

Reporters on the lam (or how we learned to miss the scoop)



BLISSFULLY LOST IN A NATIONAL PARK SOMEWHERE IN HELSINKI. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: ANGELA STERRITT, LISA GODFREY, ANNA LUENGO, SAMMY AWAMI, CATHERINE SOLYOM AND SARAH LAZAROVIC

BY CATHERINE SOLYOM

When a gunman stormed parliament hill in October, Sarah Lazarovic followed the chaos in Ottawa from the common room at Massey, a certain former senator by her side. When Tanzanian government ministers were caught unloading bags of money from the bank, Sammy Awami was just getting out of bed in his college dorm.

And on the Wednesday morning in January when news broke of the attack on Charlie Hebdo in Paris, I ran as fast as I could — at the gym.

As journalism fellows at Massey College this year, our instincts remained the same: we got on Twitter, we turned on the radio, we scanned the headlines to find out whatever we could as the stories unfolded. But then we went for breakfast.

“It was frustrating in the sense that you want to write the story about this huge scandal, and get at this corruption,” said Awami, thinking back on how he missed the biggest story of the year in Dar es Salaam. “But to look at events from this side of world, to step out from the pressure in the newsroom, running here and there... I could research more and get a better understanding of what was going on. The scandal is over but these issues continue.”

This time last year, none of us really knew what it meant to be a journalist on sabbatical. What was a fellowship, anyway? Was there a ring involved? Why would we be funded to visit Havana, Berlin and Helsinki, and to invite interesting people to lunch?

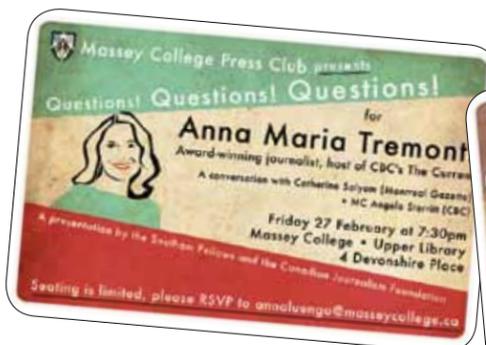
When college administrator Anna Luengo reached Awami by phone to tell him he had been chosen to spend a year at U of T, he was incredulous.

“I went crazy! I said, can you please write me an email so I know this is not a scam or something?”

Six months later he was on a 21-hour flight to Toronto.

It took even longer for Angela Steritt to get to Massey from Yellowknife — albeit in a Kia Portage, with a little boy in the backseat and her massive paintings billowing on the roof.

But the long drive was worth it, she says, not just to get away from sub-Arctic weather, but to get some perspective on a hectic day job.



“(Work) was complete insanity, to cover something with your iPhone and be the shooter, reporter, producer and host all at once. Sometimes it's really fulfilling,” said Steritt, who pays special attention to indigenous issues and oil sands development. “But it was also very challenging being the only one reporting on some things in your own little world.”

Massey, on the other hand, gave her time to explore other aspects of herself — and to have an opinion.

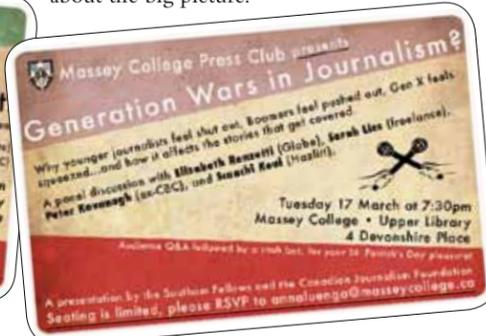
“As a journalist you can't have opinions. So to be able to engage with people, not just to look for stories, has been great,” she said. “I thought I'd be hanging out with junior fellows learning about astronomy — I didn't expect people to be asking me about indigenous people in Toronto... I expected to be taught. But I've also seen my strengths beyond just being a talking head.”

The Torontonians among us found a certain reprieve inside Massey's brick walls as well.

As the only freelancer among us, Lazarovic was used to jumping at whatever assignment came her way.

“I would have liked to cover Rob Ford's election night concession speech,” said Lazarovic, a visual journalist who not only live tweets but “live draws” events.

“It would have been interesting and horrible. But it's nice to sit back and ask, what am I really interested in, and to think about the big picture.”



MASSEY PRESS CLUB POSTERS DESIGNED BY SARAH LAZAROVIC

At U of T, Lazarovic delved into environmental studies and behavioral psychology — and found herself in a PhD seminar on environmental psychology. “Massey paved the way for me. But it's just the first step.”

Lisa Godfrey, a senior producer at Q, the CBC's pre-eminent arts and culture show, took classes in urban planning and humanitarian practice, even while she kept her ear to the ground.

Rumors of an artist or musician's failing health still sent her into a panic, fearing that an in-depth obit would soon need to be produced. News of Joni Mitchell being hospitalized in April had just such an effect.

