



Discovery film shoot got more use out of the college's common areas than did residents and staff of the institution.

Still, while the physical spaces of Massey had to be largely abandoned through the pandemic, the business of the college couldn't be left to the same fate. This was no easy feat. For an institution where fellowship has been largely characterized by tradition and locality, the Massey experience had to be given a sudden and risky reinvention.

"Massey is a place where we say people and ideas interact. Traditionally that has been linked to having a beautiful surrounding that everyone could enjoy, and good food where people could be together," said Principal Nathalie Des Rosiers.

"Once this was gone, I felt my role and the role of the staff was to reimagine Massey in a virtual environment, so we don't lose the community."

*"There is no way to replicate what being in-person feels like ... the chit chat, the schmoozing. That's what gets lost," said Alyssa Ginsburg, digital events and social media coordinator, who was hired in January to beef up the college's cyberspace portfolio. "But you can replicate the before and after interactivity."*

However, instead of looking for temporary workarounds, Des Rosiers said the college tried to embrace the pandemic as an opportunity to accelerate changes to Massey's programming that were on the agenda anyway.

One of the first was the creation of the Massey Dialogues, regular online events in which senior academics join at least one junior fellow to discuss a topic of public interest. The dialogues maintain the interdisciplinarity Massey covets but adds an intergenerational component, while also giving junior fellows an opportunity to develop their skills of speaking publicly and appearing on camera, Des Rosiers said.

Accompanying this was a major expansion of Massey's YouTube site, which provided the platform for the Dialogues, Press Club and other events to be carried live. Viewers from anywhere, not just Toronto, could take part and ask questions of the presenters. By the end of the academic year, recordings of some 150 events were

## Keeping Massey Going

By Keith Gerein

The common areas of Massey College were eerily empty during the 2020-21 academic year.

COVID-19 made sure there were no high tables — or group meals of any kind — in the Ondaatje dining hall. Roaring fires in the JCR were a rarity. Gatherings in the upper library were left to the ghosts.

Such was the weirdness of 2020-21 that actors dressed as Vulcans and Kelpiens for a week-long Star Trek:

featured on the site, offering a valuable digital archive for anyone to re-watch or catch up on discussions they missed.

*"Massey is a place where we say people and ideas interact. Traditionally that has been linked to having a beautiful surrounding that everyone could enjoy, and good food where people could be together," said Principal Nathalie Des Rosiers.*

Likewise, virtual technology was also applied to non-public events such as high tables and the Winter Gaudy. For the final two high tables of the spring term, breakout rooms were used on Zoom to allow small groups of Massey-ites to engage with each other rather than acting as passive observers. Though hardly perfect, it was the best the college could do to foster the conversations and connections that are often the hallmark of Massey events.

"There is no way to replicate what being in-person feels like ... the chit chat, the schmoozing. That's what gets lost," said Alyssa Ginsburg, digital events and social media coordinator, who was hired in January to beef up the college's cyberspace portfolio. "But you can replicate the before and after interactivity."

That said, administrators knew that keeping all those brains fed was only half the challenge. College stomachs also needed nourishment, so in the early days of the pandemic, staff rushed to come up with new protocols to make sure food services and housekeeping continued as safely as possible.

"Uncertainty brings some different challenges," Des Rosiers said. "Everybody thinks they are public health experts and they all have opinions, and you realize some people are more risk averse than others."

On-the-fly innovations included creating one-way directions of travel through the dining hall, new signage on the floors and walls, plexiglass dividers on tables and serving stations, portable sanitizing units, new occupancy limits and the use of takeout containers. Many, many takeout containers.

At a few points, meals were delivered to the doors of residents forced to isolate after travel or close contact with a COVID-positive patient. Staffing changes provided a further headache, as the college looked for ways to cope with revenue challenges fueled by a lack of facility bookings.

Head Steward Greg Cerson, who has worked at Massey since 1998, said the most difficult obstacle of the year was adapting to the changing circumstances of the pandemic. Just as caseloads ebbed and flowed in Toronto, public health rules also fluctuated.

"The biggest challenge has been trying to stay one step ahead," Cerson said. "You have to be prepared for just about anything."

Again, such efforts seemed to pay off. A combination of the safety protocols, collective diligence from students and staff, and perhaps a bit of luck ensured that no COVID-19 outbreak occurred at Massey during the 2020-21 academic year.

"We've had our stressful days and our less stressful days," said Kelly Gale, Massey's building manager, whose 32nd year at the college was by far the most unusual. "It's not business as usual, but business is safe."

*"We've had our stressful days and our less stressful days," said Kelly Gale, Massey's building manager, whose 32nd year at the college was by far the most unusual. "It's not business as usual, but business is safe."*

Still, while Massey can applaud its resilience, residents and staff can also be forgiven for hoping that it won't be necessary much longer. Everyone is looking forward to the day a sense of college normalcy returns, and community members can again assemble together, share a meal and discuss ideas face-to-face.

However, when in-person events do resume, some innovations brought about by the pandemic will continue to have a presence.

