Reporters Without Deadlines
(or Saved by the Fellowship)

JOURNALISM FELLOWS AMARA BANGURA AND DAVID RIDER AT MASSEY COLLEGE

KELLY CROWE

All hell was breaking loose in the Montevideo newroom of Búsqueda, as it always does on Wednesday — deadline day for this Uruguay weekly news journal. Reporter José Peralta had two stories due in a couple of hours. Any minute his cellphone was going to ring and a bunch of Canadian strangers were going to put him through the paces and decide, without ever laying eyes on him, if he was worthy of a coveted journalism fellowship at Massey College.

“It was crazy,” José said. “Everyone was yelling at everyone, people were walking around talking loudly on their phones, and other people were shouting for quiet, and then my cell phone rang. It was from an unknown number and I knew it was them.”

He ducked into the conference room, clutching a piece of paper with a few scribbled notes so he wouldn’t be at a complete loss for something to say. He tried to ignore his colleagues who kept staring through the glass, giving him weird looks and wondering why José was in the conference room, waiting to be judged by a panel of Canadian strangers.

“For this Uruguayan weekly news journal, I always do on Wednesday — deadline day for this Uruguayan weekly news journal,” he said.

Jose Peralta had email to say that deadline had been extended by a week. If I acted fast, I would have a shot.”

Then Anna Luengo sent me an email asking me to finish answering the question by email and I did.”

Meanwhile, in Toronto, more personal dramas were unfolding: City Hall bureau chief David Rider was exhausted after hearing the brunt of the Ford brothers’ rage over the Toronto Star’s coverage of the mayor, in those long weeks before the world knew there really was a crack video, back when people were openly accusing the Star of unfairly targeting Mayor Ford. David’s own boss thought he did it on purpose because I was so nervous. I was in the conference room, as if I were worthy of a coveted journalism fellowship at Massey College.

“I was freaking out, knowing about this magical fellowship that offered journalists a break from their punishing jobs. It was a fantasy moment, a whim, an excuse to stop working and focusing on the Ford brothers’ rage over the Toronto Star’s coverage of the mayor, in those long weeks before the world knew there really was a crack video, back when people were openly accusing the Star of unfairly targeting Mayor Ford. David’s own boss thought he did it on purpose because I was so nervous. I was in the conference room, as if I were worthy of a coveted journalism fellowship at Massey College.

“I was sure I’d blown it. Torture ended. I was sure I’d blown it. They would get back to him in a week.

“I back got to my office,” David said, “April Lindgren that I needed a break from writing a TV show pitch about the topic of the program was ‘Gender Agenda.’ But he was pacing nervously because any minute that call from Canada was about to come through. At the appointed time he went to the conference room and waited. The phone rang and the interview for the fellowship was underway. Then the phone crackled and went dead. “It happens a lot in Sierra Leone,” Amara said. “But he was pacing nervously because any minute that call from Canada was about to come through. At the appointed time he went to the conference room and waited. The phone rang and the interview for the fellowship was underway. Then the phone crackled and went dead. “It happens a lot in Sierra Leone,” Amara said.

“Mother was asking why her son’s paper was being snubbed by Rob Ford. “I was telling Ryerson journalism professor April Lindgren that I needed a break from the madness,” David said. “And more time with my kids.” “Apply for the Massey,” replied Lindgren, a former journalism fellow, noting wistfully that he had just missed the 2013-14 deadline. “By the time I back got to my office,” David said, “April had emailed to say that deadline had been extended by a week. If I acted fast, I would have a shot.”

A few blocks away at CBC headquarter, I was ignoring my own impending deadline for that evening’s National. I Googled “Massey Journalism Fellowship,” with the same idle weariness one might Google “Italian villa rentals” while waiting for the desk to call back and approve a script. I remembered hearing about this magical fellowship that offered journalists a break from their punishing jobs. It was a fantasy... CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

SUMMER 2014

ISSUED ONCE A YEAR BY, FOR AND ABOUT THE WILLIAM SOUTHAM JOURNALISM FELLOWS OF MASSEY COLLEGE

ALL PHOTOS THIS PAGE BY MILAN ILNYCKYJ

JOURNALISM FELLOWS JOSE PERALTA AND PARTNER ANA LAURA SPOSITO
The Owl

Reporters Without Deadlines

she said. 'Well, Véronique we are happy to welcome you to Massey College this September.'