“It still caused my antenna to shoot up in alarm and think about what would have to be done if one of the greatest songwriters we've produced was in mortal danger,” Godfrey said. “But this time I didn't have to leap into action and phone people in their moment of grief.”

Godfrey, who organized two Massey Press Clubs this year to delve into some of the most pressing issues facing journalism, saw

the fellowship as a way to step outside the media machine and regain the perspective of a reader/viewer/listener. We all did.

But the fellowship also coincided with major scandals hitting the media — and CBC and Q in particular — with the allegations regarding Jian Ghomeshi and his subsequent arrest.

“Coming into this amazing fellowship, you think you'll get a little perspective on your field, but I couldn't have imagined being plunged so suddenly into such an entirely different experience of how the media works,” Godfrey said. “Seeing how quickly information moved, how suddenly it shifted, and how broadly it traveled. Seeing my workplace itself become a story. Seeing people on the subway holding newspapers bearing the face of a coworker, now in a terrible new context. It was an overwhelming time, and Massey was a sanctuary during the chaos of last fall.”

So what is the Massey fellowship?

From my own perspective, it is a golden ticket to return to academia — and favour long-term thinking over daily deadlines.

I did not run after Frenchmen in the wake of the Charlie Hebdo massacre to ask them how they felt. But I did take a graduate law course in freedom of expression.

I did not cover the various manifestations of Islamophobia that surfaced almost immediately after the attack, but I did study immigration policy in North America and Europe, in one of the most multicultural cities in the world.

I did not interview lawyers and politicians on the ramifications of Bill C-51, but I had lunch with them every Thursday, off the record, in a private dining room seemingly designed for sharing secrets.

Eight months at Massey College was all of these things, plus the “fellowship” of professors, colleagues and students that won't be forgotten when the deadlines return.

2. ^{The} Owl

Year One in review

PHOTO: MILAN ILNYCKYJ (WWW.SINDARK.COM)



HUGH SEGAL AT THE 2015 WALTER GORDON SYMPOSIUM. THIS WAS HIS FIRST YEAR AS MASTER OF MASSEY COLLEGE AFTER LEAVING THE SENATE.

BY HUGH SEGAL

The end of term at Massey opens a brief window to consider the Massey experience. New Junior Fellows and Journalism Fellows who experienced Massey for the first time, as I did, may well share some similar perspectives.

The one phrase that comes to mind, in the very best sense of both words, is "relentless intensity".

There is a momentum to the events at Massey that is very compelling. The opportunities for social interaction and historic ritual, from High Tables, to galas and festivals, to the appreciation of intellectual pursuits — from the Gordon symposium to the Junior Fellow lecture series and the always provocative Massey Lectures (this year on "Citizenship and Belonging" with the Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson) — paint a rich tapestry of intellectual stimulation.

Important Junior Fellow and Journalism

Fellow-led events like the multi-day Massey Ground Rounds (this year on the Science of Stress with General Romeo Dallaire as keynote speaker), or the round table on First Nations Reconciliation lead and organized by Journalism Fellow Angela Sterrit, featuring First Nations leadership including MP Romeo Saganash, Pam Palmater, a Mi'kmaq lawyer, Anna Banerji, Global and Indigenous Health and John Ralston Saul, which had a packed house in the Upper Library, also underlined the broad reach of the Massey community.

This is not only about a fascinating mix of rich experiences for the entire community — which is important in and of itself — it is also about a contribution in the arts, humanities, sciences and professions that makes the university, the city, province and world a more civil and humane place.

Hugh Segal is the fifth Master of Massey College.

CONGRATULATIONS!

winner of the

William Southam 2015 — 2016 Journalism



JENNIFER MOROZ,

CBC/Radio-Canada Fellow
CBC/Radio-Canada



LIZ RENZETTI

Kierans Janigan Fellow
The Globe and Mail



EMILY MATHIEU

St. Clair Balfour Fellow
Toronto Star



MUSTAPHA DUMBUVA,

Gordon N. Fisher/JHR Fellow
BBC Media Action,
Sierra Leone



LUIZ HIDALGO NUNES, JR.

Scotiabank/CJFE Fellow
Freelance,
Brazil

Maasai at Massey



SAMMY AWAMI IS THE 2014-15 GORDON N. FISHER/JHR FELLOW, AND HAS GONE ON TO WORK FOR THE BBC'S SWAHILI SERVICE IN TANZANIA

BY SAMMY AWAMI

It was about 4 pm, after a 45 minute-ride, staring at endless tall buildings, big highways with tons of fast moving cars and people seemingly lost in their thoughts. Mr Tony Luengo walked me in through the back gate of this deadly quiet square-like-residence.

