UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CATHLEEN COLVIN *et al.*, *Plaintiffs*, v. SYRIAN ARAB REPUBLIC, *Defendant*.	Civil No. 1:16-cv-01423 (ABJ)

DECLARATION OF CATHLEEN COLVIN

I, Cathleen Colvin, declare as follows:

1. I submit this declaration in support of my and my children's claims against the Syrian Arab Republic for the murder of my sister, Marie Colvin, committed by the Syrian government to silence her reporting on the atrocities it waged against its own people. I submit this declaration to give the Court a sense of my sister as I knew her – loving, funny, intelligent, determined, and, above all, blazingly and uncompromisingly alive. I submit it to show the unique and deeply treasured relationship she shared with me and my children, and the profound hole left in our lives by her murder.

2. I am a U.S. citizen over 18 years of age and currently work as General Counsel at the Pall Corporation.[1] I have personal knowledge of the facts set forth in this Declaration unless otherwise stated. If called as a witness, I would testify competently to such facts under oath.

[1] I previously worked as an associate at Shearman & Sterling LLP, my *pro bono* counsel along with the Center for Justice and Accountability, in 1993-1997 and 1999-2002.

3. My children and co-plaintiffs in this matter are Justine Araya-Colvin, Christopher Araya-Colvin, and L.A.C. All are U.S. citizens. Justine is 19 years old and is submitting a separate declaration. Chris recently turned 18 years old and is likewise submitting his own declaration. L.A.C. is 16 years old; I am his parent and sole legal guardian, and am representing his rights before the Court. All three of my children are beneficiaries of Marie's estate under her last will and testament.

Growing up with Marie

4. This was Marie:

Marie in Tahrir Square in Cairo, Egypt during the Arab Spring (February 4, 2011)[2]

5. She was born on January 12, 1956 in New York, New York. She was a U.S. citizen.

6. We grew up in Oyster Bay, New York. Our parents, Bill and Rosemarie Colvin were school teachers, who were active in politics, the church, and our community. They believed strongly in achieving peace through understanding, and actively participated in interreligious and intercultural groups, regularly opening our home to foreign exchange

[2] Ivor Prickett, *Photograph of Marie Colvin in "Sunday Times journalist Marie Colvin and photographer Remi Ochlik killed in Syria,"* THE TELEGRAPH, Feb. 4, 2011, http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/picturegalleries/worldnews/9098227/Sunday-Times-journalist-Marie-Colvin-and-photographer-Remi-Ochlik-killed-in-Syria.html?image=2.

students, religious groups, visiting politicians, and campaign volunteers. Although they could not afford to travel the world, they brought the world to us. My mother was a strong feminist, instilling in her girls a lifelong confidence in our intelligence and our abilities, along with a commitment to encourage and support other girls and women.

7. Marie was always filled with curiosity, energy, and an appetite for adventure. From the start, Marie stood out as brilliant, mischievous, fiercely independent, and passionate about defending the powerless, regardless of the personal cost. Marie should have been too young to be involved in the Vietnam anti-war movement, but she managed to go all the way to Washington, D.C. to attend a demonstration when she was only fourteen. And she never did stop believing that one person could make a difference.

8. We were a family of five children. Marie was the oldest. After her came Bill, Michael, and Aileen. I was the youngest. My parents worried about combining a precocious nine-year-old Marie with an infant and gave her a puppy right before I was born, in the hopes of directing her energy elsewhere. Marie ignored the ploy. Family lore says that she took me from our mother when we first came home from the hospital and never quite gave me back.

9. All my life, my family teased Marie about being my "good mother," because she always looked out for me and kept me by her side; in her eyes, I could do no wrong. When I was young, it was Marie who would tell me bedtime stories each night. By day, it felt like Marie took me everywhere with her, including me in her many intellectual and social interests. She taught me to be curious, confident, and open to the world.

10. Marie was a sophomore at Yale when our father died unexpectedly in 1976. I was only eleven. My family was devastated. Mom, especially, was stricken by grief. Marie kept me with her at Yale during those first awful weeks after my father died, refusing to send me home until she thought I was ready.

11. Even after Marie left for college and started her career, she made me feel like the center of her life. I visited her at Yale as often as I could, where she took me to classes and parties, art galleries, and shopping. Later, I would get calls from her dinner parties, where she would pass the phone around to her guests, or sometimes convince me to sing Joni Mitchell for her friends (Marie couldn't carry a tune herself). She would call me to "meet" her latest boyfriend or settle friendly disputes between her and her colleagues in the field ("Is it safer to disguise myself as a potato and sneak in by vegetable truck, or ride in the limo with Chalabi?"). I was her emergency contact for most of her career and the "go-to" for friends who were trying to get in touch with her. And no matter where she was or what she was doing, she always called me at 12:01 AM on my birthday, so she could be the first to wish me happy birthday.

12. Marie was always more than my sister. She was my best friend, my idol, my biggest fan, and my confidant. She encouraged me in everything I did, and supported all of my choices in life, even when they did not align with her view of the world or her aspirations for me. Every holiday, every special event, every joy, and every sadness in my life bring her to my mind, and I have to fight back the tears as I realize she's gone, even six years later. There never was and will never be anyone in my life like Marie.

Marie's Career

13. Marie got her start in journalism in 1976 while earning her undergraduate degree in anthropology at Yale, as a writer for the *Yale Daily News*. Her first job out of college was with the Teamsters Union magazine. By featuring profiles of the Teamster leadership and stories and photographs of union members "on the job," she transformed a stagnant publication into a "must-read" for thousands of Teamsters. Marie left the Teamsters in 1982 to take a position as a reporter with *United Press International* ("UPI") in Trenton, commuting from Manhattan. She covered local news like crime and local politics. I remember being filled with pride to see her first bylines.

14. By 1983, Marie was promoted to UPI Foreign Desk Editor and transferred to Washington D.C. A year later, UPI promoted Marie again, this time to Paris Bureau Chief. She was only 29 at the time. Marie's first overseas reporting assignments included Portugal, Morocco, and finally Libya, in March of 1986. There, she managed to get an interview with the former Libyan dictator, Muammar Qaddafi, which led to multiple follow-up interviews over the years. Qaddafi became fascinated with Marie, and would call her at all hours to meet with her and make bizarre offerings of gifts and favors (tiny green shoes and middle-of-the-night efforts to draw her blood when she "looked tired" were among Marie's favorite anecdotes).[3]

15. Marie had only been in Paris with UPI for a short time before *The Sunday Times* offered her a position. She accepted in September of 1986, moving to London, where she

[3] Marie Colvin, *Mad Dog and Me*, MARIE COLVIN CENTER FOR INT'L REPORTING (Aug. 28, 2011), http://mariecolvincenter.org/stories-by-marie-colvin/mad-dog-and-me/.

made her home for the rest of her life. She quickly became part of London's literary and artistic scene.

16. Marie's career was studded with incredible stories, covering conflicts and other humanitarian tragedies in the Middle East, Asia, and Africa.[4] She published countless articles for *The Sunday Times* covering the Israeli-Palestinian conflict (including reporting extensively on Yasser Arafat), Saddam Hussein's use of chemical weapons use against the Kurds and invasion of Kuwait, NATO's bombing campaigns in the former Yugoslavia, Operation Desert Storm, Ethiopia's famine, the U.S. invasion of Iraq, the war in Afghanistan, and the Arab Spring; as well as conflicts and humanitarian crises in Lebanon, Tunisia, Turkey, Iran, Eritrea, Jordan, Zimbabwe, Sierra Leone, Egypt, Sri Lanka and East Timor (among others).[5] Other journalists have referred to her as the

[4] Conveying the scope and caliber of Marie's journalistic career feels like an impossible task. For nearly 30 years she interviewed and reported on some of the most prominent leaders in the Middle East, as well as the otherwise invisible victims of war, humanitarian crises, and political events. I worked with *The Sunday Times* of London to collect many of her best articles in a 550-page volume of her work, ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN (2012). To avoid burdening the Court, I reference only a few of her articles that I view as particularly representative of Marie's work. Where those articles are not publicly available online, I include true and correct copies as Exhibit A to my declaration.

[5] *See, e.g.*, Marie Colvin, *Desperately Seeking Answers in the Arafat Slipstream: Yasser Arafat*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, June 5, 1990, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 17, 19 (2012) (Ex. A-1) (capturing the contradictory, "obsessive[ly] precis[e]," and compelling qualities that defined Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat and, in turn, the movement he helped found; a "Jimmy Carter as PLO leader," quipped Marie); Marie Colvin, *Under Fire*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Jan. 27, 1991, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 34 (2012) (Ex. A-2) (an improbably subtle and human portrait of a tense and dangerous Baghdad leading up to and during U.S. bombings in 1991); Marie Colvin, *Kosovo's Silent Houses of the Dead*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Mar. 15, 1998, http://www.bosnia.org.uk/bosrep/marmay98/silent.cfm (putting at the center of reporting on the Yugoslavia conflict its victims and the crushing human suffering of shining hair and beautiful voices and family nicknames lost to bullets and bombs); Marie Colvin, *Horror of Ethiopia's Living Dead*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Apr. 9, 2000, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE

"queen of war correspondents."[6] John Witherow, then-Editor-in-Chief of *The Sunday Times* called her the "greatest war correspondent of her generation."[7]

17. One of the traits that really distinguished Marie was her and ability to relate to all people. She considered the story of a waitress working in a conflict zone just as compelling as the story of the leaders who were waging the conflict in the first place, and often more impactful.[8] Marie said: "'Most of my reporting has been trying to get out the story of the underdog. There are always people to get out the story of the governments.

COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 167, 168-70 (2012) (Ex. A-3) (making visceral the pain and tragedy of Ethiopia's famine and underlying aid distribution politics through her description of a too-bright funeral shroud, "tiny shoulder blades [that] almost cut the skin," and "the most terrible sight . . . of those who are clearly about to die [but could] be saved with so little"); Marie Colvin, *Despair and Fear Among the Tehran Dancing Classes*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, June 26, 2005, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 351, 352 (2012) (Ex. A-4) (capturing a "depth of fear, panic and incomprehension" in response to the election of Ahmadinejad as Iran's president, which turned a simple handshake between genders into an imprisonable offence).

[6] *See, e.g.*, Anshel Pfeffer, *Farewell to the Queen of War Correspondents*, HAARETZ, Feb. 22, 2012, https://www.haaretz.com/blogs/near-and-apparent/farewell-to-the-queen-of-war-correspondents-1.414157. At her funeral, immigrants from Sri Lanka, whose humanitarian crisis she had exposed, held pictures of Marie with the words "uncrowned queen of intrepid journalists." Joanna Walters, *Marie Colvin: Mourners Say Farewell to 'Talented, Compassionate' War Reporter*, THE GUARDIAN, Mar. 12, 2012, https://www.theguardian.com/media/2012/mar/12/marie-colvin-funeral-mourners-farewell.

[7] *Marie Colvin: Tributes Paid to 'Heroic' Journalist*, BBC NEWS, May 16, 2012, http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/uk-18092602.

[8] One of my favorite pieces written by Marie captured the hideous toll of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict through a star-crossed romance during the first Intifada. Marie Colvin, *Love Sours for Romeo and Juliet of the West Bank: Avi Marek and Abir Mattar*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Apr. 1, 1990, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 14 (2012) (EX. A-5).

Whoever has the big machine will get their story out. The underdogs don't get their story out.'"[9] She did it for them.

18. Marie did not believe in reporting from a safe distance. She was moved by the people she met and was driven by her desire to bring their stories to life in a way that would capture the attention of her readers and motivate them to take action. Marie viewed it as her job to make the world aware of the impact war had on civilians, despite the risk. Occasionally, she also viewed it as her job to take action herself.

19. That quality in Marie is epitomized in one of her proudest moments, which came during the East Timor bid for independence in 1999. Marie had been covering the siege of a town called Dili, where over a thousand refugees, mostly women and children, had camped out at a United Nations ("UN") compound, hoping for protection. Everyone who could had fled; the UN staff, too, planned to withdraw – most already had. Marie and two other women reporters refused to leave. Their presence and their pointed coverage over the next four days, conveying to the world what they were seeing through broadcast interviews and print, shamed the UN into staying to protect the refugees and catalyzed world leaders into pressuring the Indonesian government to grant them safe passage out of the area.[10] Marie later said: "'We're not supposed to say we get involved. I think that's impossible. I spent a lot of time talking with people [in the UN compound] and it became

[9] John Little, *Destination Danger*, THE AUSTRALIAN, Sept. 23, 1999, at M05 (quoting Marie Colvin) (Ex. B).

[10] Marie Colvin, *Trapped by the Terror Squads in the City of Death*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Sept. 12, 1999, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 149 (2012) (Ex. A-6).

very clear that we were a symbolic presence and that meant a lot to them. It became clear that if the UN evacuated they'd be slaughtered and I found that morally an impossible situation to accept.'"[11] "[Marie] became the eyes and ears of the world in Dili. Using her satellite telephone, Colvin kept up a running commentary of events inside the UN compound, which was besieged by rampaging militias. Her broadcasts were heard on the ABC, CNN, Britain's BBC, ITN and Sky TV."[12] In the end, Marie's presence together with that of the other two women journalists was credited for saving the lives of 1,300 civilians.

20. Many of Marie's stories came at a great personal price, often with a harrowing escape, and always with a great story to tell. Twice during her life she had to be rescued. The first time was in December of 1999, when she became trapped in Chechnya while reporting on its war with Russia. Marie uncovered a hidden humanitarian tragedy. But her only escape route turned out to be a multi-day trek to the Georgian border through the mountains, in sub-zero temperatures and hip-deep snow, hoping to avoid being shot by the Russians or kidnapped by smugglers.[13] After round the clock calls by me and *The Sunday Times*, she was finally located and evacuated via helicopter by the U.S. Embassy.

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[11] *Id.* (alteration in original).

[12] Little, *supra* note 11 (Ex. B) (quoting Marie's editor at *The Sunday Times*, Sean Ryan).

[13] "I was never happier to have an American passport," she later wrote about the incident, recalling being picked up at the border by U.S. helicopter, several freezing days later and after her satellite phone had run out of batteries. "I walked down the slope to be greeted by an Ernest Hemingway figure with a white beard and blue snow jacket, who said: 'Jack Hariman, American embassy. Are we glad to find you . . . .'" Marie Colvin, *Escape from Chechnya to a trial by ice*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Jan. 2, 2000, https://mariecolvincenter.org/stories-by-marie-colvin/escape-from-chechnya/.

21. Her second rescue came the following year, when Marie traveled to Sri Lanka in 2001. The country was torn by a brutal civil war that went largely unnoticed in the outside world. The Sri Lankan government had banned foreign journalists from the disputed areas. Marie snuck in. She described what she found as "an unreported humanitarian crisis." People were starving and cut off from the world and the Sri Lankan government had prevented aid agencies from distributing relief.[14] Marie was trying to return from a prohibited area when the military attacked her group. She shouted that she was a journalist, hoping they would respect her protected status, but they launched a grenade at her instead, and Marie was hit in the head, shoulders, and chest. When the U.S. embassy was finally able to obtain her release and fly her to safety, Marie described the incident from her hospital bed: "Blood was pouring from my eye and mouth onto the dirt. I felt a profound sadness that I was going to die. Then I thought it was taking an awful long time to die if I was really shot in the head (it was actually shrapnel), so I started yelling again, 'English! Anyone speak English!'"[15]

22. Marie's recovery was slow and hard and incomplete. She ultimately lost vision in her left eye. She wore an eye patch for the rest of her life; it became her trademark – an instantaneously recognizable symbol. But the loss of her eye and the trauma of the attack haunted her. She was terrified that she could lose her other eye, or become disabled in another attack.

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[14] Marie Colvin, *The Shot Hit Me*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Apr. 22, 2001, https://mariecolvincenter.org/stories-by-marie-colvin/the-shot-hit-me/.

[15] *Id.*

23. In spite of her fears, Marie kept going in the field. She wrote and spoke about that tension between bravery and fear and duty. In a speech honoring fallen journalists, she said: "Journalists covering combat shoulder great responsibilities and face difficult choices. Sometimes they pay the ultimate price." "Covering a war means going to places torn by chaos, destruction, and death, and trying to bear witness. It means trying to find the truth in a sandstorm of propaganda when armies, tribes or terrorists clash." "It has never been more dangerous to be a war correspondent," she explained, "because the journalist in the combat zone has become a prime target." But she stated that she was convinced she still had to "go to remote war zones to report what is happening. The public have a right to know what our government, and our armed forces, are doing in our name. Our mission is to speak the truth to power. We send home that first rough draft of history. We can and do make a difference in exposing the horrors of war and especially the atrocities that befall civilians."[16]

24. Around 2006, after nearly twenty years as the leading war correspondent for *The Sunday Times*, Marie reached an arrangement with the paper to work for seven months out of the year and take the rest of the year off.[17] Unfortunately, she rarely managed to

[16] Marie Colvin, Remarks at the service for war wounded at St. Bride's Church, London in November of 2010 (Nov. 10, 2010) (transcript available at http://www.stbrides.com/news/2010/11/truth-at-all-costs.html#).

[17] In addition to her salaried work for the Teamsters, UPI, and *The Sunday Times*, Marie also did some amount of freelance writing during her career, including a harsh profile of Qaddafi for *Rolling Stone* in 1986, between her employment for UPI and *The Sunday Times*. *See* Judith Miller & Marie Colvin, *Inside Libya: Six Months with Qaddafi*, ROLLING STONE, Aug. 14, 1986, at 38-41, 54 (EX. A-7). I also understand that Marie's contract with *The Sunday Times* allowed her to do some freelance work, which included a profile of Yasser Arafat for *The New York Times Magazine* in 1988, *see* Marie Colvin, *Arafat*, N.Y. TIMES MAGAZINE, Dec. 18, 1988, at 33-

maintain the balance she had negotiated, because there was always a story to cover, especially once the protests leading up to Arab Spring broke out in late 2010.

25. Marie spent much of the following year in the field covering the uprisings, until her final trip to Homs, Syria. Below is the last known image of Marie alive, taken in Homs on February 17, 2012 by Paul Conroy – the photographer who was gravely wounded in the same attack that killed Marie:

26. Sometimes, it seemed that Marie would never stop reporting from the front lines. And she was brilliant at that reporting, winning many prestigious awards, including the International Women's Media Foundation's Courage in Journalism Award in 2000, the

36, https://www.nytimes.com/1988/12/18/magazine/no-headline-996288.html, and occasional pieces for *Vogue* and *Vanity Fair*, among others, in subsequent years.

Foreign Press Association's Journalist of the Year award in 2000 and the British Press Awards' Foreign Reporter of the Year in 2000 (as the first woman to receive it) then again in 2009, and 2012.[18] At age 56, she wasn't slowing down at all. She was, however, thinking seriously about where else she wanted her career to go once the physical demands of life as a war correspondent became too much.[19]

[18] Marie was awarded the following awards and commendations: (i) British Press Awards' Commended International Reporter of the Year (commendation awarded in 1987 for Marie's reporting on the Middle East); (ii) Foreign Press Association's Journalist of the Year (awarded in 2000 for Marie's coverage of conflicts in Chechnya and East Timor); (iii) The International Women's Media Foundation's Courage in Journalism (awarded in 2000 for Marie's coverage of Kosovo and Chechnya with a $2,000 prize); (iv) British Press Awards' Foreign Reporter of the Year (awarded in 2000 for reporting on her escape from Chechnya); (v) The Women of the Year Lunch and Awards' Pilkington Window to the World (awarded in 2001 for coverage of conflicts in the Balkans, Chechnya, and East Timor); (vi) British Press Awards' Foreign Reporter of the Year (awarded in 2009); (vii) Martha Gellhorn Prize (awarded in 2010 for "distinguished work over many years in the service of journalism"); (viii) New York State Senate's Women of Distinction (awarded posthumously in 2012 for a career of courage and fortitude); (ix) The National Press Club's John Aubuchon Press Freedom Award (awarded posthumously in 2012 for Marie's coverage of Syria); (x) Reach All Women in War's Anna Politkovskaya Award (awarded posthumously in 2012 for "courage, integrity, and passion for truth" while reporting "from the frontline of almost every major conflict in recent history"); (xi) Amnesty International's Annual Media Award (awarded posthumously in 2012 in the National Newspapers category for Marie's article about Homs—"We Live in Fear of a Massacre"); (xii) British Press Awards' Foreign Reporter of the Year (awarded posthumously in 2012 for Marie's Syria coverage); (xiii) International Press Institute's World Press Freedom Heroes (awarded posthumously in 2013 for Marie's courage and contributions to freedom of expression and the press); and (xiv) Amnesty International's Amnesty Media Impact Award (awarded posthumously in 2016 for Marie's "courage and unwavering commitment to human rights journalism").

[19] I am certain that Marie would have continued to work her entire life. As I describe below, based on my conversations with her and the documents I found after she was killed, I expect that she would have diversified her professional activities significantly later in life. But I also expect that she would have continued to work with *The Sunday Times* in some capacity until she was at least 70, albeit perhaps in a less intensive role than war correspondent once she reached 65.

27. Marie's work had already extended beyond reporting. She gave numerous speeches[20] and mentored many young reporters, especially women.[21] She had received an advance for a book about Yasser Arafat she had not yet finished. I know she planned to write other books and had the experience, talent, and loyal following to do so successfully. Indeed, in 2012, I worked with *The Sunday Times* and HarperCollins to publish *On the Front Line*, a collection of Marie's work that includes almost 100 of her articles, tracing the history of regions like the Middle East, Africa, Asia, and the Balkans from 1987 to 2012. The book was critically acclaimed and, in 2013, won the Orwell Special Prize, a prestigious British award for outstanding political writing.[22]

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[20] To my knowledge, Marie did not charge fees for speaking engagements, although I am sure she could have easily commanded them. I learned from a friend and colleague of Marie's (also a journalist) that Marie planned on making lectures and television interviews a regular part of her career down the line.

