

SUMMER 2018

THE OWL IS AN ANNUAL PUBLICATION BY THE WILLIAM SOUTHAM JOURNALISM FELLOWSHIP PROGRAM.

The Owl

Massey's Warrior Scholar

From the Syrian Civil War to the U of T classroom, Noura Al-Jizawi carries on with her fight



MAZHAR TAYARA

A NON-VIOLENT PROTEST ORGANIZED BY NOURA AL-JIZAWI (WEARING SUNGLASSES) IN SYRIA DURING THE ARAB SPRING, 2012. THE PHOTO WAS TAKEN BY A FRIEND, MAZHAR TAYARA, WHO LATER THAT YEAR WAS KILLED BY THE ASSAD REGIME.

BY NAHEED MUSTAFA

Noura Al-Jizawi is bundled into an overstuffed parka and struggling to get a stroller through Massey's main doors. Her nine-month-old daughter smiles as she's jostled around. She's wide-eyed and rosy-cheeked, decked out in a pink headband and tiny jeans. Finally, both mom and stroller make it in and Noura heads for the Junior Common Room. Several young women make a beeline for the baby. For **Noura Al-Jizawi**, it's a long way from the frontlines of the Syrian uprising to life as a graduate student at U of T's Munk School of Global Affairs, through the Scholars-at-Risk scholarship program, a partnership between Massey College and the School of Graduate Studies. Noura says she's still trying to take it all in — this new life in a new place with a new baby.

Noura had small ambitions growing up in her hometown of Homs in western Syria. She wanted to study, to read, to savour her morning coffee just like she'd seen her mother do for as long as she could remember. Noura and her six siblings had a good life in Syria, filled with family and laughter, schoolwork, and picnics on the weekend. But Noura had always felt something dark lurking beneath the veneer of calm. It was a feeling she'd see manifest in adults as a kind of carefulness. There was never explicit political talk, no open criticism of the regime. She saw public veneration for Syria's leader, Bashar al-Assad and his father, Hafez al-Assad, insinuate its way into every aspect of Syrian life. Hafez al-Assad's portraits, large and small, were everywhere — even showing up in the thousands on the cover of Syrian children's notebooks. Noura learned early that being safe meant being quiet.

Talk to Syrians about life before the 2011 uprising and they'll tell you that it was mostly okay as long as you followed the rules: don't agitate, don't protest, assume you're being watched, trust no one. By 2011, Syria had been under a perpetual state

of emergency for nearly five decades. Security forces had vast, sweeping powers. Detention and torture were common. Syrians had learned well what kind of behaviour was acceptable. If you were good at keeping your head down and keeping your nose out of trouble, you were free to enjoy what remained. People had jobs, food was plentiful and affordable, and education was accessible.

Mostly, these things were enough — until one day when they weren't.

On December 17, 2010, a city employee in the small town of Sidi Bouzid, just south of the city of Tunis in Tunisia, confiscated a vegetable cart from a young man named Mohamed Bouazizi. He tried to navigate the bureaucracy to pay his fine and retrieve his cart and produce, but ended up defeated and humiliated. In the late morning he returned to the municipal offices where he stood outside, doused himself with gasoline, and set himself ablaze. The Arab Spring had begun.

Over the next several months, protests and calls for change would sweep the Arab world. Governments would topple. Noura watched carefully from Homs with growing excitement: maybe such change could come to her country too. In March of 2011, the wave crashed its way into the Syrian town of Daraa, and Homs, some three hundred kilometres north, soon became a key site for protests. Noura, by then a graduate student in Arabic literature, jumped in organizing rallies and connecting with international media. She started a publication called Hurriyat, meaning "Freedom."

Those were heady early days when Syrian activists were motivated by the changes they were seeing throughout the Arab world. There was a sense that the future belonged to freedom and young people were going to play a key role in making that future happen. But the Assad regime responded with a brutality on a scale that few could have imagined.

Noura's activism was met with violence.

She was detained multiple times and tortured. Two of her siblings — a brother and sister — faced a similar fate. In 2012, after her 16-year-old sister was arrested and tortured by the regime, the family fled to Turkey. But the displacement did not stop Noura from continuing her work. She joined the Syrian National Council — the coalition of Syrian opposition forces — and in 2014 became the SNC's vice-president, and member of the the negotiation panel in Geneva. She surprised even herself with that move. "I didn't plan to join the opposition. From the beginning of my activities, I thought I could be a writer or researcher but never a political player," she says.

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— Noura Al-Jizawi

Her work with the official opposition lasted until 2016. She resigned because she felt the coalition was giving in to international pressure. She felt they were abandoning Syrians who had fled by not standing up for their right to return to their homeland. But Noura kept going with her advocacy work around psychological support for Syrian women who had survived detention and torture.

The Scholars-at-Risk program allowed Noura to come to Canada. She's now pursuing a Master of Global Affairs degree at the Munk School and trying to figure out her next steps. "It is a struggle for me though I have found a lot of support from the students," she says. "I come from a completely different education system and this is the first time I am studying in English.

It is a challenge."

Noura's husband, whom she met in Turkey, was also an activist, and he's now a researcher at the Munk School's Citizen Lab, an interdisciplinary research hub studying information controls that threaten openness, security, and human rights on the Internet. The Syrian conflict has often been referred to as the first fully "digital" war with the frontlines drawn not only on the ground but also in cyberspace.

