

Global citizens of Newfoundland



THE BUSTLING HARBOUR OF ST. JOHN'S, CAPITAL OF NEWFOUNDLAND AND LABRADOR, NOVEMBER, 2012

GIL SHOCHAT

Free thinkers and poachers and scoundrels,” is how John Crosbie, Lieutenant-Governor of Newfoundland and Labrador, described people from ‘The Rock.’ “Every Newfoundlander believes it’s his goddamn right to shoot or kill anything that he goddamn well wants to,” he told us. Crosbie, the retired Conservative Cabinet Minister famous for his off colour comments, had his tongue planted firmly in his cheek when he described the pluck and resolve that set Newfoundlanders apart.

I always knew that Newfoundlanders were different, and it wasn’t just their accents. This was clearly a distinct society, tied to land and place with its own special history. But though I thought I knew something about this province, I soon realized that many of my preconceptions were mistaken.

The journalism fellows took our first trip in November, flying out to Newfoundland, a place that only one of us had ever visited. The late November trip was not the typical time to be visiting the place, with the constant biting wind and cold crisp air keeping most tourists away from this picturesque spot. On the plus side, the lack of visitors makes us feel like we had the run of the province.

Crosbie met us at the august Government House, his place of residence bedecked with dark wood, lots of local art, chandeliers and high painted ceilings. Among other things, Crosbie is famous for telling the then thirtysomething Liberal Member of Parliament Sheila Copps in Parliament that her behaviour reminded him of the song lyric, “Pour me another tequila, Sheila, and lie down and love me again.” If this was how the Queen’s representative in Newfoundland spoke then this was going to be a very interesting trip. We were very far from staid, Loyalist, a little out-of-date and polite Upper Canada.

We met with former politicians, fisher-

men and businesspeople. Tom Best was a fisherman based in the working cove of Petty Harbour. Tom was an old salt whose stories gave us a taste of what the cod fishery was like in its heyday. Danny Williams, the retired premier who now owns the American Hockey League team, the St. John’s Icecaps, spoke with relentless optimism about the future of his province. (Alas, the game for which we sat in his private box at the Mile One Centre had his team losing 2-1 against Montreal’s farm team, the Hamilton Bulldogs.) Throughout, we were struck by how random it was for a group of journalists from all over Canada, Malawi and Venezuela to find themselves here on the Rock, Canada’s easternmost province and in many ways, its most exotic.

That night, in our hotel room at the Quality Inn St. John’s, perched at the mouth of St. John’s harbour, with the cold November wind whipping against the window we looked at the ships passing back and forth through the opening of the port. We tried to figure out what might connect us to this place, when the conversation turned as it often does, to food. Where were we going to have dinner tomorrow?

Someone suggested we go to Bacalao, for ‘nouvelle Newfoundland cuisine’ (a funny idea in a place that had been so poor that at one time more than half the women in the province wore underwear made from Robin Hood flour sacks). And while I snickered Teresa Chirwa, the African radio journalist said excitedly, “bacalao! That’s the word for salt fish in Malawi.” “Bacalao is also the word for salt cod in my country!” Mary Mena, the fiery Venezuelan investigative journalist said excitedly.

Well this was just plain weird. I had hardly heard of salt cod or ever even tasted it for that matter. I did though vaguely recall some black and white pictures from my grade nine Canadian history book of burly fishermen in overalls drying cod in the sun. They were doing it somewhere remote.

Ok, so maybe I got Newfoundland all

wrong. Rather than victims marooned on a hunk of granite on the eastern edge of North America, the fish harvesters in the old pictures were the ultimate survivors, global citizens long before any globetrot-

ting corporate tycoon thought they invented the concept. They were the original international seafaring people, and some

... CONTINUED ON PAGE 2



VISITING GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ST. JOHN'S, NOV., 2012. GIL SHOCHAT, MURRAY WHYTE, TERESA TEMWEKA CHIRWA, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR JOHN CROSBIE (IN A SEALSKIN BOWTIE), PETER KUITENBROUWER, MARY TRINY MENA, MARY AGNES WELCH



THE CRAGGY ROCKS OF THE EAST COAST TRAIL, AVALON PENINSULA, NEWFOUNDLAND

Global citizens of Newfoundland



TERESA TEMWEKA CHIRWA, MARY TRINY MENA AND GIL SHOCHAT, CAPE SPEAR, NFLD

... CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

of their forefathers fished the Grand Banks even before Samuel de Champlain and John Cabot. The hard men in the old pictures probably shared more historically with their Irish, English and European cousins than they did with many in central Canada. They were the sharp edge of the globalization knife. This was at a time when most Canadians and Europeans were subsistence farmers venturing but a few miles from home. Glimpses of this life could still be seen in St. John’s harbour where fish cargo vessels registered “the Baffin Islands – Iqaluit” sat next to massive boats registered to Monrovia, Liberia whose job it was to service the Hibernia oil platform.

It was pluck and drive that seemed to imbue its people with an ability to adapt that gave it an edge over other parts of the continent. As a 2003 Newfoundland and Labrador Royal Commission report points out, people from The Rock were the ultimate survivors. “When the need for employment dictated they should leave this place, they did so....Our people became sailors and fishers under American skippers. They became first-class riggers of steel, oil field workers, miners, road-and home builders....They had learned well how to adapt....They were people who were capable of successfully undertaking almost anything.”

If adapting meant doing as John Crossbie put it “whatever they goddamn well pleased” this free spiritedness was what allowed them to survive.

As we journalism fellows walked around the moonlike landscape of Cape Spear, and saw for ourselves the rugged beauty, and absolute starkness, that define this place, I realized that we had stumbled upon a very distinct community that was tied to land and place. But rather than making it parochial, this spot imbibed Newfoundlanders with a unique worldly character found nowhere else in Canada.

Gil Shochat grew up in Montreal. Today he is an investigative producer with CBC Television in Toronto.

Sightings of Scotopelia at Massey College

Those who have wondered why this annual journal is called “The Owl”: wonder no more! In April The Owl sent out the following appeal on the Massey listserv:

“Word is that a real owl has been hanging around the quad this year and even decapitating goldfish. If anyone has time to put together a few words about this owl, consider them published.”