[21] Marie rejected easy tropes about the difference between male and female reporters (although she famously quipped that "[t]hey don't make men like they used to" in response to being asked where all the men had gone when only she and two other women reporters stayed behind in Dili). She was passionately committed to what she viewed as a style of reporting to which women were more prone: a greater effort "to understand what is really happening to people on the ground" and an unwillingness to "settle" for the "prestige" of "writing about the 'big picture,'" but she rejected the idea of gendering her ideals of decency and moral outrage in reporting. She mocked stereotypes about using feminine wiles, joking about the odorous and unwashed allure of a real woman war correspondent. And she was fierce in nurturing such women reporters. *See* Marie Colvin, *Courage Knows No Gender*, MARIE COLVIN CENTER FOR INT'L REPORTING (Oct. 10, 1999), http://mariecolvincenter.org/stories-by-marie-colvin/courage-knows-no-gender/.

[22] To date, the book has sold approximately 14,000 copies in electronic format and another 8,000 in print, raising approximately £70.000 in revenue. I am also aware of at least two other published or forthcoming books about Marie's life: Paul Conroy's *Under the Wire*, describing his experience of working with Marie and especially their final trip to Syria, PAUL CONROY, UNDER THE WIRE: MARIE COLVIN'S FINAL ASSIGNMENT (2013); and a forthcoming comprehensive biography being written by a fellow foreign- and war correspondent who knew Marie well. In addition, a short biography of Marie is featured in a textbook published by Houghton Mifflin, and her work is taught in several journalism schools, including the Columbia University School of Journalism and the Stony Brook School of Journalism. A Center for International Reporting was established in Marie's name as part of the Stony Brook School of

28. Marie was also actively thinking about documentary film-making. She had written and produced a film about Yasser Arafat for the BBC in 1990 with some success.[23] In 2005, she collaborated on another documentary called *Bearing Witness*, which followed Marie and four other women journalists, documenting the challenges they faced while working in combat zones. The film was critically acclaimed and widely screened at prestigious festivals, including the Tribeca and Durham Film Festivals, both of which I attended with Marie.[24] She was sought after at those events (and others), to speak, participate in panel discussions, and to host Q&A sessions after the screenings. The success of *Bearing Witness* persuaded Marie that documentary film was an effective means of achieving the kind of broad impact she sought and to reach and inspire a larger global audience. Marie and I even started a production company in 2005 with Marijana Wotton, who also worked on *Bearing Witness*, which we called Starfish Girlz Productions LLC. Marie assigned rights to her life story to the company and was actively working on a script with Hugh Hudson, who had directed *Chariots of Fire*.[25] They had

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Journalism. *Mission & Vision of the Marie Colvin Center*, MARIE COLVIN CENTER FOR INTERNATIONAL REPORTING, http://mariecolvincenter.org/mission-vision/.

[23] A New York Times review described the documentary as a "smartly paced hour offer[ing] an absorbing review of Mr. Arafat's career." Walter Goodman, *Review/Television; Portrait of Arafat, a Man of the Shadows*, N.Y. TIMES, Feb. 27, 1990, at 18, http://www.nytimes.com/1990/02/27/movies/review-television-portrait-of-arafat-a-man-of-the-shadows.html.

[24] *Bearing Witness* is a feature-length documentary film that aired on the A&E television network on May 26, 2005. The film received widespread acclaim and was screened at film festivals around the United States.

[25] Because we all thought Marie was invincible, we did not think ahead, and the rights to Marie's life story expired with her death. There are currently three films about her life in production. The first film is a documentary being worked on by Paul Conroy based on his book *Under the Wire*. The second is a feature length film being produced by Film4, a portion of whose proceeds

met for that purpose multiple times, but paused their work when the Arab Spring broke out. Marie and I joked that Hugh's involvement might allow us to buy a beach house together to retire.

29. I learned after Marie's death that she had started thinking about her career and legacy in a systematic manner. I found a copy of a "Career Plan" when I was sorting through her things in her London flat. It was a laminated sheet hung on the wall of her office.[26] I later learned from Marie's last romantic partner, who was a successful entrepreneur and venture capitalist, that he had helped her to formulate it. Marie was planning to collaborate with a publicist and literary agent, launch a website or blog, increase her social media presence, actively seek speaking engagements and engage in a progression of similar name-branding activities to build her name, increase her earnings, and expand the scope of her career. All of this was to accompany and support more writing, film-making, and public speaking. I know she would have done it all and more if she had not been murdered.[27]

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is to benefit the Marie Colvin Fund I created in Marie's honor. The last is an unauthorized feature film being produced by Thunder Road Pictures.

[26] I have been unable to locate a copy of the plan, but recall many of its details.

[27] Among the many reasons for my certainty is the fact that individuals and organizations continue to reach out to me for rights to use Marie's name for a broad range of projects. I have been approached by a playwright and several filmmakers interested in producing her story.

My Adult Relationship with Marie

30. My childhood attachment to Marie never faded. If anything, it deepened and matured. She leaned on me as I got older for legal and financial advice, as well as for emotional support, as the trauma from her experiences in the field worsened.

Photo taken by Justine of Marie and me the last time I saw her, around Thanksgiving of 2010

31. Marie was my principal support system. When my marriage fell apart, she heard the despair in my voice on the phone, and flew over to New York from London the next day. She stayed with me for a week, helping me build the confidence I needed to take my young three children and walk away from a destructive relationship. We talked often, sometimes every day, other times not for weeks. And even as busy adults living on different continents, Marie and I saw each other regularly for most of our lives. [28] I

[28] Marie – who never relinquished her original usurpation of me from Mom – would pay for all my expenses (and later my kids' expenses) during our visits. She particularly loved buying shoes and clothing for me until I was in my thirties, and later for my kids. She loved fashion and

visited her almost everywhere she lived – New York, Washington, Paris – and went to London every couple of years. She came to stay with me when I lived in Washington, New Haven, Manhattan, and my home in Oyster Bay. We also took trips every couple of years, including sailing vacations in the Chesapeake Bay and the Florida Keys and road trips in Ireland and the United Kingdom. We attended all of one another's (and my children's) milestone events. In addition, every year until her last, Marie came home for the holidays at either Thanksgiving or Christmas.

32. Marie also favored my three children,[29] in part because she spent more time with them, both in person and by phone. Although Marie always claimed she wasn't interested in kids until they could hold conversations, she adored my daughter Justine from birth. For years, Justine was the only one in the family to receive souvenirs and packages by mail from Marie's travels, although later, Marie also included Chris, with whom she developed a close bond from the time he was about six. It began when we went skating at Rockefeller Center. Marie, who was recovering from back surgery, dramatically proclaimed the activity a disastrous choice after one lap. Chris agreed, and the two of them went inside to the restaurant while the rest of us finished skating, and fell in love. He was precocious, highly verbal and opinionated and for the first time that day, Marie saw him for what he would become. She would later tell Chris that she never

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shopping, and was extravagant in her gifts of clothing to me and my family. Later, she gave me gifts for my home, such as an antique map, several Persian rugs, and a ceremonial sword. In so many ways, both petty and profound, Marie really was my "good mother."

[29] Marie was very close to our mother as well. She was generous with her gifts (rugs from the Middle East, jewelry, art pieces), as well as "necessities" like an annual subscription to *The Sunday Times*, to be delivered to Mom's home. Marie planned on hosting Mom for a month each year as she got older.

much cared for little boys, but that he was special and she adored him. She spoke to him frequently by phone after that, and lavished him with extravagant clothes and toys. All three of my children idolized Marie, just as I had. They all wrote school compositions about her adventures and our time together. Family vacations with Marie were a whirlwind, and most rules went out the window.

33. At her core, Marie was an optimist. She was driven in her work, especially, by the belief that if only she could better describe the horrors of war and better convey the tragedy it visited on so many millions of innocent victims, the world would stand up, take notice, and do something to protect them. She was willing to risk her life for this belief, seeking out those places where no one else would go, finding those stories no one else was telling. But she also had dark periods: moments when she struggled to believe that her work mattered and that she was making a difference. She was haunted by the atrocities she had witnessed and struggled with post-traumatic stress disorder, which got worse over time. I was one of the few people she leaned on when that happened.

Marie's Last Story and the Aftermath of Her Death

34. In spite of Marie's close calls and the resulting trauma, I always thought she was invincible. It did not occur to me to worry when she left for Tunisia in January of 2011, after the protests that started the Arab Spring broke out there.[30] She had left for similar trips so many times before. She spent most of the year throughout the Middle East, with only a few short breaks. As it turned out, the last time I saw Marie was Thanksgiving of 2010, at our sister's home in Atlanta, Georgia.

35. Marie was initially energized by the Arab Spring uprisings. We talked all the time during the year that followed. Some of it was about her work – she would call me up in the middle of demonstrations and hold up her phone so that I could hear the crowds, join her in the moment and share her excitement and hope. Some of it was about her day-to-day life in a war zone, like her battles against a rat that repeatedly invaded her toilet in Libya (she eventually won) or the triumphant joy of locating an egg, "wild garlic," or other fresh food in the area. Other times, it was heartbreaking stories about people she loved who were killed by roadside bombs, or military attacks, or her various schemes to

[30] Marie's coverage of the Arab Spring included Tunisia, Egypt, Libya, and Syria. *See, e.g.*, Marie Colvin, *Flames and Fighting Flood Along the Nile*, THE AUSTRALIAN, Jan. 31, 2011, https://www.theaustralian.com.au/news/inquirer/flames-and-fighting-on-the-nile/news-story/06e901c8150062d2327ac0b1bd38fb6a (describing Egypt's first waves of Arab Spring, including what Marie witnessed in those first heady, teargas-laced Tahir Square protests); Marie Colvin, *We Had Our Orders: Rape All the Sisters*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, May 22, 2011, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 471, 475 (2012) (Ex. A-8) (capturing the brutality of Qaddafi's methods for trying to retain his hold on power in the face of Libya's Arab Spring uprising, hauntingly observing that "[o]ne of [his] most unforgivable legacies . . . is that many of the women of Misrata will never again emerge from their homes and think only of the beautiful sunshine").

sneak into and out of countries that had banned her. Each time she called, she would take time to talk to my children.

36. Marie had covered Syria before and felt a close attachment to the country and its people. She had many contacts among the Kurds and had kept in touch with an extended Syrian network over the years. I did not know she was going in again, let alone to Homs, until I saw her initial reports from Syria in mid-February of 2012. She had left Homs for a less dangerous Syrian town to file those, and we spoke on the satellite phone while she was there. Marie did not tell me she planned to go back to Homs in the coming days, but I am not surprised that she did. A few hours before she was killed in the early hours of February 22, 2012, Marie gave a live interview to report what she was seeing, describing Homs as "a city of cold, starving civilians" being targeted by their government even though "[t]here [were] no military targets [t]here."[31] It was the kind of hidden injustice Marie could never walk away from, no matter what the risk.[32]

37. I was on a ski trip with my kids in Vermont on February 22, 2012, when a friend called to tell me that television news was reporting that Marie had been killed in an attack on the Media Center in the Baba Amr neighborhood of Homs, where Marie had been

[31] *Transcript: Marie Colvin's Final CNN Interview*, CNN, Feb. 22, 2012, http://www.cnn.com/2012/02/22/world/marie-colvin-interview-transcript/index.html.

[32] Marie ultimately received several posthumous awards that cited to her coverage of Syria. Her most noted articles included *We Live in Fear of a Massacre* and *A Vet is Only Hope for Syrian Wounded* (Marie's last dispatch from Homs). *See* Marie Colvin, *We Live in Fear of Massacre*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Feb. 19, 2012, http://mariecolvincenter.org/stories-by-marie-colvin/we-live-in-fear/; Marie Colvin, *A Vet is Only Hope for Syrian Wounded*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Feb. 19, 2012), *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 518 (2012) (EX. A-9).

staying. My first reaction was disbelief, but we headed back to Oyster Bay right away – I was worried about how Mom would react to the news. I kept expecting to get a call from Marie, teasing me for believing the reports. At some point during the six-hour drive home, we stopped by the side of a mountain stream, and it hit me that Marie would have gotten word to me by then if she was still alive. I just stood there, listening to the stream, hugging my kids, and crying. I don't know how I got back in the car and drove home.

38. I remember little from the next days. I thought I would drown in grief, but my family, especially my children and mother, needed my support. I remember my kids all crying inconsolably, and the intensity of the media coverage – there was a line of reporters at Mom's house for days that seemed to stretch for blocks. Mom was incredible. To honor her little girl, she spoke to every waiting reporter – a tribute to Marie's profession even as she verged on physical and emotional collapse. We were all torn and raw, and the first hint of the new family dynamic – one without Marie – began to emerge. Handling all the arrangements and making decisions about press was grueling. My siblings and I fought about it: they wanted to turn the press away, but Mom refused. This time, there was no towering defender standing behind me – I felt horribly alone. We had loud conflicts that were previously foreign to my family. We have still not recovered from those days.

39. At the same time, Marie's body was still in Syria, and efforts to recover her failed repeatedly. Marie's editor, Sean Ryan, stayed in constant touch with me, relaying details of news received from Homs. Word came back that Paul Conroy had refused at least one possible escape because he would not leave Marie. I felt desperate to get word to Paul

and other survivors to get themselves to safety without worrying about Marie's body. The Syrian media activists tried to care for Paul and hide Marie's body, not trusting what the Syrian government might do. They made sure someone stayed with Marie at all times, they cared for her body, moved it to safer or colder locations, and found ways to get word to us. Hala Jabar, a fellow reporter at *The Sunday Times*, stayed in Damascus to try to negotiate a way to get Marie's body out of Homs, at great personal risk. I remain deeply grateful to everyone who helped bring Marie home. I hope one day to be able to thank them all personally, but remain profoundly concerned for all the Syrians who helped us. I fear they might still face consequences for those acts of kindness and honor, if they have even survived the Syrian regime's ongoing slaughter.

40. The French ambassador to Syria ultimately accompanied Marie's coffin from Damascus to Paris; and Sean Ryan flew with her coffin from Paris to New York. I went to JFK airport to receive Marie's body. They flew her in cargo – that haunted me. I kept wondering if they would be using a forklift to bring her to me. It never even occurred to me that Marie would come home in box of wood. But I didn't have to confront that indignity: a close friend from the Girl Scouts of Nassau County had arranged to have an American flag draped over her coffin and alerted local police, who accompanied Marie's hearse all the way back to Oyster Bay in a motorcade, with one jurisdiction handing off to another as we crossed boundaries from Queens, to Nassau, to Oyster Bay. Marie received a hero's welcome: the local volunteer firefighters had attached flags to every telephone pole on the main road into town, and draped an enormous flag across the highway, suspended by fully extended ladder trucks on either side. The tribute deeply

touched me and my family, even though I knew that the attention would have mortified Marie.

41. We held Marie's funeral at St. Dominic, our childhood church in Oyster Bay, on March 12, 2012.[33] A piper played *Amazing Grace* and *Going Home*. A close friend eulogized about Marie's wish to show that there was tenderness in the world; about her incredible compassion and courage and thirst for life. I heard Marie so clearly in a line that the friend quoted from a long-ago letter: "We didn't resolve anything in our last long ramble of conversations, you can't of course, but I left with the feeling I had cleared my soul and the stronger joy that there is a kindred spirit in the world."[34] Hundreds of people from every part of Marie's life were there: friends from high school, Yale, *The Sunday Times*; luminaries of the journalism industry, including Rupert Murdoch and John Witherow.

42. Crowds of people, some known, many not, gathered outside of the church. Among these were at least 75 Sri Lankans, who came to honor Marie for reporting on their civil war and forcing the world to pay attention when no one else had been willing to take the risk, and for the wounds she bore as a consequence. They gave my family a large hand-painted portrait of Marie, and assured us she would always be remembered and honored by their community.

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[33] Marie had asked to be cremated and her ashes scattered on the Thames in her will, and the whole family traveled to London for the small service. We attended a larger public memorial service organized by Marie's close friend in London a year later.

[34] Katrina Heron, *A Eulogy for Marie Colvin*, DAILY BEAST, Mar. 14, 2012, https://www.thedailybeast.com/a-eulogy-for-marie-colvin.

43. Shortly after the funeral, a convoy of Syrian-Americans who had gathered from across the country, honored Marie in a ceremony at the park overlooking Oyster Bay. The organizers of the rally, who had been in close touch with me throughout their trip, came to Mom's home afterward and attested to the importance of Marie's final work in bringing to light the brutality of the Syrian government. They gave us gifts from Syria, told us of close friends and family who had been tortured or killed by the Assad regime, and vowed that someday Homs would be freed, and that they would build a monument in Marie's honor in the town square.

44. A friend of Marie's from Yale, U.S. Senator Sheldon Whitehouse, shepherded a resolution through the U.S. Senate, honoring Marie's "relentless bravery [in] report[ing] on the recent uprising in Syria and [ ] expos[ing] crimes against humanity, human-rights violations, and the ravages of war in conflict zones throughout the world, including the Balkans, the Chechen Republic, Libya, and Sri Lanka."[35] Marie, the Senate resolved, "exemplified American values of humanity, accountability, decency, transparency, and courage." The Resolution meant a lot to us.

[35] S. 112th Cong. (2012), https://www.congress.gov/bill/112th-congress/senate-resolution/404.

Losing Marie

45. Losing Marie gutted me.[36] She had been so many things to me – sister, friend, a second mother. Marie was the person I turned to in my hardest moments. It seemed impossible to get through this unbearable loss without having her to talk to. I still struggle to cope with that hollow, bereft feeling; I still have the impulse to call her. I still cry at night when it is quiet, and every time I talk about her murder.

46. Having three children as a single parent working as General Counsel at a major corporation leaves little room for grieving. After Marie's death, I tried to soften the pain for my kids, support my mother, and help make the funeral arrangements. Two weeks later I had to go back to work; I didn't think I could stay away any longer. But I was barely functioning. I suffered through many sleepless nights, the sharp pain of missing her, and horrible regrets over letting work and family stop me from going sailing with Marie during the 2011 holidays. I had no idea it would be my last chance. I thought we would have so many more years together.

47. My children were devastated by Marie's death. I don't think they could really absorb the truth initially, but as they realized they would never see Marie again, each reacted differently. Justine shared her feelings with me, but cried alone in her bed every night. During the day, she tried to comfort me and not demand any attention at all.

[36] I attach as Exhibit C true and correct copies of my tributes to Marie, published soon after her murder and at its year anniversary. Cat Colvin, *Marie Colvin: The Greatest Storyteller of All*, OYSTER BAY ENTERPRISE-PILOT, Mar. 15, 2012, at 1 (EX. C-1) (an almost identical version of this tribute is included as the foreword to *On the Front Line*); Cat Colvin, *Rest, Big Sis, I've learnt your final lesson*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Feb. 17, 2013, (Features), at 2 (Ex. C-2).

48. Chris, by contrast, was unable to handle the loss. He had become extremely attached to Marie after the death of an elderly friend of the family with whom Chris had a special closeness. He would have long conversations with Marie about his loss, and tell her all his troubles and worries at school. He had no one to replace her but me, and now wanted to be with me all the time, something he had not done before. He began counseling, first with the school social worker, then with a therapist, and finally with a psychiatrist, to work through his grief. Of all my children, Chris reminds me the most of Marie: in the intensity of his feelings, the passion of his writing, and the agony he feels at seeing others in pain. He felt like Marie was the only one who fully understood him, and he may have been right. He went through a very difficult period, and I know her absence impacted him enormously.

49. My youngest son, L.A.C., never got to experience that bonding moment with Marie, although he adored her. His might be the saddest loss of all, because he never got to feel the full force of Marie's reciprocal adoration. I know that given more time and maturity, L. would have had that special moment with Marie, like his brother, but he never got the chance. He suffered enormously after her death. Unlike Justine, his friends were too young to console him, and because he was more quiet and private in his mourning, he didn't capture the interest of other adults among my family and friends the way that Chris did. L. only had me, and I was too broken to support him the way he needed in the immediate aftermath of Marie's death. He is strong and resilient, but I continue to worry about the impact of not having supported him more when he needed me most. I believe it has made him much more careful and reluctant to share his feelings with me or anyone.

50. To make matters worse, the intense media coverage immediately following Marie's death and the constant effort and discussion about bringing her body home overwhelmed our lives. Images of Marie's corpse appeared on the internet, and my children saw them. They overheard many conversations about where Marie's body was located or why it was moved. I am haunted by feeling that I did not protect them enough from some of the images and conversations they were much too young to see and hear.

51. My own friends, who had heard me tell so many stories about Marie over the years, called, wrote, and visited from all over the world. Everyone who knew me knew the total devastation I was suffering. The kindest support was from a friend who helped me to set up a foundation in Marie's honor – the Marie Colvin Fund. I wanted to preserve Marie's memory by supporting what Marie believed in: humanitarian aid, journalism, and education. The fund has donated to, among others, The Women's Refugee Commission, Ground Truth, and a scholarship at Oyster Bay High School, Marie's alma mater. The largest recipient is the Marie Colvin Center for International Reporting at Stony Brook University on Long Island, which was inspired by Ilana Ozernoy, a professor at Stony Brook who was mentored by Marie as a young journalist. Several of Marie's friends in London also started the Marie Colvin Journalists' Network, dedicated to mentoring, training, and supporting women correspondents.[37] Marie would have loved the project.