Noura is both happy and grateful to be at the University of Toronto. She's pursuing a degree she'd always dreamed of, she has a quiet life with her husband and daughter, Toronto is safe. But the peace of her day-to-day life has come at a high price: "I feel it's hard to remember my life before the conflict. Partly because the conflict has been going on so long but also because of trauma. I feel the same, but sometimes I feel I am a different person."

Looking back on those early days and seeing what's happened in the intervening seven years — starvation, torture, displacement, up to half a million dead, parts of Syria reduced to rubble — it's nearly impossible to remember the optimism of those young activists. Noura's family now lives scattered between four countries with her father still back in Syria, unable but also unwilling to leave.

Noura bundles her little girl back into the stroller and encases herself in the giant parka. She's off to meet a friend and we decide to walk together for a bit. I ask her if she ever regrets her activism. She doesn't hesitate with her answer, despite everything she's been through. "In Syria, the only way to do politics was to be part of the regime," she says. "We youth started this movement. It was a gamble but we took a risk. We didn't want to give this over to old men with white hair and expired ideas." She pauses and looks around at the young students around us, rushing off to class. "It's our future. If we want it, we have to fight for it. Change will come."

2. *The Owl*

In Defence of Civility, Redux

BY HUGH SEGAL

Some years ago, at the turn of the millennium, I wrote a book titled, *In Defence of Civility*. It held a collection of my newspaper columns, op-eds, speeches, and some new essays—all, in various ways, offering a defence of civility in our politics, in our way of life, and celebrating warriors in this cause. The times in which we now live have prompted me to think a bit more about the ideas behind that book.

Lately, incivility — in global politics, in domestic politics, in social media — has emerged as a dynamic in and of itself.

Violent political rhetoric — “Lock Her Up!” — “Build That Wall!” — jagged anti-immigration demonstrations in Eastern Europe, rampaging balaclava-clad demonstrators in Hamilton, enhanced coverage of both police/civilian violence and anti-police-violence advocacy — these are but few among many incidents contributing to my sense that what counts as acceptable behaviour has changed, producing for me one of the most glaring questions for our time: Is civility dead?

Is incivility the new test of sincerity and authenticity? Is civility no longer a viable mode of engagement? Is nuanced and measured discourse too far off the credibility scale for wide public support? Is this a new era wherein to speak, to be heard, to be believed, requires vindictiveness and rudeness?

Here, we might take a breath and reflect on the underlying value of civility.

I have always enjoyed the jokes about Canadians that circle around too much



HUGH SEGAL, PRINCIPAL OF MASSEY COLLEGE, TELLING TALES IN THE VISITOR'S OFFICE DURING “THE NIGHT OF PRETENTIOUSNESS,” LAUNCHING THE FALL TERM, SEPTEMBER 6, 2017.

politeness and civility attributed to our collective character:

“How can you tell a Canadian at an ATM machine?”

“He’s the one who says ‘please and thank you’...”

“Why did the Canadian cross the road?”

“To get to the middle!”

My late Mom, a working woman since I was about four years old, always made the case with my two brothers and me that pessimism and bad manners never advanced any worthwhile cause. In my mind, that produced a formula linking good manners and optimism directly with civility. As a college debater, as a think tank head, as a political operative, as a lecturer and adjunct professor at Queen’s, as a senator, as someone in the communications industry,

as someone who held advocacy duties for Canada on human rights issues within the Commonwealth, I learned that civility as an instrument of inclusion and engagement was defined as much by what is said and how it is said, as it is by those who know when not to say things, either seriously, or even in jest.

A Premier I once served (formerly the Minister of University Affairs who took the law establishing Massey College through the legislature in the early 1960’s) had the habit of telling his staff, cabinet, and caucus on the eve of an important debate: “You always get more flies with honey than with vinegar.” For **Bill Davis**, this was not about the shallow premise of going along to get along. It was about respecting the other people at the table for who they were, and taking what was important to them into careful consideration.

Restraint, as in the case of civility, can be a virtue. In the academic world, where interaction spans age groups and generations, civility can be threatened by strong disagreement, by perceived entitlement, by radically different life experiences and worldviews. The challenge is about how those who do speak — seriously, humorously, sarcastically, in advocacy or opposition to any idea or cause — frame their words in a way that respects sensitivities and experiences of their fellow interlocutors.

The magic of the Massey experience is sustained and advanced when civility — between new and experienced, between old and young, between different disciplines and perspectives — is a two-way street. The robes worn by all fellows at dinner in Hall speak not to stodgy purposeless tradition. They speak to the core premise that whatever our discipline, age, gender identity, national origin, or creed, we are all deemed equal members of the Massey fellowship, meriting respectful and civil treatment from others, and offering it generously ourselves. This is what fellowship really means.

While this may not, of itself, bolster the case for civility elsewhere in the larger world, it does elevate the importance of civility as part of our Massey College ideal. And in this ever more civility challenged world, that is one step in the right direction — toward repairing democracy, mitigating intolerance, celebrating diversity, and fostering civil society.

Hugh Segal is the Principal of Massey College, a post to which he was elected in December of 2013.

JIM RANKIN

To My Massey Fellows: How Can I Forget?