The college plans to keep going with the Massey Dialogues well after COVID-19 is a memory, while some high tables and other events are likely to be "hybrid" affairs that will offer a combination of online and in-person activity. Though it took a pandemic to act as the catalyst, 2020-21 saw Massey finally join the digital age.

"I am very much in the mind of Build Back Better. We don't have to re-create the same thing we had," said Des Rosiers.





# Learning Anishinaabemowin in the time of *gchi-aakoziwin*, the great sickness

By Duncan McCue

photo credit: Dewey Chang

Every morning, in my Toronto apartment, I roll out of bed and log in to the virtual classroom of Isadore Toulouse, broadcasting from his desktop in northern Michigan.

The unfailingly cheery Isadore greets his students with a big smile, live from the tribal offices of the Grand Traverse Band of Ottawa and Chippewa Indians. He hoists his mug to the camera.

*Wenesh eminikwed mkadeyaaboo enso-kizheb?* he asks. Who drinks coffee every morning?

The chat stream overflows with responses.

*Nbishgendaan mkadeyaaboo.* I like coffee.  
*Kaawiin. Niminikwe niibiishaaboo.* No. I drink tea.

Isadore slurps appreciatively. *Nahow. Miisa ji-maajtaaying...* Okay. So, we'll begin...

This was the unexpected and welcome side-effect of the COVID-19 pandemic for me — my home filled with the sound of Anishinaabemowin, the language of my ancestors that I do not speak.

Dedicating myself to the study of Anishinaabemowin was

my goal for the Massey College fellowship. After three years of evening classes at the Native Canadian Centre, my language learning had stalled. I hoped time away from work, and enrolling in the Anishinaabemowin course at the University of Toronto would at least jumpstart my grammar and vocabulary.

During my interview, I recall a jury member asking, "Is Massey College the best place to learn Anishinaabemowin?"

No, I answered truthfully. An immersion environment would be better. But that would mean uprooting to some far-off Anishinaabeg community where I could have steady access to fluent speakers. So long as I call the city home, classes at the friendship centre and university would have to do.

Then *gchi-aakoziwin* — the great sickness — turned everything upside down, driving everyone online.

## ***Eboozibiigejig — the ones who log in***

By the time the fellows arrived at Massey, six months into the pandemic, Indigenous language teachers across

Turtle Island had pivoted to online learning. Most offered their courses free to anyone, anywhere.

I signed up for Introduction to Anishinaabemowin at U of T, only to discover it was Oji-Cree, distinctly different from my community's dialect. I dropped it, because, amazingly, I had access to more synchronous Anishinaabemowin classes than I could fit into a week.

Isadore's lessons became my favourite. His 60-minute daily sessions were repetitive, designed to stick. There were dozens of us, *eboozibiigejig* — the ones who log in. Isadore marvelled at where we connected from: as far away as France and Mexico, and all over *Anishinaabek* — what we call the vast Ojibway territory that spans the Great Lakes region.

In the depths of winter, as everyone grappled with lack of human contact, Isadore remained buoyant.

"I notice a resurgence of our people teaching online and it's a great feeling," he told us.

On top of my regular class with Toronto teacher Ninaatig Staats-Pangowish, now on Zoom, I joined James Shawana in classes provided by the Mississaugas of the Credit First Nation. I attended a course with Memegwesi Sutherland of the Minneapolis American Indian Centre and another taught semi-weekly by Barbara Nolan of the Good Learning Anywhere network.

In the Before Times, I couldn't leave work to travel to Bawating (Sault Ste. Marie) for the annual conference of Anishinaabemowin Teg, an organization dedicated to promoting and teaching the Ojibway language. This winter, I joined a couple hundred folks in two virtual gatherings, featuring wall-to-wall presentations by *emkowaataagozijig*, those who share their knowledge.

Some told *aadsookaanan*, sacred stories. Others explained *mzinaabka'ganan*, rock paintings. *Ngii-chi-baapimin* — we laughed a lot — which made the dreary isolation of the pandemic a bit more bearable.

### ***Revitalizing Anishinaabemowin***

Still, it's hard to ignore the silvering hair of most fluent speakers at these Anishinaabemowin gatherings. The language is classified as "severely endangered" by the UNESCO Atlas of World Languages.

In a University of Toronto linguistics course, I learned that languages are rapidly disappearing around the globe. On average, a language goes silent every two weeks. Experts predict up to 90 per cent of the world's 7,000 languages may no longer be spoken by the end of this century.

It's a gloomy picture, but there's been a dramatic sea change in attitudes toward endangered languages in the past 20 years. We studied the success of Maori and Hawaiians in bringing back their native tongues, and discussed the pros and cons of revitalization strategies such as immersion schools, language nests and master/apprentice programs.

Make no mistake, revitalizing a language is an uphill battle. *The Guinness Book of Records* once listed Anishinaabemowin as the most complex language in the world. For adult learners such as me, it's an even tougher slog.