[37] As they say on their website, "Marie took every opportunity to offer advice and mentoring to up-and-coming journalists and believed passionately in the power of media to create change." WEBSITE OF THE MARIE COLVIN JOURNALISTS' NETWORK (last visited Mar. 15, 2018), https://mariecolvinnetwork.org/en/about. The Network is a project run by The Circle, a charity connecting women across the world with the goal of tackling inequality.

52. But none of these tributes can fill the hole Marie left in her death. She was a champion for those whose stories no one else was brave enough to witness. She was courageous even after she had been wounded and had learned to be afraid. She was generous in sharing her knowledge with those who wished to walk her same hard path. She had so much left to do.

53. I think of Marie every day. Sometimes losing her feels like it is still happening to me, with new aching spaces in my life revealed every time I think that she should be there to watch my kids discover themselves and the world, or that she should give them some inappropriate gift or take them on a trip with her. Mostly I just want to hear her laugh. Marie was everything to me and my life is completely different without her. She should still be here.

I declare under penalty of perjury that the foregoing is true and correct to the best of my recollection.

Executed on March 17, 2018 in Oyster Bay, NY

C. Colvin

Cathleen Colvin

Exhibit A

ARTICLES WRITTEN BY MARIE COLVIN*

Exhibit	Description
A-1	*Desperately Seeking Answers in the Arafat Slipstream: Yasser Arafat*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, June 5, 1990, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 17 (2012)
A-2	*Under Fire*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Jan. 27, 1991, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 34 (2012)
A-3	*Horror of Ethiopia's Living Dead*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Apr. 9, 2000, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 167 (2012)
A-4	*Despair and Fear Among the Tehran Dancing Classes*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, June 26, 2005, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 351, 352 (2012)
A-5	*Love Sours for Romeo and Juliet of the West Bank: Avi Marek and Abir Mattar*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Apr. 1, 1990, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 14 (2012)
A-6	*Trapped by the Terror Squads in the City of Death*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Sept. 12, 1999, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 149 (2012)
A-7	Judith Miller & Marie Colvin, *Inside Libya: Six Months with Qaddafi*, ROLLING STONE, Aug. 14, 1986
A-8	*We Had Our Orders: Rape All the Sisters*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, May 22, 2011, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 471 (2012)
A-9	*A Vet is Only Hope for Syrian Wounded*, THE SUNDAY TIMES, Feb. 19, 2012, *reprinted in* ON THE FRONT LINE: THE COLLECTED JOURNALISM OF MARIE COLVIN 518 (2012)

* For the Convenience of the Court, Declarant provides an index of the individual articles contained in this exhibit. The entries in the index are hyperlinked to the cover page of each article listed.

Exhibit A-1

She also collaborated with the Israeli occupying forces. Left with seven children and spurned by her neighbours, she says she felt few loyalties. The police gave her 200 shekels (about £70) every time she passed them information. She stopped when the intifada began.

Before that, such activities meant ostracism. Now, with young teenagers controlling the streets and talking of purifying the Palestinian community, they are life-threatening. About 200 Palestinians have been killed for collaboration or prostitution.

But although Nina warned her daughter she was endangering the family, there was little a mother could do. 'Their love was burning. Avi was crazy about her and she lost her head.' The young couple would return together in broad daylight after nights of passion in Marek's jeep and Mattar would bring him coffee before he returned to his unit.

The family began to receive threats and Marek made things worse. He and his unit began picking up local teenagers and beating them. Nina says she thinks he was trying to show off to her daughter.

Desperate, Nina complained to the police and sent word to Marek's Israeli wife. The police ignored her but his wife came down and staked out the house in the Arab village. When Marek and Mattar returned, she ran out into the street with a kitchen knife. Mattar made off in his jeep but the story was too public to be kept quiet.

The military suspended Marek. Mattar found a mongrel dog hanging in the family toilet, dead, its head in the water. She quickly left town. Publicity about the case has made it the gossip of Israelis as well as Palestinians.

Mattar says she and Marek plan to marry after they both divorce. She says she will convert to Judaism. 'I can't go back to live among the Arabs,' she said. But she is worried that Marek's return to Israel may change him. He has been heavily criticised in the Hebrew press.

Marek now faces a military tribunal to explain the liaison. His defence is that he was only fraternising with Mattar in a patriotic

endeavour to recruit her as a spy. At the moment observers are not betting on a happy ending to the tale.

Desperately seeking answers in the Arafat slipstream: Yasser Arafat

5 June 1990

The Times

When people know you have spent a year making a film about Yasser Arafat, the question they ask most often is 'Were you ever afraid?' At times I felt frustrated, angry, despairing and very tired, but not afraid. In his manner, Arafat is one of the less threatening people you are likely to meet.

Making a documentary of him takes endurance, not courage. We had flown into Tunis for a scheduled interview to begin our filming. But Arafat was in Baghdad. The film opens with a Tunis to Baghdad telephone call. It is 2am and Arafat seems to think the only way we can get a connection in Baghdad in time to meet him is to find a boat to Paris. We agree instead to fly separately to China where he is due for a state visit, then fly back together in his borrowed Iraqi jet.

This scene must cause great pain to BBC accountants. But at the time it seemed the ideal trip. We would film behind the scenes in an exotic location while the terrorist-turned-statesman wheeled and dealed, then have him as a captive interviewee for the hours it took to fly back to the Middle East. The latter was the most alluring. Arafat grows bored in interviews and will often stand up, unclip his microphone and thank you as he walks out.

But the Chinese Foreign Ministry called Arafat while we were somewhere over Pakistan and said: 'We cannot receive you, the students are causing trouble.' We headed back to Tunis, arriving in

Marie with Yasser Arafat, *c.*1994.

time to board his borrowed Iraqi jet and set off to the summit in Casablanca. But the China trip did pay off. Arafat takes everything personally. Had we decided not to go it would have signalled a lack of commitment, however well-founded our misgivings.

When we finally caught up with him, he owed us one. We were instantly famous in PLO ranks as the crew that had gone to Peking to see the 'Old Man' and been stood up. Everyone had a similar tale; this time it was not Arafat's fault, but it usually is. People around him, a travelling entourage that is both family and staff, began helping with tips on the etiquette of living alongside him. One of my journal entries notes a word of advice from a senior aide: 'When I break your foot, you have gone wrong.'

Arafat's schedule is exhausting and it wears down everyone around him. Half the hotels in Tunis seem to be filled with people waiting to see Arafat. Fighters with blood rivalries meet in the lobby of the Hilton and turn their backs. Arafat maintains his own

rigid personal organisation within the chaos around him. Days are for seeing to problems such as parents seeking university tuition for their children. Serious business takes place at night, dating from the time the PLO was an underground organisation. Meetings begin about 9pm and rarely end before 3am. Everyone is expected to be at Arafat's call.

He never tells anyone, even close aides, his schedule in advance for security reasons. When you fly with him you do not know your destination until you take off. Asking a simple question at breakfast such as 'What are you doing today?' brings startled stares from aides and silence from Arafat.

The PLO is Arafat's life and he expects the same commitment from everyone around him. He accepts planes and villas from Arab leaders, but remains a nomad and just out of their control. All his villas look the same – sterile, furnished with a print or two of Jerusalem, a television, some nondescript sofas and a desk. The head of the Palestinian government travels in four suitcases: one for his uniforms, one for his fax machine, one for 'in' and 'out' faxes and one for a blanket to curl up in for cat naps.

His obsessive precision can be maddening. He arranges his keffiyeh headdress meticulously every day in the same way. It must hang down his shoulder in the shape of the map of Palestine. He empties his machinegun pistol precisely as his jet takes off, carefully lining up the bullets on his tray. He marks every single fax sent to the PLO with a felt-tip red pen. But doubts begin to set in when one spends a lot of time around him. Does Arafat really have to read every single fax? Does he have to control every disbursement of funds, the purchase of an office desk in Singapore? It is Jimmy Carter as PLO leader.

Arafat is up on every detail of running the organisation, but never takes time to review policy, listen to advice or plan ahead. The PLO is run from moment to moment from Arafat's head. The main criticism one hears in the ranks of the PLO is of this autocratic style. Arafat brooks no criticism and, as a result, many educated and independent Palestinians have opted out.

Now, when he desperately needs good advice on the workings of the western world as he tries to convince it that he is sincere in his current drive for a peaceful settlement with Israel, few around him know its ways. He himself is unsophisticated about the West, not surprisingly, as he spent most of his youth organising a resistance movement and has been banned from most of it for his adult life.

So why do Palestinians follow this unlikely leader? In person, Arafat is warm and inspires devotion. Palestinians who disagree with his views respect his devotion to the cause. He has always managed to compromise and lead by finding the highest common denominator within the fractious Palestinian movement. Arafat has no political ideology. He wants one thing: to liberate the homeland of his people. He has become more than a leader. For most Palestinians he is a symbol of their aspirations.

Arafat today is a desperate man. He is 60, has no heirs, and wants to achieve something tangible before he dies. In renouncing terrorism and recognising Israel in 1988, he played his best card and cannot understand why he has not received more support from the United States in convincing Israel to make a similar concession.

Arafat is now flying around even more obsessively than when we were filming, trying to stave off attacks from radicals within his own organisation and from Arab states who say he has given everything in return for nothing. Arafat is hoping to convince enough people to stay with him, hoping to keep the organisation together long enough, hoping to stay alive long enough, so that he can one day land his own plane in Palestine.

Home alone in Palestine: Suha Arafat

19 September 1993

When Yasser Arafat went to Washington, his wife stayed in Tunis. But she wasn't hiding away. Marie Colvin profiles the determined Mrs Arafat.

Suha was never going to have it easy. She faced an entrenched PLO bureaucracy where proximity to Arafat meant power. But there was little they could do: by all accounts it was a love match. For the historic peace deal last week, Yasser Arafat wore a uniform, a keffiyeh that caught the slight breeze like a jib sail, and the designer stubble it might be said he pioneered. His wife Suha wore red. But while he was standing on the White House's South Lawn, the PLO leader's 29-year-old, French-educated wife was sitting at home in the couple's whitewashed villa in Tunis, while the wives of Bill Clinton and Yitzhak Rabin were escorted to their seats on the South Lawn.

Arafat would no doubt have liked her to attend, but his advisers counselled him that bringing along his chic young wife would set Palestinian conservatives and radicals alike clucking away that he was treating the signing of the Palestinian–Israeli peace accord as a social event. They shuddered at the imagined sniping: Palestinians are dying in Gaza and she is parading herself in the White House.

So the Arafats were foiled. Well, not quite. She snapped on her gold earrings, donned her favourite Paris couture suit, a tasteful scarlet number decorated with jewelled buttons, and invited the CNN correspondent Richard Blystone to come and watch the ceremony *chez elle*. Blystone brought along a satellite dish and broadcast Suha's thoughts and plans live to the television audience of several million watching the historic ceremony.

Standing on the mosaic portico of the marital home, she told Blystone how she was happy 'to stay with my people in Tunis to share with them this great historical moment'.

Exhibit A-2

fingerprint or any other forensic evidence links either of them directly to the explosion.

None the less, all the might of the British and American governments has been brought to bear on Gadaffi through the UN to surrender the men, and Libyan sources said yesterday that he had finally been convinced that neither country would accept any compromise.

Travel and diplomatic sanctions were imposed last year, and on Friday the UN security council tabled a draft resolution imposing further sanctions if Gadaffi does not surrender. Apparently at the request of Boutros Boutros-Ghali, the UN secretary-general, the vote has been delayed to give Gadaffi time to declare his intentions. The denouement could come this week.

Gadaffi has been assured that the pair will get a fair trial in Scotland, where the stringency of evidence laws would give them the best chance of acquittal. He has also been promised that they would not be interrogated by MI6 or any other security agency. Security sources see this as an important concession because the men cannot be forced to reveal any Libyan secrets.

The British have even told the Libyans that Scottish cells are 'very comfortable' and that the men will be taught English – a puzzler for Libyan negotiators, who thought the Scots spoke Scottish. The farce continues.

Gulf War

Under fire

27 January 1991

Hussein stood alone in the carpet souk on the eastern bank of the Tigris, fingering his ivory worry-beads and gazing at the huge sun setting behind the Ottoman tenements on the far side of the river. The dying sunlight washed his dishdasha robe a wintry red.

The market square of the souk usually bustled at this time of the early evening as people stopped to gossip or do last-minute shopping on the way home from work. But it was 15 January, the United Nations' deadline for Iraq's withdrawal from Kuwait. Baghdad was silent and edgy. The souk was deserted.

Hussein greeted me with far more warmth than our acquaintance merited. I had visited him on and off in his shop over the past five months, using the excuse of fingering a Kurdish bangle, or looking at a carpet, to pick up the rumours and rhythms of daily life in Baghdad. For him, it had been an excuse for a rare talk with a foreigner, something that for an Iraqi is akin to a visit to the confessional.

Now, in this chance encounter, we seemed the only people left in the capital. We walked to his shop under the vaulted roof of the souk. Inside, there was none of the usual salesmanship or the ritual cup of sugared tea. 'Would you like a whisky?' he asked, and picked up a half-full bottle of Whyte & Mackay. He poured us two tea glasses full.

Amid the clutter of piled up carpets, silver necklaces, antique frames, heavy Kurdish belts and, beside the ubiquitous picture of Saddam Hussein, a likeness of President John F Kennedy beaten into a copper plate we discussed whether he should stay in Baghdad or take his family to a place safe from American bombs, as other merchants had.

Tareq, who owned the House of Antiquities across the street, had taken his wife and sons to Kurdistan in northern Iraq. 'The Americans like the Kurds, they won't bomb them,' he had said.

Hussein agonised. Baghdad was home; perhaps thieves would come to the empty souk and steal his carpets; but there was no business anyway because everybody was hoarding their money.

We drank another tea glass of whisky, standing up, too edgy to sit down. His wife, five children aged two to 12, younger brother and mother were at home waiting. His children had their school exams on the 20th; if they missed them, it would mean losing a

year of school. 'But perhaps it is better that they lose a year than that they lose their lives,' he said.

Darkness was falling and we walked out of the shop. He said: 'If you have any problems you can come to my house. Really.' For an Iraqi, it was an enormous act of faith. A visit by a foreigner in this tightly controlled society meant a follow-up visit by the security police. But these were extraordinary times. It was a way of saying we were not enemies. I drove back to the Rashid hotel through dark and deserted streets.

Baghdad is normally a bustling city. Although its glorious antiquity was long ago buried under drab concrete, its spirit was irrepressible, even at the height of the first war in the Gulf, when taxis returning from the front with coffins on their roofs raced among the fierce traffic on its highways. To see the city now was chilling.

Many middle-class families had closed their homes and left to stay with relatives in the country after the failure of the talks in Geneva between Tariq Aziz, the foreign minister, and James Baker, the American secretary of state. Others held out, fiddling for good news between the BBC, Voice of America and the pan-Arab station, Monte Carlo.

They had heard the ominous tone in Saddam's speech on Friday to an Islamic conference in Baghdad. They had heard Joe Wilson, the American chargé d'affaires, dramatically announce as he left on Saturday: 'This is the last flight out.' They knew most western diplomats had left with him.

But even illiterate taxi drivers held an irrational faith that Javier Perez de Cuellar, the United Nations secretary-general, might be able to avert war when he arrived to see Saddam at the weekend. 'Maybe Saddam will leave Kuwait,' the taxi driver said as he drove me to Perez de Cuellar's news conference at the airport. When the secretary-general said 'only God knows' if there would be a war, it was the last straw. Iraqis knew Saddam was ready to take on the world.

Everybody was jumpy. We lost our way leaving the airport and when we drove up to a checkpoint to ask a soldier for directions,

there was an audible click as he flipped the safety catch off his AK-47 and walked up to the car with the barrel pointed through the window.

There were many poignant moments in those days overshadowed by the deadline. The most striking thing perhaps, to somebody who had been visiting Iraq on and off since the crisis began, was the sudden openness of the usually careful and closed Iraqis.

This is a society that usually keeps its head down and offers no political opinions. Most dissidents are dead or in exile. The tiny middle class would, in general, be glad to see Saddam's regime fall; but the merchants did well out of the war against Iran and reached an accommodation with those in power. The urban poor, who have enjoyed cheap, and even free, housing and subsidised food under Saddam, are compliant to his will. The long war against Iran united society and now I found that his stand against the world was filling many Iraqis with pride as well as fear.

After seeing Hussein in the souk hours before the deadline expired, I went into the Al-wiyah club with Falah, an Iraqi businessman. It is a former British club now frequented by Iraq's elite, a place of contrasts. A huge Saddam portrait greets arrivals in the club car park, but members still leave their own private bottles of whisky behind the bar, their names printed on them, in the old British club tradition. We were the only customers, but there was still food, some salads and chicken.

Falah spoke over dinner about statistics, trying to put on a brave face that Iraq would somehow continue. He had been helping as a consultant to the government in what he called 'food security' since the crisis began. He had managed to cut sugar consumption by 60% by closing down ice-cream and confectionery shops; Iraq was now making its own liquid sugar from dates. Farmers had had to kill most of Iraq's chickens because of the shortage of grain, but cows had been switched to grass and still gave milk. Wheat was a problem; Iraq produced 4 million tons annually and consumed 6.5 million but increased subsidies for farmers would make up much of the shortage. Meanwhile, rationing filled the gap: his office had

made charts of human consumption, added 20% and produced rationing amounts and distributed coupons.

Such statistics are usually impossible to come by; but I had barely the energy to commit them to memory (you don't take notes in public in Iraq). Falah relaxed, dropped his beloved subject and lapsed into tales of his childhood.

The club was significant to him and to the current situation. He had come here first as a young and proud university student, the first Arab of his generation to visit it, brought by a British professor as a reward for being number one in his class. 'You realise for us this is much more than a war between Iraq and America. For us, even for the Arabs who are not with Saddam, it is a struggle for our dignity. The West has humiliated us and we see Saddam as a leader who has finally stood up to the West and said we want our dignity.'

On the way home, I went by the French embassy where André Jenier, the last western diplomat in Baghdad, was preparing to leave in proper French style. He had laid out the embassy's last French cheeses, pâtés and salamis and served champagne until midnight, when he and his few remaining staff clambered into their cars and drove through the night to the Jordanian border.

At the Hotel Palestine, previously the Meridian but now run-down and shabby after a change from French to Iraqi ownership at the start of the economic embargo five months ago, I stopped at a 'challenge the deadline' celebration, an Iraqi version of an end-of-the-world party.

Kadum Al-Sahir, a popular singer, was on the floor amid a group of men who danced and waved Iraqi flags. But most of the rest of the hall was filled with sombre beer drinkers, sitting at their tables without much enthusiasm. Most were government recruits; the only guests who seemed to have paid the 20 dinar ($35) entry price were 10 Palestinians who had come in a delegation from Jordan to show solidarity with Iraq. A wedding party had been recruited to build up the numbers.

I went to bed in my room at the Rashid hotel and waited for the worst.

The Americans had announced that the deadline would fall at midnight New York time, 8am local time next day, Wednesday the 16th. When I woke, a heavy fog had settled across the flat city. For a moment, looking out of the hotel window, unable to see anything but white mist obscuring the skyline, I thought perhaps the attack had come and I had slept through it.

Downstairs, among the government 'minders' who watched the comings and goings of the few of the 40 or so journalists left at the Rashid hotel, there was premature euphoria. 'You see, I told you there would not be war,' said Karim, one of the men from the information ministry.

Baghdad thought otherwise. Driving around town, I saw only a few knots of men in quiet discussions. Rashid Street, the main thoroughfare, lined with colonnaded mock-Ottoman buildings from the 1930s, was usually packed with cars. Instead, it was a wide deserted avenue at 9am.

Windows were taped over against bombs for the first time. The Mandarin restaurant on Karada Street, once Baghdad's busiest fast-food joint but closed for months because of a ban on serving meals, had its wide windows taped in large Xs. At the Shorjah souk, Baghdad's most popular market because of its cheap clothing, household items and canned goods, only four of the 200 stores had opened. One man, hanging up flannel robes from the ceiling of his shop, said: 'We will open for an hour. If it stays like this, we will close.' Schools had opened, but with few teachers and fewer students they quickly closed for the day.

There was no sign of backing off by Saddam. The headline of the government newspaper, *Al-Jumhuriya*, said: 'We shall never compromise on Iraqi and Arab rights.' Midday television news showed perhaps the unluckiest people in the world that day: 177 former prisoners of war descending from an Iraqi Airways flight to Baghdad after years of captivity in Iran.

Sources were fast disappearing. I telephoned the foreign ministry to try to see Nizar Hamdoun, the under-secretary. But the ministry's number had changed and its officials had moved to a

new location. The last time I had seen Hamdoun, he was sitting in his office, morosely watching CNN television. 'I feel like I'm watching a bad fiction movie,' he had said.

During his tenure as Iraqi ambassador to Washington, Hamdoun had been the architect of the Iraqi–American rapprochement of the 1980s. He still felt Iraq could be America's best ally in the Middle East. It was the only local power able to enforce stability in the region under Bush's new world order; it had oil America needed; it was a potentially wealthy market; and it would guarantee American interests. But by 16 January 1991, policy was long out of the hands of thoughtful diplomats such as Hamdoun.

At the ministry of information that evening, the receptionist at the office of Naji Hadithi, the director-general, was watching cartoons. Inside, Hadithi and I watched a film showing Saddam visiting troops in Kuwait. The president looked confident as he had in every appearance that week, although rather awkward as he sat wrapped in a huge greatcoat with troops who looked terrified by his presence. He asked them oddly personal questions. 'Have you had your dinner?' he said to one. A long pause ... 'Is this place warm?' he said to another.

