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<http://rendezvous.blogs.nytimes.com/2012/02/22/two-journalists-killed-in-syrian-conflict/?scp=2&sq=marie%20colvin&st=cse>

New York Times Blog: Tributes for Journalists Killed in Syrian Conflict

By Harvey Morris

February 22, 2012, 5:56 am

Agence France-Presse —The murderous civil conflict in Syria has claimed its latest journalist victims and the life of one of the gutsiest writers ever to haul a notebook to a frontline.

The deaths were confirmed on Wednesday of Marie Colvin of the London Sunday Times, and Rémi Ochlik, a French photographer, killed in the shelling of a house in the besieged city of Homs.

Marie, a 55-year-old American who spent most of her working life based in London, but more often on the road, was a journalist who never gave up. She stayed on when others left and had already paid the price of her persistence.

News of her death brought immediate reaction from colleagues, such as Jon Snow of Britain's Channel 4, who came to admire her unflinching courage.

It also prompted tributes in the British House of Commons, where David Cameron, the prime minister, opened a session of question time by saying: "This is a desperately sad reminder of the risks that journalists take to inform the world of what is happening and the desperate events in Syria."

Rupert Murdoch, the Sunday Times owner, said in an e-mail to staff she was "one of the most outstanding foreign correspondents of her generation."

There were also tributes for Mr. Ochlik, 28, who had just been awarded for his extensive coverage of events in the Middle East. His photographs from the region had been published around the world.

Marie almost lost her life a decade ago in gunfire from Sri Lankan government forces while covering a then all-but-forgotten civil war.

She lost an eye, but turned pain and adversity into a virtue by sporting a trademark black patch ever after – one of them studded with a discreet diamond.

While she was recovering from her injuries, she said: "I was not there on some sort of sneaky spy mission. I went there because, although it is closed to journalists, talking to the Tamil Tigers and writing about a humanitarian crisis...are important issues."

Two years earlier, she had stayed behind in a besieged United Nations compound in East Timor as armed rebels try to over-run it and more cautious colleagues had sensibly fled.

After Sri Lanka, Marie confided to friends that she planned to slow down. No story was worth dying for.

She had already picked up a British award as 'Best Foreign Correspondent' for her coverage of the Yugoslav war and a 'Courage in Journalism' award from the International Women's Media Foundation for her behind-the-lines reporting in Kosovo and Chechnya.

But a quiet life behind a desk didn't suit her. She was soon back on the road again – Iraq, Gaza, the Arab Spring – commuting between the frontline and a rambling house near the Thames in London crammed with souvenirs of a lifetime of adventures.

She loved the river and the sea. Her great passion, away from the frontline, was the quiet and serenity of sailing.

<http://www.guardian.co.uk/media/2012/feb/22/tributes-paid-to-marie-colvin/print>

The Guardian: David Cameron, Ed Miliband and Rupert Murdoch pay tribute to Marie Colvin

By: Maev Kennedy

22 February 22, 2012 09.36 am EST

As soon as her death was confirmed, stunned tributes poured in for Marie Colvin – from politicians, including the prime minister and foreign secretary, from her own colleagues, including her editor at the Sunday Times and the paper's owner Rupert Murdoch, and from scores of other journalists who had worked with her or admired her unflinching courage and determination to get the story, whatever the danger.

David Cameron, speaking at prime minister's questions, said: "This is a desperately sad reminder of the risks that journalists take to inform the world of what is happening and the dreadful events in Syria, and our thoughts should be with her family and her friends."

Murdoch described her as "one of the most outstanding foreign correspondents of her generation".

In an email to staff he said: "Marie had fearlessly covered wars across the Middle East and south Asia for 25 years for the Sunday Times. She put her life in danger on many occasions because she was driven by a determination that the misdeeds of tyrants and the suffering of the victims did not go unreported."

John Withrow, editor of the Sunday Times, remembered both her courage and her love of life. He said in a statement: "Marie was an extraordinary figure in the life of the Sunday Times, driven by a passion to cover wars in the belief that what she did mattered.

"She believed profoundly that reporting could curtail the excesses of brutal regimes and make the international community take notice. Above all, as we saw in her powerful report last weekend, her thoughts were with the victims of violence.

"Throughout her long career she took risks to fulfil this goal, including being badly injured in Sri Lanka. Nothing seemed to deter her.

"But she was much more than a war reporter. She was a woman with a tremendous joie de vivre, full of humour and mischief and surrounded by a large circle of friends, all of whom feared the consequences of her bravery."