*However, I now appreciate fluency isn't the be-all and end-all. Language connects us to our identities. For some, the ability to pray, sing a lullaby, introduce oneself or create a funny language meme is enough. Studies show that Indigenous communities with strong language and culture programs have lower rates of suicide and diabetes, and higher graduation rates.*

I started the year as a low novice, speaking mostly memorized words and phrases, unable to sustain a conversation. I'm progressing to intermediate, speaking in short but complete sentences,

and able to ask questions. I might make an entertaining luncheon companion for a three-year-old who speaks Anishinaabemowin.

However, I now appreciate fluency isn't the be-all and end-all. Language connects us to our identities. For some, the ability to pray, sing a lullaby, introduce oneself or create a funny language meme is enough. Studies show that Indigenous communities with strong language and culture programs have lower rates of suicide and diabetes, and higher graduation rates.

Virtual classrooms can't replace immersion settings. But the pandemic accelerated the use of technology in Indigenous language revitalization, forcing teachers to innovate, connecting beginner speakers with language keepers like never before, all of us checking to see if our mics are working. *Ginoondawim na? Ginoondawim na?* Can you hear me?

Heads nod, thumbs go up.

*Enh, ginoondawigoo!* Yes, we hear you!

I like to think our ancestors are happily nodding, saying the same.



# My Journey to Rest

By Nana aba Duncan

I have wanted to lie down and sleep since I started hosting a weekend morning show. I took the job as host of *Fresh Air* on CBC Radio because it was an opportunity to interview and produce stories, which wasn't possible when I was hosting a national countdown show for CBC Music.

I knew I'd be missing out on time with my two-year-old and four-year-old, which would affect the whole family, but I was determined to do the gig. And even when I realized I wasn't getting the right production support during the first year, I still wanted to do the job.

Over time, as my sleeping patterns got worse, my parenting suffered and my waistline widened from bad eating habits. I wanted out. I wanted to stop having to answer the incessant weekly question of What Are We Going To Put On The Show. Truthfully, I was feeling boxed in by the parameters of the position — and I had my sights set on something higher.



Leadership as a career path in journalism was a consideration that came to me in the form of a surprise mentor. For five years, Heather Conway served as executive vice president at CBC's English Language services. We got to know each other when I was co-chair of DiversifyCBC, an employee resource group for people of colour with over 300 members.

Some time after she left CBC, Heather and I met for lunch. She wondered whether I wanted to continue hosting or find a path in leadership. I hesitated to identify with the term. How could I, a mere morning show host, become a leader?

Still, with her confidence and the support of a few women I call my Media Girlfriends, the seed was planted. When I applied for the William Southam Journalism Fellowship, I proposed researching the experience of racialized leaders in Canadian media. My focus was personal. I hadn't witnessed or worked on a team with a Black woman leading.

Yet my desire for the fellowship had another facet. I emailed my application with hope and weary ambition, fantasizing about sleeping in until a luxurious 6 a.m. with the kids rather than the punishing 4 a.m. for the show.

When I learned I had been accepted, I fantasized even more about the time I would have. I imagined long walks around campus and long lunches with other fellows, while meeting new people who enrich me beyond the seven or eight minutes I had on air with guests. I also projected a healthier self; a woman who had time to take a yoga class in the middle of the day and visit friends I hadn't often seen due to my early radio mornings.

Of course, the pandemic popped the bubble of those dreams. It was sad to know my upcoming year at Massey College could be made so much smaller.

Then the world witnessed the death of George Floyd, and my life went into overdrive. After years of not speaking out about my experience as a Black person and journalist, it was time to talk. It was time to reveal to my colleagues what I'd kept inside, and it was time to request that my employer do something about it.

I reflected the moment from my perspective on air, became more vocal on social media, and with a group of other Black employees, I issued a call to action to CBC's president.

I fielded calls to appear on TV shows, Zoom panels and radio, and to comment for newspapers. I took a strong

position at work meetings and with my own production team on how to approach stories. I spoke in measured tones, I cried, I suppressed anger and frustration, and sometimes I let it out.

To say it took a toll would be an understatement. After realizing I was exhausted beyond belief, I took a short leave from CBC, a few months before the scheduled "down time" at Massey.

But then the idea of slowing down seemed hard to fathom. How could I rest, when I felt a responsibility to do something about racism in Canadian journalism?

For Tricia Hershey, rest is a form of resistance. She is the founder of an Atlanta-based organization called The Nap Ministry, which examines the liberating power of naps. It also characterizes sleep deprivation as a racial and social justice issue.

In an interview with NPR, Hershey said that when she facilitates workshops about the power of resting, she tells people, "it's resistance; it's reparations; you can lay down; you've done enough; this is a connection to our ancestors." She said the responses involve a lot of tears and comments like, "I've never thought of that, but yes, I'm exhausted. I'm tired. I would love to lay down."

I, too, would love to lay down. The concept gives me calm, providing some permission I cannot give myself, while holding on to the idea that I am still working for a cause.

However, being taught by Ghanaian parents to aim high, work hard and keep going, my well-trained psyche wonders if a nap is a form of giving up.