BY ESTHER KARIN MNGODO

This is what I remember,
The first time I met Jim
He told me about Michelle
He told me, he married well.
When I met her, the seventh fellow,
I believed him.

He took me around the city in his Jeep
Bought me a Coca Cola and some chips
On the last day of my stay,
He made me cry at Henry’s store.
I told Jim, you must stop this love outpour.

But did he listen?
Did anyone listen?

Siobhan brought me soup when I was sick.
Kept me warm through the winter,
Gave me chocolate 90% bitter
As she herself got sweeter and sweeter.

Sweet was the chai we had at Naheed’s
She took me back to Dar es Salaam effortlessly
Bought some presents for my daughter,
I was always at home in her laughter.

Up the CN Tower we went on my birthday
With Silvia, every
day is a big day!
Full of life and energy!
In her, I learnt to let my spirit free.



THE 2017-2018 WILLIAM SOUTHAM JOURNALISM FELLOWS (FROM LEFT), NATALIE ALCOBA, SILVIA ROSA, ESTHER KARIN MNGODO, NAHEED MUSTAFA, JIM RANKIN, AND SIOBHAN ROBERTS, DURING THE SEPTEMBER 2017 BONDING TRIP, FIRST STOP QUEBEC CITY (PICTURED HERE AT LE CHÂTEAU FRONTENAC, WHERE WE DID NOT STAY).

I had my first Roti with Natalie
The first fellow to reach out to me.
Her words are soothing to my soul
The kindness of her heart makes me whole.

What can I say about Bob and Emily?
Oh how they have both been good to me.

Who were we before we met my beloveds?
How rich has my life become because of you
It’s in the little things that we said

And the little things that we did
That made my life more meaningful.

My memory is blurred by the joy I felt
Whale watching in Saint Andrew’s
Sharing the sauna in Helsinki
We are different people at different times
Thank you for bringing out the best in me
Thank you for being my family.

Asante sana.

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Layout and production by Diana McNally.

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For our Berlin trip in December 2017, thank you to the German Federal Foreign Office, the German Embassy in Ottawa, the Consulate General of Germany in Toronto, and the Goethe Institute in Berlin, with special thanks to Ambassador Sabine Sparwasser, Consul General Peter Fahrenholtz, Press and Cultural Affairs Officer Tanja Matuszisz, and our inimitable Goethe Institute guide, Vincent Bozek.

For our Helsinki trip in April 2018, thank you to the Finnish Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Embassy of Finland, with special thanks to Ambassador Vesa Lehtonen, Tuulikki Olander, and our excellent guides Juhana Tuunanen and Pauliina Pennanen.

Finally, we owe a debt of gratitude to everyone in the Massey College community who made the year so edifying, and so much fun: the Junior and Senior Fellows, Liz Hope, Oris Chekeche, Amela Marin, Elena Ferranti, PJ MacDougall, Nelson Adams, Joyee Chau, Wing Lee, Gia Ting, Darlene Naranjo, Greg Cerson, and the entire catering, cleaning and events staff. And, of course, our special thanks go to Principal Hugh Segal, Bob Johnson, and the incomparable Emily Mockler. Your hard work, advice, and friendship made our Massey experience an unforgettable one that will sustain us down the years.

JIM RANKIN

Righting Wrongs in a Broken System

Amanda Carling is using a course on wrongful convictions to expose how the legal system is stacked against Indigenous people and other marginalized communities



MÉTIS LAWYER AMANDA CARLING IS THE MANAGER OF INDIGENOUS INITIATIVES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO FACULTY OF LAW.

BY NATALIE ALCOBA

People like to make excuses about how hard it is to change things.

This is what **Amanda Carling** tells me sitting in the University of Toronto law school, in the last gasps of the winter term of 2018. The school is humming with the nervous energy of looming exams, as students create cocoons of tranquility under noise-canceling earphones.

I met Carling in a law class I took on wrongful convictions alongside two other Massey journalism fellows. Taught by her and veteran lawyer **Kent Roach**, it was a disturbing, intimate look at the flaws inherent in Canada's judicial system — from faulty forensic sciences, tunnel vision on the part of police or prosecutors, to biases baked into interview techniques.

Every week we dissected case studies of justice gone horribly wrong, and pulled apart just how much more vulnerable racialized communities are to that injustice. We heard from a mother who was wrongly convicted of killing her stepdaughter, from Crown attorneys, defence lawyers, a former Supreme Court judge and a former Superior Court judge. And what we learned was just as shocking as what we came to understand we were so far from knowing. It's long been known that Indigenous people and Black people are dramatically and disproportionately represented in the prison system; but we have no clear sense of how many were convicted of crimes they didn't commit, or how many were victims of a miscarriage of justice.

Carling, a Métis lawyer, saw that glaring gap firsthand while working for Innocence Canada, formerly known as the Association in Defence of the Wrongly Convicted. It's the largest organization in the country working to secure exonerations.

She recalls doing outreach in First Nations communities and hearing stories that shook her deeply.

"Every single person I knew either had themselves, or had talked to somebody who had pleaded guilty to something they didn't do. Every single person," she told me.

