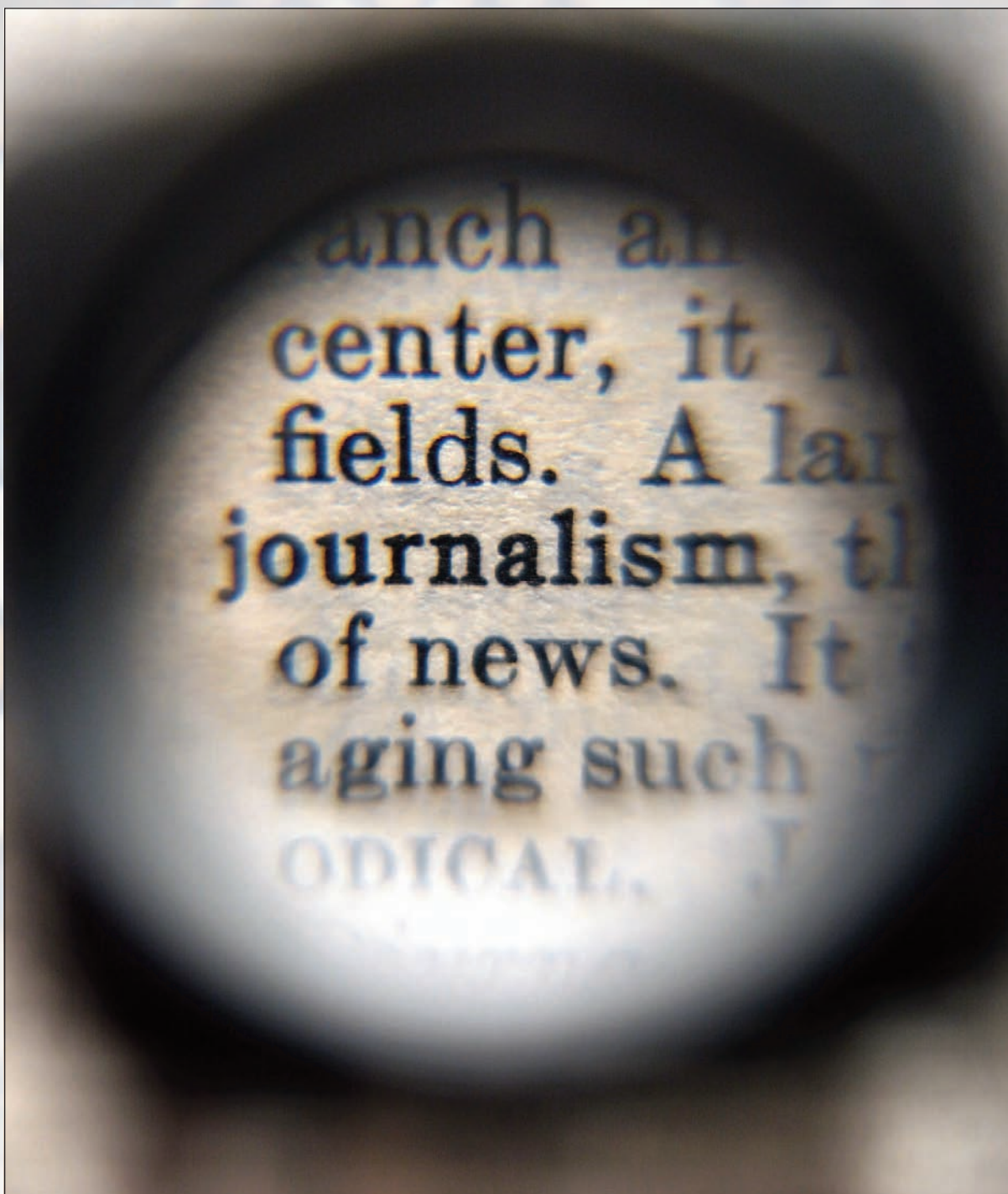


the **O**WL • SPRING 2009

Issued once a year by, for and about the Canadian Journalism Fellows & the Gordon N. Fisher Fellow



The Year of Living Dangerously

Taking Time off as Canadian Media Collapses

Dining with Danny

New Found Discoveries

Escape From Kampala

The Struggle to Reach Massey

PLUS • The Massey Index, Fabulous Photography, A Farewell to Abe Rotstein, & much more

OWL INDEX

(with apologies to *Harper's*)



PHOTO: ERIC FOSS



Number of journalism fellows in the 2008 program : Five. Three men, two women.

Number of Massey teaspoons scheduled to go into outer space this year : 1

Number of times this year's journalism fellows were told that
"the business model is broken" in their industry : too many.

Number of courses a journalism fellow thinks one can take each term : 6-10.

Number of courses one can actually manage : 2-3.

Minimum number of times each week a journalism fellow
will have to introduce him/herself in public : 3

Percentage of students who will know/care that a journalism fellow is in the class : 0.7

Number of times you'll try to explain what a "Journalism Fellow" does : 157

Number of times you'll be understood : 3.5

Average number of pounds gained from lack of stress, good food, and free booze : 5

According to the Massey list-serv, the ranking of dirty dishes piling up in the communal kitchen as a bone
of contention among junior fellows : 1

Amount of money paid at Massey's annual talent auction for a knitted doll of John Fraser : \$630

Amount paid for "one practical joke to be played on person of your choice" : \$150

For "etymological investigation of 10 words of your choice with wacky details thrown in" : \$125

For "a reading of one Greek author of your choice with wacky details thrown in" : \$185

For "creating the perfect secret handshake" : \$65

Total amount raised for charity from the talent auction : \$8140

Number of times that a work colleague will say: "Oh, have you been away?"
when you check in with your old office : At least once.