Listening to my therapist and other Black women who have shared a similar type of exhaustion, I can return to a truth that rest is part of the resistance, in that I will only be able to continue fighting for what I believe if I take a break already.

Now our year has ended at Massey, and I have made the major decision to leave CBC altogether for a new position in academia. I asked my husband, a real truth-teller, if he thinks I've rested. He responded, "Define rested." And so it appears I have work to do.

Still, this year has been absolutely life-changing. Of course, the long walks have been on my own and the midday yoga sessions have been on Zoom. But my mission for better inclusion and diversity in journalism remains, and I still intend to lie down.



# The winter was not cold

By Wa Lone

Being accepted into the journalism fellowship program at Massey College was a tremendous honour. It meant a trip overseas to Toronto. A chance to audit classes at the university. An opportunity to learn from experts. But when I received my visa last fall and told my friends that I was going to Canada, they immediately exclaimed: "You will be very cold there!"

I am a journalist from Myanmar. I have covered a wide range of difficult stories, such as land grabs by the military regime, and systematic and premeditated murders by soldiers in the country's north. My reporting on the ethnic cleansing of Rohingya Muslims in 2017 won several journalism awards, including the Pulitzer Prize for International Reporting. While reporting on the Rohingya, my colleague and I were arrested by the Myanmar Police and later sentenced to seven years in prison on charges under the Official Secrets Act. After 511 days in jail, we were freed by a presidential

amnesty.

For decades, my country was ruled by a brutal and repressive military government that controlled every facet of our lives. During this time, thousands of pro-democracy activists were thrown in jail for resisting the military dictatorship. This was the Myanmar in which I grew up.

In 2010, Myanmar began to open up. The country's leader, Aung San Suu Kyi, who had spent years under house arrest for opposing the junta, was released and elections were held. International sanctions on the country were lifted and that was followed by the expansion of other freedoms, including the removal of strict media censorship regulations. Hopes soared inside the country and around the world that Myanmar was transitioning to a democratic society. But there were problems.

As society opened up, ethnic and religious violence erupted. In the restive regions of Myanmar's north,

rebel groups clashed with the military. In Rakhine State, Buddhist extremists targeted Muslims. Hundreds died in communal clashes. That culminated in August 2017 with the ethnic cleansing of more than 700,000 Rohingya Muslims by the military, who engaged in arson, mass rape and killings.

The government's failure to come to terms with the atrocities has compounded the injustice of criminal acts, exposed the fragility of Myanmar's civil society safeguards and the rule of law, including freedom of the press, and threatened its potential for economic development and a transition to full democracy.

As part of the fellowship program, I enrolled in several political science classes. After a quarantine period in Toronto, I had a rare chance to attend a class in person on Democracy and Ethnic Conflicts taught by Professor Jacques Bertrand. Sadly, it was the only one. Classes immediately reverted to an online format and I didn't have the opportunity to get to know any of my classmates. Most of the time, I sat alone in front of my computer and hesitated to go out because of the COVID-19 restrictions.

As for the other fellows in the journalism program, our main connection was Thursday lunches on Zoom. We shared information about ourselves, and it was a great opportunity for me to learn from experts about Canadian politics, social and economic issues, as well as health and environmental issues.

During the first semester, I didn't really encounter any difficulties apart from the high volume of reading material. I followed the stay-at-home order and only left my apartment on weekends to buy groceries.





Then one night I was woken up by my friend's multiple phone calls. I was surprised at the news he shared: "Tatmadaw carried out a coup in the country! They arrested many people."

Tatmadaw is the Burmese name for the Myanmar army. Early in the morning of February 1, 2021, the military overthrew the elected government while the people of Myanmar were asleep, and a state of emergency was declared in the country for a year. I quickly took a seat at my computer and began reporting.

The people of Myanmar realized that their country had once again returned to a dictatorship under repressive military rule. Hundreds of thousands of people across the nation were out on the street for protests against the military regime. Many used a three-finger gesture from the Hunger Games to signal their defiance.

Military soldiers and police reacted with a brutal crackdown, killing nearly 1,000 people, including children, over half a year after the coup on February 1st. Many of the victims were shot in the head. Families were told to remove the dead bodies of their loved ones a day after they were taken alive from their homes.

Besides those killed, over 5,000 have been detained, including Aung Suu Kyi and her cabinet. The detainees included doctors and teachers, actors and singers, journalists and other civilians who took part in daily protests, according to figures from the Assistance Association for Political Prisoners (AAPP).

I called my friends and family in Myanmar frequently; we discussed the crisis and what they experienced on a daily basis. I sobbed at times as I listened to their suffering and daily hardship. I felt their deep sadness and rage.

I have a friend who is like a sister to me. She often sent me food while I was incarcerated. I have kept in close touch with her and her family in Yangon ever since I was released from prison.

We communicate with each other on Facebook messenger. She told me quietly in a call that, "We must win this time." I admire her resolve even though I completely understand how frustrated and powerless she may feel. Once, she messaged me in the middle of the night to say she had trouble sleeping alongside her two little daughters after soldiers came to her neighborhood to arrest people. The next day, she learned some people were taken by soldiers during the night raids and were beaten in front of their children.