In my mind I was thinking: this is just a dream that I'll soon wake up from and angrily realize it wasn't real. Nevertheless, I kept nodding as I followed (with my huge backpack) Mr Luengo showing me all these rooms with special names that five minutes later I had forgotten. I am finally in Canada, I was thinking, and this is the place that I am going to spend the next nine months.

As Mr Luengo and I were winding up our little tour Anna Luengo joined us and offered to take me to my room. But before we got there, she suggested we knock on some doors and see if she can introduce me to some Junior Fellows. Sure enough, someone opened the door with this glowing smile. I later came to know her as Irina, who became such a sweet friend.

One would think that was just a gesture of kindness to a stranger. At least that's what I thought. But she proved me wrong. Every time we bumped into each other on the stairs, in the dinning hall or at the quad, she still wore that heart warming smile I saw nine months ago. And it was these kind and simple gestures of welcoming that made my life at Massey such an exceptional experience.

There was the time when I opened my door and found an advent calendar, candies and cards for Christmas. Or the other day when I found my door fully decorated, not

for my birthday but for my half birthday. I always woke up in the morning happy not just at the thought of delicious waffles for breakfast but knowing that hard working and super kind kitchen staff on the other side of the food stand would soon be smiling at me as I picked up my food.

It's amazing how the Massey community has complimented my fellowship package. When I was preparing for this adventure, I was anxious about my classroom experience, not imagining that I would make great friends like Chizoba Imoka who has simply blown my mind with her passion for our continent, Africa. Never before have I been challenged about my patriotism for my country and my continent at large.

Or friends like Hector Mackie who would not turn a blind eye to injustice, be it towards women or workers rights, institutional or individual racism. He would never shy away from rebuking what he believes is not right. It is through relationships and constant conversations with these kinds of people that my ideas and beliefs have come to be tested, refined and surely reshaped.

But what makes Massey unique is as a host to individuals of every specialization you can think of. When we met during meals, the person across the table might start discussing how DNA works or the history of Austrian opera while a journalist like me would have no clue whatsoever what they were talking about. Whatever the topic, the mutual interest to learn from each other would make the whole conversation riveting.

After all the transitions I had to deal with, now I cannot imagine my life outside Massey.

Anna Luengo: the pillar of Massey

BY LISA GODFREY

It's a beautiful late April day, and a significant one for a select group of journalists converging on the U of T campus from various parts of Canada. Throughout the morning and afternoon, over precise increments of time, each of these semi-finalists for the 2015-16 Southam Fellowships at Massey College will arrive, make their way to the Junior Common Room to be photographed, and then be interviewed by a table full of decision-makers who will determine their suitability for a most excellent year.

Anna Luengo greets them. "Call me Anna," she says as she escorts them to the Upper Library. Her witty, sympathetic manner is most reassuring. As they face the committee, she pours water and smiles encouragingly as the grilling begins. Then, when the interview is complete, Anna cheerfully escorts each candidate through an exit that ensures they will not encounter their competition. It's all very civilized.

But underestimate this kind woman at your own risk. It is Anna who assembles the estimable selection committee, and you, my journalist friend, are under review by her, coming and going. She has seen 15 years worth of your kind, and can take your measure accurately, no doubt. Her empathetic manner, however, is no disguise: in the aftermath to this day, her compassion will extend equally to gobsnacked future fellow and disappointed runner-up alike.

As administrator of special programs at Massey, including the Germany-bound Arthur Burns Fellowships, and the vital Scholars at Risk initiative, Anna Luengo is a pivotal figure for many newcomers to Massey. As well as a guide to its sometimes arcane customs and mysteries, she is an ambassador for its impressive community and the opportunities it provides. She is also an indelible presence. Among the many accomplished raconteurs and colourful



ANNA LUENGO PRESIDING OVER A CELEBRATORY LUNCH FOR THE 2014 JOURNALISM FELLOWS IN THE UPPER LIBRARY

personalities associated with the college, she stands tall (despite her admittedly modest stature).

Behind her frequent laughter, musical voice, and still-strong Trinidadian accent is an experienced and decisive Massey leader. Having started her working life in support roles — travel agent, assistant to the editor — she values every person's part in making a place like Massey operate smoothly: cooks and custodians, as well as the Master. She balances budgets, smooths tensions, and makes compelling small talk with people from all walks of life. She somehow finds time to be immersed in the vast array of intellectual topics that one encounters at Massey. All this, and she dances and parties with true *joie de vivre*.

Anna Luengo, we outgoing Southams raise a glass of something warm and refined — say, Finland's *Jalovina* — to you.

Acknowledgements

The OWL is an annual publication by, for and about the William Southam Journalism Fellowship Program. Catherine Solyom edited the 2015 edition, with the assistance of Sammy Awami.

Layout and production by Diana McNally.