Foreign secretary William Hague said he was "deeply saddened" by the news. In a statement he said: "Marie Colvin embodied the highest values of journalism throughout her long and distinguished career as a foreign correspondent for the Sunday Times.

"For years she shone a light on stories that others could not and placed herself in the most dangerous environments to do so, including suffering injuries while reporting in Sri Lanka. She was utterly dedicated to her work, admired by all of us who encountered her and respected and revered by her peers.

"Her tragic death is a terrible reminder of the risks that journalists take to report the truth. It is also a terrible reminder of the suffering of the Syrian people – scores of whom are dying every day.

"Marie and Remi [French photographer Remi Ochlik] died bringing us the truth about what is happening to the people of Homs. Governments around the world have the responsibility to act upon that truth – and to redouble our efforts to stop the Assad regime's despicable campaign of terror in Syria."

Labour leader Ed Miliband called her an inspiration. "The journalistic community have lost one of their finest and their most fearless. Marie Colvin was not only a brave and tireless reporter across many continents and in many difficult situations, she was also an inspiration to women in her profession. Her reports in the hours before her death showed her work at her finest."

Bill Neely, international editor at ITN News, said she was someone who made a moral difference.

"She took the deep breath over and over and plunged herself in, as deep as she could, to scoop out the nuggets we all need to know. And we were all, as a people, better for her.

"Her final dispatch was as deep as they come, in the 'widows' cellar' where women and children cower from Assad's assault and death feels imminent.

"At a time when journalists are being examined as never before, it's time to acknowledge someone who made a difference, a moral difference, to our country and our lives. That was Marie."

The veteran journalist and Channel 4 News presenter Jon Snow wrote on Twitter: "Utterly devastating: the most courageous journalist I ever knew and a wonderful reporter and writer."

Michelle Stanistreet, general secretary of the National Union of Journalists, said: "Marie was an excellent reporter who said that her mission was 'to report the horrors of war with accuracy and without prejudice'.

"She did that with bravery and grace. The unspeakable violence that the government of Syria is meting on its own people is something it does not want the eyes of the rest of the world to see. Marie and her colleagues knew they had to be there to shine a torch on such atrocities, with the consequent risk to their lives."

The president of the International Federation of Journalists, Jim Boumelha, said: "The killing of these journalists, including Colvin who was a highly respected war reporter, shows the indiscriminate attacks on the city make it unsafe for journalists to report at the time when the world desperately needs information on the Syrian crisis."

Helen Fielding, the author, also paid tribute. Fielding, who was a close friend of Colvin's, said in a statement: "Marie Colvin was the bravest and best of women, the most fearless and committed of journalists, and the dearest, most loyal and wildest fun of friends. I am so sad and so proud of her.

"Marie's life's work was to expose the excesses and brutalities of war with accuracy, without prejudice and in the hope of curtailing those excesses.

"It's to be hoped that there will be action to end the Syrian brutality which has cost Marie's life and that of countless others."

Amnesty International UK director Kate Allen added: "Marie Colvin was a truly brilliant journalist who fearlessly reported on terrible abuses of human rights around the world.

"We are shocked and saddened at her death, which is a terrible loss to journalism in this country."

<http://www.guardian.co.uk/media/2012/feb/22/sunday-times-editor-marie-colvin/print>

The Guardian: Sunday Times editor pays tribute to Marie Colvin

By: Lisa O'Carroll

February 22, 2012 1:21 pm EST

John Witherow, the Sunday Times editor, has paid tribute on Radio 4 to Marie Colvin, the paper's journalist killed in Syria, describing her as "one of the greatest foreign correspondents of her generation".

Witherow said Colvin, who was killed in the besieged Syrian town of Homs on Wednesday along with French photographer Remi Ochlik when the building they were in was hit by artillery fire, was an "extraordinary journalist".

He added that she did not just want to report, but "to change things and she believed that reporting could change things and alleviate suffering". "In several cases I think she did achieve that," Witherow told Radio 4's The Media Show.

He said Colvin was sickened to the core about what was going on in Syria and wanted to share it with the rest of the world.

"They are killing with impunity here. It is sickening and angry-making," she wrote in an email just two days ago to the BBC's Jeremy Bowen, Witherow added.

She sent a similar email to Channel 4 international editor Lindsey Hilsum, who said in a blog posting that Colvin told her: "This is the worst thing we have ever seen and they are getting away with it, so that is what drove her."

American-born Colvin, 56, joined the Sunday Times in 1986 and even then made an immediate impression in the newsroom, Witherow said.