Decibel level of a normal conversation anywhere except Massey high table : 60 db

Decibel level required for normal conversation at a High Table in Ondaatje Hall : 120 db

Average room temperature by the time coffee is served at a High Table : 120 degrees.



PHOTO: ERIC FOSS

Retired but Never Retiring

A Tribute to Abe Rotstein

BY JOHN FRASER

Every dogma has its day. –

A. Rotstein, cited in *Conviction and Belief*

Thus spake Abraham Rotstein, one of the greatest punsters in the history of the University of Toronto, outstanding professor of political economics, Senior Journalism Fellow for almost half the life of the programme at Massey College, and the avuncular mentor to several generations of mid-career journalists.

That’s “avuncular” in the best sense of kindly and useful “uncle-ness”: source of wisdom and indulgence and also gentle chiding. It is almost impossible to believe that he is finally retiring from his academic journalistic post to become mentor-emeritus. As he has often said himself during the past five years, “I have tried to retire on three separate occasions, but no one seemed to listen.”

I guess I can claim the title of “No one” since I was the one who kept him at the task. The Canadian Journalism Programme was going through so many challenges – from the disinclination of the Asper family and their CanWest holdings, which included the old Southam newspaper group, to continue the programme, to the assault of the new media – that I decided it simply wasn’t convenient for Abe to shuffle off to a palmy retreat in Bali for the better part of the year.

Instead, we let him go for just a few winter months – to Bali, that is – and I took on the task of being the Senior Journalism Fellow for the second term, only to be severely irritated when the old boy returned tanned and fit in the spring to offer me insufficient solace for whatever winter horrors we had suffered during his absence.

Abe resisted most of my efforts to make a Big Deal out of his retirement, but allowed us to do a High Table in his honour earlier this year and also agreed to talk at one of the Senior Fellow lunches organized by Professor Boris Stoicheff. Considering everything he has done for the programme and what he has meant to Massey College, this is an almost reckless modesty. In truth, he was often enough the programme itself.

Much will have to change in Canada if the country is to stay the same. – A. Rotstein cited in *Canadian Quotations*

The Canadian Journalism Fellowship Programme incorporates all of the values associated with its predecessor, the Southam Journalism Fellowship Programme. How could it be otherwise, since Abe Rotstein guided the transition? One of the changes was allowing freelancers in for the first time and Abe’s sensitivities for freelancers was one of the really distinguishing features of his later years at the helm – that and helping the Gordon Fisher Commonwealth Fellow. He was sensitive to the subtle gradations in attitudes in this motley crowd and made sure that no one was left out in the cold. I remember him vividly with the late Lawrence Liandisha the Fisher Fellow from Zambia, who was so homesick when he first arrived in Canada and whom Abe dealt with as a son. It was one of my earliest impressions of the man, and it has endured.

It’s true I have also seen him irritated, either with a guest speaker who couldn’t stay on subject or a journalism fellow who wouldn’t get off-subject. Irritated or benign, he always brought with him that spirit of engaged curiosity that made him the perfect senior sidekick to a journalist. Most of this time as the Senior Journalism Fellow was during his alleged “semi-retirement”, although he maintained a teaching schedule throughout. What the journalists benefited most from this period was his extensive understanding of both the core curricula and some of the more esoteric academic pursuits available at the university – none more quirky than some of those in his own field of economic political theory.

Power is the recognition of necessity. A. Rotstein, ob.cit

What I will never personally forget was Abe’s willingness to stick with the journalism programme, regardless of whatever problems arose. And also to stick with me. I fear I left him mystified sometimes. I hate to be nailed down and Professor Rotstein is a master carpenter who hates a loose board as much as the devil hates a good deed. We were an odd couple, but we made things work and most of that is due to Abe’s experience, hard work and diligence. At the High Table in his honour, I tried to sum up the essence of his contributions to the journalism programme over more than two decades. It was, I said, all tied up in a desire to be of service, to be useful, to make sure the journalism fellowships translated their former experience into new opportunities.

Mercifully, Abe is staying on in his office at Massey for a few more years and will be available to future journalists. Lucky us.

NEW LATIN AMERICAN FELLOWSHIP FOR 2009-10

SCOTIABANK/CJFE JOURNALISM FELLOWSHIP LAUNCHED

In November 2008, Scotiabank, CJFE and Massey College announced the creation of a Journalism Fellowship offered to a Spanish-speaking Latin American journalist. Formed through a generous grant from Scotiabank in Toronto, the first Fellowship will be awarded in September 2009 and will run for one semester (September – December) in tandem with the Canadian Fellowships. The objective of the Fellowship is to enhance inter-American understanding, promote freedom of expression and encourage discourse in an academic setting.

2009-10 FELLOWS



Marina Jimenez,
The Globe and Mail
St. Clair Balfour
Fellow



Eric Lemus,
La Pagina.com, El Salvador
Scotiabank/CJFE
Fellow



Rachel Pulfer,
Canadian Business
Webster/McConnell
Fellow



Kevin Robertson,
CBC/Radio-Canada
CBC/Radio-Canada
Fellow

Susan Delacourt: Accidental Adventures in Education



Susan Delacourt, the St. Clair Balfour Fellow, is a national reporter with the Toronto Star.

I had no goal in particular when I embarked on this fellowship. As a matter of fact, I deliberately had no objective whatsoever.