We are grateful for the support of the University of Toronto, the estate of the late St. Clair Balfour, Lisa Balfour Bowen and Walter Bowen, Clair Balfour and Marci McDonald, the Fisher family and the Alva 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, Journalists for Human Rights and Canadian Journalists for Free Expression and for the generosity of past Journalism Fellows.

Thanks to Germany's Foreign Office, the

German Consulate and Embassy and the Goethe Institute for organizing and hosting our trip to Germany with special thanks to Ambassador Werner Wnendt, Consul General Walter Stechel, Tanya Matuszisz and Aljona Schnitzer and Vincent Bozek, our wonderful Goethe Institute guide in Berlin. Deep gratitude to the Finnish Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Embassy of Finland for organizing and hosting the fellowships' 20th year of a week in Finland with special thanks to Ambassador Charles Murto, Anni Stähle and our excellent guide in Finland, Ari Honkanen.

Finally, we owe a debt of gratitude to everyone at Massey College who so thoroughly enriched our year: the Junior and Senior Fellows, Liz Hope, Eric Schuppert, Tembeka Ndlovu, Amela Marin, Jill Clark, Sarah Moritz, Greg Cerson and Darlene Naranjo. Our special thanks go to Master Hugh Segal, Bob Johnson and Anna Luengo.

ALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY SARAH LAZAROVIC



Sitting Pretty

BY SARAH LAZAROVIC

Other fellows may tell you the best part of their year was traveling to Berlin or taking classes or hanging out with Hugh. But I'll tell you that they are wrong (though I have it on good authority that the Master is a great party guest). The best part of being a Massey Fellow is getting to sit in the chairs of Massey College. As a harried freelancer who is most often running, or tripping, towards an event or assignment, the opportunity to sit, with a highlighter and a course pack, in a beautiful chair, overlooking Ron Thom's lovely courtyard is an experience that is hard to beat.

While many of the gorgeous chairs that Ron Thom bought for Trent University have been lost over the years (of the 443 designer chairs purchased for the college, only a handful remain), Massey has kept its seats for the sitting. Though some are Ron Thom originals, others are by designers of the period selected by Thom to complement his total aesthetic. Each chair is tethered to its particular college confines. The Wegner chair is perfect in an office, but would be far too cozy for the grand imposition of the round room, where you want a high back when defending your thesis or holding forth on matters of great significance. Meanwhile, the comfy elegance of the JCR couches all but beg you to bum around, to sit, to think, to read, to eavesdrop, to mull and to remember that having the time to do so is a luxury and a pleasure, and very much the essence of Massey life.



PHOTO: MILAN LINCZYJ (WWW.SINDARK.COM)

4. ^{The} OwlSome like it **hot**, some like

PHOTOS: CATHERINE SOLYOM



ONE OF THE NICER IMAGES OF CHE GUEVARA, AMONG MANY ON HAVANA STREETS.



SARAH LAZAROVIC ON A TRIP TO THE HAVANA NEIGHBOURHOOD TRANSFORMED BY CUBAN ARTIST AND SCULPTOR JOSE FUSTER.



LISA GODFREY OUTSIDE THE UNIVERSIDAD DE LA HABANA

Cuba libre?

BY LISA GODFREY

Havana's elegant Hotel Nacional — with its palms and lawns, wandering peacocks, and unobstructed view of the sea — was diverting. But on this breezy night in November 2014, our attention was focused on the group at the next table: two men and a woman, sitting in total silence.

Were they simply exhausted tourists, relaxing over mojitos? Or were they listening to what we were discussing with our Cuban companion? Were we under surveillance?

Our guest seemed unconcerned, for someone talking to a visiting group of Canadian journalists — albeit off-duty ones. He was a visual artist in his twenties, a friend of a friend. We were asking about the limits to freedom in a nation in halting stages of transformation, but still under authoritarian rule. We'd heard stories of nervous Cubans avoiding tourists in the street, of recording devices hanging from trees. Even with some dissident voices being heard, others remained jailed or suppressed. Was he being cautious enough?

Yes, he said. Cubans were convinced that President Raúl Castro meant what he said in a 2012 speech saying opinions could be expressed aloud. Yet our guest still felt constrained. It was now more about what was not said and done, the freedoms that still remained off the table, that frustrated his generation of Cubans. The restrictions on his daily life — the things that made him different from us — were what really bothered him.

The transition from Fidel Castro's

presidency had brought change. Housing could now be bought, sold, or traded — a relief to growing families. Private farming was allowed, to help with food shortages. Foreign travel was even possible now, though bureaucracy and cost made it less likely for typical Cubans. Raúl was clearly a more pragmatic leader than his fiery ideologue of a brother, but our artist friend, and other Habaneros we met, were uncertain about the future: how far would this government go?

