware of its sick being hastily driven to overflowing hospitals. But as we stood on the veranda and gazed, finally mask-less, at the pond, we began to unwind and exhale.

We soon surrendered to the exhilarating reflections of clouds fused with upside-down trees and houses vibrating as if in an impressionist painting. It wasn't the bustling and artsy metropolis that we had visited in the past, but we nestled easily into our new pastoral habitat. We embraced the acoustically vibrant chorus of birds, relishing their daily-composed percussive call and response music. We came to know a sympathetic and vibrant community of scholars, along with their children, no less animated than our chirping avian neighbors.

The coziness of Grunewald stood in sharp contrast to the scholarly world into which I was about to delve in my writing, the story of a community – my community – dislocated overnight, some seven decades ago, traumatically displaced from Baghdad, from Mesopotamia, which had been home for thousands of years. My Wiko project “Muslim Spaces, Jewish Pasts: Re-Membering Iraq” forms part of a larger book project entitled “The Question of the Arab-Jew,” which investigates issues of home and belonging in light of a series of displacements. Since the 1980s, I have been studying the culture and identity of Arab-Jews, often critiquing a binarist approach that erased the Arab culture of Jews, thus turning the Arab-Jew into an oxymoron. My current project focused on the not-so-long-ago massive demographic and cultural presence of Jews in the Arab/Muslim world and the vacuum left in the wake of their departure in the post-1948 era. I wanted to examine how Muslims and Jews lived together in the same country, city, and even neighborhood, part of a shared coexistence, which was abruptly broken only very recently. Today, it is common to hear suggestions, in everyday conversation and in the media, that imagines Jews and Muslims to be perpetual enemies, locked forever in intractable conflict. The wealth of evidence, which I examined in memoirs as well as in oral and visual cultures, however, suggests that this image of an implacable enmity is a relatively recent invention. My writing has tried to shed light on intertwined Muslim and Jewish pasts and on their complex quotidian spaces of shared belonging. This inter-communal conviviality is often obscured by the grand but simplistic nostrums of present-day political discourse, and especially of ethno-nationalist rhetoric on both sides. Indeed, the topic of shared Muslim and Jewish memories has in recent years become the subject of lively public conversation in various countries, including, obviously, in Israel. The interest in this past suggests that a once-taboo subject has come to form part of an exploration of a multifaceted cultural expression.

Focusing on the case of Iraq, my interdisciplinary project discusses the representation of Arab memory against the backdrop of the dislocation of Jews from cities such as Baghdad, Basra, and Mosul. The history of colonial partitions and the emergence of competing nationalisms generated, in their wake, intricate and conflicted narratives of belonging, where

memory has been mobilized, performed, and staged from diverse, even opposite, perspectives. Foregrounding a postcolonial theoretical framework, the project raises questions about the nature of “home,” “homeland,” “diaspora,” “exile,” “nostalgia,” and “return” within a context in which Arabness and Jewishness, once closely linked, have come to connote enemy identities. The project addresses the complexities of Arab/Jewish intersections as articulated largely in texts written over the past few decades. I have examined the narration of this cross-border movement into a new context where Arabness emerges as a taboo memory for Jews. I also examined the ways in which diverse writers, filmmakers, and artists have represented Arab/Muslim spaces, in ways that challenge the overly combative “Arab-versus-Jew” paradigm that has dominated the discursive landscape. The corpus consists of films and performances in various languages – largely in English, Hebrew, Arabic, and French – that shed light on the contradictions and ambiguities within the Arab-Jewish geographical imaginary. Analyzing the overlapping multiplicities of identities and affiliations, the project has tried to go beyond a sometimes debilitating “nation-state” analytical framework, underscoring instead transnational and cross-regional encounters highlighted through “diasporic readings.”

My Wiko presentation, meanwhile, focused on another chapter that forms part of my book project, particularly the linguistic aspect, entitled “The Question of Judeo-Arabic: Nation, Displacement, and the Linguistic Imaginary.” Over the past few decades, a new field has emerged revolving around “Jewish Languages,” resulting in claims, especially within Jewish Studies, for the existence of a separate “Judeo-Arabic” language. My presentation asked: What is Judeo-Arabic language? What is its status? Is it really a language distinct from Arabic, or just one more variation along a spectrum of Arabic vernaculars? How should we narrate its genealogy? Is the name coterminous with a “natural language” dating back to the Arabic-speaking Jews in pre-Islamic Arabia and subsequently reinforced with the spread of Islam? Or should the term be traced back to the emergence of the post-*Haskala* (Jewish Enlightenment) academic field of Judaic Studies in the West? To put it differently, was the name “Judeo-Arabic” used by Jewish writing/speaking subjects over millennia to differentiate their dialect/language from co-regionist dialects/languages? In other words, is it an autonym, or did the appellation only appear as part of a taxonomy of linguistic communities, as objects of investigation within the academic meeting ground of Semitic/Oriental and Hebraic/Judaic studies? What is the presumed relation to its closely neighboring vernaculars and distant linguistic kin? Is it analogous to the relation between German and Yiddish, a “Jewish language”? Or, is it merely another form of Arabic? What is the role of the script/speech distinction in relation to the definition? What historical and intellectual currents

shaped the emergence of this paradigm? My hope was to inquire into the conceptual, ideational, and epistemic frames undergirding the discourse about “Judeo-Arabic” and the related notion of “the Arab-Jew.” I tried to expose the complex and ambivalent positionality about the conjoining of “the Jewish” and “the Arab,” suggesting that discourses about Judeo-Arabic have come to allegorize the clash between Jewish and Arab national imaginaries.

During this period at Wiko, I especially appreciated having the time to research the work of Jewish Orientalist scholars, such as S.D. Goitein and Joshua Blau, who received their education in German-speaking spaces and who wrote on the subject of Arab Jews. The year away from the U.S. was also a time of intense concern about the state of democracy as co-implicated in the deeply engrained construction of race. I was privileged to participate in the panel that examined this issue in its *longue durée*, facilitated by the Three Cultures Forum and titled: “Systematizing ‘Race’: Practices and Theories in an Emerging Modern World.” Here, I had the opportunity to present another dimension of my work over the years, carried out with my partner and sometimes co-author, Robert Stam: the formation of racial theories in conjunction with Eurocentric epistemology; the linked discourses about the Reconquista and the Conquista, i.e., the connections between the two 1492s as an ideological apparatus hostile to Jews and Muslims that was then extended to the indigenous peoples of the Americas and later to enslaved Africans. In my contribution, I stressed the paradoxes of the Enlightenment as an idea traveling to colonized spaces, thus shaping tensions and dilemmas about negotiating “the universal” and “the particular.” I found it especially important, at this historical conjuncture, to address the subterranean continuities between anti-Semitism and Islamophobia, as constituted in modernity through Orientalist theorization of “the Jew” and “the Arabs.”