'I am sorry, I didn’t hear well Anna, please, could you repeat?' 'Véronique you got it!' Shivers and deep breaths ...

Anna Luengo’s musical voice was bringing the same good news to the other future Fellows. David Rider was covering a Toronto City Council meeting.

"My cellphone rang and a woman with a lovely Trinidadian lilt said ‘Dave, it’s Anna, are you alone?’ I was so excited I didn’t even ask if she was being sexy. ‘There are about 300 people around me but go ahead,’ I said. I listened, closed my eyes and then gave a quiet scream of joy."

Back in Freetown, getting the fellowship turned out to be the easy part for Amara Bangura. He still needed a Canadian visa. The closest Canadian High Commission was an entire country away, in Accra, Ghana.

"The passport was still there. Finally Amara said. Finally, the visa was ready but it would take two weeks to mail it to Freetown. Three weeks later for the start of U of T classes, he flew to Accra with a new passport, hoping to pick up his old one with the previous visa, and then carry on to Canada. But when he got to the Accra office he was told the passport had already been shipped back to Freetown by courier, likely passing him in mid-air.

"I cried," he said. "I called Anna and said ‘I am fed up. I will just go back to Sierra Leone.’ Heartbroken, he stopped by the DHL, courier office the following day, just in case. The woman told him the packages had already shipped. ‘Now I am screwed,’ he thought. But fate intervened. The Sierra Leone shipment was late leaving. The passport was still there. Finally Amara could join the others in Toronto.

Once all the Fellows were finally gathered in the serene refuge behind the Massey College walls, far from the ringing phones and hammering deadlines, we all realized how incredibly lucky we were. We had the bizarre experience of hearing secrets and NOT telling the world."

"I have never before broken bread with important newsmakers and talked as people, solely to learn things, without thinking: ‘I have to tell other people’; ‘How can I get more out of them?’; ‘When can I file?’” David Rider said. "It felt strange at first, almost a betrayal of my craft, but I learned so much."

The weeks flew by — a kaleidoscope of conversation with junior fellows, senior fellows and Quadranglers, and breathtaking moments of wisdom and insight from scholars including Ursula Franklin. ‘That is among the most significant moments during my time at Massey,’ Jody Porter said.

There were the highs and lows, of tables and other things. ‘Where to start?’ José Peralta said. ‘Gowns, Graces and High Tables, as something I saw. An immense sense of community, as something I experienced.’

‘My fellows are as diverse, yet complementary, as a group could get,’ Véronique said. ‘I have no doubt that if we were stuck on a drowning boat, or a burning house, that we would help each other out. Also, we are a pure balance of caring independence.’

Any secrets to share from the year at Massey? ‘Yes, yes and yes,’ José said. ‘Of course!’ said David Rider. ‘We journalism fellows spout massive amounts of time together, in foreign countries where alcohol may even have been present. We bared our souls and, I’m sure, learned things that would surprise our spouses. No had secrets. Some good, some sad, all of them sexy.’

Really, David? Is it true that journalists, when they’re talking about themselves, are not as keen to spill the beans?

One cruel reality of the journalism fellowships is the fact that they eventually end. Abruptly. Bluntly. We heard in the distance, during those glorious days of questioning, studying and wondering, a clock ticking. Behind the Massey walls, in the glow from winter moonlight, we caught tantalizing glimpses of the insights we’d been seeking.

"I was putting away type in the print shop last week,” Jody said, "and for a moment I held t-e-a-t-h in my hands. Then I broke it down. That has been my Massey experience.”

Amara Bangura leaves Massey with a particular legacy few of his West African colleagues can match: a personal collection of toques, each field-tested in the worst Toronto winters in recent memory. His favourite looks like a Canadian flag.

"I want to show it to people when I’m old,” he says. ‘It’s part of my history; now.”
After 19 years at Massey College, there actually isn’t a lot to say, even for that worthy departing Master. Just a lot of thanks and one act of minor vanity.