"I can remember when she joined the Sunday Times in 1986 and here was this glamorous figure who wafted in. She had come from Yale and had been a foreign correspondent in Paris and as soon as she arrived, she turned heads, so much so she married one of the men who's head she turned," he added.

Over 25 years Colvin covered 12 wars for the News International paper and believed to the end that she could make a difference by bearing witness to people abandoned by the world.

"She was always committed to foreign reporting and has covered a dozen wars in the last 25 years and with an extraordinary sense of integrity, of a desire to tell the truth to tell what was going on and as she constantly said: 'I want to bear witness, I want to tell people what's happening', because she didn't just want to report, she actually did want to change things and she believed that reporting could change things and alleviate the suffering and in several cases I think she did achieve that," said Witherow.

In her final dispatch from Homs for the Sunday Times, Colvin spoke of the citizens of Homs living "in fear of a massacre". She wrote of residents begging her to tell the world to help them and to get the bombing stopped. "The scale of human tragedy in the city is immense. The inhabitants are living in terror. Almost every family seems to have suffered the death or injury of a loved one."

Witherow told Radio 4: "She absolutely believed you had to get there to report. She believed in eye-witness accounts, because she believed they dramatised them so much better than reporting what X said or what military commander Y said, she had to see it with her own eyes and report them and she thought this was graphic and powerful."

Hilsum, who worked with Colvin for years, said everyone had their own "danger threshold", but Marie's was different to most. Over dinner in Beirut a fortnight ago, the two discussed going into Syria and Hilsum said she felt it was too dangerous to go. She said Colvin replied: "'This is what we do, and she was determined to go ahead because she believed very strongly that it had to be reported'."

Hilsum told Media Guardian: "She was that old-fashioned kind of journalist who would be an eyewitness, not an 'in-and-out, firefighter'. There are not many people who do that and you just have to look at her last dispatch this weekend to see the quality of the reporting, the compassion, the anger and also the objectivity.

"She felt reporting was important in itself. She would say she wanted to do it so 'nobody can say we didn't know what was happening in Homs'."

Bowen described Colvin as an "exceptional" journalist and one of the top foreign correspondents of her generation, who always had a joke to share even in the darkest of circumstances.

He said she would not have wanted to be on the front pages today. "She would absolutely be the last person that wanted fuss about her. She was a big believer that the journalist was not the story."

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2012/02/22/marie-colvin-dead-rupert-murdoch-tribute_n_1293497.html

Huffington Post: Marie Colvin Dead: Rupert Murdoch Pays Tribute To Veteran War Reporter

February 22, 2012 10:22 am ET

Colvin, who had reported from the front lines of war for the Sunday Times for the past two decades, was killed in a shelling attack in Homs, Syria. Colvin was interviewed by CNN's Anderson Cooper just one day before her

death. Colvin joined the program by phone and described the situation in Homs, which she described as chaotic. Award-winning French photojournalist Rémi Ochlik was also killed in the attack.

Murdoch released a statement praising Colvin for her heroic work. He described her as "one of the most outstanding foreign correspondents of her generation." The Sunday Times also released Colvin's final piece on its website on Wednesday, outside of the paper's pay wall.

Prime Minister David Cameron also spoke about the news of Colvin's death. "This is a desperately sad reminder of the risks that journalists take to inform the world of what is happening and the dreadful events in Syria, and our thoughts should be with her family and her friends," he said.

Read Murdoch's entire statement below:

Rupert Murdoch statement on the death of Marie Colvin: It is with great sadness that I have learned of the death of Marie Colvin, one of the most outstanding foreign correspondents of her generation, who was killed in Homs in Syria today while reporting for The Sunday Times.

She was a victim of a shell attack by the Syrian army on a building that had been turned into an impromptu press centre by the rebels. Our photographer, Paul Conroy, was with her and is believed to have been injured. We are doing all we can in the face of shelling and sniper fire to get him to safety and to recover Marie's body.

Marie had fearlessly covered wars across the Middle East and south Asia for 25 years for The Sunday Times. She put her life in danger on many occasions because she was driven by a determination that the misdeeds of tyrants and the suffering of the victims did not go unreported. This was at great personal cost, including the loss of the sight in one eye while covering the civil war in Sri Lanka. This injury did not stop her from returning to even more dangerous assignments.

Our immediate thoughts are with her family.