Hadithi switched to CNN and we watched a demonstration of allied fire control in Dhahran, where Saudi, American and British forces are based. A lieutenant-commander was interviewed, saying his men were prepared. Hadithi commented: 'The only thing missing from this is reality.'

He meant on the allied side. It was a cherished belief of many Iraqis I spoke to, even those who were desperate to avoid war, that if it came to a battle, Iraqi soldiers, hardened in the war against Iran, would defeat their better armed but inexperienced enemy.

As Wednesday evening drew on, Marlin Fitzwater, Bush's spokesman, caused the first real worry among the foreign press corps. He said any journalists in Baghdad were in danger and should leave immediately. All American print reporters had left on the 14th, but the American television networks remained. Now

they started getting prearranged signals from Pentagon sources that an attack was imminent.

Larry Doyle of CBS received the message: 'Your family is fine but your children have colds.' Doyle, a veteran journalist who reported on the Vietnam war, put down the phone and said simply: 'Shit.'

A delegation of journalists hurried to Hadithi's office. Some wanted to move out of the Rashid hotel, located in central Baghdad near most of the ministries and the presidential palace, all obvious targets for attack. But Hadithi said: 'We are still here. Our ministry is a dangerous place and yet we did not evacuate.'

John Simpson of BBC Television said in his understated manner: 'The Americans have 2,000lb bombs which could make things extremely unpleasant.'

Latis Jassim, the information minister, arrived and reassured us. 'You are safe. This is a commitment on our part. We are willing and eager to offer you the necessary services so that you can report the facts as you see them. But at no time will communications fail completely.'

It was midnight. We went back to the hotel. The attack could come at any moment. Nobody knew how bad it might be. We waited.

I took a small bag down to the bomb shelter below the hotel, just in case. Already women and children were huddled along the walls wrapped in blankets. Somehow the warning had swept through the hotel.

The lights in the shelter flickered. I had to see what was happening. I turned and started up the steps but was met by a flood of panicked people coming down the stairs, women with crying children, Sudanese waiters still in uniform, an Iranian delegation staying at the hotel.

At entrance-hall level, I could hear booms from outside. Upstairs, from the fifth-floor BBC office, we saw out of the window a spectacular display of tracer fire shooting across the sky. Tracers spewed up as if from a Roman candle. Others shot across the sky

as if following an unseen and unheard enemy. White flashes illuminated the tops of buildings on which, during the last five months, we had watched the crews of anti-aircraft guns shelter first from the August sun and lately from January's rain and cold.

Strange video game noises filled the air. The staccato thud-thud-thud of heavy artillery sounded. Bob Simpson of BBC Radio had a microphone out of the open window and leaned on his elbows on the windowsill as he calmly described the spectacular display. Down the hall, a CBS cameraman knelt on the floor, his camera out of the window, and filmed through a down-tilted eye scope.

Huge yellow flashes appeared on the horizon. Something to the right thudded and the impact threw me back across the room. Smoke rose from the building. There could no longer be any suspicion that it was a false alarm or jittery anti-aircraft gunners. It was 2.35am Iraqi time and Baghdad was under attack.

Doyle, spotting the flashes on the horizon, narrated for those of us less knowledgeable about armaments. 'Those are the big boys, the cute 2,000lb bombs,' he said. 'Unfortunately I've been through this before. They are just pounding the hell out of that place.'

The bombing appeared to be about 20 miles off, probably at the Rashid military complex. The attack slackened off, then started again at 3.35am. The city, which had remained lit up, went completely black. The anti-aircraft fire stopped and started again in almost 15-minute intervals, sometimes directed above our hotel, filling the skies but seeming to have little effect.

About 4.25am, hotel security guards came into the room and tried to drag us downstairs to the shelter. They settled for taping over the emergency light that had gone on when the hotel lights failed. From below, during a lull, an earnest ABC reporter yelled up: 'What are your departure plans?' Somebody yelled down: 'Up in the air at the moment.'

I wandered back to my room at 6am as dawn broke and the attack appeared to have stopped. A man I had never seen before was asleep in my bed still wearing large boots. I went down the hall and took a nap on the floor of the BBC office.

Morning came cold and misty again when I woke at 7.30am. After the drama of the night, it was strange to see the city skyline unchanged. Smoke from a fire behind the hotel drifted through the hallways. But little damage was visible from the hotel room. We clustered around to hear Baghdad radio for the first communiqué of the war. 'This is communiqué number one. The mother of battles has begun. President Bush will regret this attack. Victory is near.' The voice announced the immediate call-up of reserve soldiers born in 1954, 1955 and 1956. The radio returned to martial music.

My driver had disappeared. He was born in 1955 and had been worrying about the call-up for the last month. 'War is very bad,' he had said to me. 'I fought eight years in the war with Iran. No wife, no children. Now maybe I have to go to Kuwait.' His fears had been realised.

I grabbed a taxi on the street and drove around the city. The first evidence of attack was at the international post and telecommunications building. It had been hit by at least four missiles that had left gaping holes and dangling wires. Chunks of building and glass littered the streets, but no surrounding buildings suffered damage more than broken windows.

A bit further on, the Ba'ath party headquarters had taken a direct hit in the roof. Again, no surrounding buildings were touched. On Abunawas Street, across the river from the presidential palace, a car tilted crazily into a 30-foot crater already filled with water. But, other than that, there seemed to be almost no damage to civilian targets.

Anti-aircraft guns sounded again at 9am and 10am. Soldiers in uniform lined the roads at bus stations trying to flag down cabs or cars to head south to register with their units. The few families that had left it too late to leave stood, suitcases and children in hand, trying to do the same.

At 10.30am I was standing in front of the ministry of information, now deserted despite the minister's brave words just hours earlier, as a thud sounded and a mushroom of smoke went up from the defence ministry about half a mile away. Two more thuds

shook the building. Neither a plane had been visible nor an engine heard. Anti-aircraft fire went up but it was too late.

Driving by the ministry – an old Ottoman building still marked the Abbassid Palace on tourist maps and so secret that a government official once told me it was a museum – I could see flames in the central section. A wing had been flattened as if by a giant fist.

The reaction from soldiers in the barracks across the street from the defence ministry was as surprising as the suddenness of the attack. They stood standing and watching the fire as if it was a show unconnected to them. Nobody seemed to be in much of a hurry to put it out. Like the foreign ministry, the defence department must have transferred its operations elsewhere in the days before the deadline.

As I drove around town, the calm and lack of panic were impressive. Orderly lines formed for bread and cars queued for petrol. It was a far cry from the day after the bombing of the Libyan city of Tripoli, when Libyans crashed their cars into each other trying to flee, the government disappeared and rumours that Colonel Gadaffi had been overthrown filled the capital.

Baghdad's militiamen had appeared overnight to keep order. In the Amriyah area, a civilian neighbourhood, six teenagers dressed in jeans and jackets walked along the streets with Kalashnikov assault rifles casually slung over their shoulders. A man in a cheap suit and a keffiyeh Arab headdress manned an anti-aircraft gun placed in the bed of a Nissan pick-up truck at a crossroads. But there were no new checkpoints, nor was there hostility towards foreigners.

Saddam came on Baghdad radio at 12.40 in the afternoon, speaking in calm and confident tone: 'At 2.30am the great duel started. The valiant sons of Iraq, your brothers, sons and fathers, confronted the invaders. Damn King Fahd, the traitor of Mecca, damn the invaders, damn these criminals. We shall win. The dawn will break and they will be damned.'

My taxi driver, taking me back to the hotel, said he was not at the front because he had a piece of shrapnel still in his head from the Iran war. It hurt when the weather got cold. Like most Iraqis that day, he appeared worried but unfazed. 'I did not think we should have taken Kuwait,' he said. 'I don't agree with this. But the Americans should not come to Iraq. Iraqi soldiers will fight for Iraq and for Saddam. We have fought for eight years against Iran and they cannot frighten us.'

This was the mood of Baghdad under fire. An Iraqi businessman explained to me why people were so calm. Listening for weeks to the propaganda from Washington, they had expected Armageddon. Now that the bombing had come at last and they had survived, he said, their attitude was: 'Well, if that's it, we can take it.'

People had even begun to listen for the first time to Iraqi radio, and to believe its propaganda, because they felt that the BBC and Voice of America had lied about allied successes against the air force and missile sites in the first attack.

In addition, the government maintained at least a semblance of control. The city was without water or electricity, and the streets began to smell of sewage and cordite. But soldiers directed traffic in place of traffic lights, papers continued to publish daily, and the television news appeared every night at the same time, with its usual announcer, and on the same television studio set.

Only a few shops opened; and prices were astonishing: I saw a bottle of whisky, a packet of cigarettes and three Mars bars bought for 147 dinars, the equivalent of $441 at the official rate and equal to three-quarters of the monthly salary of a middle-ranking government official.

But in the poor neighbourhoods such as Saddam City, where more people had remained because they had no way of escape, and which the regime regards as its centres of support, government lorries distributed bread under normal ration regulations.

Anti-aircraft fire erupted sporadically during the day. Tracer fire, the thud of guns and falling bombs filled the night, but there were few civilian casualties.

There were makeshift shelters to be found almost anywhere in the city. Driving back to the hotel, I ducked into Baghdad Hotel

when anti-aircraft guns went off at the nearby presidential palace. The discotheque had been turned into a bomb shelter and guests were handed candles at the door. People were worried but there was still an air of unreality. 'Palestine seems closer than it has for 40 years,' said a Palestinian businessman also sheltering inside.

Baghdad's survival and the news that Saddam had launched Scud rockets at Israel had many Palestinians and their Iraqi supporters still believing that he would achieve his goal of somehow freeing Palestinian land from Israel.

As the sun set on Friday, I watched two orbs of light streak low across the city skyline, just missing the rooftops, and smash into the Dora oil refinery. A huge ball of fire erupted and smoke drifted back over Baghdad.

Bombing continued sporadically that night and at dawn the refinery had only three instead of four chimneys. The 20-storey communications tower which had lost its top three storeys to an unseen missile on Friday, as if to an invisible hand, had completely disappeared from the skyline by Saturday morning.

On Saturday afternoon, I was gazing idly from a fifth-floor window across the Zawra zoo park opposite the hotel when I suddenly realised that a cruise missile was heading above the trees straight for us. It seemed to be white. I could see its little fins. There was no smoke trail coming from it.

I thought it was going to hit the hotel, and I yelled out. But it turned right and skirted the building, as if following a street map, and hit the old parliament building about half a mile away, sending up a white pall of smoke.

Another cruise landed even closer, disappearing with a deafening crash into breeze-block staff quarters next to the hotel. The huts burst into flames and shrapnel showered the lawn and swimming pool. Glass from broken windows littered the hotel lobby as hotel workers dragged an electronic circuit board into the air-raid shelter, dancing around it, ululating and shouting that they had downed an American plane.

It was a relentless afternoon attack. At least two more missiles hit the Dora refinery again, sparking a fire that lit Baghdad with a beautiful rose glow late into the night.

Conditions at the Rashid hotel were becoming primitive. Electricity remained off and journalists worked at night by candlelight. Sanitation had broken down, toilets could not flush, and we had been washing in the swimming pool.

The officials minding us had had enough. They had stayed in the shelter for days and had not seen their families nor been able to contact them by telephone. They were worried about our safety and about the detail of what we were reporting. We were ordered to leave.

On Saturday night, as I packed and sat up late with other journalists discussing our departure, a Palestinian friend stopped by to say farewell. An articulate, educated man, he was trying to explain why so much of the Arab world had come out in support of Saddam despite his invasion of Kuwait and oppressive policies at home.

'You must understand that if Saddam goes, no Westerner will be safe walking down an Arab street. I will pick up a machinegun and fight the Americans. A year ago I would have told you I hated Saddam and his regime. But he has become a symbol for us. Saddam is the result of the humiliation of the war of 1967 and of all the humiliations we have suffered from the West. If we let you destroy Saddam now, you will destroy all of us Arabs again.' He added: 'It is a question of dignity. Saddam came along with his rockets and stood up to you and we said, "Why not?"'

I rose at 5am to the incongruous sounds of a cock crowing and another barrage of anti-aircraft fire, this time a light and sparkling scattering of shots of tracer into the air. The government newspaper headline read: 'Hussein rockets answer the call of Palestine. The road to Jerusalem is open.' Uniting under attack behind Saddam, people might even believe this hyperbole.

Downstairs the taxi drivers demanded the exorbitant sum of $3,000 a car to the Jordanian border, because a convoy of cars that

had left on Saturday had been bombed near the town of Rutba in the western desert.

We drove out of Baghdad on the deserted highway, past military camps on the city's perimeter that appeared surprisingly intact, with anti-aircraft guns still manned on mounds along their boundaries. Government army lorries trundled south towing anti-aircraft guns, but there was little other traffic. The journey through flat, unbroken rocky desert was uneventful. Iraqi guards stamped exit visas into our passports at the desolate border station of Trebeil. Among the shabby breeze-block buildings we left behind the stacks of abandoned cheap luggage from earlier refugees and drove across the no man's land into Jordan.

Ghosts of war stalk Basra's empty streets

SOUTHERN IRAQ

23 August 1992

The fat singer in the smoky gloom of the Eastern Nights Club in Basra was just getting into her stride when the lights went up. The laughter at a table of rich merchants died instantly.

An unsmiling officer in khaki swept through the beads hanging across the door followed by eight soldiers, who fanned out between tables draped in red velvet and dotted with bottles of Scotch. The customers froze. They knew that last month Saddam Hussein executed 42 merchants for profiteering.

The officer scanned the room, but he had no interest in the traders or the soldier sitting with a buxom prostitute. His eyes fell on a table of eight young men.

Two soldiers moved forward, ordering the men to their feet with the flick of a Kalashnikov. The officer pulled out battered papers.

The first passed and was motioned to sit; the second was led away.

'Oh, he didn't even have time to change his clothes,' lamented Ishar, a young prostitute. A second glance told the story: the arrested man still wore his olive army trousers under a white shirt and maroon jacket. He was a deserter. Four more of his companions were led away.

As the soldiers left, there was a moment of silence. Then the manager strode to the dance floor and, with a grandiose flourish, restarted the band and the singer. The lights dimmed and laughter flooded the room again – the forced laughter of relief.

Basra, capital of the south and home to Iraq's Shi'ite majority, is a city under siege. Whereas Baghdad has been largely rebuilt since the Gulf War, Basra still bears the scars of allied bombing and the rebellion that saw officials of the ruling Ba'ath party slaughtered in the streets and government buildings and hospitals looted and torched.

Today, fear of Iranian infiltrators, army deserters and fugitive rebels empties the city's streets after 9pm. Food is scarce and expensive. The factories, port and oil plants are closed; its hospitals desperately short of medicine and filled with malnourished babies.

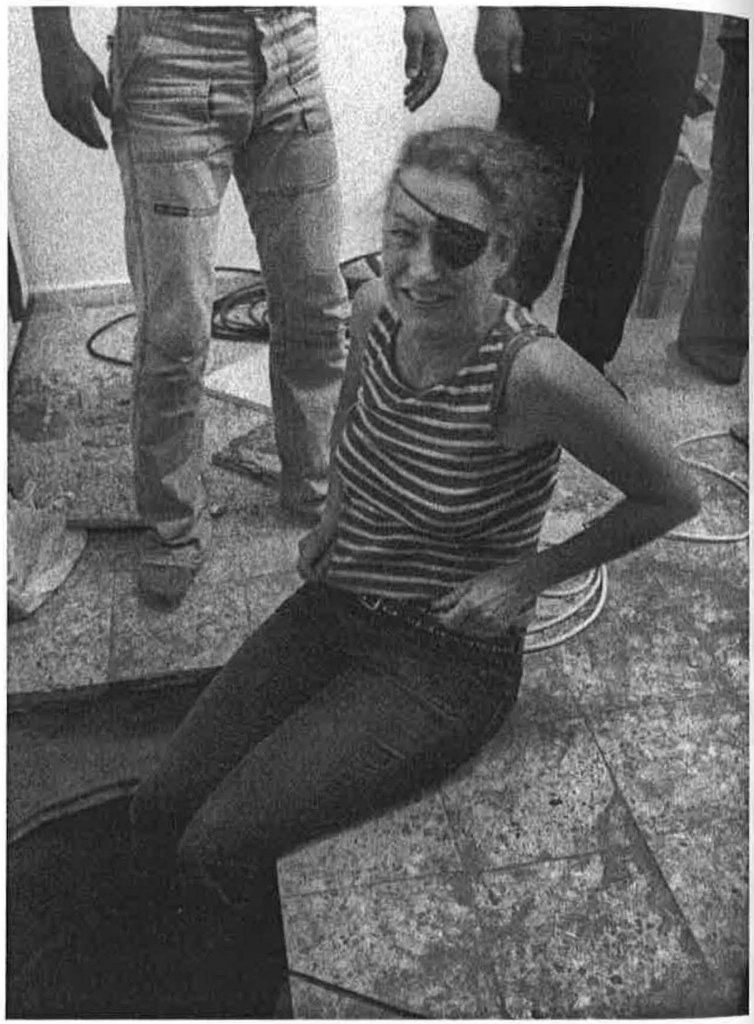
Fifty life-sized statues of dead heroes of the Iran–Iraq war line the corniche on the Shatt al-Arab, their arms pointing across the water towards the old Iranian foe. Locals, fearful of the enemy within, joke that they should point in every direction.

The man charged with keeping order in Basra is Brigadier General Latif Omoud, a governor who sits behind a desk with 10 telephones. It is impressive, but unconvincing.

The city's telecommunications have not been restored since the end of the Gulf War 18 months ago, and a line has to be installed to each number he wants to call. 'The pink telephone is for my girlfriend,' he joked.

Dressed in a neatly pressed uniform and with his hands manicured, Omoud appears unbowed by the calamitous state of the city he took over after Iraqi forces crushed the Shi'ite rebellion in March last year.

Exhibit A-3



Marie at the entrance to a smuggler's tunnel in Gaza, 2005.
Photograph by Seamus Murphy.

Ethiopia

Horror of Ethiopia's living dead

9 April 2000

Five months ago, Miyir Mohammed thought he was a well-off little boy. His father had 40 cattle and 50 sheep and goats, and was middle-class by the standards of southern Ethiopia. Miyir helped to herd the smaller animals.

I never got to meet him. Miyir, 4, died of hunger on Friday morning as I drove into his camp. Hours later, his father was still waving flies away from his tiny body, which was wrapped in his mother's headscarf. It looked far too festive for such a tragic thing as the death of a child.

There was little joy in Miyir's last days. His family's livestock began dying as the drought in Ethiopia moved into its third year. For months Miyir's parents, Hassan and Safia, and their five children drove their herd for hundreds of kilometres, criss-crossing the Nogup region in search of pasture, hoping that somewhere it would rain. It never did.

Sometimes the boys would haul up a sheep or a goat and help it to walk, but the animals always died anyway. There was simply nothing for them to eat.

Two months ago Hassan and Safia gave up their nomadic life when the last animal died. The herd had been their life: it provided

milk and meat, which they sold when they needed anything from town.

The family walked to Danan, a village where they had heard there was some food. They walked for four days, resting at midday when the temperature passed 40°C.

A donkey carrying their belongings died and they had to leave behind everything except plastic water containers. The parents could carry only the younger children. 'We came here with nothing, nothing,' said Safia as she gazed down at her son's body.

In Danan, Hassan and Safia had no money and no way to earn it. They built a small dome shelter on the edge of the village, piling straw mats and grass on top of a structure made from branches. By last week, 6,300 nomads were living in a makeshift refugee camp, all of them in similar straits.

The Mohammed family lived for a while on one meal a day: porridge made from wheat distributed by the government. Then the children began to die.

Fadoma, 12, their eldest girl, died two months ago. Two weeks ago it was one-year-old Mohammed. Finally the couple lost Miyir. He had slipped in and out of consciousness for two weeks, able to eat only water and sugar.

There is a doctor at the local clinic – which is two rooms in a building erected as a school – but they had no money to pay for the oral rehydration salts and intravenous dextrose that might have saved Miyir.

In death, his face is peaceful but painful to look at: chocolate-coloured skin is pulled tight over sharp cheekbones. His neck is so thin that his hairless head looks far too big for his body. His tiny shoulder blades almost cut the skin of his back. His eyes are half-open. It is the face of famine.

Safia is so stricken that she cannot cry. She tells her story in the monotone of shock. Her six-year-old daughter, Amran, is ill; only her son Noor, 9, is still healthy, although he is very thin. The children cannot live on the food that the government distributes, Safia says. It is only wheat, which they have never eaten before.

'Miyir could not digest this wheat,' she said. 'We were used to eating meat and milk, and sorghum that we bought from selling our animals.'

In the afternoon, Safia washed Miyir's body in the red dust outside their hut and wrapped him in a white shroud. Hassan and some male relatives built a wooden stretcher to carry him 2 kilometres to a cemetery that is expanding on the outskirts of Danan.

They buried him in a double grave with a four-year-old boy he had never met – Abdi Baalul, who also died from hunger on Friday. The two families dragged the leafless branches of an acacia bush over the grave.

New arrivals who pass this place need no signpost to know they have reached Danan. Before the first hut comes into view, rows of desiccated carcasses appear along either side of the dirt road – big packages of hide-covered bones for cows, small ones for sheep and goats.

The population of Danan, the epicentre of Ethiopia's famine, has swollen to 10,000 with the coming of starving nomads. Their stories are heartbreaking.

