DIAMONDS AND DETERMINATION:
Dorothée Gizenga fights to improve miners’ lives

CHERISHING FREE EXPRESSION
Alumni speak about the University’s role

NORTHERN EXPOSURES
Right place, right time—Greg Poelzer joins Operation Nanook
Amati Quartet in Residence

Marla Cole - Violin
Evan Barber - Violin
Geoff Cole - Viola
Peter Hedlin - Cello

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Saturday, March 28
7:30pm  Convocation Hall

Saturday, May 2
7:30pm  Gala Fundraiser for the
Saskatoon Cancer Centre
with Guest Artist - Guy Few,
chorus and trumpet
Third Avenue United Church

Saturday, June 6
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at the door one hour before the concert begins.

*All repertoire, dates, and artists are subject to change.
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Wally Satzewich and Gail Vandersteen operate a busy produce stand every weekend at the Farmer’s Market in downtown Saskatoon, but the secret of their success is surprising: Satzewich, a former sociology student, and Vandersteen are urban farmers. Proponents of a new kind of farming called SPIN (Small Plot INtensive), they grow their crops in seven back yards throughout Saskatoon.

Satzewich and Vandersteen began farming 20 years ago on an acre of land outside of Saskatoon. Thinking they needed more land to increase profits, they purchased an additional 20 acres north of Saskatoon along the river.

The decision to become urban farmers began with a couple of small plots for radishes and greens at their Saskatoon home. When they realized their urban crops were more profitable, they finally sold the farm.

Without owning any land, the SPIN method yields Satzewich and Vandersteen three crops of mixed salad greens, radishes, herbs and scallions per 2 x 12-foot plot each growing year.

The city offers a warmer environment, longer growing season, shelter from prairie winds, few pests and no deer to munch on the lettuce. Satzewich and Vandersteen use clean, reliable city water with simple garden hose irrigation, and limit their farm machinery to an odd assortment of rakes and hoes, an old hand-operated Rototiller, and a seeder on two wheels that is pushed like a cart. They use beet and soy to fertilize their organic crops and turn leftover vegetable matter into compost.

“Lots of people don’t believe you can grow three crops a year in Saskatoon… the truth is, this is much less work than mechanized large-scale farming. We used to need a tractor to hill potatoes and cultivate, but we now know it’s more efficient to do things by hand,” Satzewich explains.

What began as an experiment in urban farming by two individuals has grown into a movement that has fans and followers across North America and beyond. The Wall Street Journal, ABC’s Good Morning America, and Sounds Like Canada have reported on the phenomenon. Satzewich and Vandersteen now offer ‘Learn How to SPIN’ guides for purchase, SPIN consulting services and even a SPIN lexicon.

SPIN’s profitability and popularity is good news for the future of food security and for supply of locally grown food, which is increasingly in demand. Back at the Saskatoon Farmer’s Market, Satzewich and Vandersteen’s harvest continues to supply a growing number of customers and many local chefs with organic shallots, onions, radishes, broad beans, salad greens and squash.
DiversitA&S
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Murray Campbell (BA’70)
Murray Campbell is Queen’s Park columnist for The Globe and Mail. In a career of reporting from five continents, Campbell has covered the aftermath of the 1994 Rwanda genocide and the L.A. riots. When contacted by DiversitA&S, he remarked that he was astounded our magazine even knew who he was—not even nationally-acclaimed journalists can hide from our investigative powers. (Photo: Fred Lum/The Globe and Mail)

Mitch Moxley (BA’03)
Born in La Ronge, Sask., Mitch Moxley grew up in Regina and completed a Double Honours degree in History and Political Studies at the U of S. Since finishing an MA in Journalism, Mitch Moxley has freelanced for The Globe and Mail, Toronto Star, The Walrus, The Guardian, The Economist and The China Daily. Looking back on his time in Beijing, Moxley’s highlights have been covering the Olympics and sampling Chinese insect dishes. (Photo Submitted)

Dawna Rose (MFA’91)
When not at work in her studio, Saskatoon visual artist Dawna Rose can be found dispensing prescriptions at the Co-op Pharmacy. She has exhibited her artwork throughout Canada. Her first book, Smoking with My Mother, which included her whimsical drawings along with a short animated film, was recognized at the 2006 Alcuin Awards for excellence in book design.

Betsy Rosenwald
Betsy Rosenwald is a painter, writer and graphic designer who moonlights as publications officer for Arts and Science. With a BA from Beloit College, Wis. and an MFA from Brooklyn College, N.Y., Rosenwald immigrated to Canada in 1999. Her paintings have been exhibited internationally, and she was Artist-in-Residence at the Klondike Institute for Art and Culture in Dawson City, Y.T. She also enjoyed a stint as restaurant critic until job hazards necessitated a weight loss program. (Photo: Kirk Sibbald)

Kirk Sibbald (BA’04)
Kirk Sibbald grew up in Outlook, Sask. and graduated from the U of S in 2004 with a BA (Honours) in English. After completing an MA in Journalism at the University of Western Ontario he worked as Editor of The Lloydminster Source. Currently a communications officer for the College of Arts & Science, Sibbald fancies himself an up-and-coming greeting card writer despite a pile of rejections from Hallmark. (Photo: Karee Davidson)

Leona Theis (BA’80)
Leona Theis completed her BA and MEd at the U of S. Her first book, Sightlines, won the Saskatchewan Award for Fiction and the Saskatoon Book Award in 2000. She recently received a CBC Literary Award for a memoir of her mother’s life. Theis began writing in a house on the beach in Australia when she recognized the low start-up costs for writing: pen, notepad and dark roast coffee. Today she enjoys writing in a cottage in the Canadian boreal forest. She has granted DiversitA&S readers a sneak peek at her novel-in-progress with the excerpt Lucky Carl. (Photo Submitted)

Joy-Ann Allin (BA’08)
Joy-Ann Allin was born in Regina, and completed her BA in English at the U of S after pre-journalism at the U of R. She works as alumni relations and development communications officer for Arts and Science and as editor of DiversitA&S. Allin left campus in 1997 for a career in event planning and development and later returned to campus for her parchment and a job. She is equally at home flipping pancakes with students in the bowl and hobnobbing with emeritus faculty. (Photo: Karee Davidson)
On Freedom of Expression

By Joy-Ann Allin (BA’08)

Freedom of expression, social protest and institutes of higher learning have known a close relationship through history. Over the years, the College of Arts and Science has witnessed many raunchy performances—think The Intensely Vigorous College Nine—and off-colour political satire, such as those old cartoons in The Sheaf. Generations of students have inherited injustice and demanded ambitious political change.