"They said to me, so-and-so pleaded because the cops in this remote reserve community said you guys should plead guilty or we're going to charge your wives, too, with this trafficking offence. These are not the wrongful convictions that the innocence network studies and these are not the wrongful convictions that will ever get a remedy. They're not considered serious enough for a pro bono lawyer or

innocence network to work on, but cumulatively it makes a huge difference."

So, how do you even begin to address a problem when you don't actually know its scope?

To that end, Carling has been the driving force behind an initiative to establish a comprehensive database of wrongful convictions in Canada. Innocence Canada has kept track of the 21 people it has helped exonerate since 1993, several of them stemming from the faulty testimony of disgraced Ontario pathologist Charles Smith, who helped convict parents of killing their children. But there are dozens of other known cases, the details of which are found in disparate news articles buried in archives. Carling and Roach have recruited the journalism fellows that took their course — CBC producer Naheed Mustafa, Toronto Star investigative reporter Jim Rankin, and myself — to form part of a working group that is laying the foundation for a centralized hub that will include comprehensive case descriptions, relevant reports, and a searchable database of key factors.

Carling's own story stretches back to the days of Louis Riel. Her mother's family was part of the diaspora that mobilized in the wake of his hanging, living in the US-Canada border town of Pembina. Eventually, in 1925, she says her family came north to St. Laurent, Manitoba, and lived in bush camps until a mill opened up in what is now Powerview-Pine Falls, providing job opportunities for many Métis people who, as her grandmother tells it, "pretended to be white because that was the safe thing to do."

Even today, it's interesting for Carling to hear how her grandmother describes that time, using terms such as living as "gypsies" rather than living as Indigenous people on the land, because describing it in European terms is still felt to be safer, even though the younger generation has embraced its roots.

"The great thing about pretending to be white is that my grandmother didn't go to residential school," says Carling. "And thank goodness. There's nothing that could have been worse than that. But the flip side is that we lost a lot of our traditions and there are things that my grandmother and all of her brothers do that they identify as French traditions, but we know are Métis traditions. It's been up to our generation to learn from elders who did carry those things forward."

Carling began to explore her own Indigenous roots in her later teenage years. She did her first sweat as a student at the University of Manitoba. And she took classes that taught her about Indigenous spirituality, world views and traditions.

As an undergrad student taking criminology courses, she remembers shadowing a judge — Judge Judy was her name — at a Winnipeg youth court. One by one, every child who stood to start or continue a trajectory through the system looked Indigenous. Many didn't have parents with them. Some might have had a child and family services worker alongside. (Indigenous children are vastly overrepresented in the foster care system in Canada, echoing the forced removal seen during the residential school era. In Manitoba, in 2011, they represented 85 percent of children in care.)

This hit Carling, whose father is British and mother Métis. "Because, I mean, I got in trouble when I was a kid, but I got taken home by the cops and slapped on the wrist, because I looked white. I didn't get taken prison," she recalls now. "Thinking about those children, they didn't do anything to be where they were. They were just born into a situation where probably they had parents who went to residential school, or grandparents who went to residential school, and by virtue of all of those things they ended up in the justice system as kids," she says.

She felt then, and feels now, a responsibility to spend her life working for people who didn't have the same privileges she had. As a student at U of T's law school, she co-chaired the Aboriginal Law Students' Association, worked at Downtown Legal Services in criminal and family law divisions, and after articling at Innocence Canada, went on to launch the organization's legal education initiative in order to develop the preventative aspect of the group's mandate.

"People like to make excuses about how hard it is to change things but the entire system is created by human beings and can be changed and, further, there are alternatives that we know work better," she says. Things like restorative justice initiatives, putting resources in communities so people aren't living in poverty, having clean drinking water, and education for their children and things to do in their community.

"Not being racist," she adds. "That's a pretty good alternative."

Part of her efforts at the law school, where she is the manager of Indigenous initiatives, has also been to educate. She's helped facilitate the KAIROS Blanket Exercise — a workshop in which participants assume the voices of Indigenous people over the centuries, exposing the role of the law in stripping away their land, and connecting it to the social, economic and legal issues communities confront to this day.

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—Amanda Carling

Her approach to teaching the wrongful conviction course, a class she, too, took as a student at U of T, was to make it both inspiring, and challenging. And to encourage students to think more broadly about what it's going to take to make a difference.

"If we want to get to reconciliation, get to a place where Indigenous and non-Indigenous people are treated equally, then the Canadian law has to be drastically different than what it is," she says. "It can't just be more Band-Aids put on the system because the racism against Indigenous people in terms of how we're treated in the justice system, how our rights are treated, governing our relationship with the land and the animals and all of the things that create our identity, the racism is so deep in that that you can't just fix that on a piecemeal basis."