“Accidental learning,” is how I put it in the application letter. I’d been learning things on purpose for 25 years as a political reporter; ferreting out information to use in the paper or on TV or the radio; no time for inquiry beyond what I could write or broadcast. But I’d forgotten how to learn for the sake of learning.

So I approached the vast array of course choices at the University of Toronto as a blank slate. I was ready to be surprised. Impetuously, I signed up for a creative-writing class at Innis College and I also made vague plans to get some kind of economics and sociology courses under my belt. Religion too. I thought about some politics classes, even browsed at some, and then decided that was a busman’s holiday, or frying pan into the fire – choose your metaphor.

Then I stumbled upon a class called “Material Culture” – billed as a class about stuff, plain and simple. From the first five minutes, I was enchanted. The course promised to be a little bit of art, a little bit of anthropology, a little bit of history and some sociology. It was also about consumerism, an interesting issue in this year of economic collapse.

You can take the girl out of politics, but you apparently can’t take politics out of the girl. Soon into my class on material culture, I began drawing a line down my notepads, taking class notes on one side, making observations about Canada and politics and consumerism on the other side.

This was especially fascinating to do while the federal election was under way.

Meanwhile, in creative-writing class, we were learning to write about objects and places in detail, just as we were being asked to analyze objects and their meaning in material-culture class. It all fit together. I rounded it out with some classes about post-war Europe, where I learned about how the U.S. won the cold war with consumerism. Did I know that I was going to stumble into this interest when I wrote the application letter? No. I truly had learned by accident this year.

Then I went on vacation at Christmas. I realized that the courses I’d taken were perfectly consistent with the kind of books I always take on holiday with me – fiction and cultural anthropology. So maybe my course choice wasn’t all that accidental after all.

My experience has, though, given me some advice to future fellows. For instance, if you’re really overwhelmed by the over-choice of courses, just imagine walking into a bookstore and note where you gravitate. You’ll probably discover your abiding interests.

Moreover, don’t think that learning happens just in the classroom. I learned a lot from the speakers we invited this year and also, simply from hanging around the common room, talking to my fellow fellows and other Massey College denizens.

As for my newly discovered interest in consumerism and material culture, I’m not sure where that will lead me yet. I find it handy, however, that the last few weeks of the course were concentrated on the stuff we find in museums. Given the way our industry has been crumbling over the past year, that may be where we find the remnants of the media business in future.

Eric Foss: Taking the Massey Plunge



Eric Foss, a video journalist with CBC Television, is the CBC/Radio Canada Fellow.

Twelve months ago, I was sitting at my CBC desk still ambivalent about the practicality of submitting an application for the Massey Fellowship. In a matter of hours I was due to leave for Bahrain, preparing to film the first element of a documentary on Canada’s naval contribution in the Arabian Gulf. The documents couldn’t wait; I would still be out of town when the application deadline passed. The question remained, should I or shouldn’t I? I had contemplated this for some time – understandable when you take a hard look at what this academic detour would entail: an adjustment of salary, loss of work related travel, and access to stories that most journalists dream of covering.

The late afternoon quickly became night and I still hadn’t finished the application. I did have my supporting documents in order and had composed a letter outlining my qualifications. Everything was ready to go. All that was required was my signature on the form. My trepidation had nothing to do with Massey College or the wonderful program that was offered. It had everything to do with my career and finances. But as the office grew quiet and the night cleaners moved from desk to desk emptying waste baskets filled to the brim (little recycling in the newsroom), I began to think about what I would be missing if I didn’t apply.

The last 21 years I had been traveling at a reckless pace, often at the expense of my young family. My one attempt to further my academic credentials was interrupted before I made it to the first class. I was assigned to a breaking news story and once again, left for an

undetermined period of time. When I returned, I had missed four classes and was hopelessly behind. More than anything else, I had altogether stopped thinking about what other things I might accomplish in my life and this thought rattled me the most.

The office was now dark and quiet. I remember picking up the phone and calling home. On the other line my wife answered and gave me all the details of the family’s busy day. As usual, she never questioned why I was still at my desk– she had heard just about every reason imaginable over the years. When I hung up, I reached for my pen and signed the form. I didn’t know if I would be one of the final candidates, but I did know this was one opportunity I couldn’t afford to overlook.

Twelve months have passed since that day and I’m happy to report this was one of the better decisions I have made in life. My experience as a Canadian Journalism Fellow has not only given me an opportunity to once again experience the joys of academic fulfillment, but it has also exposed me to the ongoing “conversation” at Massey College. For Junior and Senior Fellows, the college is more than an academic residence. The intellectual capital stockpiled in architect Ron Thom’s building is humbling. It is, put simply, a remarkable environment with incredibly talented individuals.

As for me personally, the Massey fellowship has given me a new lens on journalism. My course selections, from Presidential Politics to the Dramaturgy of Sound, have challenged me to think of new and innovative responses to the changing dynamic of journalism. I finish this year with a little more knowledge, greater confidence and an enormous sense of respect for the institution of Massey College.

Michelle Gagnon: A West-End Epiphany

Michelle Gagnon is a producer for CBC Television and is the Webster/McConnell Fellow.

It was on a Sunday that it happened. The grey skies and cold wind of a February afternoon led me inside a west-end mall. As I headed down one of its wings, I passed a magazine stand. There, at eye level, hung the March issue of Harper’s. Its cover heralded the demise of the book industry with a giant headline that read The Last Book

Party: Publishing Drinks to a Life after Death. The accompanying artwork showed cartoon characters dressed in power suits downing bubbly under a tumble of books. And there, with that, all the pieces of my professional life lined up to complete the following equation: Every single industry I have worked in, publishing, newspapers, magazines, television, every single one has undergone an upheaval of unforeseen proportions since I arrived at Massey.