Is there still a climate at the College of Arts & Science that defends free expression and promotes critical thinking? Is there more to debate than nine decades of chronically bad parking facilities?

In the last days leading up to the federal election, the looming censorship clause in Bill C-10 was pulled abruptly. The controversial clause would have granted government representatives the power to censor “objectionable” Canadian film projects by withholding tax credits. During their campaigns, the political parties’ arts and culture platforms received the most scrutiny in Quebec, and probably much less in other provinces.

I asked two Arts & Science alumni what this political about-face on arts funding means for the creative sector, and why creativity, openness and diversity should be cherished.

Bill Klebeck (BA'78) has reflected on the scrapped amendments to the Income Tax Law contained in a few small words in the 580-some page Bill C-10, and as we begin discussing his views, he invokes the words of Pierre Elliott Trudeau: “The state has no business in the bedrooms of the nation.” Or in the boardrooms of arts funding agencies.” The Wynyard lawyer and writer calls a threat to funding for certain Canadian film projects “unconscionable.” He recognizes that Canadian film producers are counting on tax credits: “It is hard to get partners and a budget together including private and public partners.

“As a producer or director or writer of a film project you might cut back on some types of content,” Klebeck observes. The changes could lead to self-censorship, he says. Although freedom of expression is protected in the Charter of Rights, the Bill C-10 changes that had been brought forward by the Conservative and Liberal governments are frightening, says Klebeck. “The logical extension is the 1984 scenario...where they think that they are better to police the nation, what we see and read, than we ourselves.”

As a past president of SaskFilm and the Saskatchewan Writers Guild, and with a seven-year term on the Board of Directors of Access Copyright under his belt, Klebeck knows the merits of the existing peer group jury process in the arts.

“Juries of peers work within strict guidelines. Their job is to make informed determinations on funding based on the artistic merit of a particular project. In film, with respect to a project being eligible for government tax credits, I believe the criteria is based upon ‘Canadian content’ of above and below-the-line crew, not upon the whim of a taxing agency determining favourable or unfavourable content of the film itself,” he explains.

In Klebeck’s view, the role of the arts sector in Canada’s economy is “way more important than any government would lead us to believe.

“When government sends envoys to other parts of the world to attract business, they take with them representatives from the local arts community. They use the arts as a selling feature to entice companies and their employees to move to their jurisdiction.”

When not advocating for the arts, practicing law and writing literary fiction, Bill Klebeck wears a very different hat—he farms and owns cattle. He acknowledges that freedom of expression may not be a significant political issue among his neighbours. “Joe Public might not know or care unless it impacts them.”

Bill Klebeck earned a BA in English (Honours) at the College of Arts and Science in 1978, followed by a Law degree in 1981 (U of S). He has practiced law since 1982, early on in Saskatoon, and now in Wynyard. Klebeck has written two books of literary fiction and numerous short stories. He owns farm land and cattle in the Wynyard area. He and his high-school principal wife are parents of a son and daughter, with a grandchild on the way. Klebeck has served as President of the Saskatchewan Writers Guild, President of SaskFilm, and on the Board of Directors of Access Copyright. Photo: Ted Czarnecki
Joan Borsa (BA ‘70) thinks of a threat to freedom of expression in terms of spatial and representational politics. It comes down to a basic question of who has access to public space—or public discourse—and who doesn’t. She admits she would like to see more alternative voices within the mainstream, whether at the University, in the media, in art galleries or through film.

Borsa worries about a climate of surveillance, policing and government-determined morality in judging artistic content.

“How can it be justified?” she muses. “Assessments in the area of cultural production require very flexible and permeable boundaries, as well as peer review. Those involved in jurying or setting standards for evaluation need to have expertise and currency—they need to be aware of recent developments and transformations in specific artistic media. They need to understand the international and local contexts relevant to specific forms of expression. This is not an area that should be directed by politicians.”

“The peer-evaluation arms-length system for public spending in the arts has been in place since 1948 in this province, and the Canada Council for the Arts has been in place since 1957. Both organizations have proven themselves to be very effective structures.”

Borsa sees an increasing desire by visual artists to have a direct dialogue with their audience. This can take the form of more community-based public art, outside of galleries.

Instead of the pejorative image of an artist with her hand out, Borsa describes an active relationship between artist and public: “In fact, there is a reciprocity in terms of giving. Artwork generates and provokes thought and debate. Artists create public forums and address public issues… culture is one of the basic places we should invest and spend. As a healthy society and culture, we need to have all forms of expression open to us—as consumers and as producers.”

The role of universities and colleges in defending freedom of expression is major, and Borsa believes that this principle is part of their foundation: “Classroom discussions, forums on complex and controversial issues, a respectful environment allowing for listening as well as speaking, encountering diverse individuals and perspectives promote a very healthy and hopefully more tolerant environment. It is one of the significant things a university enables and contributes.”

Joan Borsa was recently awarded the Lieutenant-Governor’s Lifetime Achievement Arts Award. She is department head of Women’s and Gender Studies in the College of Arts and Science. She has an active curatorial practice, and has been a sessional lecturer at Simon Fraser University, Concordia University, Emily Carr College of Art & Design and the University of Regina. She earned a BA in Art and Art History at the College of Arts and Science in 1970 (U of S). She then earned a Masters of Education at the University of Alberta in 1978, an MA at the University of Leeds in the Social History of Art, and a PhD at Concordia in Interdisciplinary Study of Society and Culture in Humanities. She is a single parent, and continues to be interested in curating and writing about contemporary issues in art and culture from a feminist and interdisciplinary perspective.

Comments on this story? http://diversitas.usask.ca

Photo: Kasdorf Photographics
When Greg Poelzer received a scholarship 17 years ago to go to Siberia it was the beginning of a life-long Arctic encounter. “One of my professors asked me what the loser got,” he jokes. He has since made 22 visits to Siberia.

Poelzer, an associate professor of Political Studies at the College of Arts and Science, is a leading expert on circumpolar affairs and the politics of the modern North. He was among a small group of observers selected to witness the Canadian Armed Forces Operation NANOOK 2008 manoeuvres in the Arctic this past August.

Operation NANOOK, a joint and integrated domestic sovereignty operation, was conducted Aug. 19 to 26, 2008. The operation, which included personnel and resources from Nunavut Territorial and Federal governments and the joint Canadian Forces, was designed to project sovereignty in the Eastern Arctic, and to exercise the CF’s ability to provide humanitarian assistance and disaster relief in the North.

Poelzer spent one night on the naval frigate HMCS Toronto witnessing the team of Army, Navy, Coast Guard and Rangers respond to scenarios that simulated maritime emergencies such as an evacuation of a ship in distress or an oil spill.