We got back this response:

Novel hunting behaviour observed in *Strigiforme massiensis rectilinearus*

T. G. Plint, L. E. Klaiber, M. Rotenberg,

Fishing owls (of the genus *Scotopelia*) are well known to the scientific community, but to date have been observed primarily in central Africa. To date, there has been relatively little evidence to support fishing behavior in their North American counterparts. We report the first direct observation of “live-catch” fishing behaviour in *Strigiforme massiensis rectilinearus*. *A casual survey of existing footage of Blakistons fishing owl (*Bubo blakistoni*) indicates similar fishing technique; observation from a fixed position, a slow gliding approach, followed by a sort of fluttering “hover,” while the capture is made, with the kill being made on dry



FIGURE 1: IMAGE SHOWING DECAPITATED GOLDFISH (*CARASSIUS AURATUS AURATUS*), CAUGHT AND PARTIALLY EATEN BY A LESSER MASSEY QUAD OWL (TENTATIVELY IDENTIFIED AS *STRIGIFORME MASSIENSIS RECTILINEARUS*)

land immediately afterward. Interestingly, in this case only the head was eaten, leaving the meaty rest of the body (Figure 1).

It is hypothesized that due to the unusually elevated Owl IQ (OIQ) of the species (n=1, p=0.05), their diet requires a much higher concentration of neurotransmitter protein precursors (2013, J. Anderson). In the minutes following decapitation, the body of the goldfish was abandoned in order, apparently, to pursue tastier game in the form of a Greater Black Quad Squirrel (*Sciurus vulgaris rectilinearus*). In spite of a half hour’s painstaking observation in low lighting conditions, the authors observed no successful kills made (n=1, p=0.05). Approximately forty-five minutes after the initial fish kill was observed, the owl was

observed flying east towards Trinity College, known habitat of the less agile and less observant Strachan’s Squirrel (*Sciurus tremulus undergraduidae*). We therefore posit based on rigorous statistical sampling (n=1, p=0.05) that this species subsists on a mixed diet including both mammalian and fish components. It is not currently known whether this species enters into competition with that other great Massey night owl, *Strigiforme fraseridae*, but the authors hope to shed light on their interactions in a subsequent study.

The authors gratefully acknowledge the editorial contributions of world-renowned owl expert and web journalism pioneer P. Kuitenbrouwer in the publication of this study.

TREVOR PLINT

Congratulations! winners of the William Southam 2013 – 2014 Journalism Fellowships

In association with Canadian Journalists for Free Expression, Journalists for Human Rights and the Canadian Journalism Foundation, Massey College is grateful for the generosity of CBC/Radio-Canada, the Alva Foundation and the Fisher Family, the estate of St. Clair Balfour, Lisa Balfour Bowen & Walter Bowen, Clair Balfour and Marci McDonald, Thomas Kierans and Mary Janigan in memory of Val Ross, the R. Howard Webster Foundation, the J.W. McConnell Family Foundation, Scotiabank and for the generosity of past Journalism Fellows.



Amara Bangura
BBC Media Action,
Sierra Leone
Gordon N. Fisher Fellow



Véronique Morin
Freelance, Québec
Webster McConnell Fellow



Jody Porter
CBC/Radio Canada
Thunder Bay
CBC/Radio Canada Fellow



Kelly Crowe
CBC/Radio Canada
Toronto
Kierans Janigan Fellow



José Peralta
Búsqueda Weekly,
Uruguay
Scotiabank/CJFE Fellow



David Ryder
Toronto Star
St. Clair Balfour Fellow

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

How I learned to love CanLit

PETER KUITENBROUWER

I have been away from academe for a long time. Long enough that, when I went to school, McGill's McLennan Library still had its polished oak card catalogues, in a sunny, open area on the ground floor. You would pull out the drawer, which held index cards arranged alphabetically and typed with a typewriter, and search there for books.

I was heartened to learn that, while the University of Toronto has replaced its card catalogue with a database (and colonized the sprawling ground floor of Robarts Library with literally hundreds of computer terminals, most of them occupied by students at all times), the school still owns books. It owns lots of books.

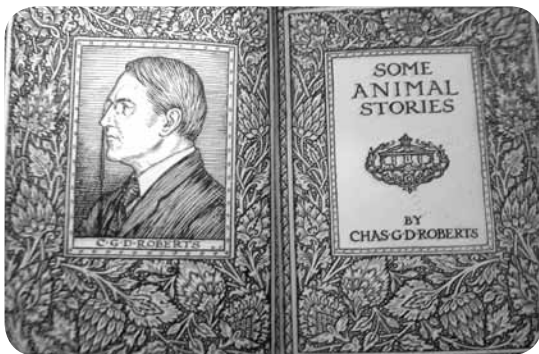
Ignoring my academic advisor's advice that I stick to graduate courses, I became curious about ENG353Y1, Canadian Fiction, and my luddite heart beat faster when I realized the instructor, Prof. John O'Connor, listed nowhere on the web his email address, but simply his phone number at Carr Hall, St. Michael's College. I called him up; he invited me to join his class, and sent me the reading list.

So then I went to Robarts. I keyed in the titles: Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, Stephen Leacock; As For Me and My House, Sinclair Ross; The Temptations of Big Bear; Rudy Weibe. The library has them all.

Many women sit behind desks in Robarts, each with her eyes glued to a computer; I asked one of them how to find a book. She told me to pick up a slip of blue paper, which indicates based on the call letters, which floor houses a particular book.

Canadian fiction, should anyone be searching for it, lives on Robarts' 13th floor,

where a hexagonal central area features, on each of its six walls, one or two brown doors: PN, PQ, PR, PS, UV and Z. Behind PS, AKA 13009, rows of tin shelves spread away in the dark, sagging with books; each row's lights click on when you enter it. At PS8523 E2S9 I found it: an olive-green hardback edition of Sunshine Sketches of a Little



FIRST PAGE OF 1902 EDITION, *SOME ANIMAL STORIES*, HELD AT E.J. PRATT LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Town, Copyright in Canada 1931, which the library acquired Dec. 12, 1965; decades of students have marked up the book in red and blue pen, and pencil, adding little annotations such as "Brit" and "Contrast."