As outsiders, we were charmed by this place outside time: the way that past, present and future met in the Havana streets. Along the Malecón, the city's spandexed youth mingled, as retrofitted Plymouths sputtered by. Tourists with iPhones posed beside half-ruined buildings in the old city. Chinese buses disgorged vacationers in the Plaza de la Revolución, where Fidel had delivered his epic socialist speeches. But this compelling mix was part of what strained everyday life for Cubans, as they remained caught — economically and personally — between different eras.

Just a month after we returned from Cuba, another change: news of the historic rapprochement between Castro's Cuba and Obama's United States. It had been more than 50 years since the egalitarian promise of the revolution came to an island exploited by successive colonial powers, and decades since that initial promise turned problematic. Our brief visit taught us to be both optimistic and cautious about what this new chapter in Cuba's history might bring. But we wish all Cubans, and our friend at the Nacional, only the best.

ake it cold

Trips to Cuba and Finland bookend the fellowship

Finnish Lessons

BY ANGELA STERRITT

The southern capital of Finland was an incredible city to share, learn and, of course, love. A Nordic metropolitan area, the city sits on a peninsula on the Gulf of Finland. Almost everywhere you go, you can feel the frosty breeze of the Baltic Sea.

While eating fresh salmon and reindeer meat, sipping wine, throwing coffee beans into the fire as we sat on soft reindeer hides was divine, there were so many other parts of this trip that moved me beyond words.

Speaking with the Foreign Affairs Minister and Canadian Ambassador of Finland opened my mind and gave me an insider view of the Arctic Council — a body I had reported on while working in the Sub-Arctic. Learning about the cost of an icebreaker, and how their contracts with large oil companies work was not only enlightening but will absolutely inform my reporting in the future.

It was also amazing to witness a country able to intertwine indigenous worldviews, ideologies and science within the framework and design of their cities and be leaders in creative sustainable development and policy.

The architecture, design and artwork in Finland are something to behold. Everything seems to be carefully crafted, well made with acute attention to detail paid. Fiskars, an artists' village of 600 talented crafts people was a gleaming illustration of this. It was challenging not to buy absolutely everything in their

cooperative. Purchasing original Fiskars scissors however was a must.

Being able to touch the ground, have the wings of a bird touch your face (note to self: do not open a bag of dried pork in the open air in Helsinki), sit around a fire and jump into the frigid waters after a steaming sauna, is absolutely the best way to truly experience a country.

Our guide Ari not only planned an informative, fun and interactive tour of Helsinki, he also gave us invaluable insight about what it means to grow up in the country. He sang traditional songs as we threw ladles of water onto the scorching rocks in a traditional sauna. He talked about growing up in Finland and learning about politics and protocol as a young child — in a sauna. He talked about positive body image in Finland — after so many saunas — and how it may compare with other parts of the western world.

Of course my favorite part of the trip was listening to the adventures of Pekka, the Finnish woodsman. He guided us around his neck of the woods, showed us how to poison your spouse with a particular plant, how to find a secret lover, and how to predict the next summer's weather (by paying careful attention to frogs). He took a special liking to journalism fellow Sammy Awami, and we may never know what lessons they shared in their private conversations.

This connection to the people and the land helped me develop an understanding of the history, culture, and politics that shape Finland. It is an extraordinary place.

Ham'ya (Thank you) Finland!



OUTSIDE HELSINKI'S REGATTA CAFE, ON A BIKE TOUR AROUND THE CITY



THE JOURNALISM FELLOWS ON A TALK-SHOW SET AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF YLE, THE FINNISH BROADCASTING COMPANY



A LONG-ARMED SELFIE OUTSIDE THE GLO HOTEL IN HELSINKI



A BEAUTIFUL DAY AT FISKARS VILLAGE, FOUNDED IN 1646, NOW AN ARTISTS' COOPERATIVE ABOUT AN HOUR'S DRIVE FROM HELSINKI



LISA GODFREY AND SARAH LAZAROVIC TAKING IN A SOCCER GAME AT THE HJK CLUB'S STADIUM IN HELSINKI

6. ^{The} Owl

Reconciliation: The Way Forward

PHOTO: LISA GODFREY



QUEBEC MP ROMEO SAGANASH AND RYERSON PROFESSOR PAM PALMATER WERE TWO OF THE PANELISTS AT AN EVENT FOCUSED ON RECONCILIATION IN THE UPPER LIBRARY IN JANUARY.

BY ANGELA STERRITT

In January I organized and moderated a panel discussion featuring activist and Ryerson professor Pam Palmater, NDP Member of Parliament Romeo Saganash, physician and University of Toronto professor Anna Banerji and author John Ralston Saul. The event sold out in four hours.

Although unplanned, timing for the event could not have been better — four days before Canada's first Prime Minister John A. Macdonald's 200th birthday. As the Indigenous twittersphere exploded with biting cynicism about the dominant figure of Canadian confederation, others were planning events to honour him. That didn't sit well with Macdonald's critics. Some reduced Canada's first prime minister to a drunk. Others reminded us that Macdonald framed an assimilation plan which included the development and implementation of the notorious Indian Residential schools.

