

Massey's Principal Nathalie Des Rosiers is a Champion of Students' Rights



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Nathalie Des Rosiers, first day on the job, August 1, 2019. Photo by Dewey Chang

BY RICHARD GODDARD

Nathalie Des Rosiers understands both sides of a protest. She resigned her seat as MPP in the riding of Ottawa-Vanier shortly after accepting the job as Massey College's new Principal. She has served as a natural resources minister in Ontario and a law school dean at the University of Ottawa — nobody would question her bona fides as an authority figure. But Nathalie Des Rosiers has also made her mark as a lawyer at the Canadian Civil Liberties Association. In 2010, she tipped off the media to the expanded police powers in the lead up to the ill-fated G20 Summit in Toronto. Now Massey's Principal plans to draw on her deep understanding of what it means to challenge the status quo in building ethical leadership skills among Junior Fellows.

■ *Having now parachuted back into academia, can you share a fond memory of being a university student yourself?*

When I was at Harvard Law School it was the first time in my life that I was learning in English. I was pretty stressed out because I couldn't understand everything that was being said. I was spending a lot of time reading American constitutional law with a French-English dictionary beside me. It was taking too long — I couldn't finish the readings. I was freaking out fearing that I was going to fail because I was unable to cope. So I called my mother to say, 'I can't stay because I am unable to do the readings completely.' And my mother said, 'Well you can't come back — I told all my friends you were accepted.'

The lesson there is that it took me six weeks before I started dreaming in English. I'm pretty sure a lot of students starting their masters will experience this frightening moment when they realize the way they used to study will not get them to where they

need to be. They'll have to change. It's a lot of stress to experience that vulnerability as an intellectual. So I can relate to that. In the month of November I always tell students to come and see me if they want to quit because I wanted to quit in November. It's a time of high stress, and high joy.

■ *It's interesting that you're occupying the role of Massey Principal as someone with such a steeped background in civil liberties. In 2010, you flagged the expanded police powers to the media in the lead up to the G20 protests in Toronto. How are you going to advise students when they want to dig their heels in and say, "No more!"?*

I've been involved in civil liberties for a long time, and I've been in management as well. I'm not going to agree with students if they want to shut down Massey College. I remember a group of students who came to me the first time I was an administrator. They asked me to cancel class so they can protest. I said, 'No. That's not really a protest. It's a holiday.' [laughs] To protest you have to have a bit at stake. You have to put something in. So at the end of the day we agreed that if there was an exam on the day of the protest they could take the exam another time. I believe it was important for them to experience the power, the energy, and the civic duty of protesting.

■ *And then there's your background as a former natural resources minister in Ontario — do you feel a special responsibility in terms of addressing climate change now that you are the Principal at Massey College?*

Climate change and the increasing gap between the rich and the poor are the challenges of our generation. I'm working now to create The Charter of Rights and Responsibility of the Green Consumer. It's about giving consumers the information they need to be able to make better buying choices.

■ *In what context would that be used?*

So if I'm buying a meal through Skip the Dishes I should be able to get the carbon footprint information in addition to the nutritional information. I should know the impact of the Styrofoam, not just the calories I'm going to consume. There's some debate about how to calculate the carbon footprint. There has to be a framework and rigour in the assessment. It requires popular engagement with the idea. That's one of the discussions I want to have at Massey.

■ *And these are intersecting discussions, inevitably... In March, the 16-year-old Swedish climate activist Greta Thunberg helped orchestrate student walkouts in 112 countries. As an administrator what do you think of a student boycott like that?*

Protests are a way to express oneself. They arise when the communication with power holders is broken, or because there's more that needs to be expressed. My short stay in politics convinced me that we need bold ideas and we need people who will exercise power in a more ethical way.

This presents a crucial opportunity and responsibility for Massey College: If Massey cultivates and models ethical behavior among the Junior Fellows, then it models a way of building community based on strong values, such as equality and integrity. If we create networks around our young scholars, they can pursue their thinking. If we teach them, 'Know Thyself,' they become good leaders that don't go astray. Then we will have done a good job.

This interview has been edited for length and clarity.

Cross-Cultural/Interkulturell/Kulttuurienvälistä



On April 24, Principal Hugh Segal welcomed a full-house in the Upper Library to the first annual German Canadian Media Symposium, addressing: “(Un)Truth — Journalism and Democracy in the Digital Age.” Co-hosted by the German Consulate General in Toronto, University of Toronto Communications, and Massey College, the symposium featured keynote speakers Ursula Weidenfeld, German business journalist and author of the book *Government Without People*, Gregor Mayntz, president of Germany’s Federal Press Conference, and Massey Senior Fellow Ronald Deibert, professor of political science and director of the Citizen Lab at the Munk School of Global Affairs and Public Policy, University of Toronto. Photo by Dewey Chang



During the Journalism Fellows’ trip to Finland in April, on the invitation of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs of Finland, the William Southam Journalism Fellows visited Lahti (pictured here at Lahti City Hall). A pioneer in circular economy, Lahti is a candidate for the European Green Capital Award 2021.