A year ago Fadoma Sultan had four children and a husband, 30 cattle and 200 sheep and goats. A year ago her husband died; six months ago she lost the last of her livestock. She was destitute.

Fadoma, a tiny woman with fine features, hardly seems strong enough for the trials she has endured, but she decided to walk to Danan where she had heard there was food. The family walked for five days.

Fadoma carried her youngest child, Trishi, an 18-month-old girl, and some water. Her eldest child, Mohammed, who would be six now, died on the road and she had to bury him in the dirt with nothing to mark his grave.

There was food in Danan but that was no guarantee of survival. In their six months at the camp, Fadoma and her remaining three children ate one porridge meal a day. Last Wednesday Trishi died, too.

'She could not swallow,' Fadoma said. 'She had diarrhoea and stomach problems for a long time, but I could not find her soft food or milk. She could not digest this wheat.'

Her two remaining children cling to her blue and yellow robe. Oba is five and Derq is four, but they are so thin that it is almost impossible to tell which is a boy and which a girl. 'They are not healthy, but they are living,' Fadoma said.

There is death in the camp every day, but the most terrible sight is of those who are clearly about to die. They can be saved with so little – the right food, the right drugs – but there are not enough of either and so they will die.

They seem resigned to it. Their eyes are blank and there is no expression in their faces. They no longer wave away the flies on their faces. They wave away food, weakly. The families of those who are dying have seen the look before. Osman Hashi Ahmed is one of the desperate ones. He insists that I come to his hut to see his daughter and leads me at marching pace, the tail of his white turban waving behind him.

Four-year-old Nasteho is lying on the dirt floor fanned by Fatimo, her mother. She tries to pour water into Nasteho's mouth but the little girl lets it run down her cheek.

Nasteho is skeletally thin. She has a big head, tiny neck and arms and her legs are so narrow that they are just little sticks. Ahmed carried her to the clinic on Thursday but the doctors had nothing to treat her with. He thinks Nasteho is going to die and he can tell by my silence that I also think so.

Ahmed is one of those who knows the face of death. Five days ago he washed the body of his two-year-old daughter, Shukri, in front of this same hut. Shukri joined her sisters, Fordoza, 5, and Nasri, 6, in Danan's cemetery.

This is a proud man who, with his 60 cows, 100 sheep and goats, was wealthy. He now has to watch his family die one by one in the camp where he brought them for refuge.

I cannot help his daughter but he has two more children and a plea. 'We have prayed for Allah's help, but we need assistance. Tell

the other nations they must send us food and medicine or we will all die.'

Danan provides a glimpse into the depth of the horror of a famine that could grip much of Ethiopia. This is not like the 1984–85 famine when 1 million people died in a disaster that Band Aid drew to everyone's attention. So far, enough food relief has dribbled in to keep the strong alive. But the situation is more desperate by the day.

Wheat was delivered to Danan in March, enough for 4.5 kilos per person. The April delivery is said to be 'in the pipeline', but it is late and there is no sign of it.

Much more desperately needed are supplementary rations: a high-energy mix of cereal, skimmed milk and vitamins which is needed by the young and elderly alike.

At first glance there appear to be a lot of people in Danan who are skinny but look healthy enough. Then you realise that there are no old people and few toddlers.

American aid has pledged 480,000 tons, but the next delivery is of only 85,000 tons and not until 15 April. According to Oxfam, the European Union has provided little more than half the food it promised last year. It has pledged only 50,000 tons and says this could take up to nine months to deliver. The distances are vast and the roads are poor. A huge airlift is urgently needed. But some donors are wary of sending food to a country whose government is spending millions fighting a border war with Eritrea.

Britain has halved its aid to Ethiopia from £39.3 million to £19 million because of fears that renewal of war with Eritrea would stop the money reaching projects designed to tackle poverty.

Some 230 trucks that were previously used for relief have now been sent to the front line.

Still, there is a chance in the first year of the new century to stop a disaster before it happens. The politics of aid distribution mean little to children such as Miyir. But food means everything.

Exhibit A-4

Nejad, a hefty cleric in robes and a white turban, said: 'They are spies.'

So far there is no sign that the majority of the Third Generation will do more than boycott the elections, undermining the legitimacy of the expected conservative government.

Active resistance will certainly not come from the 'first generation' – the peers of Khomeini – nor from the fathers and mothers who lived through the revolution and fear a return of the violence of the early years of the regime.

After the banning of the elected reformists, however, there is a nascent movement among the young for what is being called phase two of the reform movement. They are taking an increasingly vocal stand, a risky business in a country that jails outspoken journalists and writers.

Most had been committed to reconciling Islam and democracy, but now say the fact that unelected conservatives could overrule majority opinion has shown that to be impossible.

'We believed we could achieve change gradually, within the democratic institutions. Now we have lost all hope of that,' said Omid Memarian, a 26-year-old journalist who moved to a non-governmental organisation after the youth magazine that employed him was closed down for being un-Islamic.

'I couldn't believe it when I heard that they banned all the reform people,' Memarian said. 'I have voted in every election since I was 16, but I'm not going to vote in this one. I'm not going to take part in their theatre.'

He added: 'You can use my name – I don't care if I go to prison.'

Memarian said the conservatives had allowed a small measure of social freedom to depoliticise the younger generation so that it would be easier for them to hang on to power.

Many students are loath to take to the streets – partly because when they last did so they were attacked by regime thugs; and partly because they believe that the reform party failed to live up to their expectations. Disillusionment has bred apathy among many.

'President Khatami says the right things, but he is no hero,' Memarian said.

He and others who support change in Iran believe that the reform movement must go back to basics and organise grassroots opposition among students, non-governmental and women's organisations.

'The strategy of the reform people was to reform from inside, through law building,' said Hamid Jalaiepour, a professor at the University of Tehran and former editor of several closed reformist newspapers. He was banned from standing in the last election and served a prison sentence. He has another court date three days after the election. 'Now we want an Islamic republic without special rights for the clergy.'

There are fears among more liberal Iranians about what will happen next. 'It is possible the conservatives will try to ban everything after the election,' said Eshraghi – strange words from the granddaughter of the man who founded the Islamic Republic of Iran.

Despair and fear among the Tehran dancing classes

26 June 2005

At a dinner last week I sat with a young Iranian friend who was weeping openly by the end of our Indian tandoori, writes Marie Colvin.

He faced an impossible choice: he loved his country and wanted to stay to work within the system but had just spent two months in prison without charge, apparently over something carried on his mildly critical internet website. He had been beaten for hours each day.

He was crying at the memory of his head being smashed against the concrete wall of a prison cell for four hours one day and

because he felt a coward. Mostly he was crying because, as he put it: 'I just can't take even one more minute in prison,' and he felt he should be stronger and stand up for his belief in reform.

All he could think was that if Mahmoud Ahmadinejad were elected they would come for him the next day.

I told him to go. At the time, I thought he was being paranoid. Ahmadinejad, the mayor who looks and sounds like a throwback to bygone revolutionary days, seemed such a long shot.

In fact my young friend was prescient. At the age of 28 he foresaw better than I who would be the next president.

At noon the next day he boarded a bus to Turkey. He was not even sure whether he would be allowed to cross.

Others had tried, only to find themselves listed at the border as 'people not allowed to leave the country'.

Unlike most of his generation, he had dedicated his few adult years to trying to build what he called civic society – trying to reach out to the less educated, the less privileged. He held workshops about 'understanding democracy' and 'women's rights in Islam'. 'They didn't want to hear about human rights,' he complained. 'We never reached them. It's our big failure.'

It was impossible to underestimate the depth of fear, panic and incomprehension among Iran's wealthier and more liberal youth yesterday. One young woman told me: 'I fainted when I woke up and heard the news.'

The young had pushed the boundaries of earlier restrictions to the point that they didn't seem especially harsh any more. They drank alcohol at weekend parties, danced at ecstasy raves in underground car parks and had serial relationships in a country where, officially, contact between the sexes is illegal unless you are married or brother and sister.

Girls wore make-up that in the early days of the revolution would have earned them an 'acid facial', and hijab scarves were pushed so far back they would be fashionable in Paris.

A member of Iran's most successful rapper band – illegal, of course – had confidently told me: 'It's not as bad as it seems. We

have got so many fans they'll never stop us.' When I called him yesterday the bravado was gone. He said he was going to keep his head down and 'see what happens'.

Some ripples of concern were already felt by a rich young crowd, few of whom had bothered to vote, at a glitzy party in northern Tehran on Friday.

Roxanne, standing by her pool in a clinging white mini-dress said: 'I'm going to have to leave this country. It's not going to be a place I want to live any more. Our country has been hijacked.'

A young disillusioned reform party researcher said: 'We are still going to get where we want. It's inevitable. The only difference is that whereas under [Ali Akbar Hashemi] Rafsanjani we would have got there slowly and peacefully, now there will be bloodshed.'

When I said goodbye to my idealistic friend on the eve of his bus ride, he made a simple but proud gesture: he solemnly shook my hand in full view of everyone in the restaurant. He could have been arrested. 'You are no coward,' I thought.

He made it across the border.

Egypt

Mubarak lights a democratic flame

CAIRO

4 September 2005

There could not have been more of a contrast on the campaign trail last week.

Exhibit A-5

Love sours for Romeo and Juliet of the West Bank: Avi Marek and Abir Mattar

JERUSALEM

1 April 1990

The script would probably have been rejected by even the most schmaltzy Hollywood producer. Abir, a 19-year-old Palestinian beauty who has gone home to her West Bank village to stay with her mother, meets Avi, a dashingly handsome Israeli officer who spots her when he careers by in his jeep. They go together like humous and pitta bread and talk of marriage.

If the film were ever made, love would no doubt conquer the differences of race, politics and religion. But in the harsh world of the occupied territories, life is more complicated.

Last week, the star-crossed lovers were both outcasts from their communities. Avi was suspended pending the outcome of a military investigation into his breach of the regulations forbidding fraternisation with Palestinians. Abir was hiding in a Palestinian hotel.

The story of Avi Marek and Abir Mattar is a rare glimpse of the human dramas hidden beneath the conventional rocks and riots image of the intifada. Marek is a 30-year-old Israeli captain whose infantry unit is stationed in Beit Jalla, a mostly Christian village that has virtually closed down during the three years of the Palestinian uprising.

Home life held few joys. He had married a much older woman, Rivka, less than a year ago and lived in her flat in a sterile apartment block in the settlement of Gilo outside Jerusalem. But it was better than his own neighbourhood, Shmuel Hanavi, a poor suburb of Jerusalem populated mostly by Sephardic Jews, immigrants from Arab countries.

Marek, who speaks Arabic, by all accounts fell at first sight for Mattar, who was educated in a convent school in Bethlehem and used to babysit for tourist families.

Mattar says it was mutual. In her hotel room last week, she looked at herself in the mirror and smiled when she said: 'Yes, I love him. We met for the first time eight months ago; we have been happy ever since.'

Sitting looking out on a view of a west Jerusalem street, the Jewish side of the divided city, she reflects on how circumscribed her life has become. She cooks meals on a gas burner in the room and feels out of place among package-trip tourists who fill the lobby. She is also three months pregnant with Marek's baby.

But Mattar says her life has always been difficult. Her father drank and gambled until her mother kicked him out, and she married at 16 to a man who already had a wife and five children. When he was imprisoned she returned home to Beit Jalla with a child.

Marek began his courtship by calling to her from his army jeep as she walked to a friend's house. Soon her mother, Nina, noticed she was out all night every night.

'When I asked,' she said, 'Abir replied that it was none of my business. Then I noticed an army jeep would stop outside and beep. The jeep seemed to be around all the time.'

Nina worried that her daughter's relationship would bring unwanted attention. The Mattar family was already ostracised. Nina's lifestyle is hardly suited to a traditional Arab village. Last week she dressed to greet visitors in leopard-print stretch pants and a black lace top.

Nina went out to work when her husband left, something that is not done in traditional Arab culture, and had a series of boyfriends before remarrying. 'I'm not a virgin,' she said, chain-smoking as she looked out at the village of sun-splashed stone homes. 'I've always had a boyfriend. That doesn't make me a whore like everyone in this town says. Look at my apartment, if I was a whore I would have made some money. I've only one bed and not even a proper bathroom.'

She also collaborated with the Israeli occupying forces. Left with seven children and spurned by her neighbours, she says she felt few loyalties. The police gave her 200 shekels (about £70) every time she passed them information. She stopped when the intifada began.

Before that, such activities meant ostracism. Now, with young teenagers controlling the streets and talking of purifying the Palestinian community, they are life-threatening. About 200 Palestinians have been killed for collaboration or prostitution.

But although Nina warned her daughter she was endangering the family, there was little a mother could do. 'Their love was burning. Avi was crazy about her and she lost her head.' The young couple would return together in broad daylight after nights of passion in Marek's jeep and Mattar would bring him coffee before he returned to his unit.

The family began to receive threats and Marek made things worse. He and his unit began picking up local teenagers and beating them. Nina says she thinks he was trying to show off to her daughter.

Desperate, Nina complained to the police and sent word to Marek's Israeli wife. The police ignored her but his wife came down and staked out the house in the Arab village. When Marek and Mattar returned, she ran out into the street with a kitchen knife. Mattar made off in his jeep but the story was too public to be kept quiet.

The military suspended Marek. Mattar found a mongrel dog hanging in the family toilet, dead, its head in the water. She quickly left town. Publicity about the case has made it the gossip of Israelis as well as Palestinians.

Mattar says she and Marek plan to marry after they both divorce. She says she will convert to Judaism. 'I can't go back to live among the Arabs,' she said. But she is worried that Marek's return to Israel may change him. He has been heavily criticised in the Hebrew press.

Marek now faces a military tribunal to explain the liaison. His defence is that he was only fraternising with Mattar in a patriotic

endeavour to recruit her as a spy. At the moment observers are not betting on a happy ending to the tale.

Desperately seeking answers in the Arafat slipstream: Yasser Arafat

5 June 1990

The Times

When people know you have spent a year making a film about Yasser Arafat, the question they ask most often is 'Were you ever afraid?' At times I felt frustrated, angry, despairing and very tired, but not afraid. In his manner, Arafat is one of the less threatening people you are likely to meet.

Making a documentary of him takes endurance, not courage. We had flown into Tunis for a scheduled interview to begin our filming. But Arafat was in Baghdad. The film opens with a Tunis to Baghdad telephone call. It is 2am and Arafat seems to think the only way we can get a connection in Baghdad in time to meet him is to find a boat to Paris. We agree instead to fly separately to China where he is due for a state visit, then fly back together in his borrowed Iraqi jet.

This scene must cause great pain to BBC accountants. But at the time it seemed the ideal trip. We would film behind the scenes in an exotic location while the terrorist-turned-statesman wheeled and dealed, then have him as a captive interviewee for the hours it took to fly back to the Middle East. The latter was the most alluring. Arafat grows bored in interviews and will often stand up, unclip his microphone and thank you as he walks out.

But the Chinese Foreign Ministry called Arafat while we were somewhere over Pakistan and said: 'We cannot receive you, the students are causing trouble.' We headed back to Tunis, arriving in

Exhibit A-6

appearing. The battery on my satellite phone was running out. We were marooned.

For the next two days we lived in the shepherd's hut on flour and water. I supplemented the porridge once with wild onions. They tasted horrible but they would give us some vitamins. Magomet gave me a pistol loaded with nine bullets – telling me not to shoot a wild animal until it was 10 metres away but to shoot a man the moment one appeared – and set off to find a way forward.

After his return, we walked down a river valley into Georgia. Magomet said that in the Caucasus, people built their villages along the rivers and we might find some inhabitants. He was right: we found Giveri, a collection of dark stone houses. All were open and unlocked but had been abandoned for the winter. We found a house with beds, a stove, some more flour and a can of peas.

Using the last power in the satellite phone battery, I made my final, brief call to Sean Ryan, foreign editor of *The Sunday Times*. Could he take over and try to get a helicopter here?

In fact, Ryan was already in touch with Georgy Gvasaliya, a Georgian general who was helping to provide the helicopter. The general had painted him a false rosy picture: Dmitry and I were being cared for in a village with traditional Caucasian hospitality, downing great stews and sleeping in warm sheepskins, he said.

On 28 December, a storm set in and we were down to the last of our flour. We decided to try to walk out. According to the map, about 30 kilometres down the river was a town and a road. I fried up the last of the flour into five flatbreads and we set out along the valley. After walking for five hours, we found another shepherd's hut and spent the night in the cold, eating half our bread.

The dawn was clear and cold. The storm had passed but left about 1ft of snow. In a village along the river we heard a dog barking and found an elderly couple, Bartanz and Elizabetha Kacunkubev, too poor to leave for the winter.

They took us into their tiny stone house, where a portrait of Stalin looked down from the wall, and gave us fried potatoes, preserved cabbage and a shot of vodka each. Bartanz then drew a map, showing us how to get to another village, Omala, which he said had a radio and was only 5 kilometres away.

Setting out for it, we walked until an hour before dark, when we heard a helicopter. We waved madly. The helicopter ducked its nose and landed below us in a field. The Georgian general had let us down but *The Sunday Times* had sent my colleague Jon Swain to Tblisi. He had gone to the American embassy and told them a US citizen was missing in the mountains on the frontier. I was never happier to have an American passport.

I walked down the slope to be greeted by an Ernest Hemingway figure with a white beard and blue snow jacket, who said: 'Jack Hariman, American embassy. Are we glad to find you …'

He told us Omala was much further away than the old couple had said. We would have spent another cold night on a mountainside with no shelter. Instead, the helicopter lifted off, whirling over the frozen landscape of snow and dark fir trees towards Tblisi.

East Timor

Trapped by the terror squads in city of death

DILI

12 September 1999

Marie Colvin is one of three foreign journalists who stayed behind in Dili after hundreds of colleagues withdrew in response to warnings that their lives were at risk. Her broadcasts on the BBC, CNN and Sky enabled a worldwide audience to follow events in the United Nations compound where 80 staff and 1,000 refugees sheltered from militia

attacks. Colvin, 43, an American citizen, has been a *Sunday Times* foreign correspondent since 1986 when she witnessed the American bombing of Tripoli. She has covered several Middle East conflicts and remained in Baghdad throughout the bombing of Iraq during the Gulf War in 1991. Earlier this year, braving snipers and shelling, she became the first journalist to enter Kosovo from Albania with KLA guerrillas after the airstrikes had begun. Yesterday she said she was astonished that all her male colleagues had left the compound as the danger intensified, commenting drily: 'They don't make men like they used to.'

The first sound of trouble was the screams of two little old ladies who slashed themselves on the razor coils topping the walls of the United Nations compound, desperate to enter.

Militiamen were in the UN car park next door to the compound, firing in the air, terrifying the refugees in an overflow camp outside and the 1,000 slightly luckier ones who were inside the walls.

The militia had just seen most of the UN staff being evacuated, leaving behind a small and vulnerable group of UN officials, a host of refugees, and three foreign journalists – myself among them.

The swaggering militiamen wanted a UN car and they walked up to the blue iron bars of the compound and demanded one. They carried a grenade. Indonesian soldiers on the perimeter were supposed to provide security, but they stood back as more militia poured in.

General Razaz, the dashing Bangladeshi commander of the UN's unarmed military mission, arrived with his bamboo walking stick. The militia fired off more rounds.

The commander of the Indonesian guards said he was under orders not to shoot at them. 'Give them a vehicle and we can solve this. What's the problem?' he asked. To emphasise the point, the militia began smashing windscreens and looting UN vehicles. Two Indonesian soldiers helped them.

It was proof, if needed, of what everyone has known all along: 'The military and militia are two sides of the same face,' as a

UN liaison officer said. For all the denials of the military, UN analysts believed that many of the militia are moonlighting soldiers.

Surrounded by 'defenders' who are in league with their besiegers, the remaining occupants of the UN compound were still holding out yesterday after a week of terror. UN officials insisted they would not leave the refugees to die. They pointed out that the Timorese had voted for independence in a UN-sponsored election and the UN had promised to stay and protect them through to the transition. Yet Dili was in ruins. There were now 200,000 displaced people in the country.

The UN was helpless. The least its officials could do was to save the comparatively few refugees who had reached the sanctuary of their compound.

The siege of the UN compound began last Monday, a day when Dili was a city in hiding. No cars moved on the streets except military vehicles and the motorbikes and vans of the militia. Buildings had begun burning overnight and the militia had rampaged through the residential neighbourhoods, shooting wildly, threatening death to anyone they met.

Foreigners were fleeing. Several cars of election observers, driving to the airport with their local staff, were pursued by two militiamen on a motorcycle. The pillion passenger started firing and one driver managed to force the motorcycle off the road. When the convoy fled to a nearby police station, the militiamen walked in the door.

Gillian Flies, of the East Timor Observer Mission, said the police forced the delegation to sign a statement admitting dangerous driving and speeding, to say they had not been fired at and to pay the militiamen for damage to the motorbike.

Monday was also the day when the East Timorese found there was no limit to what their Indonesian enemies would do. About 1,000 refugees woke at dawn in the International Red Cross compound. Sleepy children played amid the piles of bedding, suitcases and plastic carry-alls that held the few possessions their

parents had been able to carry to what they had thought would be a safe refuge in the walled rear courtyard.

These refugees had come to the Red Cross because they believed it offered international protection, like an embassy. But they were wrong. At 11.30am soldiers in camouflage uniforms and wild-eyed militia dressed in T-shirts, the black shirts of the Aitarek (Thorn) militia and bandannas poured into the compound. They fired into the air, shouting curses and commands.