“One scenario involved demonstrating how Iqaluit would respond to the arrival of a ship with an onboard outbreak of anthrax,” said Poelzer. The simulation culminated in a hostage-taking incident by someone resisting quarantine and tested both the RCMP Emergency Response Team and public health officials.

The oil spill emergency scenario demonstrated the complexity of northern sensitivities and required the participation of the Nunavut government, Indian and Northern Affairs Canada, Border Services, and public health and safety officials. The team had to consider how to minimize damage to the environment and the best way to recover lost oil drums. They used an inflatable oil boom to contain the seepage and protect ecologically sensitive fishing areas.

“If you are in Vancouver, it’s no big deal if you lose a couple of oil drums. But recovery is important in the North because of the isolation,” said Poelzer.

Inuit Rangers taught Army Reservists how to live off the land in an emergency. “After five or six days, they only used one day’s worth of rations,” said Poelzer, who saw the effort as evidence of the Canadian Forces’ proactive approach with local people and the environment.
The frigate was designed to respect the ecologically fragile Arctic. “There is no dirty bilge or discharge into the water. Instead, a treatment plant on board the ship converts wastewater into potable water. Everyone took 30-second showers with non-phosphate soap,” something Poelzer thinks the rest of Canada should get used to. “You wet yourself, lather up and turn off the water until you are ready to rinse off.”

He recognizes the urgency of policy and action in the Arctic: “With the polar ice cap melting a rate faster than anyone had anticipated and with international interest in the rich resources of the Arctic basin waxing, the question of Arctic sovereignty will emerge as one of the most important policy problems facing our nation for the next generation.”

Poelzer is the founding Dean of Undergraduate Studies for the University of the Arctic, and co-author (with Ken Coates, P. Whitney Lackenbauer, and Bill Morrison) of the forthcoming book, *Arctic Front* (Thomas Allen Publishers, November 2008), which focuses on Arctic sovereignty issues—the politics within and between northern countries.

The authors tackle a range of issues that are especially timely given recent sovereignty claims over the Northwest Passage and the growing number of operations—Operation NANOOK is one—being undertaken by Canada and the other countries involved.

“With climate change and the melting of the Arctic pack ice, we are seeing the opening up of new areas for shipping and transportation. If you are travelling from Japan or Europe and you can go through the Northwest Passage, you save 7,000 kilometres...that represents huge savings in travel costs. When the area was unusable, no one cared who owned what. Right now they are carving up the Arctic like a pizza pie. Because it’s melting and they can get there to exploit the resources, you are going to see more disputes over territorial borders, like Canada’s conflict with Denmark over Hans Island, the Russians planting a flag in the North Pole, and of course, the U.S. and Canada over the Beaufort Sea, which has oil and gas.”

“*When the area was unusable, no one cared who owned what. Right now they are carving up the Arctic like a pizza pie.*”

Increased tourism creates new opportunities for the North, but also brings many unwelcome elements. “Tourists create opportunities but also introduce a high risk of communicable diseases, drugs and alcohol, disruption of hunting and fishing, and risks around environmental catastrophes. With the area’s fragile ecosystem and the small size of the communities, this can make a huge impact.”

Photo: Greg Poelzer

Photo: Kirk Sibbald (BA’04)
In 1989, Greg Poelzer was working toward his goal of becoming a Sovietologist when fate stepped in. “I was in my first year of my doctorate at the University of Alberta in Edmonton when I was offered a job teaching in Lesser Slave Lake. I had two youngsters and needed the money so I took it. It was a life changer, to be blunt.”

He changed the focus of his research to Political Studies with an emphasis on aboriginal self-government. “This was before aboriginal issues were big in university studies, before Oka.” A professor suggested that he make a comparative study of aboriginal state relations in Canada and Russia.

One scenario involved demonstrating how Iqaluit would respond to the arrival of a ship with an onboard outbreak of anthrax.

Siberia, or the Russian North, is home to 40 different peoples with a population of just over 200,000, far fewer than Canada’s one million aboriginal people. There are Inuit living in Russia near Alaska, as well as the Sami, who are reindeer herders of northern Scandinavia.

While doing research in indigenous communities, Poelzer lived in a small village, hunted and fished with local people, and rode reindeer. “You are living like anyone else lives,” he says. “Riding reindeer is equivalent to riding a horse or a snowmobile, except they don’t break down and you go through wooded terrain. There are two types—domestic and wild. Domestic are used for meat, transportation, milk, hides.

“I ate whipped reindeer cream mixed with wild blue berries and cranberries.” His diet also included frozen raw liver and raw fish, which he calls “very tasty and rich in vitamins,” cooked reindeer meat and boiled fish.

The flora and fauna in Siberia is almost identical to that of the Canadian North, so both regions are experiencing parallel changes due to climate. “The rivers are freezing up later, so people are taking greater risks to fish and get to the reindeer. Thousands of reindeer are starving because they can’t get at their food source.” Reindeer eat mainly lichen during the winter, which they get at by using their hooves to brush snow away from the frozen ground. Because of freak thaws and freeze-ups, a layer of ice forms over the ground, preventing them from feeding.

Polar bears have become a veritable symbol for global warming, but are quite adaptable, according to Poelzer. “In some areas they are declining, but they are actually increasing in others.” What about all those pictures of polar bears caught out on an ice floe? “In some areas the ice is getting thicker, in others it is getting thinner,” he says. “Polar bears are adapting and changing. There has been a miscommunication in the media, which has caused legislation to happen in the United States preventing the hunting of polar bears. Hunting in the Canadian Arctic is important to Inuit communities.”

Poelzer’s professors may have teased him about his trips to Siberia in the 90s, but he is definitely in the right place at the right time now. “It has been 50 years since John Diefenbaker visited the Canadian Arctic,” he says, “so it is interesting to watch the Arctic move to the centre of the national policy agenda.”
Jim Miller believes that the scourge of Indian residential schools has scarred not only Canadian aboriginal society, but all of Canadian society. As he examines the attempts at reconciliation that have been made, he is probing a wound that has not healed.

“The worst damage is to the native community—but the non-native community has also been debased and soiled. How do we bring about reconciliation?” Miller asks.

A leading expert on native-newcomer relations, and history professor in Arts and Science at the U of S, Miller was awarded $1.4 million from the federal Canada Research Chair program to advance his study of reconciliation attempts by churches and the federal government to victims of the Indian residential school system.

This year’s funding renewal will give Miller and a team of graduate students seven more years to study personal accounts, historical records, recent court settlements and public apologies.

Miller has written nine books, including the 1996 Saskatchewan Book Award winner *Shingwauk’s Vision: A History of Native Residential Schools*, which was also recognized as outstanding by the Gustavus Myer Center for the Study of Human Rights in North America.