Thanks, of course, to all the journalism fellows over all these years I have been here. I believe the number, both Canadian and foreign, is 99, and all of you have been my boon companions amidst this ocean of high scholarship. It always amused me that I left a profession that deployed the adjective “academic” rather negatively to describe a tribe of nitpickers or navel-gazers who brooded too long on esoterica, to join a profession that looked upon the word “journalistic” as something describing superficiality and sensationalism.

In the meetings between the representatives of both adjectives, there has been a lot of mutual discovery and corrections of misapprehensions. It has been a good discovery for both sides!

I’m happy that the powers-that-be (the new University of Toronto president, Meric Gertler) and the next Master (Hugh Segal) have kindly agreed to let me use Robert-Davies’ wonderful “retirement” suite in House III (where, in retirement, he wrote three books, numerous essays and a hell of a lot of letters). I shall stay away from it during the academic year 2014-2015 and hit the road with Elizabeth MacCallum (we are hungry to explore Africa), but shall return by the fall of 2015 and will look forward to visions from any and all of you if you are around this good place which has nourished and sustained us all in a whole variety of ways.

It was my good fortune to have landed at Massey College first as a Senior Fellow under Master Ann Saddlemyer in 1988 and then as her successor in 1995. The Founding Master, my mentor Roberson Davies, believed firmly in Carl Jung’s theory of “synchronicity” by which, as I understand it, if one leaves oneself open to the opportunities and mysteries of life, both opportunity and mystery will enter into it. That has been my happy case. I had a chance to make a difference to the troubled Southam Journalism program in the late 1990s when annual support for it was precipitously scrapped by the Asper family, whose members gave the journalistic instinct in a very special breed of person will never go away. That has been my happy case.

I also think it is interesting to learn about industries that are in a lot of flux and mystery will enter into it. That has been my happy case. I had a chance to make a difference to the troubled Southam Journalism program in the late 1990s when annual support for it was precipitously scrapped by the Asper family, whose members gave

“One Last Word (or Two)”

John Fraser

After 19 years at Massey College, there actually isn’t a lot to say, even for the worthy departing Master. Just a lot of thanks and one act of minor vanity.

Thanks, of course, to all the journalism fellows over all these years I have been here. I believe the number, both Canadian and foreign, is 99, and all of you have been my boon companions amidst this ocean of high scholarship. It always amused me that I left a profession that deployed the adjective “academic” rather negatively to describe a tribe of nitpickers or navel-gazers who brooded too long on esoterica, to join a profession that looked upon the word “journalistic” as something describing superficiality and sensationalism.

In the meetings between the representatives of both adjectives, there has been a lot of mutual discovery and corrections of misapprehensions. It has been a good discovery for both sides!

I’m happy that the powers-that-be (the new University of Toronto president, Meric Gertler) and the next Master (Hugh Segal) have kindly agreed to let me use Robert-Davies’ wonderful “retirement” suite in House III (where, in retirement, he wrote three books, numerous essays and a hell of a lot of letters). I shall stay away from it during the academic year 2014-2015 and hit the road with Elizabeth MacCallum (we are hungry to explore Africa), but shall return by the fall of 2015 and will look forward to visions from any and all of you if you are around this good place which has nourished and sustained us all in a whole variety of ways.

It was my good fortune to have landed at Massey College first as a Senior Fellow under Master Ann Saddlemyer in 1988 and then as her successor in 1995. The Founding Master, my mentor Roberson Davies, believed firmly in Carl Jung’s theory of “synchronicity” by which, as I understand it, if one leaves oneself open to the opportunities and mysteries of life, both opportunity and mystery will enter into it. That has been my happy case. I had a chance to make a difference to the troubled Southam Journalism program in the late 1990s when annual support for it was precipitously scrapped by the Asper family, whose members gave

Journalism Fellows invited to town to gown

News professionals spoke at popular weekly “salons”

David Rider

The Toronto Star’s Robyn Doolittle described sitting in a drug dealer’s car watching an iPhone video of her mayor smoking crack. Jonathan Goldsbie revealed how Twitter landed him a columnist gig. Alanis Obomsawin inspired NOW Magazine readers to open their eyes to the terrible plight of the aboriginals. Robyn Doolittle described sitting in a drug dealer’s car watching an iPhone video of her mayor smoking crack. Jonathan Goldsbie revealed how Twitter landed him a columnist gig. Alanis Obomsawin inspired NOW Magazine readers to open their eyes to the terrible plight of the aboriginals.