Only six months ago, I'd come to Toronto, lucky to be granted time to reflect on what I'd frighteningly termed "the second half of my career." In rather dilettantish fashion, I juggled options in my mind: Should I return to publishing, start over in print, or stay on and move on in television? Now, not even a year later, such questions can easily be considered reckless, even bordering on delusional. Media as we know it is teetering, faltering, failing. Yet, faced with an uncertain media landscape and cartoon characters toasting life after death, I am calm. If nothing, this is what Massey has given me: the ability to face this future, maybe even "the second half of my career", with equanimity. Let me be clear: equanimity is not a quality that belongs to me.

I had approached the fellowship with a few goals, mainly to better my spoken Spanish and research my British roots. I can now mostly make myself understood in Spanish,

though do admit to occasionally going freestyle when it comes to conjugation. My British ancestry is proving to be a rather interesting story of duplicity and bigamy, perhaps almost as convoluted as my Spanish conjugation. But what I had not foreseen were the fringe benefits of Massey. Equanimity. Perspective. Community. A place that cultivates criticism and doubt, that reminded me that productivity is a value not a virtue, and that beauty can still be an endgame.

I eventually read the Harper's piece. It led with a comment about the relentlessness of publishing's apocalypse, an end that began over 3,000 years ago. Newspapers and media as we know them may well change more rapidly, but the game's not quite up and, with any luck, the fringe benefits of Massey will stay with me just long enough to weather the storm.



Robert Mukasa is News Editor of the Monitor in Kampala and is the Gordon N. Fisher Fellow.

If you ask me for the most memorable moment or person at Massey College, I would be spoilt for choice. Was it the High Table events, wine guzzling, or the man at the centre of the action, the good-humoured master? Or was it the first snowflakes swirling in the air — which I watched at a safe distance from the confines of my room — or the journalism lunches, the rich guest list — and again the wine guzzling? Or it was any one of countless others? Honestly, it would be an impossible choice. The story of Massey is huge and can't be told in the few lines this column permits me. So I will give you a whittled down version and save the longer one for the folks back home. If there were any lingering doubts back in September about my mission here, those doubts vanished within days, replaced by the magical realities of the sense of fellowship at Massey College.

In September, when I sat in for my first class on Developmental Politics in the Isabel Bader Theatre, the 200 plus seat theatre was full of students eager to learn about Africa and Asia.

My two neighbours at the back end, visibly fresh high school graduates, were furiously typing away on their lap

tops, trying to keep pace with the professor, who was reading off the year's themes, course overview and a list of do's and don'ts to the crowded class.

I also pulled out my note pad and pen — this time round not for a story but to make academic notes. At this point the meaning of my fellowship dawned on me. I was back to school. It was a humbling experience. To me this was the time to recharge my overused battery, refocus and reflect on where and what I wanted to be after eight months at U of T — away from the push and shove of the newsroom. Friends, the "Sabbatical" had begun in earnest. At Massey, the situation couldn't have been summed up more appropriately than by an experienced watcher of the Massey crowd at the Founders' Gaudy. As we laughed and cheered, the Masseyites took turns to down the huge cups of wine in remembrance of the founders, my neighbour, who is an old hand at Massey, encouraged me to sign up for more events. "The Massey crowd," she said, "is interesting and interested." I couldn't agree more.

No preps or drills could have prepared me more for the Canadian winter experience than my first visual of snowflakes swirling in the air. I was so wary of the cold, but the excitement of seeing it all happen dashed the initial fears. The all white is beautiful and re-assuring to an African visitor. God Bless.

Robert Mukasa: Memorable Moments



Graham Thomson is a political columnist with the Edmonton Journal and is the Kabanoff Fellow.

I was still kicking the dust of Afghanistan from my hiking boots when I arrived at Massey College for the start of the school year. I had spent much of the summer embedded with Canadian troops in Kandahar province — my second 'tour' of the war zone — and was happy to be back in Canada. And ecstatic to be at Massey.

A journalism fellowship was a career-long dream for me. The icing on the cake was being safely out of Afghanistan so I could put the heat, the chaos and the camel spiders behind me.

Except that Massey would remind me of Afghanistan every day, a fact I realized the moment I met my first batch of junior fellows. They were a world away from Canadian soldiers, almost literally and certainly figuratively, but they couldn't have been more alike.

A 25-year-old junior fellow has more in common with a 25-year-old corporal on patrol in Zhari district than either could know. Both are funny, generous, hard working and idealistically hoping to make the world a better place. But their age is what got to me. When I looked at Massey junior fellows I couldn't help but think of Canadian soldiers — same age, same exuberance, same dedication to their work.

And some soldiers manage to straddle the world of academia. One soldier-student I got to know well was taking courses by correspondence during his second six-month combat tour in Kandahar. Corporal Jordan Anderson, 25, was killed in a roadside bombing just weeks

before he was due to come home, reunite with his family and begin preparations for post-graduate studies. Jordan was intelligent and driven; he would have loved Massey's love of occasion and sense of community — its esprit de corps.

Jordan and Massey shall never meet except in my imagination. And that's pretty poor consolation. The first few months at Massey my Afghanistan experience played over in my head, unbidden and involuntarily, like a perverse eight-track. But, mercifully, just like the stereo system so popular when I was first at university, the spool eventually wore down and broke — and I could concentrate on my schoolwork.