He admits that some members of the aboriginal community have questioned the right of a non-aboriginal researcher to receive funding for this investigation. However, Miller insists that the inherited problem of Indian residential schools belongs to all of Canada.

“I started research in the field of native-newcomer relations because I was perplexed by what I saw around me,” he says. “Like most Canadians who think about the matter today, I wondered why things were so messed up, why were relations so bad between us, and why do aboriginal communities very often have such serious socio-economic and health problems? How did it get like this?”

In fact, Indian residential schools never fulfilled their mandate and certainly never met the expectations of aboriginal parents, from the very beginning. “The schools consistently failed because the skills offered were not valuable for their lives, to help their young people to survive, to adjust, to thrive. (The parents) conceived of education as part of a treaty package as a means for their kids to adjust to the rapid change,” Miller says.

Subjected to exploitive and sub-standard living conditions, physical and sexual abuse, and an attack on their traditional values, students in the schools fought back just as kids do today, by goofing off or refusing to cooperate, says Miller—their ultimate desperate protests were running away or committing arson.

Miller witnesses the testament to the schools today—how the remaining school buildings live on in different ways, used for adult education, university facilities and cultural centres. And how the students who were once victimized are hearing apologies, enduring assessments, accepting settlements and commemorating their experiences.

In the last 60 years, Miller notes, aboriginal parents and community members have had increasingly effective political voices, stating that “our greatest need today is real education,” an echo from the 1870’s when treaties were negotiated in Western Canada.

Comments on this story? http://diversitas.usask.ca
Dorothée Gizenga (BSc’85) was just four years old when she was uprooted from her home the first time. Her father, a political activist in post-colonial Congo, found himself on the wrong side of a civil war and was sent into exile. So his family left a homeland where diamonds sparkled in the dust for an exceedingly uncertain future.

Decades of exile followed that hasty departure in 1966. The unfamiliar snow and cold of Moscow became familiar in the next eight years in Russia. Nervous years of statelessness in France were followed by unsettled years in Angola where a suitcase was always packed for a quick departure. It wasn’t until she got to Canada in 1982 that Dorothée Gizenga found a haven, and the vivid dreams of being chased began to subside.

Now, at 47, Gizenga has returned to the diamonds of her childhood. As the newly appointed executive director of the fledgling Diamond Development International, she is working to improve the lives of the million Africans who scratch gems from the earth, who live in absolute poverty even as they help others become wealthy.

Just getting the job is an achievement in itself. Gizenga won out over international applicants who answered advertisements in, among other publications, The Economist.

Her admirers—and they are legion—say she got the post because she is well informed about international development issues and has a track record of results. Indeed, she has already scored some victories on the issue as a worker with Partnership Africa Canada, an Ottawa-based nongovernmental organization that focuses on sustainable development. She has worked with countries with a history of civil conflict to try to stop the illegal trade in diamonds that paid for weapons and sustained the violence.
Gizenga is just one of hundreds of people working to regulate the world diamond trade but she brings with her a special set of skills. She has the languages picked up in her years of exile—French, Russian, Portuguese and English—and she is also equally at home dealing with government officials and the people scrabbling in the mud for a subsistence living.

“She has an uncanny knack for communicating with people from all different walks of life,” says long-time colleague Ian Smillie.

David Angell, director-general of the Africa bureau at the Department of Foreign Affairs and International Trade, recalls the “eloquence” with which she talked of Africa when he first met her in the run-up to the Kananaskis G8 summit in 2002.

“The passion was there, but it was coupled with a capacity for communication, and you don’t always have the two,” he said.

Gizenga joined Partnership Africa Canada in 2003 and quickly became a fixture. Smillie recalls how the organization was invited in 2004 to a conference examining how illicit commodity trade was fuelling the conflict in the Democratic Republic of Congo. “The invitation to PAC, however, was specifically for Dorothée Gizenga, who for the next two years helped breathe life and reality into some very complex negotiations,” he said.

It’s an arc of a life—from refugee to international mover and shaker—that has been anything but predictable. But don’t suggest that to Gizenga.

Whether others see the picaresque, she sees a logical determination that she believes she inherited from her father who returned from his 26-year exile in 1992 and is now, at the age of 83, the prime minister of the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

“If thoughts create lives, I am here for that reason,” Gizenga says one day in her unadorned Ottawa office, explaining how she always knew she wanted to work on international development issues. “I inherited a lot of my father’s traits and I only now realize it. I am very determined and I have a strong vision.”

The determination—if not the vision—was evident when, at 18, she realized she was tired of living in her father’s shadow. “We, his children, lived with him a life of danger and sacrifice and were asked to accept that Congo was our father’s focus.” It was tough thing to ask of someone looking for a bit of independence.

Living in a precarious situation in Angola with her six siblings, she had met someone from the United Nations High Commission for Refugees who told her that she had the right to apply on her own for refugee status. About the same time, she applied for a scholarship with World University Service Canada. She stated on the application that she spoke English because she thought it would look good.

A Canadian immigration official asked her in a subsequent interview in the Ivory Coast if she wanted to speak English or French. With a sigh of relief, she replied “French,” and the next words she heard were “Bienvenue à Canada.”

She had no say about where she would be sent and so, in mid-October, 1982, she was flown to Regina and then put on a bus to Saskatoon. “All I could see was farms and farms for three hours,” she recalled. “I was worried sick, saying to myself, ‘There is no university, they must have made a mistake.’”

Every time the bus passed a small town on Highway 11, like Craik or Kenaston, she would rush forward and try her only two words of English on the driver: “Saskatoon? University?”

The young woman who stepped off the bus in Saskatoon, wearing a fur-trimmed leather coat picked up years earlier in France, must have surprised the WUSC welcoming committee. “I looked like a spoiled rich kid rather than a refugee,” she says.

Gizenga threw herself into university life as a way of dealing with the feelings of being set apart from everyone else.

She wanted to fit in. At the U of S, she learned English by retaking chemistry courses taken previously in Portuguese at the University in Angola, and she became involved in the student groups set up by the 70 African students then on campus.
And she relaxed. “In Canada,” she says, with a slight Russian accent, “I finally got out of the suitcase.”

She also found her centre of gravity. As a little girl in Moscow, she had loved the song in the Russian version of Pinocchio about a magical door in a golden wall that leads to a great country across the sea. “I arrived in Canada and felt the song referred to Canada, that in that song lay my destiny because this is where I found my stability,” she says.