Journalism Fellow Kelly Crowe first suggested hosting informal weekly “salons.” She and her colleagues made it happen, inviting storytellers of all stripes to tell Massey community members about their work and take questions from around the table.

George M. Logan, a Senior Fellow and Queen’s University Professor Emeritus of English, was lured to the sessions by his interest in both current events and the critical role of good journalism in civil society. He said, “In the future, news and current affairs might be funded, produced and consumed… events and also on how journalists work and, especially, the problems they — and their employers — face in this era of unprecedentedly rapid change in the media platforms available for journalism and concurrent erosion of the traditional financial base for journalism.”

Sabrina Tang, a resident Junior Fellow, said exposure to journalists at Massey made her realize she didn’t understand how their business worked. The salon revealed the hard work and risks that go into producing good journalism, she said.

“I also think it is interesting to learn about industries that are in a lot of flux and what they are doing to adapt, but also what they are afraid of losing,” said the Masters of Health Science student in clinical engineering.

Brent Jolly, a resident junior fellow and business journalist, said the guests helped connect the Massey community while lifting the lid on day-to-day journalism.

Asked for his favourite guest, the political science student pointed to NFB filmmaker Obomsawin — “an incredible spirit who never accepts ‘no’ for an answer.”

Guests included one non-journalist — psychiatrist professor Dr. Anthony Feinstein, who showed his reveling documentary “Under Fire: Journalists in Combat” about the mental trauma experienced by war correspondents.

Other salon guests included:

• AmaraBangera, JournalismFellow,
  BBCMediaAction
• AndreaHouston,XtraMagazine
• PeterEdwards,TorontoStar
• TrudyLieberman,ColumbiaJournalismReview
• GreatAllen,authorofMakingNationalNews:AHistoryofCanadianPress
• NahredMustafa,CBC/Freelancer
• WendyMesley,CBC-TV
• KevinDonovan,TorontoStar
• IvanSemeniuk,TheGlobeandMail
• TimFalconer,RyersonSchoolofJournalism
• RobertSteiner,MuskFellowship
  inGlobalJournalismProgram
• EdwardKeesen,TheGrid
• ConnieWalker,CBCOnline
• HelenBranswell,TheCanadianPress
• JohnWhitten,CBCNews

The revived William Southam Journalism Program at Massey College, which tries hard to support, enlighten and sustain that breed, has good seats on the journey. Believe me: simply being able to deploy that metaphor (almost beyond its usefulness) in my final appearance as Master in The Owl, is a source of immense satisfaction and pride.

Thankyouagain,dearcolleagues,for joining me on the ride.

The revived William Southam Journalism Program at Massey College, which tries hard to support, enlighten and sustain that breed, has good seats on the journey. Believe me: simply being able to deploy that metaphor (almost beyond its usefulness) in my final appearance as Master in The Owl, is a source of immense satisfaction and pride.

Thank you again, dear colleagues, for joining me on the ride.
Between Havana and a hard place
BY JOSÉ PERALTA

Our first trip was to the wonderful Island of Cuba. We decided that going to be a bonding experience between us, as we had been told, to then face the whole academic year more united and close to each other.

The experience of four days in Havana, Cuba’s capital city, was extremely moving. We had the chance to walk through our little streets, taste similar neighborhoods and walk in the rain on the streets. We also went to the Museum of the Revolution and the Old City. And we had one mojito or two …

Overall, the political and social situation in Cuba is still hard. As the Spanish speaker of the group I did most of the talking with the locals and was astonished to hear that people still die attempting to escape the Island. In contrast to that the society itself where people smile, relentlessly, at adversity and dance their sorrows away.