Thanks to Wiko I made immense progress, completing most of a draft of the manuscript. Being freed from teaching responsibilities, while also enjoying the weekly Zoom seminars, was an amazing gift. We also took full advantage of the exceptional library services, which, with great serendipity, hunted down key books in English, Arabic, Hebrew, French, Portuguese, and Spanish. The fellowship also allowed me to make the final touches on the preface to a collection of my essays just published in French entitled: *Colonialité et Ruptures: Écrits sur les figures juives arabes* (texts selected and introduced by Joëlle Marelli and Tal Dor and translated by Marelli, Lux, 2021).

My deep gratitude to the Wiko team again for the warm and generous hospitality with which we were welcomed, and for all the visible and invisible labor that went into guaranteeing a superb stay during an exceptionally challenging year.



MY *WUNDERJAHR* (OR RATHER HALF OF IT)
IN GRUNEWALD
Yael A. STERNHELL

Yael Sternhell is a Senior Lecturer (Associate Professor) of History and American Studies at Tel Aviv University, specializing in the history of the Civil War era and its long aftermath. She received her Ph.D. from Princeton in 2008, after which she returned to her native Israel for her post-doctoral work and joined the faculty at Tel Aviv in 2011. Her first book, *Routes of War: The World of Movement in the Confederate South* came out with Harvard University Press in 2012 and attempts to rethink the history of the Civil War from the perspective of movement rather than violence. Her second project, as she explains below, is a study of the paperwork left behind in the wake of the Civil War and how its management as archival records shaped what we know, or think we know, about the conflict. In between, she has published essays on the history and historiography of slave emancipation, wartime rumors, and the antiwar turn in Civil War scholarship. Her work has won awards from the Southern Historical Association and the Organization of American Historians, as well as two grants from the Israel Science Foundation. In her spare time, she serves as Vice President of the New Israel Fund, the country's leading human rights and social justice organization, and tries to maintain hope that a just and lasting peace in Israel/Palestine is possible. – Address: Department of English and American Studies, Tel Aviv University, Ramat Aviv, 69978, Israel. E-mail: yaelst@tauex.tau.ac.il.

My fellowship at the Wissenschaftskolleg had been in the works for several years, but as it was finally approaching, it became unclear if I would be able to take advantage of the invitation. I found out that I was newly pregnant with my second child less than six months before we were supposed to leave for Berlin. Roughly at the same time, Covid-19

arrived both in Israel and in Germany, upending life like no event in recent memory. A few months later, my beloved father passed away unexpectedly, leaving our closely knit family stunned and heartbroken. Everything, it seemed, was conspiring against the idea of my going to Berlin. And yet I decided to stick with the plan. In my mind, it was as if my ability to maintain a scholarly career amidst life's challenges depended on whether I could make it to Grunewald, infant and toddler in tow, in the midst of a pandemic.

And so I did. Berlin was covered in heavy snow when we arrived in early February, and for the first few days we did not even realize that the Villa Walther was situated between two lakes. Yet after a short quarantine, we found it surprisingly easy to get into a new routine. We had the good and rare fortune of having excellent childcare for both girls even during the height of the pandemic, which allowed for a reasonable stretch of work every day. There were few if any distractions. The city remained mostly under lockdown. There was no shopping, or sightseeing, or traveling. The Wiko itself was somewhat of a ghost town, with many Fellows staying put in their apartments and others leaving their offices only to get a lunch tray. Academic activity took place entirely online.

Amidst this eerie quiet, I was thriving. Somehow, the monasticism of the Covid winter instigated a burst of intellectual creativity the likes of which I have not experienced since my time as a graduate student. Tuning out the news and social media, I found myself totally immersed in my research, my mind working constantly, generating ideas even as I was nursing, or doing laundry, or putting my daughters to sleep. And boy was I in need of such focus! My year at the Wiko was supposed to have been spent finishing a book I had been working on for nearly a decade. Tentatively entitled "War on Record: The Archive and the Making of Civil War History," it is a study of the paperwork generated by both armies fighting in the American Civil War and their afterlives as archival holdings in the hands of the Federal government. It is based on meticulous research in the National Archives in Washington, D.C. and on an engagement with the rich theoretical context made available by the field of archival studies. I had amassed an unholy amount of material on the management of these records and on their shifting and complicated roles in the aftermath of the Civil War and spent years, along with several research assistants, transcribing, sorting, and making sense of what can best be defined as the archive of the archive, the body of records generated by bureaucrats as they handled millions upon millions of pieces of paper. I had written three chapters but saved the most challenging part of the work for my time in Grunewald, hoping that the reputation of the Wiko as a place where work actually gets done was justified.

And it was. But how, exactly? I suspect it was a combination of the majesty of the Grunewald scenery, the unique quietude of those winter months (and winter lasted until June that year), and the sense of being transported away from my day-to-day life in Israel, where family always seems to come first, to a different realm, where I was considered and functioned as a historian above all else. Over Zoom and gradually increasingly in person, I enjoyed a series of fruitful and sometimes transformative encounters with Fellows, both Permanent and visiting: Angela Creager, Alex Bevilacqua, Barbara Stollberg-Rilinger, Luca Giuliani, and above all, Lorraine Daston, whose work on Big Humanities and the sciences of the archives had captured my imagination long before I came to Berlin. The library team located not only every book I needed, but also discovered incredible sources from the 19th century that had eluded my own searches. Finally, but no less critically, the Wiko staff created working conditions that allowed me to... well, actually *work*. That is not always a small feat. Even those of us who are fortunate to share their lives with supportive and feminist partners, and I certainly count myself as one, are often simply underwater with tasks and errands. The Wiko staff is incomparable in its commitment to helping scholars find a way around this reality. By taking on the heavy lifting of dealing with immigration, childcare, and taxes, but also providing advice and assistance in scheduling a doctor's appointment, finding a cleaning person, and completing other time-consuming and distracting chores, Andrea Bergmann, Vera Pfeffer, Maïke Schaper, Nina Kitsos, and their colleagues free up hours and offer a rare peace of mind for overburdened scholars juggling too many balls.