Gizenga hung around Saskatoon for a year after getting her BSc in 1985 but then returned to Africa where her father was under house arrest in the Republic of Congo, known as Congo-Brazzaville, the much-smaller neighbour to the Democratic Republic of Congo. But money was tight and jobs were hard to find, so she returned to Canada after six months to find work.

For the next two years, she used her language skills at Via Rail in Toronto and then, after a maternity leave (her son is now 19 and living with her in Ottawa), she joined the Ontario government. All the while, she studied economics at York University where she attracted the attention of Sam Lanfranco, a professor who specializes in economic development.

Struck then by her maturity and her “clarity of purpose,” he isn’t surprised that she has flourished. “She brings her knowledge, her linguistic skills and her negotiating skills,” says Lanfranco. “She can sit down and work with people and say ‘Okay let’s try to move something forward here.’ It’s a rare combination.”

Leaving government, Gizenga transformed herself into a consultant, taking to heart what she took as quintessential Canadian advice to “fake it until you make it.” She was consulting for female entrepreneurs when she won a one-year fellowship to work on development policy with Foreign Affairs.

From there she went to PAC and threw herself into the international effort to regulate the diamond industry, a movement that had begun in 2000 with a United Nations resolution supporting the creation of an international certification scheme for rough diamonds.

The challenge was immense. Rebel groups were preying on so-called artisanal miners—workers not affiliated with large mining companies—to finance their wars, particularly in Angola, Sierra Leone and the Congo. These conflicts have contributed to the deaths of hundreds of thousands of people and have led to massive displacement of civilians.

Gizenga and PAC joined the effort to engage the diamond industry, governments and civil society in Africa to construct a regulatory process. The Kimberley Process was established in 2003 as a result of these efforts and is endorsed by the global diamond industry. It has nearly eliminated the trade in these “conflict” or “blood” diamonds.

The process requires each shipment of rough diamonds crossing an international border to be transported in a tamper-resistant container and to be tagged with a Kimberley Process certificate that is resistant to forgery and describes the contents. The shipment can only be transported to other countries subscribing to the process. It is a voluntary scheme but it has become so airtight that membership has become de facto compulsory because there is no other way to trade diamonds.

The success on conflict diamonds has served to highlight the plight of 1.5 million people around the world—two-thirds of them in Africa—who supply about 15 per cent of the world’s diamonds.

Almost all artisanal miners are unregistered, unprotected and work for only what they can find. Decades ago, the earth in the Congo glittered—people who walked it could have diamonds on the soles of their shoes—but the gems are harder to find now. The ancient Greeks thought that diamonds were tears of the gods. Now they are the tears of these small-scale miners, whose work is dirty, hard and sometimes dangerous. Children are involved and the influx of a migrant labour force brings with it high rates of prostitution and HIV/AIDS. The competitive scrabble means violence is never far away.

Some 800,000 people are involved in artisanal mining in Gizenga’s native Congo. And because the country is still suffering from decades of brutal dictatorship and civil war, all walks of life are involved. Teachers and lawyers work side by side the uneducated in the mines.

Most artisanal miners earn less than a dollar a day. They work in a buyer’s market. They are paid perhaps $20 by an intermediary—the comptoirs are run in African countries by an extended Lebanese family—for a diamond that may have a value of $100,000 when it is cut and polished in the Belgian mining hub, Antwerp.
“The communities that mine diamonds are the poorest in the world yet they provide the greatest wealth,” says Gizenga.

Smillie, who is the chair of DDI, likens it to the Klondike. “It’s chaotic, it’s the wild west,” he says. “The answer is not a whole lot of Mounties. The answer is some kind of development—better pay and better health conditions.”

“We, his children, lived with him a life of danger and sacrifice and were asked to accept that Congo was our father’s focus.”

That’s exactly what Gizenga is working toward now as she steers DDI through its start-up period. It is operating with a budget of less than a million dollars provided largely by the Government of Sweden and the Tiffany and Co. Foundation, although the Canadian Government, the giant De Beers mining firm and even the Canadian Auto Workers are also financial backers. Although Gizenga works in Ottawa, the organization is incorporated in Washington, D.C. and there is talk of moving the headquarters to Europe.

DDI is facing, in Gizenga’s words, “a monumental challenge.” Some of the governments she works with are corrupt and have no interest in changing the status quo.

Gizenga knows first-hand the dangers of dealing with dictatorships. In the past, she has feared, particularly, that she was being poisoned. Her father, who doesn’t talk to her about her work, is afraid for her safety but still she travels around Africa without a bodyguard. She believes this work is her destiny.

“Because of my life experiences and upbringing, I was always very militant for social causes,” she says. “I felt it deep inside me even as a child. I was raised to believe in Africa and the Congo and so through a combination of circumstances my destiny brought me to doing the current work.”

DDI is trying to draw local and international development organizations into artisanal diamond areas both to raise the education level of the miners—to know what their $20 diamond is actually worth—and to bring the previously unregulated diamond mining sector into the mainstream economy in the hope of raising living standards.

Angell praises PAC for the “hugely effective” work it has done in shedding light on the dark side of the diamond trade, but says there is much more work to be done by DDI.

“‘It’s a very exciting venture,” he says. “Nothing’s been done quite like this before.”

There is an initial victory. Gizenga has negotiated an agreement with the Congo government that would prohibit the use of child labour in the mineral mines near the city of Mbuji-Mayi, a commercial centre for diamond mining.

“The issues are known in artisanal diamond mining,” she says. “We want to have impact, we just don’t want to be doing studies.”

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Solid foundation helps land Computer Science grad at DreamWorks

By Kirk Sibbald (BA’04)

Mark Matthews knows patience. After all, helping breathe life into a destiny-driven panda named Po takes time.

No less painstaking is getting Barry the bee to take flight. But when it comes to a career with DreamWorks Animation, Matthews knows the finished products are well worth the effort.

Born and raised in Saskatoon, Matthews earned a BSc in Computer Science and BEng in Engineering Physics at the U of S. Since then, the Saskatchewanite has toured Africa, Japan and Europe, even living briefly with a group of monks at the Madonna House in Combermere, Ont. Still, he ranks Hollywood, Calif. as the most foreign experience of his life thus far.

“The stereotypes fail to be met and are greatly exceeded, all at the same time,” says Matthews about life in Hollywood. “It is a great place to live, but people can definitely be more materialistic and there are big differences in terms of attitude. This is by far the biggest culture shock that I’ve experienced because you’re actually living it.”

In 2006, Matthews came to Hollywood and joined DreamWorks Animation’s Research and Development department. He spends most of his time and expertise developing the character rigging process for animated films, a process that gives character the ability to have joints, muscles and facial expressions. Before Po can master kung fu or even sigh, Matthews and his department must give each character the ability to move fluently and vividly.
In only two short years at DreamWorks, Matthews already has his name in the credits of *Bee Movie*, nominated for a Golden Globe award, and the more recent *Kung Fu Panda*. However, he notes his ascent to Tinsletown was hardly an overnight process.