One of Macdonald's famous quotes goes as follows:

When the school is on the reserve, the child lives with its parents, who are savages, and though he may learn to read and write, his habits and training mode of thought are Indian. He is simply a savage who can read and write. It has been strongly impressed upon myself, as head of the Department, that Indian children should be withdrawn as much as possible from the parental influence, and the only way to do that would be to put them in central training industrial schools where they will acquire the habits and modes of thought of white men.

But so what? What does this have to do with us today, one may ask. Everything, the panelists said.

Saganash quoted a 2009 statement made by current Prime Minister Stephen Harper

who said "We have no history of colonialism." Saganash also said the federal government spends about five hundred million dollars per year fighting Indigenous rights in court. That we continue to deny colonization in Canada and to fight Indigenous rights shows that this country and its leadership are still far from recognizing and constructing a real route to reconciliation.

I never thought much about reconciliation. It was something bureaucrats talked about. It was something done to quell indigenous concerns of government and industry encroachment into traditional lands without consultation, without recognition of inherent rights. But it was another CBC reporter, Jody Porter, who got me thinking about it in a very different way, well into my 30s.

Both Jody and I travelled to Berlin as journalism fellows. Both of us became enamoured with how the Germans recognized history — and not just the peaceful and heroic parts, but the abhorrent and shameful ones too.

In Canada, recollecting history is a whole different ball of wax. We can refute many things. We can debate whether the early architects of assimilation intended to torture, sexually abuse and kill Indigenous children. We can debate whether or not genocide happened. We can interpret the treaties in different ways. But we can not deny that most of us know nothing about this part of Canadian history.

Pam Palmater's answer to one of my questions was both emotional and real. It struck a chord with many in the audience. I asked her this: "Environmental protection was the predominant issue of Idle No More. Sharing land has always been a deep-seated issue in Canada. But how might this happen more equitably than in the past?" She

answered by telling a story about sharing a garden. How settlers arrived on Indigenous lands when they were very sick. Indigenous people helped the settlers get better and shared the contents of their garden — land, food and medicine to nurture them. But once the newcomers were healthy they began erecting fences and preventing the Indigenous people from coming in. Then the settlers sprayed the gardens with pesticides and watched indigenous people get sick, and in some cases die.

For Palmater, the moral of the story is that a sorry is more than words, it's an action that requires sacrifice. Resolution will require giving back, sharing and all the necessary time, effort and patience required to restore justice.

It is stories like this that help us remember. But it is stories like this that some non-indigenous people have denounced as whining, as radicals wanting justice, as people stuck in an irreversible past.

Thinkers like John Ralston Saul would turn that sentiment on its head and ask why those nagging us to forget are so stuck in the past. Why is there such a pervasive desire to cover up history, a strong defensive reaction to protect that veil, and a pattern to repeat history over and over again.

"Reconciliation is not about a feel-good thing," Saul told the crowd. "It is about actions that can change the country." He called reconciliation a painful process that starts with decolonization. He also said "the types of people at this event are the problem, the beneficiaries of colonialism."

I remember being a university student and basking in the glow of using big words and concepts and over-using the word colonization. A cousin of mine asked what on earth I was talking about. I put it like this: Colonialism involves one society seeking to conquer another and then rule over it. To some of the panelists, it would seem that process continues today.

Palmater said tens of thousands of children went to residential schools but hundreds of thousands are now wards of the court in protective care. Indigenous children on reserve do not have the same rights or resources as the children living off reserves, he said. And there are now over 1200 missing and murdered indigenous women and girls in Canada. The panelists all argued these are indications that colonization is alive today.

What Jody Porter had opened my eyes to was that reconciliation is not some cheesy attempt to pretend everything is good between indigenous people and non-indigenous people. It is a way for us to understand together what went wrong and ask why reconciliation is needed today.

I organized this panel to learn and to find solutions. An audience member at the event said that reconciliation is not about voting in a new government. Another said it's not about just becoming friends with indigenous people. Another said it is about new ways of learning, thinking and acting.

Some would say the first step is admitting that many of us know nothing at all of our Canadian history, of our national and personal identity, and of how we got here today. And some would say the next step is taking the initiative to learn and create change.

Journalist Jody Porter wins prestigious award



ADRIENNE CLARKSON PRESENTS JODY PORTER WITH CLARKSON LAUREATESHIP IN PUBLIC SERVICE

Former Journalism Fellow Jody Porter hadn't been gone a year before she was back at Massey College in February to be awarded the 2015 Clarkson Laureateship in Public Service.

The highest honour the College awards annually to members of its community, Porter received the award not just for her outstanding work in journalism, but for her contribution to the common good.