Prof. O'Connor himself does not disappoint: he is a thin and wiry white-haired man whose strong arms jutted from a short-sleeved blue dress shirt; as I noted in my pad, "His nose is a hawked beak of an affair jutting from his chiseled face. He held his reading glasses in his right hand and has no wedding ring, though he mentioned his daughter..." (I have the disease of journalists; I can't stop observing.) We were sitting in room 406 of Carr Hall, Sept. 11, a comfortable old lecture hall whose blackboard is framed in blond wood, an oak veneer desk with the top worn off, yellow brick walls, and yellow-gold mottled linoleum floors, with the old windows open wide to let

in some air. Alas, the professor noted, "The groundskeepers seem to like working on warm days while I am lecturing." Eventually the drone of the lawn mowers forced him to slide the window sashes closed.

Something endearingly timeless about the whole experience warmed my cynical world-weary journalist's heart.

"I have been teaching this course longer than you have been alive," he told the students (I hope he wasn't including me in that category).

Beseeching the students to participate in class, the professor said, "Surely we don't have to go to the Maddy or the Brunny to talk to each other."

"I want to tell you some things about some books by some Canadian authors," he proposed, and that is an offer that has not, and one hopes will never, go out of style.

(Postscript: Dr. O'Connor's course conflicted with the journalism fellows' lunch on Thursdays so I enrolled in Prof. Jenny Kerber's offering of the same third-year Canadian Fiction Course. The classrooms at the Jackman Humanities Building are comparatively sterile; still, Dr. Kerber enriched the lectures with her lively anecdotes and insights.

The course times, MWF 9 a.m., forced me to get my butt out of bed. My fellow journalist, Gil Shochat, was outraged that I had signed up to get to campus at 9 a.m., three days a week, for my entire sabbatical year. He commented, "If it was socially acceptable, I would kick you in the head right now." Even so, I found it entirely worthwhile.)

Peter Kuitenbrouwer, a columnist at the National Post, likes to read ink on paper.

Normative, teleological, and other words I learned in school

MARY AGNES WELCH

★ First-years are still the same. In the first week living in my lovely apartment at Trinity College, I walked through a toga party in the quad, almost bought a Picasso poster at the Imaginus poster sale and started to get used to the persistent smell of gym socks, Axe body spray and Tim Hortons chili in my all-male wing.

★ My vocabulary sucks. As I class-hopped during the first week, professors kept tossing out words that do not exist in the real world — normative, teleological, praxis. Normative was the big one. I heard it in nearly every class, from history to urban planning. One comically pretentious professor actually used the word "demystificatory". I took his class anyway, and vowed to get the word "demystificatory" into a story in the Winnipeg Free Press one day.

★ It was weird having people actually want to talk to me. As a reporter, I am used to people cringing slightly when I approach with a notebook, or being reticent and reserved when I introduce myself. At Massey, people seemed genuinely excited to meet me. I never spent more than a few seconds standing awkwardly by the door before someone chatted me up, and I had so many interesting conversations during all the excellent events in the first week that I was grateful when the photo wall went up so I could remember all the names I'd forgotten. It was remarkably welcoming and friendly, a bit of a Twilight Zone for a reporter.

Journalism Fellow nearly burns down Massey College

TERESA TEMWEKA CHIRWA

April 5 shall remain the happiest day of the year 2012 for me, though not for my country. Malawi was in shock that day, after learning of the death of President Bingu wa Mutharika.

As I was covering Mutharika's death that night, Anna Luengo, administrator at Massey College at the University of Toronto, dropped me an email.

"I have excellent news for you so I do hope you are awake enough to read this! You have been awarded the Gordon N. Fisher Fellowship for 2012/2013," read part of her email. For a couple of days I fought the urge to celebrate my fortune; I am not an indifferent individual.

What followed was an antagonizing five months of preparation for my first trip outside Africa. Relying on our dubious mail system, I had to somehow extract a visa from Canada's embassy in Pretoria, plus arrange care for my 18-month old daughter.

Finally, on September 7 I boarded the plane that flew me over land and sea to get to Canada.

Coming from a country that rarely gets as

cold as 10 degrees centigrade, my obvious worry was the cold. I breathed a sigh of relief after realizing my room had a fireplace.

My first fire, however, was a disaster. It was shameful because Malawi has persistent power cuts and I often make wood fires to cook meals.

When I lit a fire that October night, my dwelling in House II — Room 13 — filled with smoke. Choking, I rushed to open all the windows, plus the door. My neighbors were also victims of the manmade disaster — I had run out of tricks to get rid of the smoke.

One of my neighbours came to check on me; he thought the room had caught fire. As we spoke, the poor boy kept his face down, apparently struggling to suppress laughter.

Some time after he left, I went to the bathroom and understood his behaviour: I was a comic figure, with my face covered in ash.

The following day a colleague pointed out what could have been the problem: I had not opened the fireplace flue, which is usually closed in summer. Since then friends have enjoyed numerous crackling fires in my cozy Massey suite.



FOLLOWING HIGH TABLE IN THE UPPER LIBRARY, JUNIOR FELLOW ABRAHAM HEIFETS INSTRUCTS TERESA TEMWEKA CHIRWA IN THE FINE POINTS OF SNIFFING SNUFF

Robots, prisons and the Bauhaus

Snowy Germany sparkles during fellows' visit

ALL PHOTOS THIS PAGE BY ANTHONY LUENGO EXCEPT FOR S-BAHN PHOTO, TAKEN BY PETER KUITENBROUWER



GUIDE JAN TAŞÇI, ANNA LUENGO, MARY TRINY MENA, TERESA TEMWEKA CHIRWA, MARY AGNES WELCH, PETER KUITENBROUWER, MURRAY WHYTE AND GIL SHOCHAT NEAR THE BUNDESPRESSEKONFERENZ, IN THE HEART OF SNOWY BERLIN, DECEMBER, 2012



BERLIN IS NIRVANA FOR TRANSIT LOVERS: THE U-BAHN RUNS UNDER THE STREET, STREETCARS RUN AT STREET LEVEL, AND A THIRD NETWORK, THE S-BAHN (SEEN HERE) RUNS ONE STOREY ABOVE THE CITY

TERESA TEMWEKA CHIRWA
AND MURRAY WHYTE

In December the journalism fellows traveled to Berlin, a journey that's become a mainstay of the program, and lucky thing: The city's layers of history, culture, and tensions both old and new make it a crucible of contemporary western society. One week is nowhere near enough to begin to unravel the complexities of this remarkable place, but now that we have a toehold, it's hard to imagine any one of us wouldn't jump at the chance to go back. Enriching the experience was our guide, Jan Taşçi, a brilliant young graduate student who proved tireless, tolerated our Canadian humour, taught us German and showed us how to eat very long sausages.