Local Fauna & Far-Flown Locomotives

BY JIM RANKIN

Sapere aude! Dare to know! So goes the Massey motto. And in the same spirit:

1. Massey College resident non-fellow, *Branta canadensis* 2. David Sutton, Don of Hall, 2018-2019, with co-chairs/animalium of the 2017-2018 Lionel Massey Fund, Sasha Kostenko, left, Alexander Sarra-Davis, Katie Menendez, Julia Kim, Daniel Szulc 3. Chevron, *Megaptera novaeangliae*, sighted at the tail end of the Southam Fellows' bonding trip, Saint Andrews, New Brunswick 4. Visiting non-fellow, *Buteo jamaicensis* (by Vincent Bozek) 5. Michael Lebenbaum and Francesco Ducci, at the Southam Fellows' Luftballon Disco Low Table (*Maximum Mensa Disco*) 6. Benjamin Gillard, left, Don of Hall, 2017-2018, Rosemary Martin, Daniel Szulc: *Carpe noctem!* 7. Andrew Kaufman, balloon, Dina Fergani 8. *Memorandum momentum*, with Esther Karin Mngodo, left, and Chizoba Imoka 9. Phil De Luna and Symon James-Wilson (*rabidus fun*) 10. Natalie Alcoba & amici, Saint Petersburg 11. *Glühwein — panem et circenses* — with Martin Luther at the Christmas market in Wittenberg 12. Vincent Bozek, *sui generis* cultural curator, Berlin 13. Popeye, Saint Petersburg 14. *Corvus oculum corvi non eruit*; Trump-Putin Summit anticipated in caricature by Helsinki school children 15. Silvia Rosa: *Carpe diem!!!* 16. Southam Fellows and Emily Mockler, tops, on the steps of the Helsinki Cathedral. *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.*

PHOTO CREDIT:

6. ^{The} Owl

Berlin Index

BY SIOBHAN ROBERTS

German population in millions: 82.6

German per capita annual sausage consumption in kilograms: 4.5

German per capita annual meat consumption in kilograms: 29.2

Apropos sausage-inspired idiom: “Mit der Wurst nach dem Schinken werfen”—“Throw the sausage after the bacon” (bacon being more valuable than sausage in Middle High German times, one sacrificed the lesser for the greater gain)

Existential sausage-inspired idiom: “Es geht um die Wurst”—“It’s all about the sausage” (harking back to the day when a sausage was nonetheless a lavish prize in folk festival games, such as “catch the sausage” or “fish for the sausage”)

Contradictory sausage-inspired idiom: “Es ist mir alles Wurst”—“It’s all sausage to me” (i.e., “It’s all the same to me. Don’t care.”)

Number of words in the German language: ~500,000

Number of words in the English language: ~1,000,000

Number of national newspapers in Germany: 8

Number of national newspapers in Canada: 2.5

Number of words in the Arabic language: ~12,000,000

Number of Syrians in Germany as of December 2016: 637,845

What the Syrian refugee Muhannad Quaiconie longed for most from back home: his books

Name of the first public Arabic library in Berlin, founded in 2017 by Quaiconie with the literary scholar Ines Kappert: Baynatna (“Between Us”)

Languages included in the library: Arabic, English, German (because, as Muhannad noted: “The library is for everybody—it’s an exchange of culture. We can learn from each other, it’s not just one side. If there’s such thing as integration, that’s it: you learn from me, I learn from you.”)

Number of books, from Mahmud Darwish to Shakespeare, in the collection so far: 3,000

Number of Arabic books in the collection so far: 2,200

Also on offer at Baynatna: salons, lectures, dance and theatre workshops, and classes for children and teens to develop Arabic, their mother tongue but at risk of being forgotten over the journey

Unexpected original location of the Baynatna library: 16th floor penthouse in Kreuzberg

Newfound location of Baynatna: the Central and State Library Berlin (Zentral- und Landesbibliothek Berlin)

Unlikely location of the city’s most eerily enchanting art gallery: World War II air-raid shelter

Use of said bunker post World War II: warehouse for imported tropical fruit from Cuba

Official state-owned company name of said bunker: “Fruit Vegetables Potatoes”

Local nickname: “Banana Bunker”

Year the bunker was converted to “the hardest club in the world” with techno music and fetish parties: 1992

Number of visitors at the “Boros Collection” bunker since it opened in 2008: ~500,000

Number of by appointment only tours to date: ~20,000

How to visit the Boros bunker collection, Plan A: make a reservation months in advance

How to visit the Boros bunker collection, Plan B: pull strings via Pia

Best movie to watch while in Berlin: *The Lives of Others* by Florian Henckel von Donnersmarck

Best book to read while in Berlin: *Berlin Stories* by Robert Walser

Best place to celebrate 100 years of Finnish Independence on December 6, 2017 while in Berlin: Kreuzberg house party

Best place to celebrate the onset of the dreaded winters in Berlin: Christmas markets

Number of Christmas markets in Berlin: 60

Fitting translation for Glühwein, the mulled red wine that makes wandering for hours around the Christmas markets magical: “glowing wine”

Regional delicacy for the morning after: currywurst, aka “processed sausage dressed up in Allied rations (American ketchup, British India curry powder)”

Best Berlin currywurst: Wittys (it’s organic!)

Most famous Berlin currywurst: Curry 36

Best place to detoxify, “with calm discussion in a heated environment”: FIT mobile sauna in a converted vintage Finnish fire truck (with fireworks)

Sausage-inspired moral of the story: “Alles hat ein Ende nur eine Wurst hat zwei”—“Everything has one end, only a sausage has two”—all good things come to an end, apart from sausages

How to say thank you in German: Danke!