Between Havana and a hard place

Political drama in Helsinki
BY JODY PORTER

We were sipping coffee and nibbling dessert after a tour of the Finnish Parliament. Green MP Oras Tynkkynen was saying, “Canada needs to be a great country,” and launching into an explanation of the ways Canada’s international reputation is being tarnished.

We leaned in, listening closely.

Suddenly the door flew open.
A man in a grey suit and pink tie rushed into the room and looked around expectantly. Tynkkynen abruptly stopped talking.

The director of communications for the Parliament gave up his seat in the middle of the table and Ilkka Kanerva sat down, as if expecting applause.

Kanerva is the former Foreign Affairs minister and Finland’s longest serving MP.

He immediately zeroed in on journalism fellow Amara Bangura, saying he must be “the one” who was not from Canada.

“Hello, how are things in Sierra Leone,” he asked, in a patronizing tone that made us all squirm.

Amara leaned away from the table, swung an arm over the back of his chair, sighed and said “It’s good”, leaving no doubt that would be the extent of his response.

Then Kanerva talked for about five minutes about nothing in particular.

We were relieved when our hosts said it was time to move on.

On our way out, they were apologetic. Kanerva was supposed to meet with us an hour earlier, we were told. Instead he showed up during Tynkkynen’s scheduled time.

That could have been chalked up a political ploy, but there was something else about the guy that jarred our journalistic instincts.

On the way to the next presentation, we discovered it.

A story in Der Spiegel informed us that Kanerva lost his post as Foreign Affairs minister after a sexting scandal with the leader of the ‘Scandinavian Dolls’ erotic dance troupe.

Sure he was no crack-smoking mayor, but after days of squeaky-clean Finnish positivity, it made us feel a little more at home to know Finland has its scoundrels too.
SUMMER 2014

What happens in the Dining Room …

A few scraps from the journalists’ lunch table

JODY PORTER

From a former sex trade worker to a former Prime Minister; from one of the country’s most conservative politicians to one of the world’s biggest champions of social justice, our lunch guests brought us perspectives that stretched the limits of our experience and our thinking. You could call it Extreme Dining.

The great food and formal setting was such a contrast to the feeding frenzy of a media scrum that it took a while for six seasoned reporters to get the hang of more conversational interrogation. The lunchtime discussions are off-the-record, but here are some highlights:

Bridgette Perrier spared few details about her former life, lured into the sex trade when she was a child growing up in Thunder Bay. (You could almost hear the former Masters’ portraits rattling on the wall at the explicitness of that lunch.) Bridgette’s experience shines a light on the growing concerns about missing and murdered Indigenous women in Canada.

In a reflective mood, former Prime Minister Paul Martin mused about the coalescing of western science and Indigenous worldviews, and asked us to weigh in on what that could mean for the environmental movement in Canada.

Former CBC foreign correspondent Brian Stewart had us spellbound with his stories and inspired by his optimism about the future of journalism, a much-needed antidote to the challenges facing the industry laid out by Torstar board chair John Honderich and CBC president Hubert Lacroix.

Doug Ford stood by his brother Rob, months before we knew whether either of them would be running for re-election. But it is clear that junior fellow Jennifer Kole didn’t take any campaign advice from the Fords when she later ran for Don of Hall. At lunch, Doug begged Jen to join the conversation and ask him a question. Her silence said a lot.

Ursula Franklin also sat quietly through a lunch with the German Consul General in January, but then she let us have it after the coffee was served. Her eloquent, impassioned critique of the weak response to government attacks on science left most of our chins on the table. Her willingness to spend time with us, and share her wisdom is a highlight of the fellowship. May future journalism fellows be so lucky.

