

INEFFABLE ROSE O'DEA

Rose O'Dea is a research scientist with experience in behavioural ecology, evidence synthesis, demography, and metascience. Born and raised in Canberra, Australia, Rose's PhD began in Sydney, morphed in Montréal, and finished in COVID-19 lockdown. Rose is the current president of SORTEE – a not-for-profit society she co-founded in 2020 with the aim of improving the reliability of research in ecology and evolution. Perhaps the best advice Rose ever received was to apply for a College for Life Sciences fellowship at Wiko. She applied twice. Now she keeps recommending that others apply too. Today Rose lives in Melbourne, Australia. – Address: School of Agriculture, Food and Ecosystem Sciences, University of Melbourne, Parkville, VIC, 3052. E-mail: rose.eleanor.o.dea@gmail.com.

I've spent over half my life emotionally invested in the triumphs and disasters of tennis player Roger Federer. During Wiko's first week, in September 2022, 41-year-old Roger announced his retirement. The players sobbed when his farewell match ended. In Villa Walther's apartment 231 I sobbed too, mourning the parasocial relationship most evocative of my youth. The end had been a long time coming. I was still blindsided by how it felt.

I didn't know how it would feel to be at Wiko. In Australia, when telling friends where I was going, I worried: "It's going to be *a lot* of socialising." Recent lockdowns and border closures had made life small and isolated, and I had liked it. There had been nowhere to go, nothing to do, and no one to meet. It was soothing: no big decisions, no regrets, and no insomnia. But mere weeks after stepping onto Koenigsallee, newly smitten with Wiko life, my worry changed: "It's going to *hurt* to leave." Too soon the leaves of the Villa Walther vine turned red, then dropped.

The Fellows' Yearbook archives describe just about every aspect of life at Wiko. The gifts of Grunewald and grandiose freedom, aided by exceptionally supportive staff. German classes, the miraculous library, the food, the wine. Colloquia and conversations. Distant cultures brought closer. Bildung. The forest and lakes. Swimming, running, cycling, Pilates, table tennis, movies, music. *Berlin*. Europe! Celebrations and consolations. Late nights, dancing, singing. The people, always the people. Chance. Kismet. Gratitude. Family. Finite time, competing priorities, regrets, advice. Fellows who wrote a lot, read a lot, heard a lot, thought a lot, talked a lot. Yet we cannot convey the tacit knowledge of how it felt to live that fleeting life.

And then it ends. Returning to Australia, when telling friends where I'd been, I reasoned: "I just think life will never be *that* good again." While most people offered well-meaning rebuttals, a former Wiko Fellow simply agreed. Of course, he remembered how it felt.

Months have passed. I keep looking back. I revisit colloquia recordings and trawl the Fellow Finder archive for glimpses of other Wiko lives. Out of 1,659 former Yearbook entries, one gave an outlet for my Wiko fixation. The 2014/2015 Fellow Simone Reber created an infographic of their year-that-was. In a similar vein (and, online, in the same colour scheme) the following page presents a slice of who we were. But not what we felt. Thank you, Wiko, for everything.



## Wissenschaftskolleg zu Berlin

43 Fellows 2022/2023