During the Fellows’ trip to Germany in November, on the invitation of the German Federal Foreign Office, the Fellows visited the New Energies Forum in Feldheim, an energy self-sufficient village with a wind farm of 55 wind turbines (energy is also generated by a solar farm with 9844 photovoltaic modules, as well as bio mass).

At the Kujala Waste Centre in Lahti, where 94% of waste is used as energy or material, and waste expertise has been developed into growth-oriented business.



In March, Vincent Bozek — the Goethe-Institut guide for the Southam Fellows’ Berlin visits since 2014 — returned to Toronto for the second year in a row to visit Massey College, explore Toronto’s cultural landscape and contemplate the Lake Ontario shoreline.



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And, of course, special thanks to Principal Emeritus Hugh Segal, and Principal Nathalie Des Rosiers, as well as Professor Robert Johnson, academic advisor to the Southam Fellows, and Assistant Dean Emily Mockler, who runs the William Southam Journalism Fellowship Program.



Exit interview: Hugh Segal

BY CHRIS WINDEYER

Massey's Principal Emeritus is leaving big shoes to fill, though he doesn't want to step on any toes

■ *What are you going to miss about being the Principal of Massey College?*

What I will miss the most is the interaction with the Junior Fellows. While the Senior Fellows are people of great achievement and academic and professional standing, and I am honoured to be one of them, they have already made the core decisions about their lives. But the Junior Fellows are still making choices in life, choices about what they're going to do in the future. That's a very compelling and interesting dynamic. And that's where I think the College can add value — by virtue of networks, linkages, events, activities and intellectual stimulation that help in that process.

■ *Is this the kind of job you measure in specific accomplishments?*

It's very important in this kind of job not to make it about yourself. In a place that's quite collegial, you get to be a participant and, one hopes, as the head of the College, you add some value here or there. But I don't see it as being about the Principal.

The fact is that a lot of other people, including the Junior Fellowship, engaged Senior Fellows and Quadranglers, really led the process around diversity and inclusion, in ways that the College didn't reflect when I joined. The College was not terribly culturally diverse. Still wonderful, bright, able people, but the notion of reflecting the broad diversity of the University of Toronto really wasn't as engaged as it is now, and there is still a long way to go.

■ *Can you give me an example of how specifically the Junior Fellows have pushed this process forward?*

When I arrived, the house committee decided to set up a subcommittee on diversity and inclusion. And it had a series of changing but inclusive agendas, such as LGBTQ and sensitivity to racialized members of the community and improving physical access and ensuring fairness — ensuring that the College reflected the entire community.

The push for the change in the title from Master to Principal predated any crisis with the College. We received a letter from a very distinguished Junior Fellow who went on to get his Ph.D. in the spring of 2016, suggesting that as Princeton and Harvard and Yale had done away with the title of Master, might we have that discussion here? And I encouraged that. And then sadly we had the incident which produced quite a bit of intense interest and quickly focused our attention. Therefore we made the decision constructively to set aside the title of Master, pending the outcome of a task force review which had already begun. By the fall of 2017 we didn't have a Master, we had, after broad consultation, a Principal (having



Principal Segal ran a tight ship at High Table. Photo by Dewey Chang

worked through other authoritarian names such as Provost and Warden). That was leadership really taken by the Junior Fellowship.

■ *You've talked a lot this year about the role of civil society and journalism in a world where democratic norms are under duress. What do you see the role of Massey in such a world?*

It is in the nature of Massey that there will be substantive disagreements on public policy issues, on academic issues, on issues of law or medical research or what is or isn't good journalistic practice, and that's all good, that's constructive. The issue

is the context within which it happens. And what I've always said is that you and I may disagree fundamentally on something, but I have no right to question your motives. I could disagree with your judgment, and you can certainly disagree with mine, but the minute you get to the questioning of people's motives, that is when civility begins to break down.

If someone alleges someone else is only taking a view because he's a mean-spirited so and so, who doesn't want the other guy to survive, which is what we find in our politics these days, that's when the quality of debate collapses and the average voter disengages. So civility is, in a perfect world, the counterweight to that.

■ *I know you've said you don't want to offer advice to the next Principal, you want them to come in without you in the rearview mirror...*

Let me talk about the mistakes I made. I think the mistake I made upon arrival was to accept the view that, "if it ain't broke, don't fix it"; that it's an outstanding institution and no change is really required. But in fact, every institution requires ongoing improvement in terms of quality, in terms of

programming, in terms of balance, and I probably waited too long to engage that agenda.

■ *What are you going to do next?*

In the fall I'm starting at the Queen's University School of Public Policy, back where I taught for some 20 years — I'm the Mathews Fellow in Global Public Policy. I'll be continuing for a time as the longest-serving director on the board of a major financial services company. And I'll be continuing my relationship as senior advisor to a dynamic downtown law firm. I am also the Honorary Captain at the Canadian Forces College right here in Toronto, which is a distinct honour and privilege.