Other lunch guests included:

• Former Senior Journalism Fellow Abraham Rotstein
• Toronto Star columnist Haroon Siddiqui
• Greenpeace campaigner Richard Brooks
• Freelance journalist Laura Robinson
• German Consul General Walter Stechel
• Director of the Canada Centre for Global Security Studies and the Citizen Lab at the Munk School of Global Affairs, Ron Deibert
• Senior Journalism Fellow Robert Johnson
• Mathematics Professor Emeritus Chandler Davis, who was jailed in the U.S. during the McCarthy era
• Artist and environmental activist Franke James
• Jack Diamond, architect
• City of Toronto Ombudsman Fiona Crean
• Finnish Ambassador Charles Murto
• Toronto mayoral candidate Karen Stintz
• Journalist Tony Burman
• Director of the Program on Water Issues at the Munk School of Global Affairs, Adele Hurley
• Truth and Reconciliation Commission executive director Kimberly Murray
Putting on our thinking caps

Acknowledgements
The Owl is an annual publication by, for and about the William Southam Journalism Fellowship Program. David Rider edited the 2014 edition, with the assistance of Amara Bangura, Kelly Crowe, Véronique Morin, José Peralta and Jody Porter.

Layout and production by Diana McNally.

We are grateful for the support of the University of Toronto, the centre of the late St. Clair Balfour, Lisa Balfour Bowers and Hillier Bower, Chris Balfour and Mimi McDonald, the Fisher family and the Atia Foundation, the R. Howard Webster Foundation, the J.W. McConnell Family Foundation, Thomas Kierans and Mary Janigan in memory of Val Ross, CBC/Radio Canada, Scotiabank and for the generosity of past Journalists Fellows.

Thanks to the Foreign Office of the Federal Republic of Germany, the German Consulate and Emby and the Goethe Institute for organizing and hosting our trip to Germany with special thanks to Ambassador Werner Wnendt, Consul General Balfour Bowen and Walter Bowen, Clair Balfour and the estate of the late St. Clair Balfour, Lisa Godfrey.

Thanks to the Finnish Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Embassy of Finland for organizing and hosting our trip to Finland with special thanks to His Excellency, Ambassador Charles Matsu, Ann Stibbe, Laura McGowan and our excellent guides in Finland, Inkeri Virtanen and Ina Hanso. Finally, we owe a debt of gratitude to everyone at Massey College who so generously enriched our year: the Junior and Senior Fellows, Liz Haye, Eric Schapmurt, Timbeka Ntloko, Amela Marin, Jill Clark, Danilo Druzglo, Greg Ceron and Darlene Nannan. Our special thanks go to Master John Finster and Elizabeth MacCallum, Robert Johnston and Anna Louengo.

We asked each fellow about their experience:

1. What was the most memorable place you visited?

Kelly Crowe: The fellowship exceeded all of my expectations. It occurred to me, sitting in the leafy Quadrangle on a warm October day between classes, at an hour when I would normally be trapped at my desk, filling madly, that I hadn’t appreciated just how rare an opportunity this would be when I first applied. I had never imagined I would one day be spending afternoons sitting in a library, sun streaming through the window, reading the original writings of Galileo, Newton and Einstein, for the sheer joy of learning. From the need to write an essay, pass an exam or file a two-minute item for that night’s television newscast.

For eight months I was able to follow my curiosity as I led me down so many thinking paths, and I often found myself lost in the stacks of the Robarts Library, my arms aching from the pile of books I had stumbled upon as I searched for a particular volume. I will certainly miss that library card.

Amara Bangura: I got far more than what I was expecting. The High Tables, Winter Ball and Massey Talks were not in my dreams when I applied for the fellowship but they were all part of what made my fellowship a wonderful one.

José Peralta: No. It was much more than that. My expectations were high but the experience turned out to be even better!

Jody Porter: All the former fellows I talked to said Massey was the best year of their lives. I didn’t believe them, until I got there. Far exceeded my expectations.

Véronique Morin: In many ways, the fellowship turned out to be different than I anticipated. I thought I would “unplug” for 8 months, instead I got more connected than ever. The balance between social gatherings and intellectual work was a pleasant surprise and part of the mind-opening experience.

David Rider: I expected a great mind-broadening experience and a break from deadline madness. Most surprising was the chance to bond intensely, and make friends for life, with five people I would otherwise have never met.