Helsinki Indeksi

Finnish population in millions: 5.5

Finnish saunas in millions: 3+

Average number of saunas per household: 1

Consequence of the proliferation of private saunas: decline in public saunas circa mid-twentieth century

Average number of saunas per person per week: 1

Average number of saunas per prisoner per week: 1

Traditional sauna day: Saturday

Word for the waves of sauna steam: löyly

Phrase for that post sauna glow: “fresh from the sauna”

Hours one should cycle through Helsinki, jetlagged, in a refreshingly chilly April rain, before one’s first Finnish sauna: 3.5

What to do in between rounds of sauna: jump into the Baltic Sea

Among the first buildings to be erected by peacekeeper Finnish soldiers: sauna

Hours required, according to a Second World War-era Finnish military field manual, for a battalion to build a sauna and bathe: 8

Date (BC) of the earliest version of sauna: 7000

Date of the first mention of sauna customs according to forefathers of the Finns, written by Nestor the Chronicler, telling of “hot wooden saunas in which bathers beat themselves with branches and finally pour cold water over themselves”: 1112

Number of months of winter in Finland: 10

Number of months of summer in Finland: 2

Typical sauna temperature in degrees Celsius: 60-110

Geographical area of Finland in square kilometres: 338,424

Number of people per kilometre: 17

Best social connector for Helsinki meetups: French expat in Berlin, Vincent Bozek

Quintessential Finnish character trait: introversion

What traditionally goes down in sauna: sit naked and talk to strangers

What Finnish President Urho Kekkonen accomplished in the sauna: Cold War talks with Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev

Hour in the morning that the two men finally exited the Parliament House sauna: 5

Where President Kekkonen was born: in a smoke sauna

Traditional juncture of one’s first sauna: birth

Traditional juncture of one’s last sauna: death (washing of the body)

Historically what else happened in saunas: brew beer, wash laundry, cure ham

Location of the Finnish Diplomatic Sauna Society: Washington, D.C.

Rationale for saunas in every Finnish embassy: “Decisions and negotiations take less time in the high heat. Sauna cools down over-excitement and melts away political differences.”

Sacred location of sacred sauna: Finnish Church, Rotherhithe, London

Depth in metres of the deepest sauna according to Guinness World Records: 1,410

Location of the deepest sauna: Pyhäsalmi Mine

Best place for sauna networking: International Sauna Congress

Number of saunas at the 2018 XVII International Sauna Congress in Sweden: 18

Country Sweden beat out to host the 2018 XVII International Sauna Congress: China

Best resource for sauna history: International Sauna Archives

Best resource for sauna science: International Journal of Sauna Studies

Source of grants for sauna studies: Finnish Sauna Society, established 1937

Cause of death at the World Sauna Championships 2010: “sauna doping”

Where one would not expect (erroneously) to find a sauna located: Ferris wheel

What one would not expect (erroneously) to find a sauna built from: ice

Number of Finnish ice breakers: 9

Number of German ice breakers: 1

Number of Russian ice breakers: 52

Number of Canadian ice breakers: 6

Country that is keen to build Canada more icebreakers: Finland

Date marking the revival of the public sauna: 2011

Sauna marking the revival of the public sauna: Sompasauuna, an unlicensed self-serve 24/7 sauna made of waste materials in the midst of an abandoned Helsinki dockland-turned-construction site

The City’s initial reaction to the Sompasauuna “ghetto sauna”: tear it down

The sauna team’s reaction the following spring: rebuild

The City’s ultimate reaction in 2016: give Sompasauuna the “cultural act” of the year award

Sompasauuna sentiment of one Helsinkian: “Sompasauuna condenses what Helsinki means to me — self-built community emanating from stiff Nordic-ness, with humor and justice for all.”

The only Finnish word that has spread into most foreign languages, including English and German: sauna

How to say thank you in Finnish: Kiitos!

¡Buen Provecho!

A pinch of Latin culture in the kitchen

BY SILVIA ROSA

Just off the plane, some 8,181 kilometres from home in São Paulo, I arrived at Massey College late on a September night last fall. Almost as soon as the sun was up, I found breakfast in Ondaatje Hall. When I walked in, the first thing I noticed was the inspirational calligraphy engraved in stone, running high around the perimeter of the room — a quotation from the Spanish-American poet and philosopher George Santayana:

Happiness is impossible, and even inconceivable, to a mind without scope... To be happy, you must be wise.

The high cavernous ceilings, the long tables, the gothic style — it all reminded me of a medieval castle in the tradition of Harry Potter or Oxbridge — it seemed like an unfamiliar time and place.

But soon enough, going there every day for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, the dining hall began to remind me a little bit of home...

“Hola Silvia, ¿Cómo estás?”

I heard this friendly greeting almost every day from my new friends **David Landaverde**, from El Salvador, and **Abigail Cribillero**, from Peru, both members of the kitchen crew. (In Brazil we speak Portuguese, but Spanish is very familiar since it is the official language of most countries in Latin America.)

“Bien, ¿y tú?”

Not too much later, moving down the lunch line one day, I heard Latin music playing on the radio. “I like what I do, and I like the music that we play while we work,” says Abigail. Her favourite are salsa songs; David’s favorite singer at the moment is Juan Luis Guerra, from the Dominican Republic,



COOK EXTRAORDINAIRE DAVID LANDAVERDE, FROM EL SALVADOR, HAS LIVED IN CANADA FOR 27 YEARS AND WORKED AT MASSEY FOR 25 YEARS — HE LEFT HOME WHEN HE WAS 17 YEARS OLD, FLEEING THE SALVADORAN CIVIL WAR.

who is famous for bachata songs, like slow and romantic Caribbean boleros.