As the days and weeks went by, the unwieldy mass of sources that was to serve as the basis for the second part of my book began to sort itself out into distinct chapters, and gaps in my understanding of the material, which used to seem dauntingly large, began to close. A project ten years in the making finally took the recognizable shape of a book. Even if I had half the hours I needed every day, and half the year I was supposed to spend at the Wiko, I was able to do exactly what I had come there for. Shortly before I left, I told Barbara that she should consider allotting a regular spot for a new mother, as she might benefit the most from the infrastructure and environment that enable a mid-career scholar to stay in the game. While many academic institutions talk the talk of gender equality, few actually implement policies that can make this lofty goal real. The Wiko is small and wealthy and can no doubt provide resources that starved public universities like my own academic home cannot. But it does offer, in my experience, a way forward for academia more broadly. Too often the conversation on gender revolves around women in

positions of leadership or about hidden bias in the hiring and tenure processes. These are crucial issues, which must be dealt with effectively. But the Wiko has found a way to tackle a different and equally pressing problem: the mid-career bottleneck that slows down and can easily derail women's scholarly endeavors. For me, the extraordinarily warm welcome by Barbara and Raine, who also shared stories about their own families, along with the dedication and competence of the staff, made for something truly unique: an institution that acknowledges and attempts to reconcile the competing forces in many women's lives: the desire for motherhood, on the one hand, and intellectual ambition, on the other. The Wiko has helped me regain my footing at a crucial moment in my career without sacrificing the well-being of my children, and I am, and forever will be, deeply grateful for the time I spent there and for all it has given me.



ZWEI MONATE IN ALICE' WUNDERLAND KRISZTIÁN UNGVÁRY

Krisztián Ungváry, geboren 1969 in Budapest, studierte 1989–1996 an der Eötvös Loránd Universität in Budapest Geschichte und Germanistik. 1999 promovierte er dort mit *summa cum laude* über die Belagerung Budapests im Zweiten Weltkrieg. Seit 2015 ist er Doktor der Ungarischen Akademie der Wissenschaften. 2001–2019 war er wissenschaftlicher Mitarbeiter des Instituts zur Erforschung der Ungarischen Revolution von 1956, seitdem ist er freischaffender Historiker und Weinbauer. Seine Forschungsthemen sind die Geschichte der Staatssicherheit in Ungarn 1945–1990, Zwangsmigrationen, die typologische Untersuchung von Kriegsverbrechen, die sowjetische Außenpolitik und ihre militärischen Maßnahmen zwischen 1917 und 1945, die Bolschewisierung Ungarns, die Geschichte des Rechtsradikalismus und Antisemitismus in Ungarn, Nationalismus. Er ist Autor von 25 Büchern und 213 wissenschaftlichen Aufsätzen, die auf Ungarisch, Deutsch, Englisch, Französisch, Russisch, Slowakisch, Chinesisch und Japanisch erschienen sind. – Adresse: Trombitás út 13a, 1026 Budapest, Ungarn. E-Mail: kungvary@gmail.com.

Ich bewarb mich im Jahr 2019 für eine Fellowship am Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin. Meine Idee war, meine Forschungen über die Schlacht um Budapest zu vertiefen. Dementsprechend trug meine Bewerbung den Titel „Sterben, Überleben, Erzählen. Narrative über Tod im Krieg, anhand einer Schlacht erzählt“.

Wie geplant trat ich meine Fellowship am 1. März 2020 an, wenige Tage später zog auch meine Familie nach. Ursprünglich wollte ich vier Monate in Berlin verbringen. Allerdings mussten wir wegen der Pandemie unseren Berlinaufenthalt leider allzu schnell abbrechen und fuhren schon am 18. März nach Budapest zurück. Dank der

Flexibilität und Großzügigkeit des Wiko konnte ich in einem zweiten Anlauf Anfang Mai 2021 für zwei weitere Monate wieder Fellow sein.

Schnell erwies sich, dass meine ursprünglichen Forschungspläne nur teilweise durchführbar waren. Das Bundesarchiv in Berlin-Lichterfelde wollte nur für September 2021 einen Platz im Lesesaal bereitstellen. Dafür konnte ich aber sowohl in der früheren Wehrmacht-Auskunftsstelle (seit 2021 Filiale des Bundesarchivs in Berlin-Reinickendorf) als auch in der früheren BStU (seit Sommer 2021 Filiale des Bundesarchivs in Berlin-Mitte) meine Forschungen fortführen.

Mein ursprünglicher Plan war, eine Offiziersstellenbesetzung der deutschen Einheiten in Budapest zusammenzustellen und alle dadurch ermittelten Namen in den Archiven abzufragen bzw. wo es möglich ist, die Nachkommen oder Hinterbliebenen zu kontaktieren. Bestimmte Vorarbeiten hatte ich dazu in den Jahren 2015–2020 geleistet¹, sodass die Zielrichtung der Forschung recht genau geplant werden konnte. Darüber hinaus hegte ich aber die Hoffnung, die Zeit auch für andere, in meinen Bewerbungsunterlagen nicht erwähnte Forschungsthemen nutzen zu können. Da ich schon seit längerer Zeit über die ungarische kommunistische Staatssicherheit forsche, wollte ich in Gedankenaustausch mit deutschen Kollegen treten und relevante Bücher lesen. Dabei sind besonders zwei Themenfelder bedeutsam: die Operationen des Bundesnachrichtendienstes (BND) in Ungarn und ihre Bekämpfung durch die ungarische Spionageabwehr und die ungarischen „aktiven Maßnahmen“ (also die geheime Einflussnahme auf die Politik in der BRD durch die ungarische Staatssicherheit).

Die Forschungen über die Schlacht um Budapest konnte ich größtenteils durchführen. Mehr als 120 Lebensläufe konnte ich in Berlin-Reinickendorf rekonstruieren und somit auch mein Manuskript „Wege im Niemandsland – der Ausbruch der deutschen Verteidiger von Budapest in Selbstzeugnissen“ fertigstellen. Dieses Manuskript besteht aus 20 stark annotierten und mit Einführungen versehenen Quellentexten. Diese Quellen sind manchmal fünf Tage nach dem Ereignis, manchmal aber auch 40 Jahre danach entstanden. Dieser Umstand bedingte, dass meine Arbeit auch die verschiedenen Narrative als solche untersuchen musste. Die daraus resultierende Monografie soll Ende 2021 in Ungarn erscheinen, eine englische Übersetzung ist geplant. Ein Nebenprodukt der Arbeit ist der Versuch

¹ Als „Nebenprodukt“ dieser Vorarbeiten sei hier meine ungarische Kollektivbiografie erwähnt: „Hősök? A budapesti német katonai elit 1944–1945“ [Helden? Die deutsche Militärelite in Budapest 1944–1945]. Die Publikation der englischen Ausgabe ist im Jahr 2022 zu erwarten.

einer Rekonstruktion der Stellenbesetzung der Gestapo und des Sicherheitsdienstes in Budapest, was zu weiteren, sehr interessanten Fragestellungen und Ergebnissen führen könnte, denn dieses Thema ist – trotz sehr bedeutender Erkenntnisse auf dem Gebiet der NS-Täterforschung – gänzlich unerforscht. Hier bin ich aber daran gescheitert, dass mir die Aktenbestände des Berlin Document Center (Bundesarchiv Lichterfelde) verschlossen geblieben sind. Trotzdem ist es mir gelungen, auch auf diesem Gebiet manche Namen zu ermitteln, die für die zukünftige Forschung wichtige Anhaltspunkte bieten.