■ *Is there anything else you'd like to say?*

The only thing I wanted to say a word about — because you're going to be too humble to do that, as will your Journalism Fellow colleagues — is that I have watched the superb and engaged interaction

this year between Junior Fellows and the Journalism Fellows. That interaction is a very rich part of the Massey experience for the Junior Fellows; to meet people who have been out there in the real world grinding out stories and acting as editors and columnists and working journalists. I think it's a huge part of the College, and I think it should get much more play than it does. I hope the Journalism Fellowship program will expand over time.

Massey at its best is about continuous learning, civility, and the informed exchange of ideas and experiences. A robust free press is essential to that process for society as a whole. Many of our Massey alumni go out to shape a better world — in the humanities, the sciences, the arts, journalism, academe, government, business, and the rest. A robust free press

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is central to the health of any society. For working mid-career journalists to meet with Junior Fellows, and vice versa, and to be part of the intellectual and artistic mix of Massey, is a huge and compelling mutual benefit for all involved.

Democracy is not sustained by accident. Journalism — free, open, and well-informed — is a foundational pillar, which is why it is so vital to the broad Massey mission. ○

This interview has been edited for length and clarity.

Growing up in South Sudan doesn't prepare you for the Canadian winter

BY LAGU JOSEPH KENYI

Last November, on the night I flew into Toronto, I looked outside the plane window and saw drizzle. One of my fellow passengers glanced at my clothes and could tell I was new to these parts, and not prepared.

“Is this your first time in Canada?” he asked. I answered yes. “Sorry,” he said.

Being born and raised in Juba, South Sudan, where temperatures rarely drop below 20 degrees Celsius, I was worried about how I would cope with my new life and environment. My wife and daughter, and my Canadian friend Carolyn Thompson, also wondered how I’d manage with the snow and the cold.

Instantly upon arriving in Toronto, I was shivering from head to toe. I had never before worn jackets or sweaters. I was grateful to the Massey Junior Fellow Adrian De Leon for lending me some winter clothes until I could get some of my own.

A week later the ground was covered with snow. I sent photos home to my family and friends. My daughter was fascinated. “Daddy,” she asked, “why are you standing on salt?” A friend wanted to know why there were trees without leaves.

My mother, like all mothers, wanted to give me advice, but now she was at a loss. “I can only tell you how to behave when you get extreme heat: go under the mango tree shade,” she said. But the Canadian climate was something she could not wrap her mind around. “I am sorry my son, I cannot be of help.” I chuckled and assured her I would bundle up.

My sisters, meanwhile, simply said they’d prefer to be roasted by the South Sudanese sun than face a Canadian winter.

Then came February. The City of Toronto issued an “extreme cold weather alert,” warning people to stay inside and check on loved ones. The temperature dropped to minus 23 degrees Celsius, with the wind chill reaching as low as minus 40. The university cancelled classes. If Canadians were scared, how could a South Sudanese man cope?



Selfie by Lagu Joseph Kenyi

But I wanted to experience the polar vortex of 2019 as directly as possible. At 6 a.m., I got up and headed outside — wearing a jacket, of course.

I hesitated for a minute before setting foot outdoors. What if I get frostbite? And how would frostbite look on black skin? Should I stay inside? But I had to experience it. To my surprise, even though it was very cold, with wind that cut right through to the bone, it was bearable. I didn’t curl up into a little ball. I stood tall — well, maybe a little hunched over to keep warm — and breathed in the frigid air.

I gave myself five more minutes in the cold to ensure that I could survive. Then the wind really got to my bones. The cold overwhelmed me. I could no longer stand it with just one coat. I dashed back inside. But I did indeed survive.

My parents were expecting a phone call from me, so I called and reported on my polar adventure. They were intrigued, but it was hard to explain. Eventually I

settled on a comparison: the chill of a Canadian winter is like the shivers you get from malaria as the parasite multiplies inside your body.

At their peak, the temperatures in South Sudan reach 35 degrees Celsius, with no air conditioning. So by the time I left Massey College on the first day of July — Canada Day — I was feeling right at home.

To escape the extreme heat in Juba, I move from one mango tree to another, seeking shade. If you ask me what I prefer — extreme heat or extreme cold — I would say every situation in life is bearable, when you are prepared for it. [O](#)



The chill of a Canadian winter is like the shivers you get from malaria as the parasite multiplies inside your body.

From Massey to the Micheners

Remembering Peter Calamai

BY RICHARD WARNICA

Peter Calamai, a Southam Fellow and the founder of this newspaper, died this past year. He was 75 years old. Calamai, a distinguished science journalist and foreign correspondent, spent the 1982-83 academic year at Massey. He was, in the words of the late Abe Rotstein, then the academic advisor to the Southams: “A real go-getter.”

“He started The Owl. It was his idea,” said Norma Greenaway, who met Calamai on the Fellowship and became a long-time friend. “And that’s what I will always say about Peter: He was always full of ideas” — she paused here and said the next word with audible emphasis — “brimming with ideas.”