I took on law and poetry as fun; I took on environmental classes as work. As an Albertan with a keen interest in fossil fuels, good and bad, I wanted to understand the science, the truth, of climate change. Ask the typical arts-educated journalist to read a science textbook and he or she will shriek or run from the room. I usually do both. However, for months I buried my head in textbooks and technical reports in an effort to strip the discussion of global warming down to its nub — deprive it of emotion and hyperbole. In the end, the hard science of climate change is as convincing as it is unforgiving. That's the bad news. The good news is there's still time to act. The really good news is the upcoming generation seems to get it.

It's a generation of 25 year olds who are smart, keen and fearless. Having the privilege to see them at work and at play, in Afghanistan and academia, I have a feeling they'll manage to leave the world in better shape than they found it.

Graham Thomson: From Afghanistan To Academe



PHOTO FINNISH (and Swedish too)

Snapshots from a Nordic journey by planes, trains and autobiographies



Left, TOP TO BOTTOM:

The Glashus information centre in Stockholm's eco-friendly suburb of Hammarby Sjostad

PHOTO: GRAHAM THOMSON

Dancing the night away on the ferry crossing from Finland to Sweden

PHOTO: GRAHAM THOMSON

Home of Finnish architect Alvar Aalto

PHOTO: MICHELLE GAGNON

Right, TOP TO BOTTOM:

Helsinki Cathedral

PHOTO: GRAHAM THOMSON

Finnish Foreign Minister Alexander Stubb

PHOTO: ERIC FOSS

Journalism Fellow Robert Mukasa enjoys his first ocean voyage

PHOTO: ERIC FOSS



For the past 14 years, small raiding parties of Massey journalism fellows have landed in Helsinki and brought back with them cargo holds of superlatives, adjectives and praise of Finland to be published in the OWL.

Thus, when the 15th raiding party arrived at the invitation of the Finnish government, we realized that as far as OWL topics were concerned the place has been pretty much picked clean. How do you find a new way to describe the warmth of Finnish hospitality or the beauty of Finnish architecture without sounding like a cliché? How do you find a novel way to say “kiitos” (thank you)?

Even though Stockholm has been a recent and much welcome addition to the end-of-year itinerary, previous fellows have also efficiently rummaged through the elegance of Swedish design and the ingenuity of Swedish environmentalism in their search for OWL food. And how do you find a new way to say “tack”?

So, this year the journalism fellows are doing something a little different: presenting very personal snapshots — visual and verbal — of stolen moments and arresting ideas that struck them in their journey through Finland, across the Baltic Sea and into Stockholm.

SUSAN DELACOURT: Though I didn't plan it, it turns out that my courses during the fellowship were a perfect preparation for our trip to Finland and Sweden.

Throughout our week in Helsinki and Turku, we were told repeatedly that Finland is a relatively new country; one that has invented itself through stories and artistic design. By a happy stroke of luck, this is what I studied during my year at Massey — fiction and material culture.

For nearly eight months at the University of Toronto, I learned about how people create their own identities through stories and the objects they collect and manufacture. Our year-end trip to Finland let me see how an entire nation forged an identity with the same ingredients.

Finland's Kalevala, an epic poem depicted in an exhibit at the Ateneum Art Museum, is basically an invented mythology for the nation, filled with all the archetypal stories and characters I studied in fiction class. Helsinki's Design District, including the

wonderful Museum of Design and the Iittala showroom, gives any visitor to Finland an insight into how the country has grown to define itself through objects.

The same thing emerged when we toured the home and studio of Finnish architect Alvar Aalto. I found myself wishing I could take my whole material culture class through the Design Museum's exhibit on “The Secret Life of Objects.” It was basically an illustrated tour of the ideas we discussed all year in the course.

Of course, being a political reporter, the things we learned about Finland's and Sweden's governments are going to stay with me too, from the impressive numbers of women in the Finnish Parliament to the current struggle in Sweden between the Centre Party and the Social Democrats; a situation that has echoes in Canada's own struggle between Conservatives and Liberals.

ROBERT MUKASA: The ferry ride from Turku to Stockholm was quite an experience. The live band performances, the dancing, the booze fest on board was unbelievable. Amazingly, an incredible number of the elderly loosened up and got themselves drunk. Seeing them stagger to their cabins was amazing. Personally, I allowed myself to be rocked to sleep as the ship rode against the tidal flow all the way to Stockholm. And the Finnish mastering of languages is mind-boggling. English seems to come easily to them not to mention Swedish. So I thought.

GRAHAM THOMSON: Canadians have something of an inferiority complex when it comes to the Swedes, perhaps dating back to a 1973 television ad campaign that claimed the average 30-year-old Canadian was in the same physical shape as the average 60-year-old Swede. Aimed at couch potatoes, it was motivation through humiliation. Well, Canada, get ready for more embarrassment. A growing number of journalists — including the Massey fellows — are seeing first hand how Sweden is dealing with environmental protection in very real, pragmatic ways. The fellows' tour



of Hammarby Sjostad, an eco-friendly neighbourhood in Stockholm, coincided with an article on the same suburb published in a Canadian magazine that praised the project's ingenious methods to reduce waste, cut emissions and improve quality of life. Instead of using garbage trucks, residents deposit their pre-sorted waste at collection points where the garbage is sucked through an underground pipeline system to an incinerator where heat is produced and supplied to homes. As a whole, Swedes use less water than Canadians per person, produce less garbage, and burn less fuel. They've even managed to keep their economy growing while reducing their emissions of greenhouse gasses. In the environmental household, Sweden is on the elliptical trainer; Canada is still on the couch.