Die mir durch dreiwöchige Abwesenheit meiner Familie zugefallene Freizeit führte dazu, dass ich mich auch eines anderen Themas annahm, das ursprünglich gar nicht in meinen Plänen vorkam. Mir standen ja praktisch über 12 Stunden pro Tag zum Lesen zur Verfügung – ein Genuss ohnegleichen. Ich wollte mich schon seit längerer Zeit in die wissenschaftliche Literatur von und über Carl Schmitt einlesen. Dazu wurde ich durch mehrere Umstände motiviert. Einmal, weil Schmitts Thesen aktuell in Ungarn eine seltsame Renaissance erleben, und zum zweiten deshalb, weil es im Fellowjahrgang 2020/2021 mit Jan-Werner Müller einen hochkarätigen Wissenschaftler gab, der zu diesem Thema fundamentale Arbeiten geschrieben hatte, und ich die Gelegenheit des persönlichen Gesprächs nicht ungenutzt lassen wollte. Diese Lektüren waren für mich wissenschaftliches Neuland, viele Begriffe waren mir früher nicht oder nur partiell bekannt. Ich habe aber sowohl die Bücher als auch die Gespräche mit verschiedenen Fellows über Schmitt sehr genossen. Sie halfen mir auch, die politische Situation meines Landes besser zu verstehen. Darüber hinaus waren diese Erfahrungen für mich von größter Bedeutung, weil ich in Ungarn ab nächstem Jahr im Rahmen einer Lehrerfortbildung über politische Ideologie unterrichten soll.

Mein Berlinaufenthalt hatte viele unerwartete und bereichernde Nebeneffekte. Davon waren alle positiv und die meisten sowohl wissenschaftlich als auch im privaten Sinne wichtig, wie z. B. die Information, dass der dänische König für seine weißen Falken Tokajerwein reklamierte. Eine Begegnung muss ich aber besonders hervorheben.

Ich wurde noch vor meiner Abreise nach Berlin von einer Person kontaktiert, die angab, ein Enkelkind des früheren ungarischen Ministerpräsidenten Béla Imrédy² zu sein. Sie schrieb mir Folgendes:

² Béla Imrédy war ursprünglich Präsident der Ungarischen Nationalbank, zwischen 1938 und 1940 ungarischer Ministerpräsident und im Jahr 1944 für kürzere Zeit „wirtschaftlicher Spitzenminister“. Wegen seines Konflikts mit der SS über die Arisierung jüdischer Vermögen in Ungarn wurde er zum Rücktritt gezwungen.

„Seit unsere Mutter A., die jüngste Tochter von Imrédy, 2017 verstarb, versuchen wir [vier Enkeltöchter], uns über die Tätigkeit und den Stellenwert unseres Großvaters in der ungarischen Zeitgeschichte klarzuwerden. Insbesondere möchten wir erkennen können, welche Rolle er bei der Behandlung der Juden und den Judendeportationen gespielt hat. Unsere Mutter hat zeitlebens diese Auseinandersetzung wohl gefürchtet und Gespräche darüber mit uns verweigert, daher versuchen wir es jetzt über Publikationen, auch mit Hilfe einer ungarischen Freundin, da wir leider des Ungarischen nicht mächtig sind.“

Imrédy, der nach dem Krieg als Kriegsverbrecher hingerichtet wurde, gehörte auch zu meinen Forschungsgegenständen, ich wusste aber nicht, dass er auch Nachkommen hatte. Da eine der Enkelinnen nicht nur in Berlin wohnte, sondern sogar ganz in der Nähe des Wissenschaftskollegs, waren persönliche Treffen leicht zu arrangieren. Ich gelangte damit auch ins Zentrum eines deutsch-ungarischen Familiendramas. Themen, über die man ansonsten nur in den Zeitungen liest oder die man nur als abstrakte Fragestellungen kennt, wurden nun ganz persönlich. Im Zentrum des Erinnerungskonflikts stand ein Tagebuch, das die Tochter des Ministerpräsidenten von 1944 bis 1946 geführt hatte. Ihre Töchter wussten lange Zeit nichts von der Existenz dieses Tagebuchs und wären auch nicht in der Lage gewesen, es zu lesen, weil sie kein Ungarisch konnten (es ist auch viel-sagend, dass die Verfasserin³ mit ihren Kindern nie in ihrer Muttersprache sprach – ich deute diesen Umstand als einen unausgesprochenen Versuch der Abschottung von einer im Detail doch sehr problematischen Verwandtschaft). Der Text wurde jedoch vor Kurzem auch ins Deutsche übersetzt und wurde damit zu einer neuen Herausforderung für die Nachkommen, die sich gezwungen sahen, dazu irgendwie, wenn auch nur privat und persönlich, Stellung zu beziehen. Diesen Prozess der persönlichen Auseinandersetzung mitzerleben, war menschlich wirklich etwas Besonderes. Ich durfte dabei liebenswerte und aufrichtige Menschen kennenlernen. Ob und inwieweit das Tagebuch auch als historische Quelle der Öffentlichkeit zugänglich gemacht werden wird, ist noch nicht zu sagen – die Familienangehörigen müssen selbst Entscheidungen treffen, und ich kann nicht mehr tun, als mit Rat und Hilfe zur Seite zu stehen. Mein Vorschlag war natürlich,

³ A. Imrédy lebte ab den 1950er-Jahren in der BRD und war mit einem Bundesbürger verheiratet, der keine Verbindungen nach Ungarn hatte.

das Tagebuch zu publizieren, allerdings ergänzt durch einen Lebenslauf des Vaters und, noch wichtiger, durch einen Aufsatz über die (Nicht-)Aufarbeitung einer problematischen Vergangenheit durch die Kinder der Täter und die Lasten der Nichtaufarbeitung für die dritte Generation. In jedem Fall waren mir diese Begegnungen sowohl wissenschaftlich als auch menschlich sehr wichtig.

Ein weiteres Forschungsfeld waren die „aktiven Maßnahmen“ des ungarischen Sicherheitsdienstes zwischen 1965 und 1989. Hier erwies sich die Bibliothek des Wiko als eine unersetzliche Hilfe. Man wird als Fellow sowieso fürstlich bedient, aber die Bibliothek schaffte es im wahrsten Sinne, dass der Fellow sich fühlt wie Alice im Wunderland. Die besondere Herausforderung dieser Forschung bestand darin, dass die ungarischen Quellen (die Akten der Staatssicherheit) diese „aktiven Maßnahmen“ nur sehr vage umschrieben. Um sie richtig entschlüsseln zu können, war es nötig, die „andere Seite“ hinzuzuziehen, also diejenigen, die von diesen Maßnahmen betroffen waren. Was davon haben sie bemerkt? Hatten diese Maßnahmen überhaupt eine längere Wirkung? Konnten die Urheber jemals von der eigenen Abwehr verortet werden? Das waren meine wichtigsten Fragestellungen.