Monday, December 10

Weather worked against us, with a freak snowstorm descending on Frankfurt,

Lufthansa's main transfer point, just as the majority of us were preparing to depart from Toronto. This left Gil and Mary Agnes, who had gone on to Europe in advance of the group, to an unintentionally intimate lunch with the scholar and author Bernhard Schlink, seen by many as among the vanguard of progressive thought in post-reunification Germany.

Tuesday, December 11

The rest of the groggy fellows arrived, delayed but otherwise intact. Then the remnants of the blizzard that had crippled Frankfurt rolled into Berlin, dumping 10 cm of snow overnight while temperatures dropped to -10 C. The morning ritual – quick coffee, ham sandwich and granola bar on the bus – began in earnest. We headed to a nearby suburb for a close-up view of Germany's commitment to sustainable energy. First, a tour of Younicos AG, a world leader in renewable energy stor-



MARY TRINY MENA AND MARY AGNES WELCH, WITH HER MUCH-COVETED SACHEL, YOUNICOS AG, BERLIN

age with designs for islands and other remote areas worldwide; then we ogled the robots at the manufacturing facility of Solon SE, a leader in German solar panel development.

After a lunch break at Restaurant Tucholsky on the city's trendy Torstrasse, the group boarded our bus with Rolf, an art historian and urban history buff who toured us through the dizzying layers of the city's centuries-old history. A huge part of this history, of course, is how the city was razed – wiped clean first by Allied bombs and then the 40-year occupation. Rolf showed us city models and aerial views at a museum tucked into an old school in West Berlin.

Wednesday, December 12

A packed day: First to Hohenschönhausen in northeast Berlin to visit the former headquarters of the Stasi, the GDR's intelligence unit, which presented itself to the public as the Ministry of National Affairs, but

was mostly concerned with controlling the populace through a culture of informants and mistrust. At its height, the Stasi counted almost 100,000 staff and secret informants. Key to this control was this squat, grim concrete prison. After World War II the Soviets imprisoned many Nazis here, but it quickly shifted to a hub of incarceration and psychological torture for any the Soviet regime suspected as opponents of socialist rule.

Our tour guide knew this as well as anyone: He was detained in this very prison for three years in the late 60s for having distributed leaflets suggesting that Soviet repression of the Prague Spring was too harsh. His stories of detainment, isolation and interrogation chilled us all.

Onward, then, to modern Germany and the Bundespressekonferenz, the airy, contemporary structure that houses the Berlin bureaux of most big German newspapers and television stations, along with an auditorium where a representative of each federal government ministry faces the press after lunch Monday, Wednesday and Friday, in a remarkable display of press access. Canadian journalists, particularly in this era of Conservative indifference to press priorities, can only dare to dream.

Thursday, December 13

We board the bus at around 7:30 a.m. for Tempelhof Project, which includes the Tempelhof airport building and the former airfield.

Established in 1923, Tempelhof airport grew in the 1930s under Nazi rule to become one of the biggest buildings in Europe, with 10,000 rooms in total. A statue out front commemorates the airport's role in resupplying starving Berlin during the blockade of the city in 1948-49. The airport ceased operating in 2008.

German authorities are currently trying to figure out what to do with Tempelhof, its field and the surroundings. The head of communication at the project, Mr. Martin Pallgen told the journalism fellows group that it is more likely that they will have residential areas around the site, an events venue, a public library, sports area and the Allied Museum.

After a tour of Berlin's once edgy but rapidly-gentrifying neighbourhood of Kreuzberg, we were treated to a fancy luncheon by Berlin's Federal Foreign Office. It was a great opportunity to meet the people working in the ministry that sponsored our trip.

In the afternoon some fellows visited the Topography of Terror Foundation, a permanent exhibition of Nazi persecution established in 1987 at the headquarters of the Secret State police and the Reich Security Main office. This museum brings you back in time to witness one of history's worst persecutions of the human race. Nearby runs what remains of the Berlin wall.

After such an intense afternoon, we had a chance to relax at dinner with some Canadian artists and curators (and even a DJ whose stage name is Konrad Black) at Restaurant Mundvollon on Wallemarstrasse, and talked about art late into the night.

Friday, December 14

At 7:30 a.m. we're on a bus bound for Dessau, southwest of the capital. First, we visited a building that seems to come from the future: the German Ministry of Environment. On a tour, we learned about energy-saving machinery, big and small, including a massive heat exchanger in the basement that supplies heat and cooling at a fraction of the cost of conventional systems.

In the afternoon, a short walk across town took us to the Bauhaus School, the birthplace, some would say, of Modern architecture. From the school itself, a spare, elegant structure that repurposed machine-age design for human use to the austere beauty of the founder's homes nearby, we saw the future, as seen, with remarkably clear eyes, by the past.

Saturday, December 15

Four of the journalism fellows took a high-speed train to Leipzig. Here we

visited the Spinnerei, a sprawling and mysterious separate city of 19th-century industrial brick buildings. At the beginning of the 20th century, this was Europe's largest cotton mill. The mill closed when the German Democratic Republic ended, in 1991; today this has become the hub of the production and exhibition of contemporary art and culture.

The former cotton mill however still has some photos of cotton production and farming in Tanzania, one of Germany's former colonies in Africa.

Then we caught a tram to Leipzig's St. Thomas Lutheran. Not that we had to pray, but this church is where Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750) worked as a curator. His remains are buried in this very church. Before heading back to Berlin the fellows had fun in the Christmas market in Leipzig, eating Hungarian pastry and German sausage washed down with hot mulled wine. It was a refreshing end to our visit. Auf weidersehen, Germany! We will return.