I was in the Turismo hotel next door. A cacophony of screams and shouts sounded from the Red Cross compound. Dodging patrols of soldiers running through the hotel with guns pointed forward, I reached a balcony and looked down on a terrifying scene. Women rolled on the ground of the compound in terror, clutching children. A soldier stood in the centre, pointing his assault rifle at a woman and shouting and gesturing at her as she held her hands over her head. Other women scrambled for their children and were kicked or hit with rifle butts. Militiamen roamed around the courtyard, shouting and firing in the air.

It was all over in about half an hour. Women, children and men were marched at gunpoint into the street, while international Red Cross staff were driven away to the airport to be evacuated to Darwin.

The deserted courtyard was strewn with food, blankets and overturned cooking pots. The silence was broken only by the crowing of a rooster. While police stood around the walls, a militiaman smashed open suitcases and searched piles of refugee possessions. He paused to look for identification when he found an East Timorese independence banner, and took the banner and a wallet with him. In another suitcase he found a woman's beaded purse and pawed through the jewellery inside, pocketing a string of pearls. His search completed, he walked out to where the refugees were being held at gunpoint.

About 200 people, mostly men, were separated from the 1,000 who had been in the compound and were marched east down the beach, in the direction of the huge statue of Christ on the cliffs

overlooking the city. There has been no news of these men since. Their families were allowed back into the compound to collect their belongings. Weeping women bundled cooking pots and clothes into blankets and fled.

Down the corniche from the Red Cross, a simultaneous attack had taken place on the refugees in the seafront compound of Bishop Ximenes Belo – a co-ordination which gives the lie to Jakarta's attempt to blame the violence on militias who had run amok. At the Turismo hotel, soldiers tried to find the journalists who had witnessed the brutality. They banged on doors but nobody opened them.

John McCarthy, the Australian ambassador to Jakarta, came to the rescue, arriving with consulate cars and his defence attaché. On the way, his clearly marked diplomatic vehicle had come under fire and he was angry. We were not allowed to collect our bags. 'What do you want, your life or your clothes?' the ambassador shouted at one journalist before we were driven to the walled UN compound in a former teacher-training college in the Matadoro neighbourhood.

The situation was hardly better there. Militiamen invaded the refugee encampment outside, shooting automatic fire almost at the refugees' heels as they fled. Men and women threw themselves over the walls into the compound, slashing themselves badly on the coils of razor wire that had protected the UN personnel. Children were caught in the wire. The UN clinic treated 50 people for cuts.

Refugees streamed in steadily on Tuesday with tales of terror. Sister Esmeralda, an elfin nun in a grey habit and gold spectacles, led 800 people to safety from her convent. The nun, just 4ft tall, held a Bible in her tiny hands as she softly described how a commander of the Aitarek militia jumped over the wall, yelling: 'Out, out, out. You are going to Polda [the police compound].'

'He was like in a horror movie. The people were crying: "They will kill us, madre." I say to the people: "Calm. Stop crying. We will go to the United Nations." They looked at me: "Who is she? She is so small."

'I organised the people and said: "We will not go running." I lined them up and told the people: "Silence." We came out like you see in television and we walked toward the Aitarek and Brimop [army unit] in front of the convent and I led the people through them and they parted for me. I led the way to the United Nations.'

One of the luckiest to make it there was Aida Ramos Horta de Assis, the sister of Jose Ramos Horta, co-winner of the Nobel peace prize with Belo and a hate figure for the forces roaming the streets. This tiny woman in shorts and flip-flops knew she was a target and had fled to a relative's home with her five children before the announcement of the referendum result.

On Monday night the military had surrounded the house, yelling and banging, but a neighbour said nobody was home. Aida said she heard them talking about killing and needed to hear no more. She fled at dawn but had to leave her husband behind. 'He said to me, "Don't wait for me, save the children".'

By late Tuesday the compound was filling up. The dwindling number of UN staff occupied two-storey houses with tin roofs. Refugees slept on concrete pathways and patches of ground if they could not find a space in the open-air conference hall.

In the morning the tiled floor of the conference hall was cleared and scrubbed down by its temporary occupants. Women washed their children's little frilly dresses and baby clothes and hung them on the barbed wire.

Columns of smoke rose from the city, just below the compound. Night-time brought a spectacular view of fires leaping hundreds of feet into the air. The UN transport compound had been torched and the militia were driving the streets in UN vans.

We heard that there were 200,000 refugees and that many were being forced to Indonesian-controlled West Timor, by boat or overland. More than 10,000 people were being held at the Dili police compound and refugees with missing relatives were terrified of what would happen to them. Rumours of mass executions circulated.

Word came that the Aitarek had ordered: 'No white faces will be seen on the streets.' Journalists were executed here in 1975, so it was a warning to be taken seriously. McCarthy advised all the journalists to evacuate and many took him up on the offer. They were driven out with some UN staff, lying in the backs of open lorries, surrounded by Indonesian soldiers.

An American officer briefed a convoy setting out to the airport to rescue a group of terrified UN staff workers, all local Timorese, who had arrived from a UN outpost in Bacao. The convoy was in danger, as the militias and army were targeting UN workers. Ten had been reported killed already. 'Pack them in,' said the officer as the rescue column headed out. 'The good news is they're all small.'

The convoy returned with a weeping group who said militiamen had overrun their Bacao outpost that morning, the first attack on a UN compound. There was shooting all around the compound, breaking windows and doors.

They had fled to a church next to the UN post, but many were left behind when a UN convoy headed for the local airport. Those that made it were promised they would be flown to Darwin, but at the airport the Indonesians allowed only international staff to continue.

Manuel, 40, who did not want to give his full name, last saw his wife, Maria, 42, a UN interpreter, hiding in the St Anthony church in Bacao. His seven children, aged from one year old to 20, are missing in Dili, where they were staying with his sister while he and Maria worked for the UN during the election campaign.

Numbers still grew in the UN compound. Food stocks dwindled and fuel for the pump that drew water from the well was running low. UN security men were more confident by Wednesday morning, despite the continued gunfire. They had been told that the local Indonesian troops guarding the UN compound had been replaced by Kostrad, an elite force with no connections to the local militia. 'I looked into their eyes and I saw commitment,' said Alan Mills, the Australian commander of the UN civilian police.

The confidence proved ill-founded. Guarded by two trucks of the new soldiers, a convoy set out for the UN warehouse near the port to pick up supplies. They were ambushed by 50 militiamen while the guards stood and watched.

'As soon as we opened the warehouse door and started loading boxes of water, the militia opened fire,' said Ronnie Wahl, a Norwegian driver in the convoy. 'They tried to smash the windshields with machetes, clubs and sticks.'

The convoy drove off, leaving the doors of the warehouse open for potential looters.

This disaster left things desperate in the compound which was by then a sanctuary for about 2,000 refugees, plus the 208 international staff and 63 local staff, many with their families. There were only 400 ready-to-eat meals and enough rice for one more day. The Australians, who had decided to evacuate, offered a bottle of whisky, packets of biscuits and six bright yellow tennis balls.

That night, the mood in the compound darkened. The gunfire was relentless and for the first time a bullet was fired into the compound. It swished through a tree and hit a UN car about 10 feet from where I was talking to Brian Kelly, a lanky UN information officer from Ireland. 'Heavy leaves here,' Kelly said, rolling his eyes.

The security men examined the car and went quickly to the office of Ian Martin, the UN mission head. Children walked around holding hands, oblivious to the crisis atmosphere that was developing.

'You look around at these kids and it's hard not to get emotionally involved,' said Michael Holworth, a police officer with the UN who comes from Sussex. 'Luckily I'm used to it from police work – but not on this scale, of course.'

There was a nervous twitter in the camp as I walked through, giving out the Australians' yellow tennis balls. Everyone knew that the UN was preparing to evacuate.

Was the UN really going to leave all these people behind? Privately, Kelly confirmed that it was, but we were not to report this. Clearly deeply upset, Kelly kept a calm exterior and said local UN staff would be evacuated with their families.

Refugees began asking what was happening. 'Just tell me the truth and I will tell the people calmly. We cannot have panic,' said Dr Nilton Tilman, a softly spoken Timorese doctor who had emerged as a leader in the camp. 'They know they will die if the UN leaves, but I will try to calm them. Just tell me the truth.'

People were already panicking. Babies squalled. An exhausted and tearful local UN worker stayed awake all night for fear that the UN would sneak out while she was sleeping. Another, Angelita Buak, who worked for the UN for five days during the election as a voter identification officer, was not on the list to be saved. She was threatened by the militia and had to move house during the election to stay safe, but only full-time staff were being evacuated. Tiny, scared and clutching a Bible with a coloured picture of Jesus on its cover, she begged to use my satellite phone and called her sister in Australia.

'Sister, sister, save me,' she howled into the phone in Tetum, the Timor language. 'Sister, they will kill us. We are going to die. You must do something tonight, now.'

Her howls drew everyone and spread terror. People started trying to leave the compound through the back, climbing under a coil of barbed wire and up a stone culvert. The escape route then passed through large boulders and up a steep hillside. Everybody was silent, even the smallest child. A little boy fell between two boulders and his mouth opened in a silent scream.

Firing broke out as soldiers camped outside noticed what was happening. The refugees were forced to stop. Teresa DeGama, 19, was halfway up the hill with her family when the shooting started. Terrified, she left them and ran back down again. Now she stood alone, staring blankly at the wire, holding the sack of rice that was to have been her family's only food for the coming weeks in the hills.

At midnight, Sister Esmeralda asked if she could use the satellite telephone to call her mother superior in Rome, surrounded by

seven other nuns in dove grey robes and head-dresses, all with tissues to their eyes. Over the phone, she said in Latin, 'We are ready to die but what about the people we brought to this place? There are many women and children.'

She listened to the answer, hung up and embraced me. Her head came to my waist. She wept, but then she straightened and said, 'God is strong.' She and her seven sisters marched out into the night.

There were other forces at work. UN staff started signing a petition saying they did not want to leave and would remain whatever the security situation. 'The refugees – we can't leave them,' said a jolly, middle-aged American woman who ran the now non-existent supply operation. 'My government tried to order me home but I told them I work for the United Nations. Stuff 'em.'

At 1.15am, Kelly arrived with another statement. The evacuation would be postponed for 24 hours. Local staff and families would be evacuated as well. And a solution would be found for the refugees.

On Thursday morning I slipped out of the compound. The Aitarek militia ruled the roads, driving by on motorcycles or in vans with assault weapons pointing out of the windows. One Aitarek with a machete told me not to continue, it was dangerous. He pulled his finger across his throat to illustrate what he meant.

Two soldiers pulled up in their truck and invited me to meet their commander, a lieutenant, who turned out to be articulate and professional. 'We came here for a civic action,' he said. 'We have failed. We have failed to win the hearts and minds of the Timorese people.'

I told him I was trying to get to my hotel, where I had had to leave all my baggage. 'I know you are a reporter,' he said. 'No matter. Have some breakfast and I will drive you. My orders are to protect foreigners.'

Over noodles and an omelette, my first hot meal in days, we talked about his ambition to go to West Point, the American military academy. His orders not to fire on the militia clearly grated.

We drove through a devastated city in his pickup truck with four soldiers in the back for protection.

It was an apocalyptic vision. Hundreds of militia roamed the streets, some walking, some riding three to a motorcycle with one carrying looted goods, the second an assault rifle, the third driving. It was a frenzy of looting. The post office was still burning, but most of the other buildings were burnt-out skeletons. Gunfire sounded nearby.

The lieutenant drove grimly. There were no civilians or cars on the streets. It was as if the barbarians had taken over. One motorcycle passed us, the militiaman on the back waving his pistol at us and smiling maniacally, showing no fear of the army vehicle or its occupants.

The police compound was the centre of their activity; militia families waited under trees, loot piled high next to them in boxes and bags, while militia drove in and out depositing their latest gains. The Turismo, my hotel, had been looted but not burnt. Oddly, the militia had taken all my underwear but left behind my flak jacket.

Early the next morning the evacuation of most UN staff from their compound began at last. Many had debated all night whether to get on the plane.

At 5am, 120 UN staff, 160 local staff and their families and 23 journalists got on the trucks heading to the airport, sitting in the back surrounded by Indonesian soldiers. Those staying behind watched sombrely.

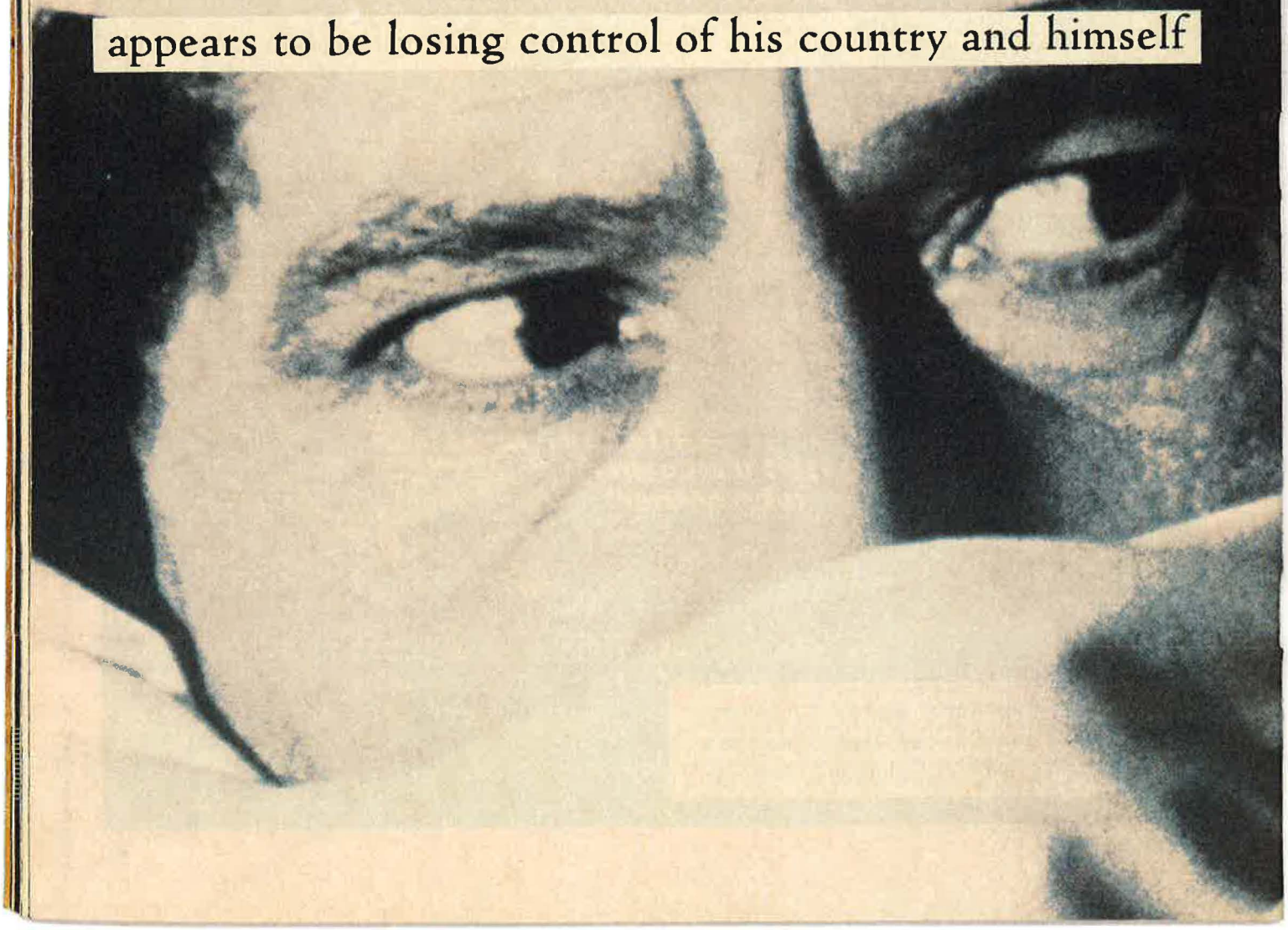
'Goddamn way to run an international mission – going out on my belly like a dog,' complained one Australian policeman who had wanted to stay behind.

Exhibit A-7

BY JUDITH MILLER AND MARIE COLVIN

QADDAFI O

Three and a half months after the American air attack on Libya, a shellshocked Colonel Muammar el-Qaddafi appears to be losing control of his country and himself



THE EDGE

G. NOEL / LE FIGARO / GAMMA-LIAISON

WHEN COLONEL MUAMMAR EL-QADDAFI IS DEPRESSED, YOU CAN USUALLY tell just by looking at him. His jaw sags. His face swells up. His shoulders droop. Dark, raccoonlike swatches encircle his eyes. He dresses in old, worn clothes. He looks as if he hasn't slept for weeks. But on June 18th, when the colonel chose to give one of us the only interview he has granted a Western reporter since the American bombing of Libya on April 15th, Qaddafi bore all the physical signs of a man in an upbeat mood. Seated with perfect military bearing behind an imposing wooden desk in his office at the tightly guarded Bab el-Azziziya military compound in Tripoli, Qaddafi appeared relaxed and well rested. He was dressed to the nines in one of his favorite outfits, a royal-blue jump suit with green piping tucked nattily into black leather boots.

Only when Qaddafi began to speak did it become evident that something was terribly wrong. "Why didn't you warn me, Marie?" he asked, his tone more plea than question. "Why didn't you tell me that Reagan was going to bomb my house?"

Qaddafi's usually piercing dark-brown eyes gazed vacantly into space, waiting out the silence. Then he began to ramble, his strong voice trailing off into whispers, his sentences running together and stopping abruptly at midpoint.

"I saw you three days before the raid on my house . . . and I asked you if you thought Reagan would really bomb Libya . . . if he would really bomb my house. You said he wouldn't. . . . You thought he wouldn't. . . . I never thought Reagan would attack the leader of a state in the house of his family. This is the first time in history."

It did not matter what Qaddafi was asked about during the forty-five-minute interview: his health; his state of mind; his support of terrorist groups; the future of his leadership. Only two subjects seemed to interest him, indeed to *obsess* him – Ronald Reagan and the raid. At perhaps the wildest point in the interview, when the colonel's harangue reached an almost hallucinatory pitch, Qaddafi claimed he had incontrovertible evidence that President Reagan was an agent of the Israeli intelligence agency, Mossad. "As an actor Reagan was recruited by Mossad," Qaddafi said. "He became an agent of Mossad because he was an agent of the Gestapo – and he wanted to cover up his past. And he was with Hitler, and he caused the death of thousands of Jews. We have a file on this."

Just before the meeting concluded, Qaddafi was asked if he had any message for the American people. In other times that question would have provoked a full-blown political oration. But now Qaddafi leaned across the desk and said simply, "Tell them I have no house."

THREE AND A HALF MONTHS AFTER THE AMERICAN BOMBING OF Libya, Muammar el-Qaddafi appears to be losing control of his country and himself. Based on our interview, several recent television appearances, in which he seemed fatigued and incoherent, and the reports of diplomats in Libya and Western intelligence analysts, we think Qaddafi is in the paralyzing grip of a profound depression. Demoralized by the loss of face and traumatized by the severity of the raid, in which American airplanes dropped over sixty tons of bombs on the country (his one-and-a-half-year-old adopted daughter was killed and two of his sons hospitalized), Qaddafi has virtually dropped out of sight. Insiders say he is in hiding, spending most of his days and nights with his wife of sixteen years, Safiya, at her family's home in the tiny desert village of Beyda, about 800 miles east of Tripoli. On his occasional visits to the Libyan capital, Qaddafi, now more than ever fearful of assassination, is said to travel with an armored caravan.

"Qaddafi is not seeing anyone because he is in no condition to see anyone," says one Arab diplomat, who, like almost everyone interviewed for this article, asked not to be identified out of fear for his life.

"He has regressed," says another diplomat, a Westerner. "He has retreated into himself, into an almost childlike naiveté."

A third envoy who has observed Qaddafi since the raid likens the Libyan leader to Chance, the idiot hero of Jerzy Kosinski's novel *Being There*, who passes almost all his time in front of a TV screen. Qaddafi himself almost always has a TV set close at hand, its picture flickering on and on, while the sound usually remains off. "There is no longer any there there," the diplomat says. "The emperor has no clothes. But no one has told him that yet."

Qaddafi's deteriorating emotional state is being treated by physicians with increasing amounts of medication, according to our sources. One doctor, a consultant at the Hadra Hospital in Tripoli, an Arab Dr. Feelgood who has administered drugs to the colonel for years, is said to be orchestrating dosages of antidepressants, barbiturates and amphetamines to combat Qaddafi's frequent and extreme mood fluctuations. Drugs and erratic behavior are, of course, nothing new to Qaddafi. A top-secret CIA analysis written in 1982 described the Libyan leader as a "borderline personality" suffering from "a severe personality disturbance. Under severe stress he is subject to episodes of bizarre behavior in which his judgment may be faulty." One Libyan who has observed Qaddafi closely says he sometimes exhibits "the symptoms of a manic-depressive." Whatever the exact diagnosis of Qaddafi's emotional ailments, it is known he has received treatment for them on secret trips to clinics in Switzerland and Egypt. To compound the psychological problems, Qaddafi complains

QADDAFI ON REAGAN:

'He was an agent of the Gestapo, and he caused the death of thousands of Jews. We have a file on this.'

QADDAFI ON THE EDGE

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Muammar meets press, including coauthor Miller (far right).

about acute back pains from a slipped disc and, according to one intelligence analyst, is compelled to take cortisone, a drug that often makes his eyes puffy, causes his face to swell up to twice its normal size and, worse, exacerbates his mood swings.