Since the coup began, I have worked from home, making numerous phone calls to Myanmar to report on the hundreds of people who have been killed. I contact their families for interviews. I go to bed late and wake up late like I did in Myanmar. Truth to be told, I feel as if I'm still living in Myanmar, even though I live on campus here in Toronto.

I have a vivid memory of when I was in prison. An inmate who I befriended, and who was a political prisoner, wrote on the concrete wall of his cell in red paint: "If you ignore injustice, it will soon reach your doorstep."

For decades, injustice has destroyed the lives of many people who live in border regions populated by ethnic groups, such as the Rohingya. Now it has been causing severe problems for all of Myanmar's people.

I cannot ignore what is happening in my country under the repressive military regime. I will never be silent as long as there is injustice. I have been laser-focused on the devastating crisis, which has filled my heart with grief and sorrow – a focus so deep that I could not even feel the cold of my first Canadian winter, although it was freezing outside.







# A Girl, Her Dream and a Pandemic

By Emefa Nancy Dzradosi

I've spent days trying to figure out where exactly I should start. Don't get me wrong, I know what I want to talk about but I'm trying to find the perfect place to begin.

As I write this, my friend Dela's WhatsApp message pops up, and there, dear reader, provides my answer.

Dela is a fellow journalist in Ghana. In April 2020, she sent me a link for the Gordon N. Fisher / JHR Fellowship at Massey College. I replied with, "Thanks I'll check it out."

Deep down, I felt I wasn't ready. That I was still just a girl, a baby journalist yet to reach the top of the ladder. I'll wait and do more stories before I apply for this someday, I thought.

Just after I had all these things popping in my brain, Dela replied again: "Emefa apply o, this is for you."

So I quickly opened the link, read all the requirements and somehow felt drawn to it. It may sound weird, but I'm a very intuitive person! I had all my documents ready within two weeks but I had to ask a friend to hit the send button for me because I was super nervous.

Now I leave it to the universe, I thought to myself. At least I tried.

Approximately a month later I received an email congratulating me for being short-listed. Look, let me say this, I didn't expect it but there I was! The fellowship committee wanted to interview me. It was just days away and I had to prepare.

I remember my friend Karim prepping me on how to answer some questions. He believed in me and kept saying, "You've got this."

If there's anything I am good at, it's exuding confidence in interviews. I always leave a long-lasting memory in the minds of the interviewers. I was ready to nail this one (I'm still modest haha).

I remember getting back to my friends Karim and JooJo, telling them how it went. They told me I was going to get it. I'd smile and say, "Don't let it get into my thick skull and get disappointed."

When I received the email with the first word that said "Congratulations," it took a while to internalize it.

Am I going to be a fellow? Travel on an airplane for the first time? Meet the best journalists in Canada? Live at Massey College? And most importantly study at arguably that country's best university?

It was surreal. I'm just a girl who had dreams, and now it looks like everything I ever dreamt of is becoming a reality, I thought.

Let me confess that I currently have tears flowing down my cheeks as I write this. Reliving the moments now makes me cherish my journey and how far I've come.

I called my kid brother David and asked him to gather my parents and my kid sister Lydia around.

The room was dead silent, but when I told them the news, my very dramatic mom was the first to scream. I've made my family proud at different points in my life but this moment will live with me. The excitement, the scream, and love were overwhelming.

I began my visa application process in June 2020 and was looking forward to getting it approved before the start of school in September.

This didn't happen, but I was OK since classes were going to be online anyways.

So was my first meeting with the journalism fellows. It felt so surreal. I even had to announce at the meeting that I was the youngest, but it turned out I wasn't the only millennial. I was in the room (virtually) with renowned journalists who have spent years telling stories and

making a difference in Canada, Thailand, and Myanmar.

I had a lot of learning and unlearning to do when I challenged myself to take courses in gender studies and social justice.

But what made my classes even more fun were the countless times I had Internet challenges!

Professor Michelle Murphy announced to everyone, "Can we all turn off our videos so that Emefa can join the class without facing Internet issues?" I felt terrible for being the reason people couldn't see the faces of their classmates, but those gestures meant so much to me.

Because of the time zone difference, classes often ended at 1:30 a.m. for me. I'm not going to lie, there were days I dozed off in those classes and got caught by the professor.

Just like me, I'm sure you're waiting for my first-time airplane experience. Let me tell you, it was filled with drama!

After I finally got my visa, I was scheduled to leave Ghana on Feb. 26, 2021, but guess who was turned away at the airport. Yes, it was me!

My parents, siblings, and three friends had showed up to bid me farewell. It was emotional for me until I was told I couldn't travel because they needed another document.

I wasn't even furious, I was just shocked as I stood there and watched my flight take off.

I finally gathered some courage and walked out of the departure hall and there were my people waiting wipe my tears, but there were no tears to wipe.

"I'm so hungry now and I want to eat Jollof rice," I said.