ERIC FOSS: Saku Koivu, captain of the Montreal Canadiens enjoys celebrity status in his native country, but the part-time resident of Turku, Finland may have to share some of the spotlight with another emerging star – Finland's Minister of Foreign Affairs, Alexander Stubb. And like Koivu, his story has a Canadian hockey connection.

Alexander Stubb has served as Minister of Foreign Affairs since August 2008. At the young age of 40 he is a rising star in Finnish politics. Married with two children, he speaks five languages and is the author of nine books. His past positions include senior roles in the European Parliament where he is considered an expert in matters of EU policy.

If his academic credentials weren't impressive enough, Stubb at one time was considered an emerging hockey talent. It's not hard to understand why - Göran Stubb, his father is the current director of European scouting for the National Hockey league and although Alexander's skills didn't win him a spot in the elite ranks of hockey,

it did provide him with a unique connection to one of the NHL's legendary old-timers – former Toronto Maple Leaf, Carl Brewer.

Brewer played with the Leafs when the team won the Stanley Cup three seasons in a row (1961 –64) but will be remembered more for his off ice courtroom battles that eventually won pension reform for all NHL players. In 1967 he moved overseas to play in Finland where he developed a close friendship with Göran Stubb and his young family.

In a brief meeting with the Massey Journalism Fellows,

Foreign Minister Stubb talked warmly about Brewer and the influence he had on him as a young boy. Carl Brewer remained a friend of the family until his death in the summer of 2001.

MICHELLE GAGNON: We said Goodbye to Robert Thursday morning at the Stockholm airport. He was off to Amsterdam for a night, then Kampala where he was looking forward to the warmth of home and a cold beer with friends. Hugs, handshakes, and many good wishes later, we turned and walked away towards the departure gate. "And then there were four," said Susan, right on, once again. A full, uneventful flight brought us to London where Susan hung a sharp right towards a connecting flight to Ottawa. Eric took his leave near the baggage belt, indulging in a buffer night, the seasoned traveler's indulgence to lay low and regroup somewhere in between. The final leg was on the Heathrow Connect into London. Graham and I parted at Paddington. The sun was shining, all the promise of Spring and things to come.





Visiting the Rock — Finding a New Land

A TRIP TO ST. JOHN HAS JOURNALISM FELLOWS EATING FISH AND CHIPS WITH DANNY, SIPPING TEA WITH CROSBIE AND PARTYING WITH LOCALS

STORY AND PHOTOS BY ERIC FOSS



If there were any lingering questions about the residual benefits of the Massey Fellowship and the eight-month sabbatical from the newsroom, they were momentarily put to rest on a gorgeous sunny morning in Cape Spear, Newfoundland.

Facing the cold Atlantic Ocean, Gordon N. Fisher Journalism Fellow Robert Mukasa stood motionless for what seemed like an unusually long period of time. He was, after all, thousands of miles from his home in Uganda and may have simply wanted a moment of privacy to reflect on family and friends. But when asked about his thoughts, he nonchalantly acknowledged this was the first time he had seen an ocean. It was a delightful moment and an affirmation that characterized the very spirit of the Massey program we had all started in the early days of September.

Three weeks before our arrival in Newfoundland, we had given Robert the final vote on a Massey sponsored trip that would position us on one of the two Canadian coasts. He didn't take long in choosing Canada's youngest province and we promptly worked out a theme for our very brief journey to the island. Flush with oil revenues, Newfoundland and Labrador was in the midst of transforming its image as a "have-not" province for the first time since joining Confederation. We decided to use this recent success as the template for our journey.

At the time, The Newfoundland and Labrador government was forecasting a multi-million dollar surplus in a budget that would trim taxes, boost spending for education and health care, and pay down some of its provincial debt.

Our first meeting, following our late night arrival (and detour to a local St. John's pub), took place early Friday morning at Government House with Lieutenant Governor John Crosbie. The veteran politician had been appointed to the vice-regal office in February, 2008 by Premier Danny Williams - this following a successful and sometimes turbulent career in provincial and federal politics.

Prior to his arrival at Government House, the former deputy mayor of St. John's had taken on various senior roles in a succession of Progressive Conservative governments beginning in 1979. His early support in developing offshore oil reserves and his work on the Atlantic Accord helped provide the framework for the current resurgence of the Newfoundland economy. Government House is not only the residence of the current Lieutenant Governor, but also a monument to some of Newfoundland's other storied politicians. Memorabilia, including a signature inscribed chair commemorating the great Joey Smallwood, can be seen when touring the building. As we moved through the rooms, Crosbie would occasionally stop and talk about Smallwood and the admiration he had for him. To say that Crosbie is passionate about Newfoundland is an understatement. An hour and half after our arrival he was still in full oratory, regaling us with his days as a federal fisheries minister and challenging some of the current provincial policies related to the office of Lieutenant Governor. It

Top to bottom:

Fellow Robert Mukasa contemplates his first view of the ocean at Cape Fear.

Fellows with Newfoundland Premier Danny Williams

Lieutenant Governor John Crosbie with Eric Foss

Fellows with Lieutenant Governor John Crosbie



was a spirited discussion and served as a good first meeting.

Premier Danny Williams shares the same passion for his province as John Crosbie. Awarded a Rhodes Scholarship in 1969, Williams received a degree in Law from Oxford University in England, returning to Canada to earn a Bachelor of Law degree from Dalhousie University in Halifax. He would go on to practice law for a number of years, eventually gaining an appointment to the Queens counsel. But it was Williams' business proficiency that solidified his standing with the influential leaders of the province when he led a consortium of business people seeking Newfoundland and Labrador's first cable television license. His success in cable television would make him a millionaire many times over and set the stage for his entrance into politics.