Calamai spent more than 40 years as a newspaper writer for Canadian companies, including the *Ottawa Citizen*, *Southam News*, and the *Toronto Star*. He won three National Newspaper Awards, and in 2014 became a Member of the Order of Canada.

His most enduring contribution to the profession — outside the Owl — was a 30,000-word series he wrote for Southam in 1987 on Canadian literacy. The series probed the results of a survey Calamai designed that found 24 per cent of adult Canadians were functionally illiterate. The series prompted the creation of a federal literacy strategy and was lauded with the 1987 Michener Award. His papers from that series are now held at McMaster University, his alma mater.

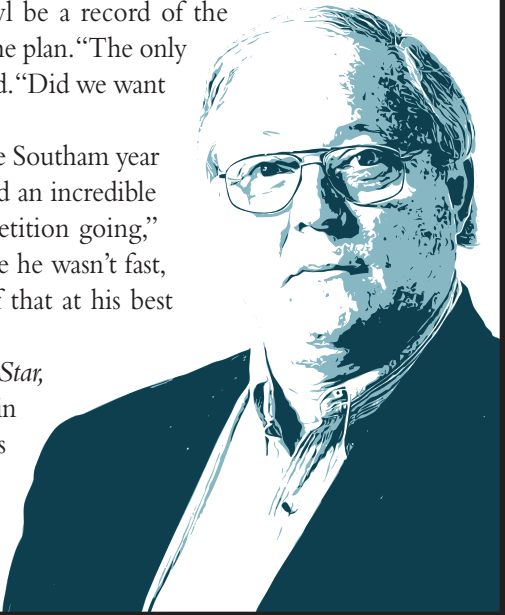
All of that, though, was still in Calamai’s future when he arrived at Massey College in the fall of 1982. He didn’t take long to settle in, according to Greenaway, and was soon known as an incorrigible organizer of his fellow Fellows. “I used to think: ‘You’re just making me a bit too busy Peter,’ because he would always come up with ideas,” Greenaway said.

Calamai organized visits for the Fellows to the CBC, where they watched a taping of Barbara Frum’s Journal. He took them to the Star for an editorial board meeting. He organized seminars and cocktails hours with academics and public figures.

Calamai’s original idea was that The Owl be a record of the Fellowship, by the Fellows. Rotstein was all for the plan. “The only debate was among the five of us,” Greenaway said. “Did we want to do it? And we did.”

Of course, Calamai did not spend his entire Southam year enriching himself and his fellows. He also played an incredible amount of ping pong. “We had a fierce competition going,” Greenaway said. He also loved tennis. And while he wasn’t fast, or even much good, he did cling to the belief that at his best he could beat Steffi Graf.

Calamai retired in 2008 from the *Toronto Star*, where he served as chief science writer. He died in January at home in Stratford, Ontario. He is survived by his wife Mary, two brothers, and countless stories, columns, editorials and features, exactly reported and beautifully turned. [O](#)



The Inkpik is Nothing but Air

Hunting the lost trail of Massey’s mysterious, mangy mascot

BY RICHARD WARNICA



Inkpik keeps watch over Peter Moon’s office circa 1967-78. Photo courtesy of Peter Moon

I spent the best days of my fellowship chasing an owl. By April, I saw its mottled feathers in my dreams. Inpik. That haunted name. It echoed through every gaudy. It chased me through the quadrangle. It became the only song I ever heard.

Inkpik.

My white whale.

*Where did you get to, little owl?
Will I ever track you down?*

Inkpik.

Where did you go?

Inkpik appeared to me one day in a vision. Well, in a book actually — *A Meeting of Minds: The Massey College Story*.

It was right there on page 311, in the arms of an open-mouthed, robe-bedecked man. The caption read: “L to R: Senior Southams Abe Rotstein (1981-2010), Claude Bissell (1974-8), and Maurice Careless (1978-81) with Inkpik in 1983.”

I read that early in my fellowship and wondered: “What the hell is an Inkpik?”

It was an owl, clearly, a little one, maybe half the length of Bissell’s striped tie. It was standing on a circular plinth, facing the camera with what looked like fear. “What did you see, little owl, that made you so afraid?”

I had to find out more.

The book itself offered little help. There was a reference to the first fellowship class, in 1962-3, adopting “a small stuffed owl, nicknamed Inkpik, from the Royal Ontario Museum, as their totem.” But there was little else.

I reached out to the author, Judith Skelton Grant, but Inkpik was a mystery to her as well. “I contacted Abe Rotstein about Inkpik’s whereabouts years ago,” she wrote in an email. “He had a faint memory that it was left behind after some meeting. I know it was returned to the museum for refurbishment once or twice. I asked to see it, but got nowhere.”