Following his worldly travels, Matthews completed an MSc in Computer Science from the University of Calgary and began designing satellite telemetry equipment for a company in Alberta’s oil industry.

From there he accepted a job with EA Sports, one of the world’s largest video game producers, in Burnaby, B.C. Working on best-selling gaming franchises such as John Madden Football 2007 and March Madness Basketball, Matthews was suddenly working alongside the animation industry’s elite.

Considering his well-traveled past, however, it should come as little surprise that Matthews was soon on the move once again.


In actuality, he admits there was more impetus behind this most recent move than a mere job opening. Working with animated movies, he would have more opportunity to express a surprising second love: art.

While soaking up algorithms and source code in the College of Arts and Science, Matthews also enrolled in a few elective art classes. These courses sparked a passion that he says shaped the person he is and his decision to work at DreamWorks.

“I took three or four art classes (at the U of S) and they were really great, eye-opening experiences….I really became interested in the relationship between science and art,” said Matthews. “The two seem so far apart but they are really interrelated—you can’t create new art without advances in technology, and a lot of art is really influenced by the technology used in a particular (era).”

Returning to the U of S this past May, Matthews spoke at Digitized, a career conference for high school students interested in technology. His talk covered the intricate work that goes into producing an animated movie, and offering some not-previously-released images straight from DreamWorks studios.

Now living in the glare of Hollywood, Matthews returns to Saskatoon every three or four months to visit family, catch up with friends and, admittedly, “just to maintain my sanity and keep my roots here.”

**These courses sparked a passion that he says shaped the person he is and his decision to work at DreamWorks.**

As for the education Matthews received in the College of Arts and Science, his rapid career ascent thus far really speaks for itself.

“You talk to people that went to well-known, prestigious American schools—such as NYU (New York University) or CMU (Carnegie Mellon University)—and you think, wow, their programs must be so much better,” he said.

“But after talking to them, I found out I did all the same things that they did, and there really isn’t much difference at all. Here at the U of S, we’re getting just as good of an education and DreamWorks recognizes that.”
Picture my gentle dad—Lucky Carl, people back in Flat Hill used to call him—up there at mile zero of the Alaska Highway in 1943 among the truckers, blasters, dynamite haulers, powder monkeys, carpenters, construction labourers. Seven hundred souls in the town, fifteen hundred American soldiers in the camp. A powder-keg.

But how can I picture him? I hardly knew him. It’s almost by accident that I even know he was there—our family never did dwell on history—and his trip north happened long before I was born.

One day during my lunch break at the library I researched Dawson Creek, what it was like during the war years. My search of the catalogue turned up a single book, an anecdotal history by someone who’d lived in that makeshift town while the road was under construction. The author claimed with pride that he’d been hired as a farm writer by a major prairie newspaper in 1958 and fired as a madman twenty-eight years later. I took that book home and read every word; I sucked on the details as if they were candy. By the time I’d finished, I’d concluded that to be mad in that place would have been an asset. If I want to see my dad in Dawson Creek, it’s up to me to make it up, cribbing the particulars from an account written by a madman. John Berger says that by remembering something, you save it from nothingness. And I do so want to redeem my father’s unknown life from nothingness. What would Berger say about resorting to make-believe? When it’s all you have, is imagination a viable substitute for memory? Memory, after all, has imagination slathered overtop like icing.

A green-eyed prairie boy sits in a barber’s chair in a ballsy northern town on a cold day in February. Early evening by the clock; black night if the measure is the light outside the windows. The short northern day this time of year, the long northern night. He listens to the blade in Jack the barber’s hand, whip, whip, against the strop. Carl likes the sound; it gives him a sense of anticipation, preparation. That’s what he’s doing too, preparing. For a long and lovely northern night.

Preparation is the exception in this town, which is all about impromptu. They’re here to build a phone line from Edmonton to Fairbanks. They’re here to build a highway to Alaska through the muskeg and the permafrost and the bush. Finding their way around lake after lake. Why? Because on December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbour and the Yanks said, “Over my dead body.”

Let’s say the green-eyed prairie boy has been to the government liquor store in Pouce Coupe and bought a mickey of whiskey. Not the most expensive but not the cheapest either, because, for the moment at least, he’s a man of means. The mickey’s nestled between his legs as he sits in the chair. He and Jack passed the bottle back and forth a couple of times before they got down to the business of the shave and haircut. Now it rests against Carl’s thigh, under the barber’s cloth, on its side so it doesn’t stand out like a full salute. There’s enough danger of a real salute down there, as he looks forward to his long and lovely northern night. Casually, Carl shifts his arms underneath the barber’s cloth to make sure it drapes loose and roomy all the way to his knees. He’s a skinny young electrician with an unassertive set of whiskers in a town of men intent on demonstrating manhood. He’s desperate to grow up.

In the barbershop, Jack and Carl hear, from the outskirts of town, the sound of a siren, then another.

The truckers who haul aviation fuel to Fort Nelson airport compete to make the best time over the three hundred-plus miles. The real money’s in the betting, and this is the sole area where Lucky Carl has distinguished himself. He doesn’t pick the most daredevil drivers—things are bound to go wrong for those ones—he picks from the ranks of the next tier down; he chooses neither the tortoise nor the hare. Those hares are a little too cocky, which gets them into accidents; and when they do win, the purse divides too many ways. This week Carl won big. Most people had their money riding on Dirty Dave Mezeres. But Dave opened throttle on the last long down slope in order to make it up on the other side. Thirty below, and the axle snapped like an icicle. He crawled out and circled the wreck as if he hadn’t been hurt. It wasn’t until he walked into the bar later that night and started talking about seeing silver angels—this before he’d even gulped his first whiskey—that someone thought to have the doc take a look at the bump on his head. He may never be the same again. Paulie Eagle, from the ranks of the speedy but not
foolhardy, rolled into town a couple of hours later having made his run in sixteen hours, fastest successful run all week, and Lucky Carl pocketed ninety-five bucks. Which made him cocky. Relatively. Cocky for him.

Now he sits, the bottle a satisfying weight against his thigh, the blade clear-cutting through his middling crop of whiskers. Two-bits’ worth of black market cigarettes in his shirt pocket from some GI who buys them at the commissary and charges double on the street. Never mind. Carl wouldn’t trade places.