Porter is the 2014 CBC/Radio-Canada Fellow, "whose social justice work, not just as a reporter, but as an engaged citizen," wrote the award committee, "has created numerous opportunities to build bridges with the First Nations in the Northern communities, including the radio/social experiments that take ordinary people out of their cultural comfort zones and bring them to cook and share a meal with members of the First Nations."

Master Hugh Segal and the Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson chaired the committee.

Porter, now a reporter for CBC Thunder Bay, worked in community papers in small towns across the country for a decade before switching to radio.

She specializes in Aboriginal affairs and documentary storytelling, and is known as a tenacious investigator with a knack for capturing the moment when the laughter or tears flow. Her integrity, determination, professionalism and passion over 20 years as a journalist have taken her from rookie reporter at the top of the world in Inuvik to an international awards stage in Los Angeles, from community newspapers to network radio documentaries and television news.

PHOTO: LISA GODFREY



ST. CLAIR/BALFOUR JOURNALISM FELLOW ANGELA STERRITT, OF THE GITXSAN FIRST NATION, MODERATED THE EVENT.

PHOTO: MILAN ILNYCKYJ (WWW.SINDARK.COM)

2014–15 Journalism Fellowship Lunch Speakers

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SARAH LAZAROVIC



KIM STANTON

• Kim Stanton, Legal Director of LEAF, the Women's Legal Education and Action Fund, Massey Senior Fellow

• Alex Sodiqov, political science PhD student, Massey Scholar at Risk freed from charges of treason and espionage in Tajikistan



SHERYL WUDUNN

• Sheryl WuDunn, human rights author, banker, former NY Times journalist

• Walter Stechel, Consul General of Germany in Canada

• Hugh Segal, Master of Massey College, former senator and politician



DR. KWAME MCKENZIE

• Dr. Kwame McKenzie, Medical Director of Underserved Populations; Access & Transitions at CAMH, Massey Senior Fellow

- Dr. Gerry Wright, Director, DeGroot Institute for Infectious Disease Research, McMaster University
- Ursula Franklin, thinker, author and educator, metallurgist and research physicist, Massey Senior Fellow
- Chief Shawn Atleo, Distinguished Fellow and Adjunct Professor of Indigenous Education, O.I.S.E., former National Chief of the Assembly of First Nations
- Terry O'Reilly, broadcaster, author, ad industry expert
- Suzy Lake, visual artist
- Charles Murto, Finland's Ambassador to Canada



SALLY ARMSTRONG

• Sally Armstrong, human rights activist, documentary filmmaker and author, Massey Senior Fellow

• Dr. Marie Wilson, Commissioner, Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada

• Bob Rae, lawyer, negotiator and former politician, Massey Senior Fellow



DAVID MILLER

• David Miller, President and CEO of the World Wildlife Fund, former politician

• David Michalski, Coordinator, Medecins sans frontieres, Munk School for Global Affairs professor

• Ron Deibert, Director, Citizen Lab, Munk School of Global Affairs, Massey Senior Fellow

• Hubert Lacroix, President and CEO, Canadian Broadcasting Corporation

• Dan Dolderman, Environmental Psychologist at U of T, founder the Unstoppable Snowball

The Thursday Inquisition

BY SARAH LAZAROVIC

The best part of being a journalist is having free reign to ask the nosiest of questions to just about anyone you meet. It's a dispensation to solicit information you might otherwise be punched in the nose for requesting. The slightly more difficult part of the process is synthesizing the information you procure into a bit of journalism. But the Massey Thursday lunch alleviates even that slight responsibility.

Ask all the questions you want and just let the answers float around in your brain for a while. How nice is that?

Our speakers this year were a uniformly interesting and forthcoming bunch. While some used the opportunity of lunch with five journalists to plead for coverage of their issues, others bantered amiably, asking as many questions as they answered. If there was a throughline it was that the issues of most serious import are often the ones least covered. If there was another throughline, it was Greg. Isn't he wonderful?

Though the Thursday lunch is off the record (Chatham House Rules was mentioned no less than three times by one guest who cannot be named due to Chatham



FORMER ASSEMBLY OF FIRST NATIONS CHIEF SEAN ATLEO

House Rules), most guests spoke candidly and juicily and articulately and while eating salad. Perhaps this is what made them so forthcoming. Having to speak while eating salad puts one in quite a vulnerable position.



WEBSTER MCCONNELL FELLOW CATHERINE SOLYOM AND STEWARD GREG GERSON AT THE LAST THURSDAY LUNCH OF THE YEAR



DR. KWAME MACKENZIE WITH COLLEGE ADMINISTRATOR ANNA LUENGO

PHOTOS: CATHERINE SOLYOM AND LISA GODFREY

8. *The Owl*

Ich bin ein Berliner

BY CATHERINE SOLYOM

Dorothy Hoffman likely had mixed feelings walking into our boutique hotel in Mitte. This part of town is now a bustling shopping and entertainment area with tourists and well-to-do Berliners crowding the trendy cafes and cobblestone streets.