And then before long, I also noticed a Latin American influence evident in the flavours of the college cuisine. This was explained by the fact that Massey’s former chef, Silvana Valdes, was from Ecuador. As an inheritance, of sorts, to those who followed in her footsteps in the kitchen, Silvana left her recipes, many with a pinch of Latin spices, such as coriander, oregano, and hot peppers.

It was through Silvana that David learned that Massey College was hiring kitchen staff. “I applied for this job out of necessity. I did not have any experience with cooking,” says David. “But I ended up liking my job, and I decided to stay.”

Always smiling, David has worked at Massey for 25 years, and has lived in Canada for 27 years. Born in Santa Ana, in El Salvador,

he left home when he was 17 years old, fleeing the Salvadoran Civil War. The conflict between the military-led government and several left-wing groups headed by Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front lasted more than twelve years between 1980 and 1992. The UN estimates that more than 75,000 people were killed during the war. “It was a terrible period in my country,” David says. “The area where my family lived and where I grew up was a combat territory between military and guerrilla. There was too much violence in the street.” At the time, Canada was one of the few countries that offered permanent residence to Salvadoran refugees. For this reason, David decided to move to here, alone. Three of his brothers immigrated to Texas, and the rest of the family (two brothers, three sisters, and David’s parents) stayed in El Salvador. For David, the best thing about living in Canada is the peace and security that the country offers. “We work and we have peace — peace of mind,” he says.

Similarly for Abigail, Canada offered an opportunity to have a better life. Born in Peru, Abigail came to Toronto with her mother 18 years ago. She has been working at Massey since 2002, helping to serve the breakfast and collaborating with the catering service. Others with Latin American roots include **Jennie Mendieta** from Nicaragua, **Carmen Ramirez** from Mexico, and Massey’s incomparable bartender **Rueben Morales**, also from Nicaragua, as well as some part-time staff such as **Carlos Rueda** from Colombia. “Here I have everything that I want,” Abigail says. “There are nice people, lots of opportunity to work, and there is

tranquility.” The only downside to Canada for Abigail is the cold weather (especially in the winter).

The difficulty with Canada for David is that he misses his family. Once a year, he travels to El Salvador, to visit brothers, sisters and nephews. “The day after I retire, I want to return to El Salvador and the comfort of my family,” he says. Since he does not have any relatives in Canada, he spends good times having fun with his Massey friends. “We are like a family. We always feel good about life. And this is the part that I most enjoy working here,” David says. He also is grateful for the opportunity to live with and meet people from different countries and exchange knowledge about different cultures at the college.

“I have made many friends from different parts of the world,” he says. “This is the best thing about working at Massey College.” And it somewhat makes up for missing his family and friends in El Salvador, and longing for the beaches and the food. David’s favorite Salvadoran dishes are “mariscada,” a seafood soup, and “pupusa,” a thick corn tortilla stuffed with a savory filling and served with tomato salsa — sometimes he makes his recipes for the students, and sometimes he prepares special meals for the kitchen family.

David is perhaps best known for preparing delicious sauces. My favourites were his salad dressings, boasting harmonious combinations of textures and flavors with a pinch of Latin spices, which—along with his company, and Abigail’s and Jennie’s and everyone’s — always made me feel not quite so far away from home. As Santayana suggested, we are all forever finding our place in the world.

JIM FANKIN

A Culinary Passport

BY EMILY MOCKLER

To borrow from James Beard, the quintessential new-world gourmand: “Food is our common ground, a universal experience.” In the same spirit, the range and quality of our gustatory experiences in Berlin and Helsinki inspired me to recreate various dishes upon return. Here are samplings from two of my most memorable meals...

REICHSTAG KARTOFFEL

Inspired by the impressive Käfer Dachgarten-Restaurant, the rooftop garden restaurant at the German parliament, this is a lovely and easy side dish (don’t let the long ingredient list intimidate!). Serve with schnitzel and lightly dressed micro-greens.

Serves 6 | Prep time 30 minutes | Cook time 20 minutes

2 pounds small red potatoes, whole and skins on
1 bunch flat-leaf parsley, chopped
1 pound (12-16 thick strips) bacon, diced
1 white onion, quartered
1 red onion, diced
2 cloves garlic, whole, peeled
1 bunch scallions, diced
½ cup cider vinegar
¼ cup canola oil
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons coarse ground spicy mustard
1 teaspoon salt



PEKKA VÄÄNÄNEN PREPARES “FIRESIDE LOHI” IN THE KATTILA LAPP HUT, NUUKSIO NATIONAL PARK, FINLAND.

1. Place potatoes in a large pot with white onion and cover with cold water. Bring to a boil and cook until tender. Drain potatoes and discard onion. Cut the potatoes in half when cool enough to handle. Place them in a covered serving bowl to keep warm.
2. Heat a frying pan and cook diced bacon until crisp. Remove bacon with a slotted spoon and add to potatoes.
3. To the frying pan with rendered bacon fat, add the red onion and garlic and cook until soft. Add vinegar, sugar, salt and mustard and bring to a simmer. Whisk in oil. Remove and discard cloves of garlic. Add the hot dressing to the

potatoes and toss to coat.