Dazu war es notwendig, Lebensläufe von betroffenen Politikern (Konrad Adenauer, Franz Josef Strauß, Kurt Georg Kiesinger, Ernst Albrecht), Studien über die griechische Junta 1967–1974, über den Vietnamkrieg, über die italienische Innenpolitik der 1970er- und 1980er-Jahre und auch bestimmte deutsche Zeitschriften (z. B. *Innere Sicherheit*) zu studieren. Diese Lektüren hätten wegen der sehr unterschiedlich gelagerten Themen unmöglich in einer Bibliothek durchgeführt werden können. Das Wiko lieferte mir aber praktisch die gesamte Literatur vor die eigene Haustür. Noch zwei weitere Umstände trugen erheblich zur Bereicherung dieser Arbeit bei: Durch persönliche Kontakte mit deutschen Wissenschaftlern konnte ich wichtige Dokumente aus bulgarischen und tschechischen Archiven in Kopie erhalten. Überhaupt erwies sich als extrem gewinnbringend, dass ich zu den verschiedensten Fragen deutsche Kollegen ansprechen konnte. Obwohl ich meistens als Unbekannter anklopfen musste, öffneten sich alle Türen, und ich denke, dass dabei die Tatsache, dass ich unter der Flagge des Wiko arbeiten durfte, eine große Rolle gespielt hat.

Ich habe außerdem die leider sehr kurze Zeit noch für andere Forschungsthemen nutzen können. Im Mai 2021 erschien der Band Nr. 13 „Auslandsaufklärung des BND“ der Veröffentlichungen der Unabhängigen Historikerkommission (UHK) zur Erforschung der Geschichte des Bundesnachrichtendienstes, in den auch meine früheren

Forschungen zu diesem Thema eingeflossen sind, da ich im Auftrag der UHK die ungarischen Stasiakten ausgewertet habe. Nun bekam ich mit diesem Band „die andere Seite“ zugeschickt. Dank dieser 968-seitigen(!) Arbeit können meine inzwischen wesentlich erweiterten Kenntnisse in einen Kontext gesetzt werden, von dem Forscherinnen und Forscher eigentlich nur träumen können, denn es ist höchst selten, dass man auf diesem Gebiet die Akten beider Kontrahenten untersuchen kann.

An den ersten zwei Tagen nach meiner Rückkehr nach Ungarn bin ich morgens in meinem Bett aufgewacht und bildete mir einige Sekunden lang ein, ich sei noch immer in Berlin. Man könnte über die Vorzüge des Wiko viel schreiben, aber wahrscheinlich sagt diese unterbewusste Reaktion mehr über die Vorzüge des Wiko aus als alles andere, was in diesem Bericht steht.

Während meines Aufenthaltes machte ich mir viele Gedanken darüber, wer eigentlich das Konzept des Wiko erfunden hat, wie man die glücklichen Fellows auswählt und was man von ihnen eigentlich erwartet. Die entwaffnende Großzügigkeit der Institution, ihr grenzenloses Vertrauen in die Fellows und die denkbar größte Unterstützung bei jeder Gelegenheit erfüllen mich mit innigstem Dank. Ohne besondere Verpflichtungen, von den täglichen Routinen vollständig befreit sich der eigenen Forschung widmen zu können und ergänzend noch hochinteressante geistige Impulse von liebenswürdigen und aufgeschlossenen Menschen zu bekommen, ist eines der größten intellektuellen Geschenke. Dafür bin ich sehr dankbar!



MY WIKO BIKE DIARY
MAGDALENA WALIGÓRSKA

Magdalena Waligórska is a cultural historian and sociologist specializing in Eastern European history and culture, Jewish history, and nationalism. She holds a PhD in History and Civilization from the European University Institute in Florence (2009) and has held teaching positions at universities in Berlin, Hamburg, and Bremen. She is currently in charge of two international research teams investigating the representations of the Holocaust in folk art and the post-1945 history of the Polish-Belarusian-Ukrainian borderlands. She has published extensively on Jewish culture, Jewish/non-Jewish relations, nationalism, and other topics in: *East European Politics and Societies*, *Holocaust Studies*, *East European Jewish Affairs*, and *Jewish Cultural Studies*. Her first book, *Klezmer's Afterlife: An Ethnography of the Jewish Music Revival in Poland and Germany*, appeared with Oxford University Press in 2013. Her second book, *Cross Purposes: Catholicism and the Political Imagination in Poland*, completed at the Wissenschaftskolleg, is forthcoming with Cambridge University Press. – Address: Institut für Europäische Ethnologie, Humboldt-Universität zu Berlin, Mohrenstraße 40/41, 10117 Berlin, Germany. E-mail: magdalena.waligorska-huhle@hu-berlin.de.

I have never been a sporty type, so the idea of biking the 30 km from Neukölln, where I live, to Wiko (and back) on a daily basis, would never have crossed my mind, if it weren't for the pandemic. The inauguration of my Wiko year thus became the onset of a journey that, as I calculated with terror, would take me across 6,000 km, or the distance from Berlin to Bishkek. Given the lockdowns, quarantines, Kita closures, and, eventually, my own surrender, however, I only got as far as Minsk.

The one thousand kilometres that I pedalled in these ten months are a good metaphor for this extraordinary year. First, because, as a female academic and a mom, I found my working time so drastically reduced by the lockdown measures that I accomplished just a fraction of what I had hoped for this year. Second, because this year at Wiko really brought me closer to Minsk. As the pro-democratic revolution broke out in Belarus in the fall of 2020, followed by the brutal clampdown on the protest movement, the country was on the minds of all of us at Wiko.

Hence, instead of a proud list of publications completed under the Wiko roof, here come some notes from the journey that was going to take me to Bishkek, but got me “only” to Minsk.

September 4, 45th km: Introduction of the Fellows. It takes me more than 75 minutes to go the distance that Google Map optimistically calculates as 45. I still get lost several times, with the straps of my laptop bag life-threateningly entangling into my wheels. There is a drizzle, so I arrive at the socially-distanced, face-masked, yet still quite glamorous introduction of the new Fellows with my shoes covered in mud way more than I would wish.

September 17, 255th km: The first Thursday Dinner. I make sure I have a whole set of clothes to change *and* extra shoes. Along with waterproof pants with fluorescent stripes and shoe extensions, I am now also a proud owner of an atrociously ugly bike bag, attachable to the rear frame. I think I never looked this German in my whole life. I have optimized my route and improved my pace. I get to Wiko in just under 55 minutes, taking a somewhat scenic route through the parks and cemeteries, avoiding the worst traffic. I arrive slightly out of breath, but I enjoy this dinner a lot. It is my first dinner out in half a year, and the conversation with Hakan Ceylan about religion and nationalism in Poland and Turkey becomes a highlight of the evening.