With the book exhausted, I turned to the living archives of the fellowship (aka, the former fellows). But there, too, I kept running into brick walls. “Inkpik is a play on the Inuit word for owl, Ookpik,” wrote Ed Struzik, a Fellow in 1986-87. “I can’t recall whether it was there or not. If it was there, it would have been in Abe Rotstein’s office, which was an unbelievable mess.”

Rotstein seemed like the key to it all. But he passed away in 2015. So I went digging deeper into the past.

I tried John Miller, who was a Fellow more than 40 years ago. “Shit,” he said. “Someone walked off with Inkpik?”

I tried John Fraser. He was no help. (Was he hiding something?)

So I kept going back and back through time. Donna Dilschneider was the first woman to ever receive a Southam Fellowship, in 1965-66. She had a vague recollection of the Inkpik: “...it roosted with the Southam Fellows who stayed at Massey,” she said. “I was denied that privilege as females could only visit, not live there at the time!”

Dilschneider was one of several sources to suggest that Inkpik’s name was not just a play on the Inuit word but also a reference to a specific piece of popular Canadiana. Oopiks were small toy owls traditionally made with real seal fur and hide. According to the Canadian Encyclopedia, they were chosen by the federal government to represent Canada at the 1963 World’s Fair, the same year Inkpik was born at Massey.

Knowing that, though, got me no closer to knowing about our Inkpik’s actual role and fate. Dischneider did give me several important clues, however. I knew I needed a Fellow from the 1960s. I knew it had to be a resident. And I knew it needed to be someone who could tell a story, and someone who had a memory sharper than an owl’s claws. Luckily for me, Peter Moon was still around and telling tales.

Moon, a legendary investigative journalist, was a Fellow in 1967-68. Not only did he remember the owl, he lived with it. When I met him with my own investigative purposes this past spring, Moon presented me with a photo of his room at Massey College. Sitting on a shelf above his couch, unmistakable on his silly plinth, was Inkpik.

The Fellows and Inkpik were inseparable that year, Moon told me. They hauled the owl to parties and off-the-record meetings. “We also played tiddly winks,” he said.

“I do recall I didn’t think it had much of a future in terms of longevity,” he said. “Even in 1968 its feathers were ruffled and it looked the worse for wear. It looked slightly disreputable, sort of like the Fellows.”

That gave me Inkpik’s past. As for his fate, well, no one seems to know for sure. Anna Luengo, who has forgotten more about Massey than any 10 other people know, inherited the beast when Abe Rotstein retired. It came to her along with his other Southam files. But it never became a big part of her life at Massey.

Inkpik persevered for a time on its own, perched at the back of the cupboards that were along the badly lit corridor just outside her office in House V. “I always was a bit afraid of it — a mangy stuffed bird that always caused cringing when I happened to touch it.”

Did Inkpik survive Luengo’s tenure? She doesn’t know. “I think it was left with all my Southam files but I’m not sure,” she said. “Perhaps it finally disintegrated, poor thing.” ○

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I always was a bit afraid of it — a mangy stuffed bird that always caused cringing when I happened to touch it.



Right Time, Right Place

Dewey Chang, Massey's in-house photographer, is always there at the opportune moment, snapping a shot — or several. He's been capturing key moments of College life for more than three years.

Well-established at the University of Toronto and beyond — notably the Rotman School of Management, the Munk School of Global Affairs and Public Policy, the Student Union, the City of Toronto, the Government of Ontario, as well as shooting for weddings and families and Loblaws — Dewey pours his heart into his craft. He's also famous for his uncanny ubiquity. To wit: David Sutton, 2018-2019 Don of Hall, escaped the College for a two-week summer vacation in England and France, which, despite plans to meet up with Massey alum, turned out, due to extenuating circumstances, to be devoid of Massey people — until he entered the Paris Metro at Cluny-La Sorbonne. "I walked straight into Dewey," said Sutton. Our College photographer was heading to the airport after vacationing in Paris with his family. When Sutton told this story to the new Don of Hall — Julian Posada, a former resident of Paris himself — his first question was,

'Did Dewey take your picture?!'





A Culinary Passport

“Food is our common ground,
a universal experience.” — J. Beard



Photos by Amela Marin

Tabouleh

SERVES 4
Prep time: 30 mins
Total time: 30 mins

- Ingredients:**
- 90g bulgur wheat (approx. 1 cup cooked)
 - 3 bunches fresh flat-leaf parsley, finely chopped (2 cups)
 - 3 large or 4 medium firm tomatoes, diced (500 g)
 - 1 large sweet onion or 2 medium shallots, diced
 - 2 cloves garlic, minced
 - 2 bunches fresh mint
 - 3-4 tbsp lemon juice
 - 100 ml olive oil
 - Salt & pepper to taste

BY AMELA MARIN



Über den Tellerrand — “beyond the edge of your plate” — is a German expression for open-mindedness, meaning to look beyond one’s horizons. It’s the name of a Berlin organization founded in 2013 by a group of students that invites newcomers to find a sense of belonging among their fellow-Berliners — and, in turn, to enrich their new community — by sharing knowledge and skillsets. One of those skills is cooking.