My parents were surprised I wasn't bothered. Deep down I was, but I had to be strong.

Emily Mockler, our coordinator, once again had to rebook my flight. This time I decided to look dapper! I was certain that nothing was going to stop me. And it didn't.

Let me skip all the parts and tell you about the takeoff! Just promise not to laugh.

Once I was on board, I told the man sitting by me: "Hi my name is Emefa, this is my first time on a plane, so forgive me if I scream or hold you tight when the plane is taking off or landing."

Mr Antwi had a good laugh, and said, "You'll be fine and I'll help you through it!"

It wasn't scary as I thought! I looked outside the window and asked myself, "That's it?"

As I write this, I've been in Canada for a month, and I always get the fellows telling me, "It's good you missed winter." Sometimes I want to bite their heads off because I wanted to experience it.

However, on the days I step out even in my fully dressed jacket, boots and cap, I'm thankful I missed it.

I come from a country that hardly goes below 20 C! It's now 9 C here. It's cold! I don't know how I'd have managed in the negative temperatures.

Maybe that was the universe's plan after all.

I'm tempted to talk about my difficulties adapting to Canadian food, but not today. Haha, take it from me it was a struggle. I can tell you for a fact that I'm the only fellow at Massey College who cooks every week!

Is this the last you're going to hear from me? No. Because the girl's full potential has not been realized yet!





photo credit: Dewey Chang

# A year apart

By Leslie Young

**T**his year, we got to know our own reflections. We stared back at ourselves through the Zoom screen, which for much of the year, was our window on the world. Staying connected was a challenge that the Massey College community, and people around the world, had to face.

We started the year with optimism, and a socially distanced welcome ceremony in the courtyard. A handful of classes were still held in person, in lecture halls far too big for the number of students. The journalism fellows had a couple of lunches in the upper library, where we shouted to each other across the room, and removed our masks for bites of curry and sips of tea from disposable paper cups.

But as the year went on, slowly, all these venues closed. Around Thanksgiving, in-person classes moved online. Live events at Massey became more infrequent, then disappeared entirely as we entered lockdown in Toronto.

I got to know the tiny room of my rented apartment very well, just as I got to know the shelves, art and brick walls behind the heads of the other journalism fellows. Some weren't able to join on video at all and were just voices from a continent away. Uncomfortable with eating on camera, I started making sure I finished before our weekly "lunch" meeting when I could.

So how do you connect from behind a screen? The junior fellows turned to memes as inspiration for their talks. The catering staff at Massey sent out recipes for meals and cocktails, hoping to join us together through food. During the second semester, they even turned to takeout – with a three-course meal in a reusable bag, wine optional.

In a kind gesture, knowing that the journalism fellows' usual trip to Berlin was impossible, the German consulate sent us each a take-away bag of treats including chocolate, pretzels, wine, beer and Haribo gummi bears.

But in between, Massey College social life grew quiet, with high tables set in the Hollywood Squares of Zoom.

The result of all this separation was that unfortunately, new fellows, including the journalism fellows, hardly got to know each other. It's hard to make friends over the Internet or to become "fellows" with people you've met only a couple of times, or never.

Still, we persisted, week after week, having lunch and chatting with each other online – getting to know each other at least a little.

Reconnecting, in better times, might be an interesting feat given that we hardly connected in the first place.

I look forward to returning to Massey though, perhaps attending a high table or drinking from a shared cup – all unthinkable during a pandemic, but a normal part of what brings us together.

# In Memorium

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By Keith Gerein

As if the past year had not dealt out enough hardship, 2020-21 proved to be particularly tragic for Massey's journalism alumni. Four journalists who were part of the Massey community, including two of the college's earliest journalism fellows, died during the year.

A war correspondent, a political commentator, an international affairs expert and a journalism professor, they will all be missed by the profession in Canada.

## Allan Fotheringham: 1964-65

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Arriving at Massey in its second year of operation, the same year Marshall McLuhan produced his signature work on how the "medium is the message," Fotheringham was a popular political columnist for the *Vancouver Sun*. But greater fame awaited him in the 1970s when he began writing for *Maclean's* magazine.

Known for his biting political wit and turn of phrase, Fotheringham's column was often the first item *Maclean's* readers turned to, even though it was always

published on the last page of the magazine.

His career at *Maclean's* lasted 27 years, a time during which he also appeared as a regular on CBC's hit show *Front Page Challenge*. He also wrote commentary for *The Globe and Mail* and *Toronto Sun* and authored nine books. He won the National Newspaper Award for Columns in 1983.

Fotheringham died in Toronto on August 19, 2020 at age 87.

## Carman Cumming: 1965-66

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Experience reporting from Parliament Hill and the United Nations must have served Cumming well when he came to Massey in 1965-66, a year in which there was a major escalation in the Vietnam War.

In all, his career in daily journalism lasted 14 years before he decided to teach the craft.

He served as a journalism professor at Carleton University from 1969 to 1991 before authoring a number

of books. Among his projects was serving as lead author of the first edition of *The Canadian Reporter*, which became a standard textbook in Canadian journalism programs.