2. What was your favourite course and why?

Kelly: My favourite course was Philosophy of Physics, taught by the amazing professor James Brown. I have long held an interest in the background to really grasp the mind-bending theories. I was hoping to find a tolerant professor who would let me fumble along trying to wrap my brain around the theory, even though I could never hope to follow the mathematical calculations. Enter Professor Brown, announcing that the theories of mathematics and physics are among the “great achievements of humanity” and a “truly cultured person would know the basics of Einstein’s special relativity just as they would know Shakespeare or Beethoven.” He then proceeded to teach us that beautiful theory in a single two-hour class. Likewise with Cantor’s diagonal proof, something I was thrilled to learn although it’s rather hard to fit into a conversation.

Véronique: All my courses were valuable, but my favourite was a Research Ethics seminar with Trude Meekers. The content was extremely valuable, and I was also impressed by the attendance — health care professionals, doctors, midwives, hospital administrators, people with tremendous experience and gut-wrenching questions.

David: Freedom of Expression and the Press taught by the brilliant David Lepofsky — I read 200 pages per week and tried to keep up with 3rd- and 4th-year law students. Every class felt like I was going into a knife fight I loved it.

3. What was your favourite place at U of T?

Kelly: The Laidlaw Library at University College became my go-to hideaway, with its cathedral ceilings and high windows. It was blissfully quiet and close enough to Massey College that I could slip away for some reading and yet get back in time for whatever Massey event popped up next on the calendar. And there was always something fascinating happening at Massey that I did not want to miss.

Amara: My favourite place would be New College, there’s a bar just on the side of the street where colleagues and I would catch up after class to sip wine and discuss our course work. They actually owe me a $5 wine charge that I suppose to collect before leaving.

José: Well Massey ranks very high, specially the round room. Another place I loved was the Victoria College.

Jody: The roof of House I.

Véronique: Ondasjke hall, where I loved meeting fellows, professors, great minds and spirited people.

David: The Junior Common Room. Setting down there with a coffee and my books or a newspaper, chatting with other Massey folks or visitors, was like a day at the (intellectual) spa.
Imagine a job where only the words matter; where your hands get too dirty and the rhythm of your work too entrancing that, for hours, it’s impossible to even consider consulting your smart phone. I found such a refuge in the Massey College print shop. No one can remember the last time a journalism fellow apprenticed in the ‘bib’ room. For me it made perfect sense. The physicality of the work was a balm for days spent spinning stories into air in the ‘real’ world of radio journalism. The press, after all, is the foundation of our craft. I handled actual ‘slugs’, set type from both the ‘lower’ and the ‘upper’ cases and made certain when I ‘put it to bed’ not to go past the ‘deadline’. The smell of ink, the ‘kiss’ of the press and the sweet satisfaction of turning words into art are among my fondest Massey memories.

Massey After Dark
College goes bump (and grind) in the night

It happens now and then that, when the lights go off, other things go on. During this Massey College 50th anniversary, The Owl can report celebrations of all sorts at all hours. Master Fraser duly warned us. He has, over the years, stumbled upon trysts in the Junior Common Room, study carrels — even the chapel. Rather than cough discreetly and walk away, he would stand over them and say something both stern and witty, triggering screams and dashes to dorms. We like to think he then adjusted his bowtie.

Here is the result of The Owl’s nocturnal observations.

High Tables have a twin (some say “evil”) sister named Low Tables. A chance for Junior Fellows and other participants to converse and drink in a relaxed environment. Such dorm parties spark “After Dark” magic. People vanish together only to reappear an hour later. Party hosts make all but one guest disappear from their room.

While undoubtedly special, however, such connections were not restricted to special occasions. Journalists who made Massey home had cause to roam hallways and passages at all hours. We spied junior fellows slip out of each other’s rooms to make the “walk of shame” home, and heard strange noises emanate from the computer room. Prime perches for The Owl’s “After Dark” observations were the upper and lower libraries. They provide excellent space for fellows to research and write papers, with perfect quiet and comfortable chairs. They are also excellent rendezvous spots.

Their tracks led to the aforementioned computer room and carrels. The laundry room is also, like those spots, often unlit. That results in some energy saved, and other energy expended.

In conclusion, we advise future fellows to tread carefully, cough loudly and, in the morning, just smile and nod.

BY JODY PORTER

The Owl
— Journalism Fellow travels back in time —