Heart murmur, that’s what keeps him a civilian and not a soldier. Another source of his luck, though he’s quiet about calling it that. Shirker is what he’d be called if his mates knew that even if the recruiting doctors had declared him able-bodied he wouldn’t be in uniform. If the medics had given him the okay, he would’ve had to formally voice his opinions, say he believed a man should have a choice on how to best serve his country. Opinions—was that what they were? His principles, more properly. His convictions. Even he wonders sometimes what’s the difference, inside his very insides, between his fears and his convictions.

Heart murmur. What does a heart murmur? Maybe he’s a garden-variety scaredy-cat. But what if his personal fears are connected to more than himself? Maybe he holds his fear of battle like a trust on behalf of a lot of other people. Is it possible for a fear to be noble?

He was a gentle man.

In the barbershop, Jack and Carl hear, from the outskirts of town, the sound of a siren, then another. Jack says, “Fire somewheres,” and Carl says, “That there be.”

Say Carl lives in a room over the Empire Café and he’s acquainted himself with the waitresses, gotten to know them better and better as the days go by. Like sisters, he sometimes tells them. But damn, kissing Valerie, which he intends to do tonight—the places he plans to kiss Valerie, those aren’t places you kiss your sister. What with the twenty-to-one ratio in this town, his expectations had been low when he asked her out, but she’d said, “Sure, why not?” Maybe she’s afraid of the wild ones.

With the bills in his pocket he’ll buy her dinner at the Empire. The boss (call him Frank) said okay, just for tonight she’s allowed to eat at one of the legit tables, not the littered staff table at the back. Only because Carl’s a good guy, Frank told Valerie. Don’t get to thinking you can eat out front any time you please. And change your clothes proper before you sit down. And wear some lady shoes. To tell the truth, Frank’s a little confused how to find the line with his girls since the waitresses struck last December. Took them less than a day to get the bosses to cave to a two-dollar-a-week raise. You can’t get through the evening meal in this boiling-over town without waitresses. On the frontier—and that’s what this is—if you don’t give a girl a decent wage for an honest job, she’ll take up the other profession. Opportunity knocking on that box, fifteen hundred GIs

Clint Hunker’s exhibition, 41 North, will be on view at The Gallery/Art Placement in Saskatoon from Oct. 25 through Nov. 13, 2008. The paintings, which were made off Highway 41 in the Aberdeen, Alvena and Wakaw area, represent Clint’s ongoing investigation into the substance and subtlety of the prairie landscape. Quiet and understated, these works ask the viewer to take time to experience their rich range of colour and painterly gesture.
living in tents.

That would be one option for spending part of Carl’s betting windfall—take a number at the door and wait in a madame’s front room with the others. But no, that’s not his style. Let’s see what happens with Valerie. Suppose that’s what Carl’s thinking as he sits in Jack’s shop fingering the leather pads wrapped around the chrome arms of the chair. This far I can get, but I can’t imagine the slightest disturbance down in the organs close to that whiskey bottle. This is my dad I’m talking about. Even the word arousal is difficult to entertain. So I’ll just let him imagine how Valerie’s lips will look as she sips her coffee and sets down her cup. The wet red beauty of her lower lip as she rolls it slightly in and then back to resting position after she swallows.

Clip, clip against the quiet as the scissors in the hands of Jack the barber move through the hair on the back of Carl’s head. The thought of Valerie raising her coffee cup to her mouth. Fire sirens sounding again in the background.

A deafening BOOM.

Jack and Carl had no warning. The explosion blew Carl into the street, clear of the fire that would consume Jack’s barbershop and Jack inside it.

Some time later out on the icy street, Lucky Carl came to, moaned, groped stupidly for his bottle of whiskey and saw the blood and the place where broken glass had sliced cleanly the leg of his single pair of proper slacks and lodged in the white flesh of his inner thigh. He tore the fabric clear of the wound. Gingerly he pulled free the sharp glass and closed the wound with his two hands and held it that way and wondered how many stitches he needed. Sirens wailed.

What was said of it later: sixty cases of dynamite and twenty cases of percussion caps exploded when the fire reached them. A hundred and fifty injured; official death toll, five civilians; over a dozen of the transient population were never accounted for. It wasn’t a town where lives were counted closely.

A tall tale: in one of the cafés, a baby who’d been sitting on his mother’s lap was blown fifteen feet away and landed safe on the knee of a stranger. The mother hadn’t moved, nor had he stranger.

A short tale: the hospital was too crowded and the medical personnel stretched too thin to bother with a minor wound like Carl’s. Frank at the Empire said one of the girls was good with a needle—accustomed to sewing up kitchen injuries. They sluiced cheap whiskey over the wound, more down Carl’s throat, and rubbed oil of clove on his skin. Beattie stitched him up while Frank told him Valerie was at St. Joseph’s Hospital with two broken legs. She won’t be available for your date, he said with a wry smile.

The next day Carl limped across town to see her, passing on his way the metal skeletons of the two burned-up chairs where the barbershop used to be. Valerie said, “I’m going home to Winnipeg.”

Carl took her hand in his and said, “That’s okay, that’s probably a good idea, Valerie.”

Acknowledgement: The author acknowledges the wealth of information provided by John Schmidt in *This Was No Picnic* (Hanna, AB: Gorman and Gorman, 1991).
During those first days in Beijing I’d wake at 8 a.m., make a cup of instant coffee and watch the spectacle occurring outside my window.

On the basketball courts across from my apartment, several hundred middle school students, placed in rows and wearing matching blue and white track suits, lazily swung their limbs in unison as horrible Chinese pop music blasted from the loudspeakers. If there was ever a more half-assed display of mass calisthenics, I’ve never seen it.

A coach hollered commands through a megaphone while teachers in trousers and sports jackets did laps on the track. On the brick wall beside the courts, words painted in English stated, “Unite. Diligent. Progress.” The whole display was astonishing. I took pictures on my cell phone camera for future reference, sipped coffee and soaked in the strangeness of it all, the strangeness of living in China.

I came to Beijing in the spring of 2007 to work as an editor and writer for China Daily, the country’s only English national paper. Like many young people going to live abroad, I went in part to escape. I had spent the previous year as a freelance journalist in Toronto; it was the most punishing year of my life.

China Daily, where I had applied on a whim after spotting an ad on an online job board, offered a chance for something different, something more. It promised adventure. Beijing was booming, China’s economy soaring, and the Olympics were just around the corner. When the chance presented itself, I accepted without hesitation. But that didn’t make the move any easier. I knew nobody in the city, not a word of Chinese, and very little about Beijing. On top of that, I was accepting a job as, essentially, a propagandist for the government of China.

Some of the expats were lifted straight from a Hemingway novel. Others were in Beijing for the same reasons as me—for the opportunity to live in China, have some adventure.