October 9, 510th km: A Zoom meeting with Belarusian academics about the situation in the country. Kaciaryna Kryvichanina, Irina Sukhy, and Uladzimir Valodzin report from Minsk on the ongoing protests in Belarus and the reprisals that have followed them. Seated in the stately Colloquium Room, peeking into the Minsk living rooms of our Belarusian colleagues, who daily have to fear detention, we feel both very fortunate and inadequate. The exchange leaves us deeply impressed and unsettled.

November 17, 660th km: *Habilitationsschrift* printed out and shipped to Hamburg. Hurray!

November 30, 750th km: Book proposal rejected. Back to square one.

December 14, 840th km: The Corona incidence in Berlin is rising, its numbers soaring to over 20,000 a day, and there is the first Covid case at Wiko. It is also getting cold. My thighs get numb on the bike, despite thermal underwear. Someone tells me a good method from the military is to insulate your legs with newspaper. I tried it out, and I have to say: *Forschung und Lehre* has never been put to a better use!

December 18, 870th km: We pack and ship Christmas parcels for the children of three laid-off academics in Minsk. Thanks to the generosity of the Wiko Fellows and staff, a huge box of sweets, toys, and clothes came together.

February 18, 900th km: Back to Wiko after a long break. After the common lunches were cancelled and winter surprised us with actual snow, I have been working from home. Now that the snow is finally gone, it's such a joy to hop on my bike again and ride to Grunewald. Our whole existence has moved online: colloquia, public talks, conferences, team meetings, the research itself. Our sense of community is reduced to a Zoom gallery view. Only the Wiko library is unstoppable. And even if we sneak in just for a moment, face mask and all, to collect our stash, it's such a pleasure to know that the analogue world is still out there.

March 22, 990th km: No more biking. I move to Grunewald for the remaining three months of my fellowship. Seeing the spring in Grunewald is such a joy. Second only to the pleasure of seeing other Wiko Fellows in 3-D, now as next-door neighbours. With most of the lockdown restrictions still in place, as the temperatures go milder, the outdoor life of Villa Walther is coming to life.

April 5, 990th km (still): One of the rare "Wiko moments" for me today. I never expected to work side by side with a biologist. And here we are, Marcelo Aizen and I, spending a few hours reconstructing and transcribing the testimony of a Jewish girl from Poland, Ita Frajdenberg, who, having survived in hiding, faces the hardships of post-war antisemitism and eventually leaves for Brazil. Without Marcelo's help, her powerfully moving

testimony in Portuguese would never be accessible to me. But best of all is just to be able to sit in my office with a colleague. Such a normal thing that is now a highlight.

June 28, 990th km: My final act at Wiko. As most Fellows are packing their suitcases, booking their PCR tests, and getting ready to fly home, I'm setting up my *Habilitations-kolloquium* Zoom. Equipped with an ultra-professional microphone that one could probably make a music record with (thank you, Frank!) and invaluable tips from Daniel Schönflug on how to survive this German academic ritual, at 2:36 p.m. I become a *Privatdozentin*. Now I can pack my suitcases, too.

July 2: Returning from my Wiko residence on my cargo-bike, I hit the 1,000th km of my journey. It has been an exceptionally hard year that brought us to the limits of our mental and physical resistance. It was difficult to come to terms with the reduced productivity and to accept the non-negotiable limitations: an oral history expedition to Belarus – scratched (possibly for years); archive trips to Poland – postponed until further notice. Workshops and conferences – cancelled, or squeezed into fatiguing Zooms, during which your child is crawling under your desk or crying in the background. Yet, even though our Wiko year was so much different from the ones before and, hopefully, those ahead, it was an immense privilege to be part of this institution in 2020/2021. With the unwavering support of the technical and academic staff, heroic (and uninterrupted!) library and language services, lunchboxes arriving at the doorstep in the darkest hours of lockdowns, and the immense solidarity and human kindness I received from my fellow Fellows, Wiko's green refuge in Grunewald was the best thing that has happened to me this year. And was worth biking to Bishkek for.



INTERVAL
MUNEM WASIF

Munem Wasif is an artist, curator, and educator based in Dhaka. His work investigates conceptions of “documents” and “archives” and their corresponding influence on politically and geographically complex issues. His last solo exhibition in Mumbai, *Jomin o Joban* (2017), is an account of personal relationships with land and its ever-changing forms, intertwining issues of borders, territory, economy, and political ecology. Wasif’s book publications include *Belonging* (Clémentine de la Feronnière Editions, 2013) and *Salt Water Tears* (Images Plurielles, 2011); and together with Tanzim Wahab, he has published two editions of *Kamra*, a Bangla-language anthology of essays on photography. Wasif’s work has been included in exhibitions at the 9th Asia Pacific Triennial of Contemporary Art (2018); the Gwangju Biennale (2016, 2018); the Dhaka Art Summit (2016, 2018); and the Sharjah Biennale (2019); and he exhibited at the Centre Pompidou, Paris (2019); the Victoria and Albert Museum, London (2017); and the Fotomuseum Winterthur, Switzerland (2010). He has been a co-curator of the Chobi Mela International Festival of Photography since its eighth edition and currently teaches at Pathshala South Asian Media Institute in Dhaka. E-mail: munem.wasif@gmail.com.

My year at the Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin began with a lot of uncertainty as Covid-19 struck the world. While my partner Reetu Sattar, our son Mikail, and I were preparing for travel, there was a point when we didn’t even know if we would receive our visas and if we would even get to travel at all. Our travel condition was evidently a reflection of how, in the near future, Covid will completely change the dynamics of travel and even the relationship between countries. Meanwhile, I decided to visit locations for my research on

disappearance and slowly started filming, too. I remember wearing a medical mask throughout filming while standing between desolate landfills, ditches, and bushes. By then a number of Fellows were already in Berlin, taking an intensive German course. I attended the first Tuesday Colloquium by Anna Frebel on Zoom. And later, with the help of Andrea Bergmann and Thorsten Wilhelmy at Wiko and some colleagues in Dhaka, we finally reached Berlin in September. Moving from a strict lockdown in Dhaka to Berlin in Grunewald was quite a shift. The staff at Wiko helped us to find a school for our son and settle us in an apartment. Lakes and forests around Villa Walther and kids running all over the place gave us an immediate sense of peace and belonging. Before leaving for Berlin, my father had come to live with us for a few days. Everything was uncertain and unpredictable; we didn't know how things were going to unfold in the coming year.