According to an online obituary, Cumming died on March 25, 2021 at the age of 88.



# Linda Hossie: 1983-84

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A successful career as a social issues reporter and municipal columnist for the *Vancouver Sun* earned Hossie her ticket to Massey. She soon translated the fellowship into a job with *The Globe and Mail*, where she served in a number of roles focused on international news. This included a stint as *The Globe's* Latin America correspondent based in Mexico City, and later the paper's UN correspondent and assistant foreign editor.

For much of her career, she was a persistent advocate for women's advancement in journalism, her family

wrote in an online obituary posted in the *Vancouver Sun*.

After leaving *The Globe*, Hossie took up photography and painting by "embracing a love of colour inspired by her time in Mexico," the obituary said.

She was 70 years old when she died December 27, 2020 in Campbell River, B.C.

# Matthew Fisher: 2018-19

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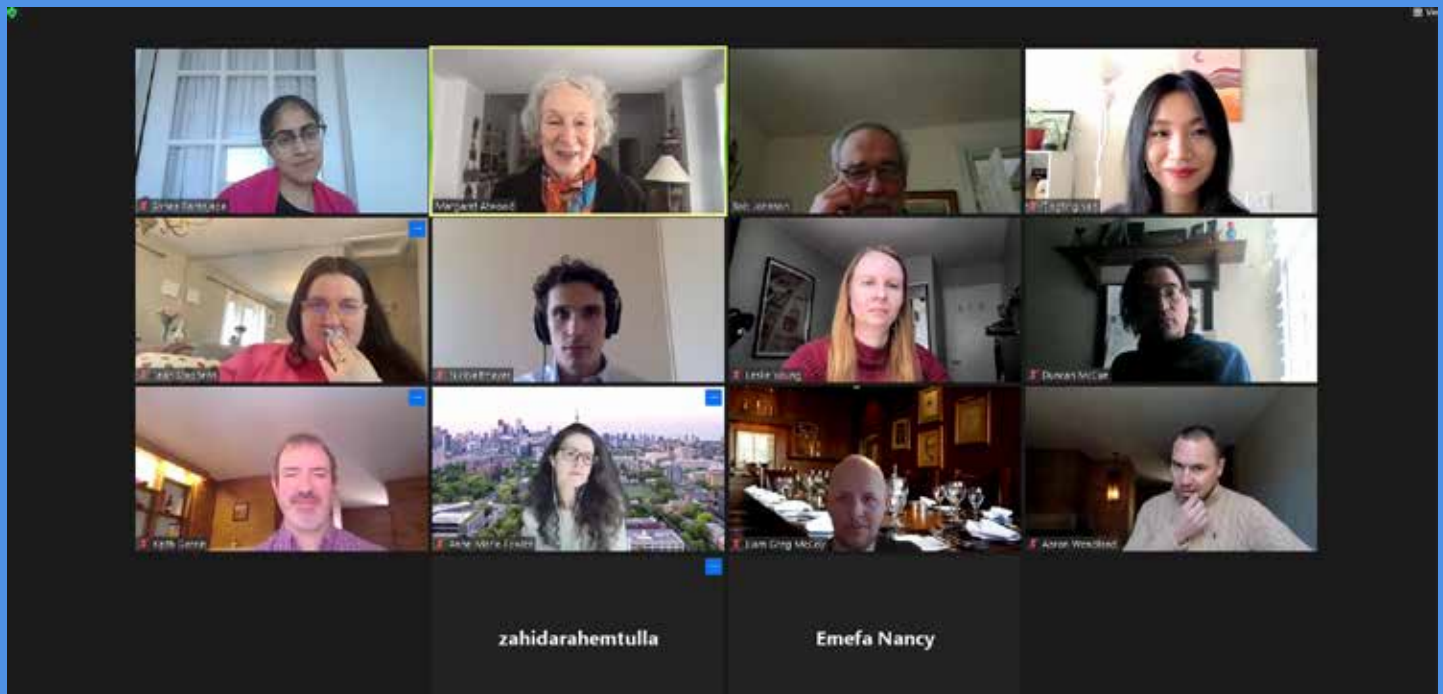
Fisher's year as a resident at Massey was a rare opportunity for the college, given that he spent 35 years of his career living outside of Canada.

From the fall of communism in Eastern Europe to the September 11 attacks to the war in Afghanistan, Fisher always seemed to be in the middle of the action, relishing a suitcase lifestyle that allowed him to bear witness to historic moments all over the world.

Over the course of his career, working for Postmedia,

*The Globe and Mail* and other outlets, he reported from 170 countries and at least 20 war zones and conflict areas. Funny, opinionated and full of stories from his countless adventures, Fisher left a mark on Massey during his year as the inaugural Bill Graham Centre for Contemporary International History/ Massey College Resident Visiting Scholar in Foreign and Defence Policy.

He was 66 when he died of liver failure in Ottawa on April 10, 2021.