4. Fold in green onions and half of the parsley. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

5. Use the remaining parsley to garnish, and serve.

FIRESIDE LOHI

This dish was prepared for us by **Pekka Väänänen**, a hearty woodsman who first took us on a trek in the Nuukio National Park, ending with a smoke sauna (of course). Then dinner was served by open fires in the Kattila Lapp Hut. The salmon was merely the appetizer, followed by reindeer (along with other Finnish delicacies), but the lohi is filling enough to stand alone as an entrée. Serve with a dill-onion yogurt sauce, and grilled vegetables. Fireplace or outdoor fire required!

Serves 6-8 | Prep time 10 minutes | Cook time 20 minutes

1.5 kg side salmon, scaled but with skin on
¼ cup large, coarse sea salt
1 cedar plank, with notches for pegs
6 cedar pegs

1. Build fire.
2. Wash salmon with cold water, and pat dry.
3. Place salmon on cedar plank, skin down.
4. Insert cedar pegs along the edges of the salmon, securing it to the board.
5. Cover fish with sea salt.
6. Cook, propped up, adjacent to fire for 20 minutes, rotating plank 90 degrees at the ten minute mark.
7. Remove from fire, carefully pull out pegs, and brush off all salt with a knife. Serve immediately and enjoy!

JIM FANKIN

8. ^{The}Owl

concession #6

This was before they widened
the road.

Back then it found its own
way over the hills

just as the wild grape and
sweetpea meandered through
the yard,

the house sheltered by sugar
maple, tenderly untended,

wooden gate ajar,

but of course, the sun wasn't
always shining,

roses inflaming the afternoon,
pollens illuminating sunbeams.

Rainwater would collect just
there, the mud so thick

a tractor could be mired.

And the snow! One winter we
were housebound for a month.

Now we can come and go
in any season, and we do.

You can still see where the
maples stood,

where they built the ditch
and moved the stones,

picture where the shadows
used to fall,

and the dusted sunlight.

R. Johnson, 2013



JIM RANKIN

JIM RANKIN (LEFT), AND ALEXANDER SARRA-DAVIS: ONWARD AND UPWARD!

William Southam Journalism Fellows • 2018 - 2019 • Massey College • University of Toronto



St. Clair Balfour Fellow

AMY DEMPSEY writes features for the Toronto Star. Her in-depth stories about people with mental illness who are found not criminally responsible for crimes have earned her two National Newspaper Award nominations and one win. In 2010, she went undercover as a protester during the G20 summit and co-wrote a story that as part of a team project won an NNA for breaking news. Born in Cape Breton, N.S., she earned a Masters in Journalism from Carleton University and spent a summer working in Kigali through the school's Rwanda Initiative. She lives in Toronto with her husband and daughter.



McLaughlin Centre Fellow

CHRIS WINDEYER has been a journalist in the North since 2006. From 2014 to 2016 he lived in Dawson City, where he was a stringer for CBC North and a freelancer writing mostly about politics, infrastructure and resource development. He worked as an election researcher for CBC North for the 2015 Northwest Territories election and contributed a chapter on the Berger Inquiry to *It's All Happening So Fast: A Counter-History of the Modern Canadian Environment* published by the Canadian Centre for Architecture. In July of 2016, he became the editor of the Yukon News, in Whitehorse. He does not have an opinion on which territory is the best.



CBC / Radio-Canada Fellow

RICHARD GODDARD was born in Melville, Saskatchewan, raised in Strathroy, Ontario, indoctrinated at Queen's University (Commerce '91). He then brand-managed at Unilever, travelled Asia and temporarily became a Bollywood film extra. He made a gopher documentary in Calgary and beer advertising in Vancouver before realizing his true passion — public broadcasting. He started making radio in his living room and the CBC started paying him for it. In 2002, he returned to Toronto to become a journalist. Basic training included journalism at Ryerson and Anna Maria Tremonti's office. He co-created Q, then q. He returned to The Current as a Senior Producer in 2015.



Gordon N. Fisher / JHR Fellow

LAGU JOSEPH KENYI is a Journalist from South Sudan and is currently the Managing Editor of the Juba Monitor (formally known as the Khartoum Monitor). Before joining the Juba Monitor, Joseph worked for several independent news outlets, including the Citizen, the Daily Mentor, the Hero Newspaper and 94.4 City FM Radio. His reporting on human rights and humanitarian issues earned him a Reham Al-Farra Memorial Journalism Fellowship with the United Nations in New York, in 2015. Joseph has freelanced for many international media outlets, including Voice of America, CBS, all Africa, Reuters and the African Defence Review.



Webster McConnell Fellow

RICHARD WARNICA is a feature writer at the National Post and a former writer and editor for Canadian Business, Maclean's, the Edmonton Journal and the Tyee.ca. Since joining the Post in 2014, he has covered the fall of Rob Ford, the rise of Donald Trump and the explosion of right-wing populism in the West. He's a two-time National Newspaper Award finalist and a gold and silver medalist at the Canadian Online Publishing Awards. His writing on the Balkans has been translated into Albanian and Serbo-Croatian and published across Europe. He lives in Toronto with his wife, daughter and step-cat.