My research idea focused on developing a film on enforced disappearance. How does unexplained loss generate uncertainties and confusion in personal spaces? The sudden disappearance and death of my friend and colleague Irfanul Islam in April 2016 triggered my thought process on these questions. I kept thinking about responding to this experience. But the more I thought about it, the more I was lost in the vocabulary. I thought being in Berlin for a year would help me focus on my research. I arrived at an idea of exploring how, at particular times, states turn against groups of people and tend to change the course of history. At the Alte Nationalgalerie (it opened for a few weeks between lockdowns), I found Gerhard Richter's paintings that took the Holocaust as their theme. Richter's refusal to depict the event and his opening a conversation about representation caught my attention.

In a month or so, Covid cases increased exponentially and the physical colloquium shifted to online Zoom interactions. It was rewarding to hear from a new Fellow every week. Listening to the talks, I grasped so many different ideas and practices... Michael Cant's research on the evolutionary theory of intergroup conflict by observing packs of mongoose, Sonja Dümpelmann's research on the role of sports and new types of open spaces in Berlin between 1800 to 1930, and more. What I should also mention specifically here are the discussions we had after each talk, which were constructive and extremely engaging. The valuable feedback and observations given by both Permanent and present Fellows were definitely the highlights of each talk. During this time, physical contact was restricted, and I started visiting the forest for long walks and to take photographs. It kept me alive during the long, cold lockdown.

We requested a studio space where we could invite people, conduct research, read, work with different materials, and project my film. This was the first time that my partner and I shared a studio space together. Initially joining for lunch every day, meeting new Fellows, and attending online sessions every week was overwhelming. There were moments when I, as a practice-based artist, felt distant and alienated among Fellows from academia. But soon, I developed personal connections with them, and they were truly interested in engaging with and understanding each other's works. On the same floor as our studio, there was Christel Fricke, Professor in Philosophy, and Sonja Dümpelmann, historian of Landscape Architecture. I used to meet Christel in the mornings. I remember one of our first conversations about Werner Herzog's *Fitzcarraldo* and the level of absurdity and effects of colonialism in our minds. Very early on I had a meeting with Marcelo A. Aizen, a biologist from Argentina, who led me to the book *Nunca Mas* – detailed accounts by survivors of the disappearances of the "Dirty War" in Argentina. Through Daniel Schönflug, I met Yassin al-Haj Saleh, another Wiko alumnus, a Syrian writer and political dissident. I had earlier read Yassin's letter to his missing wife Samira al-Khalil, abducted in Douma in 2013, and we talked about the trauma and the impossibility of language to absorb such pain. Daniel Schönflug also helped us meet some key people in cultural institutions in Berlin, which was crucial. One of the things I missed at Wiko was having Fellows from different parts of the world and places that are away from the center. This would have enabled us to have more critical conversation and understand diverse perspectives. I hope that, in the coming years, Wiko will extend its network and bring more voices from other regions.

Winter had arrived, and the situation got worse. The lockdown continued for months. What mattered most was our son Mikail's studies, since schools were closed in mid-December and never opened fully until June next year. He was attending online classes for the most part. This completely changed our working schedule. Reetu and I took turns in the studio and helping Mikail out. There wasn't enough time to be productive. We had never experienced a harsh winter, so the combination of lockdown and winter was an extreme experience. We were grateful to be living in Villa Walther, in this beautiful ecosystem with other kids and Fellows. Our next-door neighbor was Shamil Jeppie, a historian, who started the Wicked Wiko Running Club. I joined Shamil and other Fellows (Ben, Madeleine, Marcelo, Hakan, and Bettina) from the club a few times. Other neighbors, Sophie Bernard and François Sarfati, a sociologist, were rays of light in those dark days. Apart from all of these, I must mention the remarkable library system in Wiko,

which was open and available at all times under these hard circumstances. We could order books and continue with our research. It helped my partner Reetu Sattar, as her research focused solely on the history of cotton in British India. Another thing to mention was the wonderful team of Dunia Najjar, who home-delivered food even in the most difficult time – especially the Christmas and Easter cake, which they delivered to our apartment. These small personal touches gave us a feeling of a community living at Wiko. We continued our German lessons with Ursula Kohler throughout the year, mostly on Zoom. During the lockdown, the classes on Zoom were a window of gathering and sharing. Ursula was caring, patient, and loving in the most beautiful manner a teacher could be.

Meanwhile, my idea to go back to Dhaka to shoot the film and come back was not feasible, due to the pandemic. For most of the Fellows, colloquium was easy, as they can read their text. For me as a visual artist, it was confusing. A lot of my work is based on tactile and physical engagement. Zoom was the last platform I could imagine to present my work on. I started preparing with the shoot I did in Dhaka, before arriving in Berlin. But there was still so much missing. I started collaborating with a group of people online, from gathering research material, through developing sound, to shooting. But I was also anxious about how to develop a context and share my artistic practice at large, since most of the Fellows were from very diverse backgrounds. I divided my talk into two chapters. In the first chapter, I addressed questions of evidence, the meaning of silence, and the state of fear. I focused on a few case studies and explained the role of fact and fiction in my work: how they are merged, camouflaged, and reactivated through film, imaginary acts, and various forms of gestures. In the second chapter, I showed my film, a work in progress, “After so many days I have seen sunlight.” It was an overwhelming experience, because I had never before shared my work with such a diverse audience. But it helped me have a different set of conversations with them.

Two hours before my talk at Wiko, I got the news that my father had tested Covid positive. His health gradually deteriorated. I was constantly on the phone and couldn't manage to connect with many people. At one point, I decided to fly back, but all flights from Europe to Bangladesh were barred indefinitely. I had to get special permission to fly back. My father passed away soon after. I came back to Wiko after a month. But I could never get back my focus and momentum. Everyone at Wiko was generous to make our stay as comfortable as possible. I would also like to express my sincere gratitude to Nina Kitsos, Daniela Wendlandt, Vera Pfeffer, Sophia Pick, and Andrea Bergmann for their constant help and support during an unforeseeable situation with our son.

Looking back, there were so many things I could have done differently. The pandemic brought all the Fellows closer, which opened up new conversations. I fondly remember my conversations with Andreas Dorschel, Johannes Böhme, and Madeleine Beekman. To meet George Lewis once in a while at the bus stop, standing in the middle of track 17 memorial at Grunewald railway station, taking long walks in Grunewald Forest in the midst of snow, and visiting the works of Joseph Beuys in Hamburger Bahnhof museum all were part of everyday life, but now good memories.

I am deeply grateful to Wiko for being with us. It is one of the most generous institutions I have ever been to.