During the Southam Fellows trip to Berlin in November 2018, our main priority was to learn how the Syrian newcomers were adapting to life in Berlin — Über den Tellerand was the last stop on our fact-finding journey. We cooked together while listening to stories about Aleppo from Ghaith Hanki, an aspiring young architect who had learned to cook from his mom long-distance — she in Aleppo, he in Berlin. On our menu were a few Syrian staples: Ouzi, Knafeh, and mouth-watering Tabouleh. [O](#)



Put the bulgur in a fine sieve and place under the cold tap until the water runs clear and most of the starch has been removed. Transfer to a bowl. Dice the tomatoes (0.5cm chunks) and add to the bowl, along with any juices. Chop the onion (or shallots) finely and add to the bowl. Chop the parsley as finely as possible (no wider than 1mm). Add to the bowl. Chop mint leaves as finely as the parsley and add to the bowl. Stir in lemon juice, olive oil, salt and pepper.

Taste, adjust the seasoning, and serve at room temperature.

Bil-han ’ wa ash-shif ’!

Amela Marin, Dean, Fellowships, Programs and Liaisons, accompanied the Southam Fellows to Helsinki in April.

How Helsinki grew from a neutral nordic outpost to a technicolor European city



Kauppatori Market, Helsinki, 2007. Photo by Robert Johnson

BY ROBERT JOHNSON

One of the high points of the Southam Fellows’ year is the annual trip to Finland, which has been a fixture of the program for more than 20 years, thanks to the generosity of the Finnish Foreign Ministry. Accompanying the group on several occasions, I have been deeply impressed, not just by the warmth and hospitality, but also the diligence and ingenuity of our hosts, who made every effort to provide a diverse and nuanced picture of contemporary life.

For me, though, these visits have a special resonance. In 1969–70, as a graduate student in Russian history, I lived in Helsinki for the better part of a year. My dissertation research began in the archives and libraries of Moscow and Leningrad, but in the Cold War atmosphere of those years the conditions of work in the USSR were far from ideal. Helsinki, besides offering a more congenial living environment, was home to one of the world’s greatest libraries for Russian studies — a legacy of a century of Russian rule that ended when Finland declared its independence in 1918.

For a foreigner, the experience of crossing the Russo–Finnish border in those days was extraordinary. I’ve sometimes compared it to the movie scene in *The Wizard of Oz* when Dorothy, lifted by a tornado from the black-and-white dreariness of the Kansas prairie, opens her eyes in the fabulous Technicolor world of Oz.

The difference was not just in the standard of living, but in the ways people related to one another. On the Soviet side, most citizens were fearful about even speaking with a foreigner. Their contact with the outside world was filtered through the highly-regulated organs of mass media, subject to Party control. Finland, by contrast, was a democracy in which people could read what they chose, speak their minds, disagree with one another, and welcome visitors into their homes without apprehension.

Finland’s Technicolor was literal, and the contrast to the grey-brown uniformities of Russia was dramatic. Helsinki in the 1960s was a world center of design creativity. The brightly coloured fabrics of Marimekko, the brilliant ceramics of Arabia, the distinctive furniture

of Alvar Aalto were everywhere. This was a country that valued creativity so highly that it treated designers as celebrities. I remember seeing giant photos of sculptor Tapio Wirkkala, who worked mainly in jewelry and glassware, on billboards and the sides of buses.

Finland in those days was much less closely integrated into Europe than it is today. Neutral in the Cold War, and living in the shadow of the Russian bear, Finns were proudly protective of their independence, which they had defended at great cost in the Winter War of 1939–40.

They were also distinctive in their everyday life. Urbanization and globalization had not yet fully taken hold, and the country ways of earlier generations were much in evidence. It was not unusual to see a loom in a corner of someone’s living room. And the daily diet of many families still relied heavily on potatoes, cabbage, salt pork, and herring. One friend joked that the only spices in Finnish cuisine were salt and pepper. (This was unfair: dill was also widely used, and cardamom is an essential ingredient of the famous Pulla bread.)

Today Finland is part of the Eurozone, both literally and figuratively. Globalization has made the country more cosmopolitan and outward-looking. Its young people are fluent in multiple languages; they travel readily to other countries to study and work.

Helsinki has doubled in size, while neighboring Espoo, which only acquired urban status in the 1970s, has become the country’s second largest city, with a quarter million inhabitants. The older, design-driven manufacturers such as Marimekko have moved offshore or closed their doors. But the country remains a centre for design and innovation, expressed today in such fields as urban planning and high-tech startups. Restaurants and shops are full of foods and products that would have been unimaginable half a century ago.

I can’t help feeling some nostalgia for the country that I knew so long ago. But some of the most special things remain unchanged: the ubiquitous sauna, the well-loved, well-used and well-preserved woodlands and wilderness, and most of all the welcoming and enthusiastic spirit of the people. I’m usually suspicious of polling data, but when the World Happiness Forum rated Finland the happiest of nations, I couldn’t disagree. ○

Robert Johnson is Professor Emeritus of Russian and Soviet history at the University of Toronto and the academic advisor to the Southam Journalism Fellows.