So what does a millionaire Premier serve five visiting

journalists when they meet for lunch at the Newfoundland Legislature? Fish and chips, of course, complimented with a mystery stuffing that some of us left on the side plate. Our briefing from Premier Williams was, like the man, energetic and blunt. He was enthusiastic about the province, believed it was the finest place to live in the country and stated more than once that Newfoundland would remain a major force in the Canadian economy for years to come. How could we disagree? Outside the sun was shining and the temperature felt more like summer than late fall. Newfoundland was spectacular and we all wistfully contemplated relocating after the fellowship ended, blocking out all thoughts of the brutal winter that would eventually arrive. Over the next couple of days we enjoyed some of the nicest weather the province had seen in weeks. We enjoyed excursions including an

afternoon visit to the tiny fishing village of Petty Harbour and a couple of hikes up Signal Hill.

Sandy Newton and Doug Hill, close friends of Journalism Fellow Graham Thomson, treated our group to a traditional seafood meal on our last night in St. John's. They invited various members of the St. John's artistic community to answer our questions about Newfoundland history, culture and our queries about life on the rock. It was a splendid evening and a fitting way to end our visit.

In three days we saw more than we could have imagined in such a short visit — including an ocean that will likely be remembered as the highlight of the trip for one journalism fellow.

Top: St. John's Harbour October 2008

Bottom: Downtown St. John's





Massey watches the Canadian election results.



Junior Fellow Gordon Hawkins (centre) celebrates Obama win.

ELECTION NIGHTS FEVER

WATCHING HISTORY UNFOLD FROM MASSEY'S PERCH

BY SUSAN DELACOURT
PHOTOS: ERIC FOSS

When the 2008-09 crop of journalism fellows arrived at Massey College last fall, George W. Bush was the U.S. president and a man named Stéphane Dion believed he'd be taking the Liberals back to power in Canada within a matter of weeks. By the Christmas break, both men were history. Through two elections in North America and one constitutional crisis in Canada, the political landscape went through some major upheaval on both sides of the Canada-U.S. border in the final four months of 2008. Barack Obama is now the U.S. president. Not only that, he's the first African-American president, and his inauguration, in January, 2009, will be sealed in the memory of all those who sat all day in Massey's common room, watching history unfold on the big screens.

In Canada, it looked for a while there in December that Dion might indeed take the prime minister's job away from Stephen Harper through a coalition deal with the NDP and an audacious plan to install a new government without a single ballot being cast. As it turned out, it was Dion who lost his job and Michael Ignatieff who moved into the Opposition Leader's job – without a single ballot being cast. And what did the journalism fellows do through all this? We watched – intently. We talked about developments – sometimes incessantly – amongst ourselves and with various guests and visitors to the college. We went to parties about politics and we talked about politics at parties. We even held our own political party on Oct. 14 to watch the federal election results roll in. Liberals,

New Democrats and Greens –not the Conservatives, funnily enough – donated posters and swag for decorating the common room. Massey provided a fine perch for political spectatorship. In fact, it was probably a better vantage point than one would find on an election bus or at the hub of a Toronto newsroom. Experts, in the form of students, professors, highly involved citizens, were close at hand, eager to talk about politics' cause and its effects. And where else could you find noted constitutional expert Peter Russell, lined up at the bar at a Christmas party, explaining a governor-general's ruling while the snuff was being handed out?

So You Think You Can Dance Massey?

Journalism Party, March 2009, photos by Eric Foss.



Turmoil in the Industry — A Year of Living Dangerously

PHOTO: ERIC FOSS



What would happen, asks Susan Delacourt, if you took a leave of absence from your job — and then your job took a leave of absence from you?

The media industry was roiling in turmoil and decline through the fall, winter and spring of the 2008-09 academic year. And at Massey College, five Canadian

Journalism fellows could only watch, wait and anxiously check their emails regularly to see whether their jobs would still exist when the fellowship year was over. From all accounts, it seemed like the long-heralded death of newspapers was finally emerging as a real possibility. A parade of guest speakers came through

Massey College to deliver the verdict with the same phrase: “The business model is broken.”

While newspapers in the U.S. were folding or transforming themselves into on-line only productions — the Rocky Mountain News in Denver, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and the like — here in Canada, the news about the news wasn’t much better.

The Globe and Mail, for instance, sent scores of people to retirement or unemployment in early 2009.

CanWest, the parent company of the Edmonton Journal, where Graham Thomson works, was hovering at the brink of bankruptcy in the early months of 2009. Even as the fellowship year was winding down, CanWest’s fate remained uncertain and the continued survival of the National Post seemed unlikely. The Toronto Star, Canada’s largest newspaper, shed its publisher, editor-in-chief and turned over much of its senior management, while also shaving hundreds of jobs. Every manager who approved Susan Delacourt’s leave of absence for the fellowship had left the Star by March 2009.

The gloom also enshrouded the broadcasting industry, especially the CBC, home to fellows Michelle Gagnon and Eric Foss. Soon after coming in to give a glum talk to the journalism fellows in mid-March, CBC president Hubert LaCroix went public with his announcement of a whopping 800 job

cuts and deep slashes to the programming schedule of the corporation.

CBC’s Sunday TV news show — where Foss worked — was among the casualties of the corporate cuts this year. In short, economic crisis and uncertainty were very real concepts to the 2008-09 journalism fellows. It was difficult to contemplate what courses to take to improve one’s job, for instance, when one wasn’t sure there was a job waiting at the end of the year.