SIX MONTHS WIKO-ING
YOSSI YOVEL

Yossi Yovel is a full Professor and the head of the NeuroEcology lab in the School of Zoology and the head of the Sagol School of Neuroscience at Tel Aviv University. He received a B.Sc. degree in Biology and another one in Physics, both from Tel Aviv University, an M.Sc. in Neuroscience from Tel Aviv University, and a Ph.D. in Biology and Machine Learning from the University of Tübingen, Germany. He then completed two post-docs, one at the Weizmann Institute and one at the University of Chicago, before joining the Tel Aviv University faculty in 2011. Professor Yovel's research combines biology with technology. His work on bat bio-sonar has driven the development of a bat-like autonomous robot that navigates autonomously using sound only, as well as several other bio-mimetic applications in precision agriculture. His work on bats drove the development of miniature GPS sensors that make it possible to track the smallest animals ever tracked before. His work on bats' use of bio-sonar for navigation in the field in parallel to using MRI to study the bats' brain in the lab led him to establish a new field that he terms Neuro-Ecology, which brings together ideas from Neuroscience and Ecology. Yovel is also active in various public activities, including chairing the Biology Committee of the Ministry of Education. – Address: Department of Zoology, Tel Aviv University, P.O. Box 39040, Tel Aviv 69978, Israel. E-mail: yossiyovel@gmail.com; yybatlab@gmail.com.

Wiko was a life changer for me. I arrived at Wiko after ten years of a high-speed academic race with hardly any time to think beyond my next task. I came to Wiko with hopes that, during my time in Berlin, I would be able to breathe in between the everyday scientific tasks, to read beyond my own abstracts, and to meet people other than the ones I meet in university

committees. This is exactly what happened at Wiko. With the amazing help from all staff members, I managed to breathe a bit. Wiko is truly an amazing institute. Everyone who has been to it always praised it, but I know now that one must feel it with one's own senses in order to really perceive it. The Wiko staff provides everything you need and more, from help with the bureaucracy when entering Germany, through help with childcare, to fulfilling one's needs for food, culture, or IT. Everyone is simply doing their best to make it easier for you and indeed it was easy, even through one of the worst years that humanity has ever known. I am sure that life before and after Wiko will not be the same for me. I hope to preserve many of the habits that I adopted at Wiko in order to ensure a better balance between science and life.

Instead of explaining what is so wonderful about Wiko, it might be easier to describe what I will miss about being part of it. Here is a partial list. I will miss:

Grunewald, midday wandering through Grunewald, the alleys of the neighborhood, the crazy mansions, the sports cars, cyclers on Sunday morning, long sunsets, my Wiko office.

The lakes, taking a walk along the lakes, the dog lake, a glass of wine near the lake, watching hockey on the frozen lakes, Villa Walther's lakes.

Running, running in the forest, running with Wiko colleagues, running alone, slowing down.

Villa Walther, children playing in the backyard, meeting Fellows when taking out the trash, the secret corridors of the villa, playing soccer in the garden, snow fights in the backyard of the Villa.

German, German with Eva, German reading, *Umlaute*, Stefan Zweig, *Dativ* (not really), Bertolt Brecht.

Bio, bio-food, recyclable cups, separating trash, paper bags, Bionade.

Berlin, riding the M19 bus to town, sledding in Viktoriapark, Berlin *Spielplätze*, Berlin food markets, fresh fish at the Winterfeldtmarkt, coffee in Kreuzberg, *Schnelltest* queues, graffiti, Berlin strands, Potsdam strands, FKK.

Reading, reading more than in the past five years, reading science, reading fiction, listening to podcasts while walking to the institute.

Wildlife, the return of the robins, the nesting coots, their chicks, the noisy swans, the changing of the seasons in Hasensprung, the singing of the nuthatches, the wild bees, dandelion seeds in the air, the smell of rain in summer, *Biergärten*.

Discussion, discussing with Fellows, life science meetings, discussion with evolutionary biologists, discussion with philosophers, discussion with sociologists, One Culture Forum, Two Cultures Forum, Three Cultures Forum, in Zoom.

In terms of science, I spent much of my time in Wiko working on understanding how animals, specifically bats, adjust their behavior to urban environments.

Urbanization is one of the most influential processes on our globe, putting a great number of animal species under threat. However, some species learn to cope with urbanization, and a few even benefit from it. How they do so is what I am trying to understand. One of the bat species we study, the Egyptian fruit bat (*Rousettus aegyptiacus*), is very common in both urban and rural environments, and in the past few years, we tracked its behavior both in the lab and in the field. This work led to writing two papers (one of which has been published and another that is under review at the moment).

In the first study, we report the results of GPS tracking Egyptian fruit bats from urban and rural populations. Because fruit trees are distributed differently in these two environments, with a higher diversity in urban environments, we hypothesized that foraging strategies would differ too. We thus compared the movement and foraging of the bats in these two environments. We found that when foraging in urban environments, bats were more exploratory than when foraging in rural environments. This means that they visit more sites (or trees) per hour and switch foraging sites more often on consecutive nights. We show that by doing so, bats foraging in urban environments diversified their diet more than rural bats did. This is exhibited, for example, by the bats' choice to switch fruit species when foraging in urban environments. Another interesting finding is that the location of the bats' roost does not dictate their foraging grounds. In other words, we found that many bats choose to roost in the countryside, but nightly commute to and forage in urban environments.

This study was published in *BMC Biology* with the title "Fruit bats adjust their foraging strategies to urban environments to diversify their diet" (<https://bmcbiol.biomedcentral.com/articles/10.1186/s12915-021-01060-x>).

In the second study, we addressed differences in the behavior of fruit bats in rural and urban environments. One of the most commonly described changes in the behavioral characteristics of urban dwelling animals is an increased level of risk-taking. Animals in urban environments are exposed to numerous novel situations, such as foraging near humans. In this study, we aimed to reveal if urban fruit bats become risk-takers and how they differ behaviorally from rural bats, studying both innate and learned factors that might play a role in the process. We assessed the behavior of newborn pups from both rural and urban colonies before they acquired experience outdoors, examining risk-taking, exploration, and learning abilities. We found that urban pups exhibited significantly

higher risk-taking levels and that they learn faster, but are less exploratory than their rural counterparts. A cross-fostering experiment revealed that pups were more similar to their adopting mothers, thus suggesting a non-genetic mechanism and pointing towards a maternal effect. We moreover found that lactating urban mothers have higher cortisol levels in their milk, which could potentially explain the transmission of some behavioral traits from mother to pup. We thus offer a potential mechanism for how urban pups can acquire urban-suitable behavioral traits through hormonal transfer from their mothers.

Additional related projects that I have been involved in while at Wiko include examining a huge MRI database of brain images of fruit bats from rural and urban colonies and an SNP (single nucleotide polymorphism) mapping of bats from these two populations. The analyses of these two data sets will continue after my return home.

In summary, bats are unique among small mammals in their ability to rapidly move far. Our study is an excellent example of how animals adjust to environmental changes, and it shows how such mobile mammals can exploit the benefits offered by urban environments. My time at Wiko allowed me to focus on this fundamental question of how animals might exploit the new urban, fragmented environment that is taking over our landscape. Without my stay at Wiko, I could have not taken the time to integrate the results of the different experiments we have been running in the past decade.

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