FELLOWS APPROACH THE HOHENSCHÖNHAUSEN MEMORIAL, THE REMAND PRISON FOR PEOPLE DETAINED BY THE FORMER EAST GERMAN MINISTRY OF STATE SECURITY (STASI), NOW A MUSEUM

ANTHONY LUENGO

Dear *Athalia*, Here is why I left you in *Africa*

TERESA TEMWEKA CHIRWA

In September of 2012, Teresa Temweka Chirwa, 30, left her daughter, 17-month-old Athalia, in Malawi, in the care of a nanny (her husband, Eustace, had traveled to Finland for his own educational endeavours). Teresa flew first to Nairobi and then to Amsterdam, en route to Toronto to begin her eight-month journalism fellowship at Massey College. In Toronto, one of her first stops was Mountain Equipment Co-op, where she bought long underwear to help her through the (for her) arctic winter at the notoriously drafty college. In December Teresa joined the other journalism fellows on a week's trip to Berlin, Dessau and Leipzig in Germany, at the invitation of the German government.

The Owl asked Teresa to explain to her daughter what justified her decision to leave the toddler for eight months.

Dear Athalia,

I am certain my daughter that you believe I am a terrible mother for leaving you when you were only 17 months old. I don't blame you, but I shall still try to explain why this was so important.

My daughter, my career is complex. You sometimes have to know a bit of everything to be at your best in journalism. It is important at this point in my career to have as much knowledge as possible about the donor partners of my country, Malawi.

This fellowship is allowing me to do that. From December 10 to the 16th, 2012, I visited Germany. This is one of Malawi's biggest European donor nations.

During this one week, I learnt more about Germany than I did in two years of high school history class; all I remembered from high school was that Germany once colonized Malawi's northern neighbor, Tanzania.

I never liked history but it was mandatory; once, when I confided in my history teacher my goal of journalism, he advised: "If you want to become a journalist, learn to like history."

"Traveling is the best teacher," Malawi's first president, Kamuzu Banda, once said. I believe that now. My country has much to learn from Germany's history, culture and development policies.

Years of international war and internal division have not affected Germany's development. Just 23 years ago, a wall divided the country into two parts, the East and the West. Yet today the people live as one.

By contrast, Athalia, back home in Malawi, over 40 years after we gained our independence, Malawi's political terrain remains divided by regions. Invisible walls divide the small country into three regions.

With all its natural resources, mountains, minerals and water bodies, Malawi still fails to cut its umbilical cord from donors. With the natural beauty, Malawi can't sell itself for tourism purposes. But Germany is using its history as a tourism boost.



TERESA TEMWEKA CHIRWA AND HER DAUGHTER, ATHALIA NDANGA, REUNITED IN LILONGWE, MALAWI, APRIL, 2013

In Berlin, authorities even once considered constructing a mountain at an old unused airport, Tempelhof, just to boost tourism. Yet my country doesn't see the value of mountains and recklessly destroys the natural beauty on them.

Germany has no oil and yet the country is an energy leader. The Germans do not have the gift of plenty of sunshine as Malawi but solar energy is still thriving. In visiting a Berlin factory where we watched robots manufacture solar panels, we learned that 1 million Germans have solar panels on their homes. Malawi has power interruptions every day such that when there is power all day, it is worth writing about. I still do not understand why we do not use solar energy.

Let's talk of another kind of power: political power. Both Germany and Malawi, for the first time in their histories,

have females at the helm. And yet not once did I hear Germans doubting the capabilities of their leader, Chancellor Angela Merkel, based on her gender. Criticism of Merkel's government is based on policies; in Malawi critics freely attack our president, Joyce Banda, because she is a woman.

Germany has respect for the victims of political prisoners who suffered under the State Security Service (Stasi) during the Socialist Unity Party of Germany rule of East Berlin.

A former prisoner of war took my colleagues and me on a tour of a Stasi prison in (the former East) Berlin. A recount of his personal experience in the prison made much more sense than learning in class. They are actually paid for their work by an organization called Berlin Hohenschonhausen Memorial.

Where are Malawi's own small heroes who suffered 30 years of dictatorship? They are forgotten and rotting in poverty. Germany is the only country I know that has been very open about its history. Several museums tell its complex history in detail and yet most Malawians remain in the dark on the simplest details about the dictatorship and even the first president. The secrecy syndrome still reigns supreme in all the governments that have held power in Malawi.

Journalists have the power to ask whatever questions they want in Germany at the thrice-weekly press briefings known as the Bundespressekonzferenz, where representatives of all government departments are present. Journalists are so respected in Germany that no government department dares skip this event.

It is not so in Malawi. In our country, my dear Athalia, politicians still think they are doing you a favour by giving an interview where they choose what to say and what questions you should ask.

Germany treats its artists with respect; artists make a living from their work. In Malawi, art is more a hobby than a job.

Do you have an idea how far behind Malawi is? You can only imagine the story ideas filling my notebook and the quality of stories to be produced. I am certain my stories will make Malawi a better place for all Malawians, including you my dear daughter Athalia. Then, perhaps, you will understand why I had to go.

After a week's visit to Finland with the fellows, Teresa Temweka Chirwa returned to Malawi on April 13, 2013, Athalia's birthday, to hold her daughter tight. Harvard University has accepted Ms. Chirwa to complete a Master's in public policy. This time, she plans to bring her husband and daughter.

LEE PHOTO STUDIO

Don't talk with your mouth full

Lively lunches with the journalism fellows, 2012-2013

ALL LUNCHEON PHOTOS BY PETER KUITENBROUWER



Ah, yes, lunch: that celebrated Massey ritual. Each Thursday the journalism fellows invited up to three junior fellows, plus Anna Luengo, the administrator, and either Prof. Stephen Clarkson or John Fraser, the master, to lunch. We gathered at 12:15 in the private dining room for an off-the-record discussion with a distinguished guest. Clarkson, the academic advisor, greeted arrivals this way: “Red or white?” The wine came from Pelee Island; the white sat cooling with the Perrier in a silver tureen of ice on the sideboard, near John Polanyi’s framed Nobel Prize for Chemistry. Greg Cerson, the college steward who always wears a bow tie, would serve: the main course, then dessert, coffee and tea. The silver flashed as the debates began.