Sometimes, huddled by the fire in the common room, reviewing the weekly wreckage in the industry, they felt lucky to be away from it all, at least temporarily — refugees from the economic storm. Certainly they would be going back to a media world much different from the one they left only eight months earlier. And the future? No one was sure. Massey College Master John Fraser was already in the midst of envisioning a slimmed-down program for fellows in subsequent years — fewer applicants, fewer trips, fewer speakers’ sessions. Massey already has a “journalist at risk” program, normally extended to someone whose livelihood has put him or her in peril. As Fraser was surveying the broken media landscape in Canada at the end of this year, he joked — somewhat darkly — that maybe all the future participants in this fellowship would be dubbed “journalists at risk.”

Rocky Road to Massey

To become a Journalism Fellow, Robert Mukasa, escaped intimidation and persecution — but they’ll be waiting for him when he returns home to Uganda

My journey to Massey College was a long and rather rocky one last year. It didn’t occur to me then that it would be easier to put together a successful application for a fellowship at the University of Toronto’s interdisciplinary residential College — and get myself a student visa — than to actually get the much needed nod of approval from a judge to leave the country.

If I needed only the first two — a visa and an endorsement from Massey — I would have arrived in London enroute to Toronto by late August.

However, with bags packed and farewells said in August, I realized I couldn’t leave the country. Reason? My three colleagues and I working for the Monitor newspaper in Uganda, were arrested earlier in the year — accused of criminally defaming a judge.

We committed the “heinous” crime of exposing the dishonest ways of a judge who happened to head the Government anti-corruption agency. This judge was drawing two salaries, one as a judicial officer and the other as the head of the anti corruption agency, which according to Ugandan law is illegal. And to compound this, she was also getting her monthly pension cheque.

In short, the ombudsman had turned into a common thief. We published the

story only to provoke the wrath of government. As news editor I was summoned to the Criminal Investigation Department along with the author of the article days later and asked to reveal our source, a request we refused to honour. We were intimidated, forced to make endless trips to the police department and were arrested weeks later.

We were crammed into a holding cell on January 5, 2008 and later produced in court — and charged with criminal defamation. We were released on a court bond of approximately \$500 each. We have since petitioned the Constitutional Court challenging the outrageous charges. The verdict hasn’t been delivered. Until the verdict is announced, our trial in magistrate’s court is on hold and our freedom of movement is limited. Any trip outside the country lasting a month has to be approved by the court. This may be the case till 2010.

Sadly though, when my lawyer tried to secure permission for me to travel to Canada — the magistrate bluntly said no. Truth is he was scared of getting in trouble with the powers that be. The request was rejected Friday afternoon yet I was scheduled to leave the country in three days — on the Tuesday. I had three options, according to my lawyer. Since I had my passport and visa, he said, I could simply ignore the court — and walk (and risk a warrant of arrest issued against me for jumping bail). The second option was to abandon the trip. The third was to pray for a miracle.

I couldn’t imagine giving up the fellowship after coming so close. I chose option three. Journalism can be a thankless job but over the years it has provided opportunities for one to make acquaintances, friends and foes at the same time. At this critical time, I turned to friends and acquaintances for help.

I made contact with an influential judicial figure to whom I pleaded my case. This gentleman later talked sense or rather put the fear of God into the magistrate. A subdued magistrate later allowed me to leave the country. But he

urged me to be discreet about it. That’s how I finally ended up at Massey on September 2, 2008.

As I head home after a brilliant break at Massey, I know for sure that my colleagues and I will be standing trial in a couple of months. The verdict may go either way and, if we lose the fight in a lower court presided over by an intimidated and compromised magistrate, we are looking at a maximum of three years in jail. But we have planned to fight the charges all the way to the appeals court.



Robert Mukasa

PHOTO: ERIC FOSS

THANK YOU

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PHOTO: ERIC FOSS

SEMINAR GUESTS

POLITICS:

Paul Martin, *former prime minister of Canada*
David Miller, *Mayor of Toronto*
Bill Fox, *former journalist, communications chief to prime minister Brian Mulroney*
David Herle, *head of Gandalf Group, former election-campaign director for the Liberal Party of Canada*
Arif Lalani, *Canada's former ambassador to Afghanistan*
Frank McKenna, *deputy chair, Toronto-Dominion Bank, former premier of New Brunswick and former Canadian ambassador to the United States*
Maryscott Greenwood *of the Canadian-American Business Council*

MEDIA:

Robert Prichard, *chief executive officer of Torstar, former University of Toronto president and former dean of the University of Toronto Law School*
John Cruickshank, *publisher of the Toronto Star*
John Honderich, *Toronto Star*
Hubert LaCroix, *CBC president*
Sarah Fulford, *Toronto Life, editor in chief*
John Macfarlane, *Walrus, editor in chief*
Jeffrey Dvorkin, *Rogers Communication Distinguished Visiting Professor at Ryerson, formerly head of CBC Radion and ombudsman with National Public Radio*
Bill Mustos, *executive producer of Flashpoint TV series*
Mark Starowicz: *head of documentary programming, CBC*
Alex Shprintsen, *television and documentary producer at the CBC*

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Marina Nemat, *author of Prisoner of Tebran*
Michael Winter, *author of This All Happened and The Architects are Here*
Michael MacMillan, *head of Samara, formerly of Alliance Atlantis*
Abraham Rotstein, *senior journalism fellow at Massey*
Mary Jo Leddy, *founder of Romero House for refugees and Massey fellow*
Ted Sargent, *Canada Research Chair in Nanotechnology at the University of Toronto*
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Roger Martin, *dean of the Rotman School of Business*
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Danny Harvey, *U of T, geography professor, author and expert in global warming*