A few weeks before I left Canada an American editor warned me in an email: “Just so you don’t have any illusions about this, China Daily is a State-owned newspaper, as are all media in China. That means you would be dealing with two ultimate bosses: (1) The Information Office of the State Council and (2) the Propaganda Department of the Communist Party of China.”

I pulled up to the China Daily compound on a sunny afternoon in mid-April. The building was drab, pale yellow and Soviet-looking. It was hard to believe this would be my world for the next year, and I had a brief moment of panic.

My job was working the night shift on the business desk, from 2 p.m. until as late as midnight. On my second shift, which was a Friday night, I wrote in my journal: “Is this the worst shift in global journalism? Quite possibly.”
China Daily had a cast of characters like no other. Some of the expats were lifted straight from a Hemingway novel (heavy-drinkers, frequenters of prostitutes, etc.). Some were simply weirdos. Others were in Beijing for the same reasons as me—for the opportunity to live in China, have some adventure and witness a bit of history. The Chinese staff was a mix of bright, ambitious reporters who were wasting their talent at the paper, and what I call the “True Believers,” those who were entirely unapologetic about their role in a government propaganda tool.

During my year at China Daily, I witnessed all the absurdities you’d expect from such a place. My stories were censored, heavily edited and sometimes not published at all. Many stories I edited contained half-truths or were simply false. Anything involving the “three T’s”—Tibet, Tiananmen, Taiwan—was off limits. Once, at a meeting with business editors, we were told that we would no longer be publishing stories concerning Germany because Chancellor Angela Merkel had met with the Dalai Lama. Apparently the world’s third largest economy was no longer news at China Daily.

I spent the summer in Beijing studying Chinese and freelancing for publications in Canada, Asia and elsewhere. I witnessed the build-up to the Olympic Games and, when they finally arrived, worked as a research assistant for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in a studio overlooking the Bird’s Nest.

When I rose on August 25, 2008, I woke to a very different city: post-Olympics Beijing. The Games had been a key part of the city’s identity for seven years, and it’s still hard to think of Beijing without them. When I came to China I decided I would stay until the Olympics ended and then re-evaluate. Likely, I thought, I’d go back to Canada and resume life as usual. But now, I’m finding, I don’t want to leave.

Beijing is layered culturally and historically like no place I’ve ever been, and there’s an energy here that I’d never felt until I arrived.

Beijing is a city that grows on you. It’s not like Shanghai or Hong Kong, places that grab you immediately and command your attention. During the Olympics a woman from Toronto who had been working in Beijing for a month tells me why she hates the city: “It’s dirty. It smells. The air is terrible. I think the people are rude. Do you want me to go on?” Her outburst is a bit crass, but not entirely untrue. Beijing is a sprawling and inconvenient city, with wide, inaccessible boulevards and horrible traffic. There’s no real downtown and very few pedestrian-friendly areas. Some days the air is best described as post-apocalyptic. It’s too hot in the summer, too bleak in the winter.

Despite its flaws, somehow I fell in love with the city, warts and all. As local Chinese-American blogger and musician Kaiser Kuo recently told TIME Magazine, “It is a horrible place to live, but I wouldn’t be anywhere else on the planet.”

Beijing is a city becoming. On the verge of being one of the world’s greatest, but not there yet—and that’s what makes it a spectacular place to live, especially for a journalist. Its flaws are some of its most endearing features: the smoking, hacking, horking cabbies; the shirtless old men; the rude shopkeepers. Beijing is layered culturally and historically like no place I’ve ever been, and there’s an energy here that I’d never felt until I arrived.

Mostly, though, I cherish the encounters I have: the fascinating people I meet from all corners of the world; my old landlord, Comrade Wu, who comes over unannounced, sits on the couch, lights a smoke, farts and starts telling me that I need to practice my Chinese; my Chinese teacher, who is just a sweetheart, plain and simple. I love the little daily adventures: going for cheap foot massages; drinking bottles of Tsingtao at filthy little restaurants; hanging out in expat bars watching sports broadcast from across the globe.

Twelve months after I came to China, on the day I am to fly back to Canada for a quick visit, I drink my morning coffee and watch the kids across the way do their morning calisthenics. Arms sway, legs kick, and their baggy uniforms flap in the wind. I am just as amazed I was on the first day I saw it. Canada...well...I love it, I miss it, and I’ll go back there one day. But for now, Beijing is home.
events

President MacKinnon’s Provincial Tour
Weyburn November 4, 2008
Humboldt January 30, 2009
Kindersley March 3, 2009
La Ronge April 29, 2009
http://www.usask.ca/alumni/index.html

Women’s and Men’s Volleyball
U of S Huskies vs U of R Cougars
Regina January 17, 2009
Alumni pre-game social TBA,
Games 6:00 p.m. and 8:00 p.m.
http://artsandscience.usask.ca/alumni_friends/

Men’s Hockey
U of S Huskies vs U of C Dinos
Calgary January 30, 2009
Alumni pre-game social TBA, Game 7:00 p.m.
http://artsandscience.usask.ca/alumni_friends/

Greystone Singers Saskatchewan Concerts
Estevan February 15, 2009
Weyburn February 16, 2009
Yorkton February 17, 2009
http://artsandscience.usask.ca/alumni_friends/

Greystone Singers Golden Anniversary Celebration
Saskatoon March 21, 2009
8:00 p.m. Knox United Church
http://www.usask.ca/music/ensembles/greystones.html

Ore Gangue 75th Reunion
Saskatoon March 19–21, 2009
http://www.oregangue.org/reunion/

Alumni and Friends All Years Reunion
Saskatoon, June 19–21, 2009
http://artsandscience.usask.ca/alumni_friends/

Arts & Science Alumni of Influence Gala Luncheon
Saskatoon October 2, 2009
11:30 a.m. TCU Place
http://artsandscience.usask.ca/alumni_friends/

Bringing History Home
Celebrating 100 years of History at the U of S
Saskatoon October 2–3, 2009
http://artsandscience.usask.ca/history/

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Psychology 110
Research suggests that the best way to encourage truthful testimony by children is to:

(a) reassure them that their friends have had the same experience
(b) reward them for telling you that something happened
(c) scold them if you believe they are lying
(d) avoid leading questions

Excerpt from Psychology by Wade, Tavris, Saucier & Elias.

Chemistry 110
How many of these substances are gases at room temperature and standard atmospheric pressure: CH₄, CO₂, NH₃, H₂O?

(a) 1 (b) 2
(c) 3 (d) 4

Intro to Art 102
Who painted “The Scream”?

(a) Gustav Klimt (b) Marc Chagall
(c) Vincent Van Gogh (d) Edvard Munch

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