Here is just one sample menu, from the lunch with Conrad Black: “Fresh rainbow trout with harissa marinade, dipped in Panko and pan-fried, served with a sauce featuring large capers, lemon and roasted tomato concasse. As a side dish, fingerling potatoes steamed and tossed with arugula olive oil basil and pecorino cheese.”

HARVEY CASHORE

Head of CBC’s Investigative Unit
Sept. 20, 2012



GIL SHOCHAT AND HARVEY CASHORE

Cashore brought along his book, *The Truth Shows Up*, spoke about his 15-year investigation into former Canadian prime minister Brian Mulroney and the Airbus affair, an effort which sparked a parliamentary inquiry and vindicated the journalist.

PIA KLEBER

Professor of Drama, University of Toronto
Sept. 27, 2012
Kleber, a longtime senior fellow at Massey College originally from Germany, spoke about the history of Massey. Kleber also took the fellows on a tour of the university, including Trinity College, Victoria College and University College, among other gems.

DAVID JACOBSON

U.S. Ambassador to Canada
Sept. 29, 2012



MARY AGNES WELCH AND DAVID JACOBSON

The ambassador and his wife, Julie Jacobson, joined Allan and Sondra Gotlieb at a Saturday lunch. Jacobson sat next to Mary Agnes Welch. The pair had met before; Welch wrote a story about Jacobson in the *Winnipeg Free Press* when he visited Winnipeg. Later, a U.S. government cable leaked by Wikileaks described Welch’s story as “flat and uninspired.”

ADRIENNE BATRA

Comments Editor, *Toronto Sun*
Oct. 4, 2012



ADRIENNE BATRA

Batra, from Saskatchewan, signed on as Toronto mayoral candidate Rob Ford’s spokeswoman in 2010. When he won she became his press secretary. She spoke about the challenges of corralling the mayor, who famously gives out his home phone number and picks up his own phone.

JIM DICKMYER

U.S. Consul-General in Toronto
Oct. 11, 2012

Mr. Dickmyer attempted to answer this question: “Did America’s reaction to 9/11 in places like Afghanistan, Iraq and Pakistan and support for certain Arab leaders damage its reputation on the Arab street?” Mr. Dickmyer also fielded questions about Latin America, where he worked for the State Department.

RAHUL BHARDWAJ

Toronto Community Foundation
Oct. 18, 2012



RAHUL BHARDWAJ

Bhardwaj warned that Toronto’s wealth is unevenly spread and said that by 2025, 60% of people will be “low or very low income”. He said Toronto must do more to help immigrants get their degrees recognized, and must invest in infrastructure and transit.

JOHN HONDERICH

Chair, *Torstar*
Oct. 25, 2012

Honderich, scion of one of the families that founded the *Toronto Star*, had a lively discussion with the fellows about the future of his dying industry and suggested the prognosis wasn’t as bleak as most seem to believe. Inevitably, the conversation turned to the paper’s unique relationship with Rob Ford, which was worth both a laugh and some serious discussion about government and media access.

MATTHEW TEITELBAUM

Director and CEO, *Art Gallery of Ontario*
Nov. 1, 2012

Teitelbaum spoke of the challenges facing a broad-mandate art institution in an increasingly digital culture, and outlined some of the steps being taken to engage broader audiences. He fielded questions about the necessary evils of imported blockbusters such as *Frida & Diego*, and we had a good discussion about the gallery’s

responsibility to engage the local art scene.

BRUCE LIVESEY

Investigative journalist and author
Nov. 8, 2012

Livesey discussed his most recent book, *Thieves of Bay Street: How Banks, Brokerages and the Wealthy Steal Billions from Canadians*. He said weak government regulation and disinterest in prosecuting white collar criminals has made Canada a haven for these offenders.

REV. PAMELA COUTURE

Emmanuel College
Nov. 15, 2012

Rev. Couture spoke about peacemaking and reconciliation in the war-torn Democratic Republic of Congo. Couture has been in the DRC on several occasions researching on this peace process amongst Methodist Congolese. She said hunger for minerals by rebels, DRC officials and neighbouring Rwanda aggravates the suffering.

PAM PALMATER

Chair, Centre for Indigenous Governance, *Ryerson University*
Nov. 29, 2012

In one of our most provocative and memorable lunches, Palmater, a Mi’kmaq lawyer laid out the key problems plaguing Canada’s relationship with its First Nations. Very shortly afterward, Palmater was front-and-centre during the Idle No More movement. She refused her lunch, saying, “I never eat lunch before I go into battle.”

CONRAD BLACK

Writer, former newspaper baron
Dec. 6, 2012



CONRAD BLACK’S WINE GLASS IS EMPTY; HIS WATER GLASS IS FULL

Black was late; he said his wife had taken their chauffeur. During lunch he upbraided his host, Peter Kuitenbrouwer: “Peter, I thought you said the wine would be flowing.” The steward found more wine. Mary Triny Mena, referring to Mr. Black’s imprisonment at the Coleman Federal Correctional Complex in Florida,

asked “Mr. Black, did you learn any Spanish in Miami?” He replied, “Not words that I would use in polite company.”

DR. ANTHONY FEINSTEIN

Psychiatrist and Massey Senior Fellow
Jan. 10, 2012

Dr. Feinstein, one of the only people studying the effects of stress on journalists covering war and violence, spoke of his research into Mexican journalists reporting on that country’s drug war.

ANDRE MARIN

Ombudsman of Ontario
Jan. 17, 2013

Marin introduced fellows to his unique brand of public advocacy. The title of his popular seminar, delivered to Ombuds worldwide, provides a hint: “Sharpening Your Teeth.” Marin described how he cut through decades of complacency in his agency and made his office a force for government agencies to reckon with – and occasionally fear.

STEPHEN MEURICE

Editor-in-chief, National Post
Jan. 25, 2013

Meurice spoke about the wild adventure of working at the National Post. Born in 1998, the Post in recent years has cut staff to stay in business. He said the National Post will start to charge for content on the web, but called it “mostly a defensive move” to protect the paper’s print subscribers, who generate both subscription and most ad revenue.