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Animal Invasion: Beware the Brazen Creatures of the Quad

BY AMY DEMPSEY



Coons. Photos by Sam Little.

On the night of September 2, 2018, a band of masked intruders broke into a Massey College residence. They took nothing, and no one saw them come or go, but their sneaky invasion offers a lesson for college residents: do not underestimate the animals of the Quad.

The break-in happened after dark on a Sunday, at the start of the new semester. Students moving into residence that weekend were welcomed by a late-summer heat wave. New resident Junior Fellows were learning that temperature control in the College dorms can be a challenge that has led some fellows to think of the five houses surrounding the Quad as Goldilocks zones. House I is too hot; House V is too cold; and House III, in the middle, is just right. It is said that on days when students in House I are sweating in shorts at their desks, they might look across the Quad and see through the dorm windows their House V comrades bundled up in parkas.

Footprints

But on that steamy September night, even residents of Massey’s coolest house were overheating. Someone — we may never know who — propped the residence door open in an apparent hopeful effort to let in a breeze.

Around 10 p.m., Meghan Gilhespy, a first-year Junior Fellow who had moved into the College residence earlier that day, walked out of her room and saw muddy paw prints in the hallway. The prints were small and narrow; five skinny fingers topped with pointy claws.

“I knew right away it was a raccoon,” said Gilhespy, who had come to Toronto from Vancouver to begin her doctorate in jazz studies.

Gilhespy greeted the situation with typical west-coast nonchalance. She calmly followed the prints, which started at the open door and streaked down the hallway into the bathroom.

“I thought there would be a raccoon in the shower,” she said. “So I walked in and started clapping my hands because that’s what we do for bears.”

Instead she found a mess. Pawprints in the shower. Pawprints in the toilet. A bathmat dragged down the hall. But no raccoons. They’d come and gone.

This was Gilhespy’s first day at Massey, but she was unfazed. She slept soundly that night. By morning, the mess had been cleaned up.

A Facebook post about the raccoon invasion generated some alarm from the Massey community, but the incident didn’t spark mass panic. Massey residents, by now, are accustomed to encounters with animal

guests. After all, the College has hosted — or at least tolerated — generations of ducks, geese, fish, bullfrogs, skunks, and the occasional red-tailed hawk who all seem to enjoy the quiet splendor of the Quad. But a second animal break-in months later raised questions about whether the College’s non-human residents may be ramping up efforts to take over the dorms, and what we might do about it. Is resistance futile?

Rolling out the red carpet

“This story of the raccoon incursion is not a story of raccoon aggression, but a tale of human negligence,” said David Sutton, the 2018–2019 Don of Hall and a doctoral student in classics. Leaving doors propped open overnight, Sutton said, is not recommended.

Animal behaviour experts support this common-sense approach and say that to promote harmony and avoid clashes between Massey’s human and animal inhabitants, Fellows must remember that the creatures of the college are always on the hunt for new sources of food and shelter, and they don’t know or care how humans feel about their encroachments.

Raccoons would consider the oasis that is the Massey Quad fair game and may view the entire place as their territory, said Suzanne MacDonald, an animal behaviourist and York University professor.

“Leaving windows or doors open is basically an invitation for them to come on in. Especially if there is any food at all in student rooms. They can smell deliciousness and will just be waiting for their chance,” MacDonald said.

Residents who underestimate the animals of the Quad risk having their spaces invaded. Learn from the tale of Andrew Kaufman, a third-year resident Junior Fellow and doctoral student in economic geography who takes pride in the meticulous state of his sock drawer.

One day in February, Kaufman was alarmed to discover a disturbance in the drawer. His socks were strewn about and littered with bits of torn cardboard. “At first I thought it was mice,” he recounted in a Facebook post. “But I couldn’t find any signs of them in my room. So, my next guess was that I was getting real careless with tidying up when work got hectic.”

It turned out he’d been suspicious of the wrong rodent. The following week, Kaufman walked into his room after lunch one day and got a surprise.

“Sitting on my sock drawer with its beady eyes staring at me was this mangy black squirrel.”

A wild chase ensued. “If you were walking through the quad,” Kaufman wrote, “you might’ve looked through my window and seen me running in circles.”

Kaufman, a resident of House III — the supposed Goldilocks middle ground — had not been finding the temperature “just right,” and he’d been

leaving his window open to get some fresh winter air. The squirrel who approached his room caught a lucky break: the screens in House III had recently been removed for upgrades. Kaufman’s window was an open door. How could a chilly squirrel resist an easy entry point and a warm sock drawer?

It took some time, but Kaufman managed to chase the squirrel out. When it was gone, he closed the window.

“It was so cold that the poor thing was probably just trying to survive,” said MacDonald, the animal behaviourist. “I think there was pretty high mortality thanks to the horrible winter.”