But Hoffman also knew it as a former no-man's land, in the shadow of Alexanderplatz's imposing TV tower, stuck, like her, on the wrong side of Wall.

Born just three months after the creation of the GDR in 1949, this now 66-year old woman with an easy if nervous smile came to share her story with us, just one of the many Germans we met on our trip in December who put a face and a personality to a country of contrasts.

With one of the harshest legacies to live with, Germany is now to be envied for its efficiency, its environmental consciousness and, from the perspective of this year's crop of Massey journalists, its transparency.

The Bundestag — renovated while preserving the graffiti scrawled on its walls by Soviet soldiers occupying Berlin in 1945 — boasts a glass dome, so that all may see directly into Parliament. One of several art installations inside the building is a series of black drawers, like safety deposit boxes, one for each member of parliament since 1933. They include boxes for Nazi leaders Adolf Hitler and Rudolf Hess, as well as the many parliamentarians subsequently killed at their orders. There is no longer any question of obscuring that legacy.

The Bundespressekonzferenz — where ministers meet the press every week and actually answer their questions — was of particular appeal to Canadian journalists. Here, a special system is used to categorize the kinds of information relayed: green is for open and sourced information, yellow is open but from a source that must remain anonymous, while the flashing red sign is for information that can't be divulged, because the next of kin has not been notified, for example, or because the news could cause the stock market to crash. But even the flashing red information is shared with journalists.

And the many memorials, from the monument to the murdered Jews, an



PART OF THE BERLIN WALL MEMORIAL SHOWING THE FACES OF THOSE WHO DIED EITHER TRYING TO ESCAPE EAST BERLIN, OR DROWNING IN THE RIVER THAT SEPARATED EAST AND WEST BERLIN WHEN NO ONE DARED SAVE THEM.

expansive series of concrete slabs on prime real estate near the Brandenburg gate, to the memorial for Roma and Sinti killed during World War II, to the subtle but eerie brass covered bricks embedded in the cobblestone and scattered around Berlin. Printed on these Stolperstein, or "stumbling stones," are the names of victims of the Holocaust who lived in the adjacent buildings before World War II. These were perhaps the most startling little memorials, seen by chance as they glittered in the moonlight on the way to a restaurant or bar ...

Finally there was the memorial to those killed during the 28 years that Berlin was divided between east and west by the wall, with its sand pits and motion detectors, barbed wire and armed guards. Our guide that day, a children's author from New York transplanted to Berlin, explained some of the stories behind the photographs of the victims displayed where the wall once stood.

The first victim, a woman who lived right on the dividing line, threw pillows out of her third floor window to break her fall, then jumped. A little boy drowned when



ARTIST AND PROFESSOR RUTH TESMAR IN HER STUDIO AT HUMBOLDT UNIVERSITY, BERLIN

he went to retrieve his soccer ball from the river that ran between East and West Berlin, and no one dared rescue him. And many many young men, who attempted in various ways to escape East Berlin but failed. The last victim was a man who fell out of a balloon while attempting to escape East Germany in March, 1989.

Back at our hotel, Dorothy Hoffman explained how she was among those who tried to live with the Wall. Before 1961 she was an Ossie (East Berliner) during the week, and a Wessie on Sundays, when she went to visit her father who lived near the Siemens factory in West Berlin. But when the Wall went up, they could see each other only one day a year — and only until sundown. When in 1965 they were granted a family reunion permit, Hoffman moved to the West but now had to leave her first love and her older brother — now a diehard communist — behind in the East. It wasn't until 1989, when the wall was finally torn down, piece

by piece, that all were reunited for good, she explained. Hoffman, with her shy but smiling eyes, remembers the scene of frenzy, but also fear — losing one of her two young boys in the crowd, only to find him waving from atop the wall.

A month before we arrived, Berlin celebrated its 25 years since the Wall came down. It's now a vibrant, modern capital, with fantastic night life, culture and dance. One night we went to the Berliner Philharmoniker, the next night we were at a modern dance show and a loft party across town. Kreuzberg, a personal favourite, is now a vibrant neighbourhood shared largely and harmoniously by Turks and hipsters, while Prenzlauerberg — nicknamed the Pregnant Berg, because of all the young families moving in — is a livable, lovable neighbourhood. But everywhere, including in bustling Mitte, one senses the living history of Berlin, as the city confronts its past on the way forward.



A NIGHT OUT AT THE BERLINER PHILHARMONIKER, WITH GOETHE INSTITUTE GUIDE VINCENT BOZEK AND MASSEY SENIOR FELLOW AND ADVISER ROBERT JOHNSON