KAREN STINTZ

Chair, Toronto Transit Commission
Jan. 31, 2013

Stintz came within a hair’s breadth of announcing at Massey that she will run for mayor in 2014. She conceded that she had vowed to get along with Mayor Rob Ford after opposing former mayor David Miller for seven years. She broke her vow because she supports building light rail.

BERNARD FUNSTON

Chair of the Canadian Polar Commission
Feb. 14, 2013



A DELIGHTFUL CUSTARD FOR VALENTINE’S DAY

Funston offered us a tour of Arctic issues – climate change, Inuit and First Nation self-government, sovereignty and oil and gas exploration.

KEN LEWENZA

President, Canadian Auto Workers
Feb. 28, 2013

Lewenza was the centre of a candid and high-octane discussion of the state of the union movement, labour politics, the auto sector, and Hugo Chavez. Mr. Lewenza also declined his lunch.



MARY AGNES WELCH STAYS CLEAR AS ANNA LUENGO MAKES A POINT, WHILE COLLEGE STEWARD GREG CERSON BRINGS ON THE LUNCH

RONALD DEIBERT

Director, Citizen Lab
March 7, 2013

Deibert talked about his lab at the Munk School of Global Affairs which does research at the intersection of digital media and human rights. He also discussed the commercialization of digital spying.

ANNI STÄHLE

Head of Public Diplomacy, Embassy of Finland
March 21, 2013

Ms. Stähle prepped the fellows for their trip to Finland, speaking about koskenkorva (vodka made from potatoes) saunas, bathing, crazy Finnish fashion and the great number of Canadians, especially in northern Ontario, who have Finnish roots. Honorary Vice Consul Laura McSwiggan joined her.

WILLIAM BLAIR

Chief, Toronto Police Service
March 28, 2013

Much of his discussion dealt with the aftermath of the 2010 G20 Toronto Summit protest. Chief Blair said he does take the blame for what happened during the summit when nearly 1,000 people were arrested only because the incident happened in his territory. He said that although he was named chief of command, he was not entirely in control of the situation. Facing some tough questions, Chief Blair also defended his decision not to resign, saying he had done nothing to warrant a resignation.

HUBERT LACROIX

Chief executive, CBC Radio-Canada
April 4, 2013

Lacroix discussed both the challenges facing the CBC (whose staff has declined in five years from 11,000 to 8,500 employees) and his vision for its future over the next five years. Lacroix is positioning the CBC to invest more heavily in its regional bureaus and the network’s online capacity. He also discussed the need to make important choices and sacrifices to cope with government budget cuts.



How Finland kicks Canada’s butt

MARY AGNES WELCH

Really, Finland was frustrating.

It was so much like Canada – the Arctic at your back, an economy based mostly on trees and mines, the bullying super-power next-door, a reputation for reserve and righteousness, a homegrown smart phone maker struggling to survive. Finland even looks like the drive to Thunder Bay.

It was so much like Canada, just better.

Over and over, in meetings after meeting, we were confronted with examples of how Finland outdid Canada. They are a generation ahead on environmental initiatives such as active transportation and greenhouse gas emission reductions. Their education system is much like ours – free, universal and comprehensive. But in Finland university is free, too, plus their kids routinely score the best in the world on standardized math and language tests and teachers are highly educated and publicly.

In Canada, our founding myth is that we are built on accommodation and consensus, that we’re a country known for its fairness and pragmatism, that we are still Pearson’s version of the honest global broker. Here again, Finland kicks our butt. One example: Canada and Finland both recently made failed bids to win a seat on the UN Security Council. Both episodes were humiliations. While Canada’s federal government scorned suggestions our loss was evidence of a rapidly shrinking global reputation, Finland launched an independent inquiry into why its campaign failed and how the country could play a larger role internationally.

That report came out the day Jouni Mölsä, a former political reporter, now spokesman for Finland’s foreign affairs ministry, met us for a lavish lunch near Helsinki’s harbour. It was a fairly scathing report, and Mölsä was bracing for some unkind headlines, but he was blunt about the report’s criticisms and clearly proud of Finland’s probity.

A couple of days later, we met with Green Party MP Oras Tynkkynen in the basement of Finland’s monumental, art deco parliament building. We asked him how his country’s six-party coalition could survive, and Tynkkynen described Finland’s “culture of compromise and consensus”, the kind of culture Canada was once famous for, but that no longer exists, at least in federal politics where “coalition” is the tag line of attack ads. Tynkkynen even declined to demonize Finland’s new right-leaning True Finn party, describing them as more populist than nationalistic, with many members who care deeply about poverty and social exclusion.

Then Tynkkynen, a hip, young MP from a working-class district, expressed open disdain for some of Canada’s policies, calling our country’s recent role at international climate change talks “toxic”. That word landed like a slap.



About all Canada does better than Finland is multiculturalism and gay marriage. We have both. They have neither. But they have Moomins, so they’re still ahead.

Other Finnish highlights include:

- The Finns showed us almost no Power-point presentations, assuaging our worst fears.

- Finland puts extraordinary focus on good design, from concert halls to library reading chairs to school drinking fountains. Even the yogurt served at the hotel’s breakfast buffet came in colour Iittala glassware.

- Some journalism fellows invoked a discriminatory ban on too many nerdy questions during factory tours, forcing some of us to betray our better natures.

- We heard of innovative use of crowd-sourcing by investigative reporter Tuomo Pietiläinen to uncover an epidemic of illegal trading among Finland’s bankers. Journalism fellow Gil Shochat asked a lot of questions. Also on this visit to Helsingin Sanomat, the country’s largest newspaper, we discovered that Finland’s newspapers are so lucrative they serve fancy hors d’oeuvres (including shot glasses of spicy cucumber purée) to visiting journalists.

- We danced with Foreign Affairs attaché Marja Suhonen and her boss in an empty heavy metal bar late at night.

- Russian men (possibly mafiosi) cooled off with beers on the stoop outside the public sauna.

- We gawked at soft-core porn on the TV in a country-music dive-bar.

- The Canadian embassy served us traditional cumin-flavoured brioche, which helped some of us retreat to our “quiet place” during the ambassador’s talking points.