Building supervisor vs. geese

Some animals have been more welcome at Massey than others. Though squirrels are ubiquitous, they haven’t caused problems for building supervisor Kelly Gale. But he does have a few raccoon tales.

Gale, who has worked for the College for 30 years, recalls a raccoon break-in from a decade ago, another open-door situation. This raccoon was discovered eating an apple core in the room of a House III resident. Gale had to chase it out.


“I walk in and it looks at me. No fear. Absolutely no fear,” Gale said.

Then there was the poor raccoon who fell into the fountain in January 2016. The animal was suffering from distemper and had become disoriented while climbing the vines above the Junior Common Room. Gale fished the creature out with a cleaning net and wrapped it in a blanket until Toronto Animal Services arrived.

Raccoons don’t bother Gale much. But the Canada geese? He’s not a fan. Rumour has it he was attacked by a goose last year, but Gale dismisses that characterization of the encounter. “It just turned at me and opened up its wings,” he said, shrugging.

“Kelly was trying to shoo them out the front gate,” recalled Massey Porter and objective observer Liz Hope, who witnessed the spectacle. “But the goose started to freak out.” The bird was honking like crazy, Hope recalled. “Its wings were battering the front gate.”

Gale’s primary concern with the geese, who some residents have dubbed Bob and Dave in honour of Robertson Davies, is the droppings they leave all over the grassy Quad. “It’s toxic,” Gale said. “There’s a health hazard there.”

“People think I’m being mean to the geese, but I’m only taking care of them,” he said. “Because if the red-tailed hawk comes there’s going to be a scrap.” 

2019–2020 William Southam Journalism Fellows

Massey College, University of Toronto



JOEY COLEMAN
St Clair Balfour Fellow

Joey Coleman is an independent journalist in Hamilton, Ontario, and publisher of *The Public Record*. As Canada’s first locally crowdfunded journalist, he specializes in municipal politics, civic affairs, and the Local Planning Appeal Tribunal. Prior to launching *The Public Record*, he covered post-secondary education. He produces and hosts *The Public Record’s* “The 155 Podcast,” named for the 155 candidates during Hamilton’s most recent municipal election. He interviewed 104 candidates, with the podcasts being downloaded over 400,000 times. Joey lives in Hamilton, where people joke that his usual seat at the farmers’ market is his real “office.”

DANA GIBREEL
Gordon N. Fisher/JHR Fellow

Dana Gibreel is a Jordanian journalist, based in Amman, who has worked as a reporter, news producer and anchor. Currently she is a senior reporter at the online magazine *7iber* (from the Arabic word “ink”). She has produced features on the rule of law, government accountability, refugees, rural economics, the environment, and other social, cultural and political issues. In 2016, she won first and second prize at the JHR Human Rights Reporting Awards in Jordan for reports on mental health and the use of lethal force during police raids. She also received first place in 2017 for Best Multimedia Investigation in the Arab Reporters for Investigative Journalism.

JOHN PERRY
CBC/Radio-Canada Fellow

John Perry loves radio. After graduating from Halifax’s University of King’s College, he worked in newsrooms in Saint John, Toronto and Yellowknife, and for shows like the CBC’s *World At Six*, *Metro Morning* and *The Current*. But *As It Happens* has always been his home. There, he has covered international news and Canadian politics — including that time Rob Ford hung up on him. In 2012, he travelled to Sarajevo to develop a special series on the 20th anniversary of the siege. He has also produced the show’s shortest interview: *7 seconds of Thom Yorke*. As the senior producer, he shapes the program each night and leads the show’s digital strategy.

SARAH ROGERS
Webster McConnell Fellow

Sarah Rogers is an award-winning reporter who has spent the last 13 years working in community journalism in Alberta, Ontario, Quebec, and Nunavut. She spent a number of years covering the English-speaking communities of Quebec’s Eastern Townships for *The Sherbrooke Record* and CBC Radio in Sherbrooke. More recently, she has worked as a multi-beat reporter for Iqaluit-based *Nunatsiaq News*, where she’s had the good fortune to live, learn and report from Inuit communities across Nunavut and Nunavik in northern Quebec. She is also currently helping to design a college-level journalism workshop that encourages Inuit youth from Nunavut and Nunavik to pursue a journalistic career.

MARTHA TROIAN
McLaughlin Centre Science Journalism Fellow

An independent award-winning investigative journalist, Martha Troian contributes to CBC, *Vice Canada*, *Maclean’s*, *Toronto Star*, *the Globe and Mail*, *The Walrus*, and APTN News. With features often driven by data journalism, she covers Indigenous politics, environment, justice, and policing — she has written about the missing and murdered Indigenous women and girls, and the Indigenous water crisis in Canada. She is an advisor to the board of the Science Writers and Communicators of Canada. Based in Winnipeg, Manitoba, she is originally from Obishikokaang (Lac Seul First Nation) in Northern Ontario.



“Be Niagara Falls” — in September, the 2019-2020 Southam Journalism Fellows christened the year with a misty cruise.

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