Qaddafi's debilitating depression is turning him more and more into a figurehead, diplomats say. What few decisions are made in Libya today are in the hands of the Libyan leader's longtime number-two man, Colonel Abdul Salam Jalloud, and the three other surviving military officers who along with Qaddafi overthrew Libya's monarchy and seized power in a bloodless coup in 1969. Qaddafi is no longer involved with the day-to-day stewardship of his country. The terrorist himself is, at least for the moment, terrorized.

MUAMMAR EL-QADDAFI, THE FAMILY man and convivial host, had invited us for tea. This was back in the headier days of January, when Qaddafi, with his daily terrorist theatrics, seemed to have the world hanging on his every bellicose word. There were five of us altogether – all young female correspondents representing major Western television and press organizations – and we had been summoned to share some relaxed, private moments with the colonel, to meet his wife and four of their seven children. The appointment was at 4:00 p.m., in Qaddafi's Bedouin tent inside the Bab el-Azziziya fortress in Tripoli. Qaddafi, a self-proclaimed feminist who quotes Gloria Steinem and Betty Friedan, had explicitly ruled out invitations to male journalists because, he said, "women in Libya and all over the world are oppressed, and I want to liberate them."

During the next two hours, as the afternoon shadows gave way to twilight, we were treated to a rare look at a different side of Qaddafi. Instead of the usual taunting demagoguery and rote ideological diatribes, we witnessed a loving husband, a playful and affectionate father, a devout Moslem who neither drinks nor smokes and a dedicated leader deeply concerned about the welfare of his country's 3.5 million people. Flamboyantly attired in a kind of Bedouin layered look – a cranberry collarless shirt under a blue denim vest under a camel-colored cape with gold embroidery, topped with a luxuriant salmon-colored turban – Qaddafi spoke quietly but forcefully of his high regard for the American people and his wish to reassure them that he was no terrorist but a simple man of peace. He even had a taste for Western music and literature, he said. Asked to name his favorites, he listed Beethoven, Alex Haley's *Roots* and "*The Hut of Uncle Tom.*"

From time to time, Qaddafi's attention in the tent was diverted by a color TV. Unlike most Bedouin dwellings, the tent also came equipped with a VCR, a tape recorder, a shortwave radio and several portable electric heaters. The TV, which remained on with the sound turned down throughout our visit, showed nonstop scenes from the people's assemblies, rallies that seemed to consist mainly of young Libyans shaking their fists and holding up anti-American placards. Qaddafi pointed to the set and boasted, "Look at them. They are all wearing vests. That's because I wore a vest yesterday. Whenever I wear something, the whole country winds up wearing it."

A beaming Qaddafi stroked the hair of his eight-year-old daughter, Aisha, the child he likened most to himself, because "she is political."

"They think I don't laugh or smile or tell jokes," he said. "They think I only hate. But you can see that the image Reagan has of me is not true. I invite you to tell the world."

JUDITH MILLER, *a Paris-based correspondent for 'The New York Times,' covered the Middle East for three years.* MARIE COLVIN *is UPI's Paris bureau chief.*

THE QADDAFI COME-ON:

'Can you make me forget my troubles for a night?'

It all made for great copy: "The Other Side of Muammar" or "Qaddafi with a Human Face." But the touching story had a surprising epilogue. After the meeting with the wife and children, the five of us were brought to a nearby office building. Once inside, Qaddafi said, "I'm sure you all have questions you would like to ask me in private," and disappeared into an adjacent room the size of a nun's cell, which contained only a TV and a bed. One after another, three of the five of us were called into the room for our private interviews. There, behind a closed door, a waiting Qaddafi, having slipped out of his Bedouin garb and into a baby-blue jump suit, made a crude pass at each of the three – without success.

One woman described the scene this way: "Having been asked before by Qaddafi whether we had husbands or boyfriends and whether we always had to report *everything* that happened during the interviews, I thought something was up. When I walked into the room, it all happened very fast. Qaddafi stood up and put his hand around the back of my neck. Then he put his other arm around me and pressed up against me. I pushed him away, and that was the end of it. He didn't persist. He didn't say anything, and his face was expressionless." She also recalled the TV in the room with its constant pictures of the people's assemblies. The ultimate aphrodisiac.

During the car ride back to our hotel after the episode, four of the five journalists said they would not write about Qaddafi's sexual advances, partly out of fear of expulsion from the country, partly out of fear itself. The fifth, Judith Miller, asserted her intention to write the story at some future date but agreed to withhold the identities of the other reporters. Miller was one of the two women not invited into Qaddafi's boudoir. Earlier, in the tent, she'd told Qaddafi her father was not only Jewish but also an ardent Zionist.

The coauthor of this piece, Marie Colvin, was not in Libya at the time, but eventually she, too, became the object of a Qaddafi seduction attempt. The colonel invited Colvin for a series of exclusive interviews, each one scheduled later in the day than the last. At one midnight session, which turned out to be only three days before the American bombing, Colvin was escorted into a sitting room in the Bab el-Azziziya barracks. Qaddafi was waiting for her on a couch. He was wearing a gold cape, a red silk Nehru shirt, white silk pajama pants and gray lizard-skin slippers. Arrayed neatly on a couch opposite Qaddafi was Colvin's intended attire: a white Libyan dress and delicate green slippers.

"You have brave eyes," Qaddafi said. "Can you make me forget my troubles for a night . . . well, maybe for an hour?"

BEING PROPOSITIONED BY MUAMMAR el-Qaddafi was just one in a long series of bizarre incidents that we experienced during our six-month tour of duty as correspondents in Libya. From January through June of this year, we reported on daily events in the vast, oil-rich land, including the raid of April 15th. Yet for all the news stories we filed, for all the reams of copy, we left with the disquieting sense that we had never totally conveyed the strangeness and sadness of the place, the joylessness and helplessness of the people, the sinister confusion of everyday life, the volatility and manic methods – some would say just plain madness – of its leader. Did we ever fully answer the nagging question of how an underpopulated, poor, primitive nation ended up in a ridiculously lopsided military confrontation with the world's most powerful state?

The Libya of today is Colonel Qaddafi's personal vision, and any detailed picture of the country must center around a portrait of the man. At six feet tall, the forty-four-year-old Qaddafi towers over most Libyans, and he is exceedingly proud of his broad shoulders, narrow waist, perfect, flashing white teeth and photogenic good looks. "American women write me letters all the time," Qaddafi bragged in an interview. "They tell me how much they like my hair. They say they would like to meet me."

Nothing else in drab, dry Libya is as colorful as Qaddafi's wardrobe. He loves to zip himself into multicolored designer ski outfits in winter and high-fashion, form-fitting Italian-style jump suits in summer. For interviews with the likes of Ted Koppel, he often pulls out of the closet a camel-colored robe embroidered with gold. When he boarded a patrol boat last January to sail out and confront the United States Sixth Fleet, daring the Americans to cross his "Line of Death," Qaddafi donned a [*Cont. on 54*]

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Qaddafi

[*Cont. from 41*] navy captain's hat, a royal-blue jump suit with green piping and, despite his unusual height, elevated black boots. He often sports mirrored sunglasses, even at night, and carries a green swagger stick. It has unexpected uses. He once ducked a reporter's question by asking her, "Are you from the CIA?" and then playfully tapping her on the head with the stick.

Qaddafi describes himself as a simple man with few possessions, and he is certainly not a conspicuous consumer in the contemporary dictator mode. Unlike Marcos, Duvalier and some other leaders in the Arab world, Qaddafi has no Swiss bank accounts or secret corporate holdings, according to diplomats. Except for the clothes, he appears to have little appetite for worldly goods. The underground bunker in the Bab el-Azziziya compound, which he uses for an office and living quarters, is a dreary, tawdry place, lit, like most of Libya, by glaring fluorescent lights. The sofas in the main reception room have purple slipcovers that are torn and threadbare. Its only decorations are pots of faded silk flowers and a cheap print of a palm tree at sunset. Qaddafi is interested in power, not money.

BUT POWER IS NOW WHAT APPEARS to be slipping from Qaddafi's grasp. In scores of private interviews with Libyans since the American air attack, we found a dramatic shift in public opinion against Qaddafi. For the first time we heard Libyans openly criticizing his policies and complaining about the nation's troubled economy and food shortages. Qaddafi's support of terrorism was tolerable, the Libyans we talked to seemed to be saying, as long as the food stores were full. His extremist rhetoric was acceptable as long as oil was flowing and selling at a high price. His massive spending on armaments was okay as long as the Reagan administration replied with threats, not warplanes.

The Libyan economy has become a shambles. With oil as Libya's only source of revenue, the country's gross national product has plunged from a 1980 high of $22 billion to a projected $5 billion or less this year – barely enough to cover the costs of importing basic raw materials and food. There is also a $9 billion foreign debt to contend with. Yet fifty percent of Libya's budget continues to go for arms purchases, much of which end up being stockpiled in desert warehouses. These numbers are translated into grim human terms every day on the streets of Tripoli. It is not unusual to see long, serpentine lines whenever stores get a surprise delivery of meat, butter or bread. Because of the scarcity, most restaurants and grocery stores have had to close. In the sleek, five-story Souk el-Magamah supermarket – inaugurated by Qaddafi three years ago as a monument to Libyan modernization – row after row of shelves and freezer cases are empty and gathering dust. "I can't even find couscous in the shops," says a Libyan woman who cooks in a Western home. A Libyan housewife puts it simply: "This is the worst I've ever seen."

Meanwhile, the professional class has virtually deserted the country. Some 30,000 doctors, teachers, scientists and engineers – most of them educated in Europe and America – have fled. "Those of us who have stayed," says a young playwright in Tripoli's once bustling, now deathly quiet marketplace, "have emigrated inside."

A number of experts on Libya's internal affairs see Qaddafi's seventeen-year reign coming to an end, though not necessarily through violence or a political coup. "Qaddafi's opposition in the military is still too weak and divided," says one Eastern European diplomat. "And the military people loyal to Qaddafi have no interest in overthrowing him. They know they only have power through him. They would like to keep him in place, but as a figurehead with no power."

The same diplomat who sees Qaddafi being put out to pasture also predicts a continued lull in the terrorist activities emanating from Libya, provided Qaddafi is not running the show. "The men around Qaddafi are much less fanatical and more practical," he says. And most intelligence sources now believe that even when Qaddafi was at the peak of his power, Libya's role as sponsor of terrorism was never nearly as large as that of Syria or Iran. It only seemed that way because, as one American diplomat puts it, "Qaddafi is a loudmouth."

Many diplomats and intelligence sources agree that Qaddafi's position is more precarious than it has ever been before. Yet nearly all are quick to caution against counting him out too fast. Qaddafi has disappeared before for months at a time during political crises – in 1978 he vanished for four months after being shot – only to come back and rally the Libyan masses with his grandiloquent pronouncements. Qaddafi may have many sides – megalomaniac, manic-depressive, media manipulator, master showman. But more than anything else, he is the epitome of resiliency. Qaddafi has more lives than there are spellings of his name. ■

Exhibit A-8

d by, sounding like angry hornets.
e fire zone.
ad, about 100 rebels held a line to
rnight. They called for support and
uld have been a scene from the First
quatting with their backs to a sand
nikovs in the sand, ready to go over

e scene in pick-up trucks with metal
shift armour. My translator grabbed
rward, joining rebel troops who
kbar' (God is greatest), only to be
rrages. Yet late in the day the govern-
d retreated.
three sides,' said Abdel Latif Soweili,
ndson of a hero of the fight against
of Libya. 'Yesterday we couldn't get
front of them. They were using the
an shield.'
ines had been pushed back in the
e of the city.
the week came on the city's south-
n at the airport and the air academy
ths, lobbing rockets and tank shells

ried a plan that had been successful
the city's main boulevard, where
high buildings, using them for snip-
which to mortar the city. Unable to
cks, the rebels cut their supply lines
and blocking roads.
same tactics. Gadaffi's forces finally
g behind tanks, cars and lorries and
rebels buried them in graves with

Last week loyalist forces attempted another seaborne assault on the port. It failed after HMS *Liverpool*, a Royal Navy Type 42 destroyer, silenced Gadaffi's shore batteries with its 4.5-inch gun.

Yesterday in Misrata, shortages of food and medical supplies were growing. Cooking gas was nowhere to be found, and electricity was cut as generators ran out of diesel because shelling had set the port's storage tanks on fire. Petrol queues were half a mile long.

Families are living on tinned tuna; no fresh vegetables or fruit have crossed the siege lines. There are long queues for bread. Morale among the rebel fighters and civilians remains high, though.

Mabrouk, the marine deserter, said he would continue agitating to join their ranks despite the daily losses and deprivations of the siege. 'We've had enough,' he said. 'We all want to be rats now.'

'We had our orders: rape all the sisters'

MISRATA

22 May 2011

Colonel Gadaffi's forces are accused of violating at least 1,000 women trapped by fighting in the front-line city of Misrata.

The young Libyan soldier showed almost no emotion as he described how his unit had raped four sisters, the youngest about 16, after breaking into a home in the besieged port of Misrata.

'My officer sent three of us up to the roof to guard the house while they tied up the father and mother and took the girls to two rooms, two each to a room,' said Walid Abu Bakr, 17.

'My two officers and the others raped the girls first,' he recalled in a monotone, still dressed in the camouflage uniform he was wearing when he surrendered 12 days ago.

'They were playing music. They called me down and ordered me to rape one of the girls.'

Abu Bakr, from Traghen, a poor southern town, claimed he had been given hashish and was not responsible.

'She did not move much when I raped her,' he said, admitting the girl had already been gang-raped. 'She said in a low voice, "There is Allah. He is watching you." I said, "Yes, Allah is watching me."'

Abu Bakr seemed to regard himself as a victim, however. He said he had become his family's breadwinner after his father left his sick mother and his siblings.

He joined the army when he was offered 200,000 dinars (£100,000), payable on victory for Colonel Muammar Gadaffi, the Libyan leader, he said.

But he had received only a week's training at Yarmouk camp in Tripoli before being sent to Misrata as part of a militia attached to the elite Khamis brigade, named after Gadaffi's youngest son. Their mission was simple. 'We were just told to kill,' Abu Bakr said.

The teenager said he did not keep track of how many times the four girls in the house had been raped. The soldiers in his unit had stolen 12,000 dinars and jewellery from the family, but he had not received a penny, he said.

When rebel forces began closing in on the airport road, the officers sent the family to Zlitan, the next town controlled by Gadaffi's troops, and left, ordering Abu Bakr and eight others to guard the house. They never returned.

'The rebels surrounded us, and we threw away our guns and surrendered.'

Abu Bakr, who is now held in a Misrata school with other former Gadaffi soldiers while the rebels decide what to do with them, said he had decided to speak about the rapes after talking to an Islamic cleric.

Misrata officials said the ruthless assaults by Abu Bakr and his unit had been repeated across the city. Gadaffi's soldiers, they said, had engaged in an orgy of rapes that mirrored their destruction of the city's homes and buildings.

Nothing would have prepared the women of Misrata, or their families, for the ferocity of the onslaught that occurred when they were trapped amid the fighting, mostly in districts that were controlled by Gadaffi's forces for two months.

The brutality emerged only when the rebels broke through loyalist lines and chased Gadaffi's troops beyond the city limits. In their wake, they found horror stories.

Doctors at Hekma hospital found that some of Gadaffi's soldiers had recorded video footage of rapes on their mobile phones. 'They made the girls identify themselves to the camera and show their faces. Then they raped them,' one doctor said. The phones were found on loyalists who had been wounded or killed.

'In one of the videos, there's a woman. She's moaning, "Oh no, no, the sixth one, God help me,"' said one doctor.

A video seen by *The Sunday Times* showed a group of Gadaffi's soldiers in camouflage uniform breaking down a door and confronting a frightened family – a man, a woman, five girls whose ages ranged from about five to early 20s, and a boy aged about 7. The soldiers, shouting and waving their guns, stripped the four older girls in front of the family and took them into the next room, where they raped them. The girls cried for mercy, calling on Allah. A soldier at one point yells: 'Gadaffi is our Allah.' The video was found on the phone of a loyalist soldier.

A Filipina nurse said her best friends had fled to Tunisia after their four daughters and 13-year-old son were raped repeatedly after the family was trapped in their flat on Tripoli Street, the scene of some of the heaviest fighting in Misrata.

'I spoke to their mother,' the nurse said. 'She said the boy was terrible. She said, "Don't even ask about my girls."'

The stories emerging from Misrata mirrored the earlier charges of Iman al-Obeidi, 28, who burst into a Tripoli hotel in March claiming to have been gang-raped by Gadaffi loyalists.

So horrified is Misrata by its rapes that young rebel soldiers have offered to marry the victims, who face ostracism in this deeply traditional society.

'The rebels feel guilty that they did not arrive in time to save these families from Gadaffi's men,' said Dr Ismael Fortia, an obstetrician who estimates that up to 1,000 women may have been raped.

Hardly any of those attacked have come forward because a raped woman is regarded as virtually unmarriageable if she is single, or a shame to her family if she is married.

Doctors and psychologists in Misrata have banded together to help. They will check victims for sexually transmitted diseases and offer abortions.

One of their concerns is that unless they are treated, the women may commit suicide rather than live with their memories.

'The images of their rape will go around and around in their heads, like an endless nightmare, unless they receive counselling and help,' said Dr Mustafa Shigmani.

The terrible revelation comes as Misrata's rebels fight on three fronts around the city, loyalists try almost daily to mine the port and explosions reverberate day and night.

Last week there were faint signs that the regime might be faltering under increased Nato bombing and political pressure.

Safia Gadaffi, the Libyan leader's wife, and Aisha, 35, his daughter, were said to have left the country for Tunisia, although his spokesman denied it. Shukri Ghanem, the oil minister, was reported to have defected.

Gadaffi's regime proffered a Russian-brokered deal under which they would withdraw their troops from the cities if the rebels did the same, and if Nato stopped bombing. The rebels refused, but the mere existence of such an offer from Tripoli suggested that the regime might be apprehensive.

'Time is working against Gadaffi,' said Barack Obama last week in a speech on the Middle East. 'The opposition has organised a legitimate and credible interim council.'

Although Obama's statement stopped short of official recognition, it was the furthest Washington has gone towards acknowledging the council as the country's leadership.

The people of Misrata have suffered the greatest toll in the Libyan conflict, largely because their city has been so bitterly contested by Gadaffi. It is the only population centre in the west of the country that is under rebel control.

In districts newly liberated by the rebels, residents described a reign of terror under Gadaffi's soldiers.

'The soldiers ordered our family out of the house while they searched,' said Fatima, 47, of the Zreig neighbourhood. 'They said they were looking for weapons, but they took our money, our jewellery, everything they could carry while we waited for three hours.'

Families were forced to fly the green flag of the regime. Foot patrols raided homes at all hours. 'They would shoot up the television if you were watching anything other than the state channel,' said Fawzi Damir, 21.

Men disappeared. 'They caught my husband and two of my sons,' said Fatima. The men would usually flee if they spotted loyalists on their street, but two weeks ago they had been taken unawares early in the morning. One son escaped by hiding under her bed.

City officials have said more than 1,000 men, women and children have disappeared.

Some residents took to the streets last week to celebrate an end to the shelling of the city centre. They waved flags and shouted with joy.

They were the lucky ones. One of the unforgivable legacies of Gadaffi is that many of the women of Misrata will never again emerge from their homes and think only of the beautiful sunshine.

Exhibit A-9

A vet is only hope for Syrian wounded

HOMS

19 February 2012

Wounded civilians arriving at a makeshift clinic in the Syrian city of Homs are relying on a vet to save their lives because there is no doctor to treat them.

I found the vet struggling to treat patients who had been injured by shelling and sniper fire in the district of Baba Amr, a besieged enclave where 28,000 people are trapped by relentless bombardment. He was using his knowledge of sheep anatomy to treat life-threatening wounds in the sitting room of a house.

One of his patients, a 32-year-old mobile phone repairman named Mohammed Mohammed, had been shot in the back by a sniper. The bullet had come to rest in his chest. Fear filled Mohammed's eyes as the vet stuck a tube into his chest to siphon off blood and relieve pressure on his heart.

Another patient, Zaccharia Mutlaq, a carpenter aged 26, had a thigh wound and a broken foot from shell fire. The vet said his priority was to keep the man's wounds clean.

Neither the vet nor his location can be identified. Three so-called field clinics in Baba Amr, an opposition stronghold, have been destroyed by the Syrian army since the siege began 15 days ago.

Mohammed and Mutlaq were injured after going into a house that had exploded to find a mother decapitated, a father ripped apart by shrapnel and the couple's two daughters dead or dying.

The men's plight reflects the desperation of the civilians cowering in basements or scurrying from house to house to avoid shelling by the forces of President Bashar al-Assad as troops build up around Homs for a possible ground offensive.

Final dispatch from Homs, the battered city

19 February 2012

Marie Colvin was the only British journalist reporting from inside the besieged Syrian enclave of Baba Amr. This is her final report.

SYRIA, 2012

They call it the widows' basement. Crammed amid makeshift beds and scattered belongings are frightened women and children trapped in the horror of Homs, the Syrian city shaken by two weeks of relentless bombardment.

Among the 300 huddling in this wood factory cellar in the besieged district of Baba Amr is 20-year-old Noor, who lost her husband and her home to the shells and rockets.

'Our house was hit by a rocket so 17 of us were staying in one room,' she recalls as Mimi, her three-year-old daughter, and Mohamed, her five-year-old son, cling to her abaya.