- We enjoyed the Master and Elizabeth MacCallum’s excellent company, the heart of some fabulous meals, including one at what appeared to be the Helsinki version of Applebee’s.

- And sadly, we bade farewell in the Hotel Glo lobby where Murray hugged us all, and Teresa cried. Again.

The One Missing from the Picture

MARY TRINY MENA

The Massey College Generation of 2012–2013 is recorded in a single photograph.

This framed colour photo, which hangs on the wall in the foyer to the Common Room, depicts three rows of students, junior and senior fellows gathered in their black gowns on the lawn in the Quad, smiling. They studied here, they ate and drank, they lived in the College.

If you closely examine the first, second and the final third row you will be sure not to find me there. But I was there, and I enjoyed every minute of it.

This is my story.

My name is Mary Triny. I am from Venezuela. I was one of the six Southam Journalism Fellows of 2012–2013.

I was the last one to arrive.

The process to obtain a student visa to enter Canada lasted almost five long months. The medical exams, the many application forms, the calls to the Canadian Embassy and the multitude of emails sent were all worth it.

After all that process, I finally obtained a visa at the end of October. Toronto, Canada, was my new destination. On Nov. 7 I left Venezuela’s capital city, Caracas with many dreams and great expectations.

In one day, my daily routine changed drastically.

Let’s start with the weather. For the first time in my life I got to experience winter. The 29 degrees Celsius characteristic of Venezuelan weather seemed like a far away dream when temperatures dipped below zero.

There was also a change in the level of safety; I come from one of the most dangerous cities in the world. In 2012 alone 21,692 murders were reported in Venezuela. The streets of Toronto allowed me to recover part of the peace of mind I had lost. Although I was unable to completely get rid of the fear and the cautiousness, I was able to make walking one of my favourite activities.

Thanks to the Fellowships, I went back to being a student for six months. To be once again in a classroom as a student allowed me to acquire new knowledge, update myself in some areas and realize that it is never too late to learn.

Every day at Massey College I had a chance to talk to students. Every lunch and



MASSEY FELLOWS ASSEMBLE IN THE QUAD FOR A GROUP PHOTO, SEPT, 2012



TERESA TEMWEKA CHIRWA AND MARY AGNES WELCH RETURN FROM PEARSON AIRPORT BRINGING MARY TRINY MENA TO HER NEW HOME AT MASSEY COLLEGE, NOVEMBER 7, 2012

dinner was an opportunity to exchange a few words with a new person. From being the interviewer I came to be the interviewee. My halting English began to flow smoothly across the tables of Ondaatje Hall.

Many students wanted to know more about my country, its culture and even about its complicated politics. I was glad to answer every question I was posed. Some of the more interested interviewers even promised a future visit to Venezuela.

I too had an opportunity to share many experiences with the fellows and from each one of them I learnt something. From Peter I learnt his passion for traditional journalism,

the kind that depends not on technology. From Murray I learnt his passion for the arts. From Gil I learnt to have an inquisitive mind. From Mary Agnes I learnt the art of the hard-hitting question. And finally from Teresa I learnt that a great friendship can overcome any distance. Venezuela and Malawi now look so close on the map.

One simple walk to the Toronto City Hall nearly brought me to tears, when I realized that a simple thing like doing interviews in a government building is allowed in Canada yet forbidden in Venezuela.

Having so many restrictions working as a journalist in Venezuela is not easy, but these

few months in Toronto will allow me to return feeling renewed, having gained back the pride of having this beautiful profession.

I will leave Canada with the spirit of Robertson Davies, a journalist who loved his work and allowed many generations to continue his legacy. It is a great honour for me to be part of this story.

So next time you have a chance to look at that picture in a corner of Massey College, even if you do not find me, remember I, too, was there.

I may not appear smiling in the picture along with the rest of this generation, but the beautiful image of this experience will remain in me forever.

Mary Triny Mena became a celebrity on CBC radio and television in early March, 2013, after Venezuelan president Hugo Chavez died. She returned to Caracas in May.

Mary Triny Mena’s grueling student visa application process

June 6th, 2012
Visa Application made in Caracas

15 working days later, 2012
Medical exams

40 days working days, 2012
Status Under Consideration

September 25th, 2012
Medical exams retake

October 17th, 2012
Status Information request made to the Embassy

October 26th, 2012
Massey College writes letter to the Ambassador of Canada in Venezuela

October 29th, 2012
Student visa granted

November 7th, 2012
Arrival in Toronto

Third time lucky



2007



2009



2012

When candidates make the short list for a journalism fellowship, they go to Massey College for an interview. At the college a photographer, Lisa Sakulensky, greets them with her tripod and her lights and takes their picture in the Junior Common Room, before the candidate heads to the Upper Library for their interview with the selection committee. If the committee doesn’t pick

that fellow, their photo never sees the light of day.

Through a little sleuthing, The Owl dug up some archival shots of one of the fellowship’s more determined candidates. Peter Kuitenbrouwer of the National Post made the short list twice and came up short. In 2012 he won a fellowship. These photos depict him in the spring of 2007, 2009, and 2012.

Acknowledgements

The OWL is an annual publication by, for and about the William Southam Journalism Fellowship Program. Peter Kuitenbrouwer edited the 2013 edition, with the assistance of Teresa Temweka Chirwa, Mary Triny Mena, Gil Shochat, Mary Agnes Welch and Murray Whyte.

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 and Canadian Journalists for Free Expression, and for the generosity of past Journalism Fellows.

Thanks to the Foreign Office of the Federal Republic of Germany, 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 Sabine Sparwasser, the staff at the Consulate and Jan Taşçi of the Goethe Institute.

Thanks to the Finnish Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Embassy of Finland for organizing and hosting our trip to Finland with special thanks to His Excellency, Ambassador Charles Murto, Anni Ståhle, Laura McSwiggan and Marja Suhonen.

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, Danylo Dzwonnyk, Greg Cerson and Darlene Naranjo. Our special thanks go to Master John Fraser and Elizabeth MacCallum, Stephen Clarkson, Abe Rotstein, and the bucolic, if occasionally knife-wielding Anna Luengo.