# Thursday Lunch Series

The standing Thursday lunch is an integral part of the fellowship year, and gives journalism fellows the chance for candid, off-the-record conversations with some of Canada's best and brightest. Although all "lunches" were held on Zoom this year – an impressive number of enriching discussions took place.

All Junior Fellows at the College have a standing invitation to these weekly lunches and their presence contributes to the interdisciplinary and intergenerational nature of these meetings.

## Guests of the 2020-2021 William Southam Journalism Fellows

- Dr. Ashliegh Tuite  
Epidemiologist at U of T's Dalla Lana School of Public Health
- Ryan Gorrie  
Principal at McIlroy Indigenous Design Studio
- Annamie Paul  
Leader of the Green Party of Canada
- Paula Simons  
Independent Senator from Alberta
- Nadia Stewart  
Executive Director of the Canadian Association of Black Journalists
- Bevann Fox  
Author, *Genocidal Love*
- Jane Lytvynenko  
Journalist, *BuzzFeed*
- Erin Millar  
co-founder and CEO of Indiegaf and Discourse Media
- Lindsay Fitzgerald and Ivor Shapiro  
*Creators of After the Fact: The State of Journalism in Canada*
- Ken Boessenkool  
Conservative strategist and policy advisor
- Michael Koussaie  
Vice-President of Strategy and Product Innovation, Toronto Stock Exchange
- Jesse Brown  
Publisher/Host, *CANADALAND* and *Short Cuts*
- Jael Richardson  
Author and founder of the Festival of Literary Diversity (FOLD)
- Dr. Pat Armstrong  
Distinguished Research Professor, York University
- Dr. Courtney Howard  
Physician and past President of the Canadian Association of Physicians for the Environment
- Timothy Caulfield  
Professor of Law, University of Alberta and author of *Is Gwyneth Paltrow Wrong about Everything? When Celebrity Culture and Science Clash*
- Sonya Fatah  
Assistant Professor, Ryerson School of Journalism
- Kathy English  
Chair, Canadian Journalism Foundation former Public Editor, *Toronto Star*
- Margaret Atwood  
Author and Senior Fellow, Massey College
- Don Iveson  
Mayor of Edmonton



photo credit: Keith Gerein



# Congratulations to the 2021-2022 William Southam Journalism Fellows



Michael Barclay

Michael Barclay is the author of the acclaimed 2018 national bestseller *The Never-Ending Present: The Story of Gord Downie and the Tragically Hip*, and co-author of *Have Not Been the Same: The CanRock Renaissance 1985-95* (2001; rev. 2011). He was chief copy editor at Maclean's from 2008-2017, associate producer at CBC Radio Two's *Brave New Waves* (2003-06), and a freelance writer for *The Globe and Mail*, *New York Times*, *Exclaim*, *Eye Weekly* and others. For almost 20 years, he had a weekly column in the Waterloo Region Record. His new book, *Hearts on Fire: Five Years That Changed Canadian Music 2000-05*, is due in Spring 2022. He plays accordion and saxophone in rock, folk, wedding and klezmer bands.

Wency Leung

Wency Leung is a Toronto-based health reporter for *The Globe and Mail*, and is part of a team of journalists currently covering the COVID-19 pandemic. She has a special interest in reporting on brain health, including how various aspects of the pandemic have affected people's mood, senses and cognition. She is particularly drawn to stories about families and individuals living with dementia, substance use and addiction, and loneliness – and about the scientists and clinicians striving to help them.

Prior to joining *The Globe*, she worked at *The Prague Post*, *The Vancouver Sun*, *The Cambodia Daily*, and the Reuters news agency (now Thomson Reuters).



Jonathan Montpetit

Jonathan Montpetit is an award-winning digital journalist at CBC Montreal. He has spent the last several years reporting on Quebec politics, and has written extensively about the province's "new nationalism," its secularism debates, and the rise and fall of far-right groups. Before joining CBC, he worked for The Canadian Press, covering the war in Afghanistan and the earthquake in Haiti. He holds graduate degrees in political science from the London School of Economics and McGill University.



## Rebecca Collard

Rebecca Collard is a Canadian broadcast journalist and writer based in Beirut, who has covered the Middle East for more than a decade. She reports regularly for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC), filing news and features for radio and television. Her analysis and long-form narrative work has appeared in *Foreign Policy*, *Time Magazine*, *The New York Times*, among other outlets. She has covered the Arab Spring and its regional repercussions, the rise and fall of ISIS, and the mass migration spurred by the resulting conflicts.

## Patrick Egwu

Patrick Egwu is a Nigerian freelance investigative journalist. His work on human rights, social justice, migration, and global health in sub-Saharan Africa has been published by *Foreign Policy*, *NPR*, *Daily Maverick*, *Christian Century*, *America Magazine* and elsewhere. Patrick recently completed an Open Society Foundation fellowship on Investigative Reporting at the University of Witwatersrand, South Africa. He also has master's and bachelors degrees from the University of Nigeria, Nsukka. In February, he won the 2021 International Center for Journalists' Global Health Crisis Award for COVID-19 reporting.







photo credit: Dewey Chang

## Acknowledgements

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