'We had had nothing but sugar and water for two days and my husband went to try to find food.' It was the last time she saw Maziad, 30, who had worked in a mobile phone repair shop. 'He was torn to pieces by a mortar shell.'

For Noor, it was a double tragedy. Adnan, her 27-year-old brother, was killed at Maziad's side.

Everyone in the cellar has a similar story of hardship or death. The refuge was chosen because it is one of the few basements in Baba Amr. Foam mattresses are piled against the walls and the children have not seen the light of day since the siege began on 4 February. Most families fled their homes with only the clothes on their backs.

The city is running perilously short of supplies and the only food here is rice, tea and some tins of tuna delivered by a local sheikh who looted them from a bombed-out supermarket.

Exhibit B

Destination danger

Australian, The/Weekend Australian/Australian Magazine, The (Australia) (Published as Australian, The (Australia)) - September 23, 1999

- Author/Byline: John Little
- Edition: 1
- Section: Features
- Page: M05
- Readability: 8-9 grade level (Lexile: 1080)

Marie Colvin's trade -- ``I'm a fireman for the world'' -- requires special survival skills, writes John Little

UNTIL the East Timor crisis, few people in Australia had ever heard of Marie Colvin. But on Friday, September 10, when all but three journalists fled the beleaguered country, the London Sunday Times reporter became the eyes and ears of the world in Dili. Using her satellite telephone, Colvin kept up a running commentary of events inside the UN compound, which was besieged by rampaging militias. Her broadcasts were heard on the ABC, CNN, Britain's BBC, ITN and Sky TV.

Says the ABC's foreign editor, Tony Hill, ``It was very valuable, because at that stage we had no access to independent information.''

What impressed all who heard Colvin was her apparent calmness in the face of terrifying anarchy. Before deciding to stay, she had told The Sunday Times foreign editor, Sean Ryan, that if the militias overran the compound there would be a bloodbath. Says Ryan, ``I turned on my radio one morning to hear Marie live on BBC, reporting that militias were actually entering the compound. She has immense inner strength. She does sound very calm when she's on the phone reporting those situations where it's clear she's in great danger. She sounds a lot calmer than some of us back in the office.''

As it happened, the militias confined themselves to stealing and vandalising vehicles but Colvin's report gave everyone at the paper an anxious few hours. The Sunday Times has received emails and faxes from Australia, praising her courage in electing to stay when hundreds of her colleagues judged the situation too dangerous.

Colvin's title is ``foreign affairs correspondent''. She is more prosaic. ``I'm fireman for the world and that usually means going to wars.''

East Timor is not the first conflict zone where she has shown remarkable courage. Earlier this year, when NATO began bombing Kosovo, Colvin persuaded a Kosovo Liberation Army commander in Albania to allow her to accompany a guerilla unit across the border into Kosovo. She recalls, ``There had been reports from refugees coming out but no one had been in there. I believe in seeing with my own eyes. That's the kind of journalism I believe in.

``We waited until nightfall and walked in. It was very eerie and frightening, walking in single file, very silent, six feet between each person. I was very worried about landmines. Every single village we walked through was burnt out and there were dead animals everywhere.''

The KLA's objective was to relieve fellow fighters who had earlier captured a Serb barracks. When they reached the barracks, the commander told Colvin she was on her own. She hooked up with another KLA group and spent the next week in the mountains being shelled and sniped at, sleeping in the same clothes with a flak jacket on.

When the time came to file her story, the unit was bivouacked in a gully less than a kilometre from Serb forces and the satellite phone wouldn't work. ``They gave me a sniper and sent us up to the top of a hill. I tried to look as small as possible while I was filing. The sniper was lying next to me looking for any movement on the next hill, which was where the Serbs were. When I finished I said, `Let's get out of here', and he said, `Can I call my wife in Switzerland?' So he called his wife in Switzerland and then we went back.''

Colvin is American. But her manner is quite unlike the stereotypical high-powered US woman journalist who so often has an abrasive manner and grating voice. Colvin's voice is soft and she speaks with a disarming touch of self-deprecation.

She fell into journalism by accident. While studying English literature at Yale she began writing a few pieces for the university paper, The Yale Daily News. Of those university years, she says, ``I was a Francophile, you know, fancied myself an intellectual and wanted to live in Paris.''

She landed a job with the US wire service UPI and ended up with her dream posting -- bureau chief in Paris. Because of downsizing, however, she found herself being sent to cover stories further afield. ``I saw very little of Paris and a lot of the Middle East.''

The Middle East meant Beirut, where journalists were regularly kidnapped and killed. It was where Colvin began learning the survival skills that people in her specialised field need to stay alive.

In 1986 she joined The Sunday Times. The Libyan leader, Colonel Gaddafi, was beginning to anger the US through his support for terrorists. The paper sent her to cover the crisis and she arrived in Tripoli just in time to be bombed by her own countrymen.

Because of her commitment to on-the-ground reporting, Colvin elected to stay behind in Baghdad while the US pounded the city during the Desert Storm campaign of the 1991 Gulf war. At press briefings the US command was showing videos of smart bombs hitting targets and giving assessments that the media had difficulty confirming. Colvin says, ``I'm always suspicious of videos which look great and then when you finally get in there there's nothing destroyed.''

Experience, scepticism, a nose for a story and an ability to write go some of the way to explaining why Colvin is foreign correspondent for a prestigious British broadsheet. These are common enough attributes among foreign correspondents. But there must be some other reason why she is prepared to risk her life in situations where most of her colleagues are not.

The added ingredient Colvin has is passion. She is one of those old-fashioned journalists who wants to right wrongs. ``Most of my reporting has been trying to get out the story of the underdog. There are always people to get out the story of the governments. Whoever has the big machine will get their story out. The underdogs don't get their story out.''

Before deciding to stay in Dili, Colvin discussed the risks with her editor, Sean Ryan. He says one of the most worrying things from his point of view was that she did not know the region and hence did not have the background knowledge on which to base a sound assessment of the risks. Nevertheless, ``One of the reasons she felt passionately she wanted to risk her life by staying was that if the UN and all the media left there would have been nobody left to protect the refugees left in the compound and nobody left to report what would almost inevitably have been the slaughter of those people. She just felt she could make a difference by staying.''

She stayed for four days, finally leaving when the refugees were airlifted to Australia. Reflecting on her decision in the safety of Darwin last weekend, Colvin said, ``We're not supposed to say we get involved. I think that's impossible. I spent a lot of time talking with people [in the UN compound] and it became very clear that we were a symbolic presence and that meant a lot to them. It became clear that if the UN evacuated they'd be slaughtered and I found that morally an impossible situation to accept.''

Just how much of a difference she made may be impossible to quantify, but it seems likely that Colvin's reports did help to prevent a massacre. At one stage, while Australia was frantically trying to get Indonesian permission to send in a peace-keeping force, the UN announced that it would pull everyone out, leaving 1500 refugees inside the compound to fend for themselves. That decision was later reversed. Colvin believes, and Ryan agrees with her, that by maintaining the focus on Dili it became politically impossible for the UN in New York to give the order to abandon the people.

The other two journalists who stayed in Dili were also women: Minke Nyhuis, a stringer for Dutch radio, and Irene Slegt, a stringer for the BBC and Dutch TV. As the male journalists fled, Colvin reportedly made the dry comment: ``They don't make men like they used to.''

Colvin says being a woman, especially working in Muslim countries, makes her job harder. ``Most of these places are male societies. There's no automatic entree. Their women are in such a different category that they don't know what to do with you so you become a kind of third sex which has no rules. They can't treat you like a woman and they can't treat you like a man. You can play on that.''

It is never easy, though. Each time Colvin has interviewed the Libyan leader, Colonel Gaddafi, she has found that he has other things on his mind apart from politics. ``Every time I've ever met him he's tried to seduce me. It's become a joke between us. In those days he kept turning off the tape recorder and I kept turning back on the tape recorder, saying his words were so important they should go out to the world.''

Colvin is 43. She's been married and divorced twice, both times to foreign correspondents. ``A mistake I will not make again,'' she says. ``Being a foreign correspondent seems to work for men. They have wives who stay home and take care of kids. The problem is if you're a woman, you go out and say I'll be back in a month or so and it doesn't really work.''

Colvin is aware the life of a foreign correspondent is far removed from reality. She says it has a negative and a positive side. The negative? ``It does allow you to live an unreal life. You don't have to worry about paying your bills if you're flying off to East Timor to be in a crisis.''

And the positive? ``You end up in these places like East Timor with an expertise and an ability to focus on what's important. I'm not an expert on East Timor, but in a very short period of time it became important to me. It's one of the very few stories where it's clearly black and white. There's very few jobs I can imagine where you can clearly make some kind of difference.''

On Monday, Colvin flew back to Dili with the British Gurkhas.

- Caption: Photo

- *Record: AUS-19990923-1-M05-4109468V19*
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Exhibit C

Exhibit C-1

Marie Colvin: The Greatest Storyteller of All

Oyster Bay Enterprise-Pilot (New York)

March 15, 2012

Section: NEWS; Pg. 1

Length: 749 words

Byline: CAT COLVIN

Body

To me, a world without Marie is unimaginable. I am just now beginning to experience this shadow of a place, and for the first time, there is no Marie to give me comfort or guide me through. Marie has so many friends and colleagues who loved her so deeply, and countless admirers who were awed by her courage as a journalist. While I mourn together with those who loved her and take enormous pride in her accomplishments, my tribute is to my big sister and lost soulmate.

I try to force thoughts of her broken body out of my mind with memories of our time together - the wild adventures and late-night talks, her offbeat advice and unique view of the world. Most of all, I try to recapture the love in which she so totally and constantly enveloped me. She was my greatest admirer, my unwavering ally, my fiercest defender. To have someone as brilliant and amazing as Marie offer such love, support and admiration to me is a gift I will always treasure and desperately miss.

For as long as I can remember, Marie was my hero, and to her, I was perfection. She claimed me as her own when I was just a toddler, and in her eyes, I could do no wrong. She opened a big, beautiful world to me, full of laughter, excitement and adventure. My earliest memories of Marie are the bedtime stories she used to tell me - like "postage stamp kisses," my favorite. Marie would lie in my bed and tell me about some faraway place, with vivid descriptions of the sprawling cities, dusty back roads, flowering countrysides or lush jungles. She told me of the customs, languages and dress of the people who lived there and what they like to do for fun. She told elaborate stories of queens and medicine women and the beautiful clothes they wore. I learned from her how people danced in the streets of Rio at Carnival and ran with the bulls in Spain. She opened a world of adventure to me, and we explored it together. Each night, when the story was over, she would plaster me with postage stamp kisses to send me off to explore some new place in my dreams.

As we got older, Marie included me in her life in ways that were extraordinary, in retrospect. She took me with her everywhere, and dressed me to her (not my mother's) liking. We sailed all over Long Island as kids, and later in the Chesapeake Bay and the Florida Keys. We went on protest marches and hung out in the park singing to guitar music during her high school years. I tagged along with her to long classroom lectures and wild parties at Yale. She taught me the lyrics to her favorite songs by Joni Mitchell, Bonnie Raitt and Patsy Cline, and often had me sing them for her friends at parties (Marie could never carry a

tune.) She inspired me to explore the world with an open heart and mind, from backpacking through Europe at 17 (with a luxurious stop to visit her in Paris, where she was working) through the birth of my daughter, Justine, in Santiago, Chile nearly 20 years later.

On my last trip to London, my daughter, now 13, was still young enough to appreciate bedtime stories, and I told her that Aunt Marie was the greatest master storyteller of all time. I remembered the beautiful, exciting world she had created for me as a girl, and was thrilled for Justine to share my experience. Not long after Marie went up to Justine's bedroom, I began to hear loud bangs, crashes and shouts. I went upstairs to find Marie throwing her hands in the air and leaping around the room delivering a full warzone soundtrack for her story, as Justine listened wide-eyed and intent from her bed, resplendent in the gorgeous new pajamas Aunt Marie had given her. The stories had changed, but in Justine's eyes I saw the same fascination I had felt as a girl basking in Marie's attention.

Marie really was the greatest master storyteller of all time; there is no doubt. She could have written novels, poems or plays and enraptured the world with the gift of her written and spoken words. But she chose to devote her gift to bringing the attention of the world to the innocent victims of war. Even as her reporting grew so much more dangerous and intense, and the damage to her body and soul became manifest, she never forgot how to capture the imagination of a young girl, and she never stopped believing in the importance of a little girl's dream. I hope and believe that Marie will continue to inspire young women everywhere, not only as they read about her dedication and talent, but as they dream of the difference just one little girl can make in this world.

Graphic

Cat's daughter, Justine, with Aunt Marie at her home in London in 2007.

Load-Date: August 25, 2012

Exhibit C-2

Rest, Big Sis, I've learnt your final lesson; Even when in the heart of danger Marie Colvin found time to share in the lives of those she loved. It was a gift that still comforts Cat Colvin as she recalls the dreadful day her sister died

The Sunday Times (London)

February 17, 2013 Sunday, Edition 1, Ireland

THE SUNDAY TIMES

Section: NEWS REVIEW;NEWS; Pg. 2,3

Length: 1815 words

Byline: Cat Colvin

Body

As the anniversary of my sister Marie's death at the hands of Syrian government forces approaches, I find myself finally emerging from the haze that has shrouded my life for the past year. I will forever feel her absence, but I am able to focus more clearly on the meaning of Marie's life and accept that I will never make sense of her death.

I recall my disbelief upon receiving the unspeakable news. I had taken my three children from our home on Long Island on a weekend ski trip to Vermont. It was early in the morning when a friend who had seen a report about Marie on CNN called to find out if it was true.

After watching the news myself, my first impulse was to call The Sunday Times to find out the real story - it was impossible that Marie had been killed. Maddeningly, I realised I did not have the paper's number so I called home, hoping to get to Mom before she saw the news.

I was too late. Mom could barely speak. Unlike me she was living the moment she had feared nearly every day for the past 20 years. She choked out that Marie had been killed and hung up the phone abruptly, leaving me staring at CNN and entirely uncertain about what to do next.

Finally I woke up my children and told them the television news was reporting that Aunt Marie had been killed and, even though I did not believe it, we would have to get home to Grandma.

The six-hour ride home seemed endless, as I gradually lost hope that Marie would call, laughing, telling me some crazy story about how she had faked her own death as a means to escape. "Oh, Bunny, you didn't believe it, did you?" she'd tease. She would be so sorry not to have called sooner - it was just so hard to get a call out of Syria!

As we drove, the truth began to take hold in my mind, mainly because I knew Marie would have heard the false reports by then and would never have left me suffering with such unbearable thoughts. She would have found a way to get word to me.

By the time I arrived home, news vans were lining my mother's quiet street and reporters were queuing up for the chance to speak to her. As Alan Jenkins, the poet who was a good friend of my sister, so aptly wrote in his tribute to Marie, it became clear that reports of her survival were greatly exaggerated.

In the days that followed, condolences washed over us and the press continued to file through our home, solemnly and awkwardly waiting to speak to my endlessly patient mother. No one left without a quote - from the local cub reporter nervously gripping a spiral notebook to CNN with an entire camera crew. Mom fought physical and emotional exhaustion to show her respect towards Marie's fellow journalists and also to call attention to the senseless murder of her baby girl.

As The Sunday Times struggled to find a way to bring Marie home, attempt after attempt by the Red Cross and others were met with artillery fire and our hopes faded. News that Paul Conroy, the injured photographer who had been on assignment with Marie, had refused to leave Homs without her struck us hard and we privately shifted our resolve from getting her home to documenting her location.

We could not bear the thought of anyone being injured or killed trying to retrieve her lifeless body. Marie would have hated that.

Details of her location came from the most unlikely sources: people stayed with her, moved her to "safety", cared for her remains, found ways to get word out and risked their lives to get her home to us. I think of these strangers often and with deep gratitude and dread, because I know they remain at risk today, if they have even survived the continuing slaughter.

Initially I thought Marie's death would inspire the world to rise up in indignation and demand an end to the horrors in Syria. I thought my government would consider the murder of an American citizen under such circumstances to be intolerable and would take decisive action. This had to be the last straw, the watershed event that would galvanise the world in defence of the Syrian people.

Marie was not the first journalist to be targeted, however, and she was not to be the last. I was too weak and too damaged to fight for her with the ferocity I know she would have shown had our roles been reversed. My feeble demands for justice were completely ineffectual but something more valuable, more enduring and more life-affirming occurred. People all over the world did pay attention - they celebrated Marie's life, her talent and her spirit in ways I did not expect and could not have imagined. They lifted me up.

Several scholarships and internships were established in her name, most notably The Sunday Times Marie Colvin scholarship for aspiring foreign correspondents, which attracted entries from all over the world. The winner, George Arbuthnot, starts in a few weeks and will be trained and mentored for a year.

Marie received numerous awards posthumously.

I was particularly touched that she was the recipient of the 2012 Anna Politkovskaya award named after the murdered Russian journalist, which recognises "a woman human rights defender from a conflict zone in the world who, like Anna, stands up for the victims of conflict".

Tributes were paid to Marie by members of parliament and the US and New York state Senates, as well as by the International Women's Media Foundation and many other governments, schools and charities. Her colleagues in the journalism and media industries, together with Reporters Without Borders and Human Rights Watch, started a campaign called A Day Without News to focus attention on the targeting of journalists in armed conflict. They will launch their website (adaywithoutnews.com) on February 22.

Little girls sent us their Marie-inspired art and essays, and high school students in Plainview, New York, created a temporary museum in her honour. One of my favourite gifts was a large paper doll of Marie, with pipe-cleaner hair and a fabric eye patch donated to the museum by a seven-year-old girl from Texas. Hundreds of people generously supported the Marie Colvin Memorial Fund, and HarperCollins donated all proceeds from On the Front Line, a collection of Marie's work, to the fund, which supports charitable and educational organisations that reflect her dedication to humanitarian aid, human rights, journalism and education.

Marie's supporters rallied around my family, offering support and gratitude for her friendship, her devotion to their cause and her talent. The Syrian people organised a week-long convoy from Los Angeles to Washington, stopping in our home town of Oyster Bay to pay tribute to my sister, and the Sri Lankan people renewed their constant support of my mother with a beautiful portrait of Marie and a large, solemn turnout at her memorial service.

Perhaps the achievement that gives me the greatest pride and hope is the establishment of the Marie Colvin Centre for International Reporting at Stony Brook University on Long Island. It was launched on February 5, which is also the anniversary of my father's death 37 years ago. Its mission is to nurture and grow the next generation of overseas reporters, to raise public awareness about the need for robust international coverage through the Marie Colvin Distinguished Lecture Series and to pay tribute to Marie's legacy by rewarding tenacious overseas reporting with a journalist-in-residence fellowship.

Christiane Amanpour, the CNN reporter, delivered a moving inaugural lecture to a sold-out crowd and helped to launch the centre on what I know will be a long and distinguished path.

On a personal level I find comfort in having few regrets about my relationship with Marie, other than failing to join one of her sailing adventures off the coast of Turkey or Cuba. If only I had known how little time we had left.

Marie died knowing how much I adored and admired her - not because I was very good about staying in touch, but because she was. I somehow allowed the mundane demands of my daily life - running the kids around, grocery shopping, going to the office, paying the bills - to take priority over maintaining friendships and reaching out to those I love, including Marie.

As is so evident from the support and true affection offered to my family by Marie's many friends and colleagues, she never let that happen. She savoured her time in London with friends and reached out to her loved ones even from the most gruelling conditions and unlikely places.

I remember pulling over my car one day as I ran errands around town to hear Marie recount the various battles waged against an enormous filthy sewer rat that kept coming up through the pipes into her lavatory in Misrata. She called me from the middle of Tahrir Square in Cairo and held her phone up in the air so I could hear history being made. Longer ago, in 1999, she called from the United Nations compound in East Timor to say goodbye - she was so certain she would not make it out alive (but I knew she would).

We debated the best way to get back into Iraq after she was banned and laughed at her ridiculous scheme to disguise herself as a sack of potatoes and hitch a ride on a produce truck. I did manage to convince her that even if she could pull off a passable potato impersonation, which I doubted, the border guards might just shoot into the back of the truck or drive pitchforks through the sacks. (Much to my relief, on that occasion she decided to float down the Euphrates on a raft into Iraq.) Mostly we talked about little things. She had a tendency to interview me about my life rather than share details of her much more interesting one. She wanted to hear about the man of the moment and whether I was still "forcing" my daughter to shop from the clearance racks. What did Justine want to be when she grew up and could I put her on to confirm? We planned visits and vacations, we talked about where we would retire. She was always my first call when my heart was broken or I faced a difficult decision and no matter where she was she always picked up the phone and she always listened. So I have tried to learn one last lesson from my big sister. I try not to let the days drift by any more, I try to be there for my friends and family and I don't let my love and affection remain unexpressed, even for a day. That is how I honour Marie's memory.

I feel strong again and even though I will never recover from her death, I do feel her passion for life within me. She gave me so much for so long. I am looking forward to the coming year as one in which I can do more to support those who have continued to fight for justice, those who are trying to protect journalists and the victims of war and those who are creating meaningful and lasting tributes to my sister's memory.

SUNDAY TIMES DIGITAL WW To watch a video of Marie Colvin being remembered by friends and colleagues, go to thesundaytimes.co.uk/newsreview

" Though I will never recover from her death, I do feel her passion for life within me

Graphic

Cat with Marie in 2011 and, far left, with her mother Rosemarie visiting a temporary museum set up in her sister's honour. The exhibits included a paper doll of Marie made by a seven-year-old girl

DAGMAR KARRPI/EJ SCHERRER/JUSTINE COLVIN

Load-Date: February 17, 2013