<http://www.cnn.com/2012/02/22/world/meast/syria-journalist-amanpour/index.html>

CNN.com: Amanpour: Marie Colvin shone light on victims

By Peter Wilkinson, CNN

February 23, 2012 4:40 am EST

Editor's note: Marie Colvin, a longtime American foreign correspondent for London's Sunday Times, was killed Wednesday in Syria, highlighting the danger reporters face in covering conflict zones. Christiane Amanpour is a veteran CNN foreign correspondent now working for ABC in the United States. She covered conflicts including Rwanda, Iraq, the Balkans and the Palestinian territories. Her show Amanpour returns to CNN International this spring. She spoke to CNN's Peter Wilkinson about Colvin's death and legacy.

London (CNN) -- What was your reaction to the news?

To lose Marie Colvin, French war photographer Remi Ochlik, who both died in Homs, and New York Times reporter Anthony Shadid, who died while reporting in eastern Syria, apparently of an asthma attack, in one week is a terrible loss, not just for our profession, not just for their friends and family. It's also a terrible loss for the people on whom they reported and for the politicians charged with ensuring atrocities don't happen and are stopped when they do.

Today as I heard the news of Marie Colvin's death on the radio, I heard her latest dispatch from Syria. She was talking in an intense but not overly emotional way about the relentless bombardment of fearful civilians unable to get out of Homs. Marie said she saw a little boy injured by shrapnel as doctors tried to save his life. She said she saw, in her words, his little tummy heaving until he died. These are the kinds of stories that we tell because it's our duty and it's our job.

Why was she so effective?

What Marie Colvin believed in was bearing witness. The journalist must be the eyes and ears of the readers or viewers because not everyone can go to these places. Foreign correspondents operate at the extreme end of

journalism: I believe that Marie, and everyone who practices this profession, took risks similar to going into battle. You know it could result in death, in injury. You are on the front lines of telling the truth, and the truth matters, particularly when the cacophony of opinion and ideology threatens to drown out the space reserved for facts and the truth.

So Marie's legacy lies in her commitment to story telling and doing it the right way. It's in believing in the people she was reporting on. She shone a spotlight on and gave a voice to those people who have no voice.

How will you remember Colvin?

2011: Gadhafi: My people will die for me

On a personal level Marie was a great friend. She was great to go out to dinner with, she was a great story teller. She was passionate, funny and deeply caring. Marie was a lioness -- she seemed to be indestructible, she was indomitable. She tried to be a family person but her love of the job was so intense that she put herself in harm's way over and over again. In Sri Lanka she was terribly wounded when a landmine or grenade sprayed her with shrapnel and she was blinded in one eye. Yet she came back to work wearing an eye patch.

Western journalists killed in Syria

As a woman she showed the courage of a legion of men. And yet the men who walked in the same trenches are also incredibly courageous. So many of our men and women have been wounded and killed in pursuit of this calling, so in this regard I don't believe there's any difference between a male and a female foreign correspondent.

What are your memories of working with her?

I've been in the trenches on the front lines of so many wars with Marie Colvin over the last two decades. The last time we were together was in Libya last year as the revolution against Moammar Gadhafi was gathering steam.

Often the last thing you want is to run into competitive correspondents but I was always thrilled to see Marie. She was always so collaborative. We'd had a long talk before we went in about using our different contacts, and we and the BBC's Jeremy Bowen got an exclusive interview with Moammar Gadhafi, which was the last interview he did. It set the tone for future international involvement. Our interview showed Gadhafi was completely out of touch with reality; he insisted his people loved him; he would never step down or leave Libya. And in the weeks after that, France, Britain and the U.S. got the U.N. resolution and the no-fly zone came after that.

Amanpour: Colvin gave her life for truth

Marie Colvin was effective because these terrible wars or natural catastrophes can be cold, faceless and nameless pieces of reality. We go to these dangerous places to humanize the stories and shine a spotlight on what's going on.

What will be the impact of her death?

Without journalists reporting from there, there will be no meaningful change. For example, I believe the no-fly zone in Benghazi was put up because of the reporting there, and the urgent need to protect tens or hundreds of thousands of Libyan civilians.

And in Bosnia, it took a long time, but without the urgent reporting on the siege of towns and cities like Sarajevo and Srebrenica and Mostar, there would have been no intervention. The war would have continued, and genocide would have been accomplished in Europe. I believe it was journalists like Marie who did their job and stopped the worst of the worst. I strongly believe that having done that in Bosnia we made sure it would not be allowed to happen in Kosovo, and intervention prevented a genocide.

These are the responsibilities that, on the one hand, are so professional and academic but on the other, as Marie has shown, are so deeply personal and human.

Right now any resolve on Syria is woefully absent: just like in Bosnia almost three decades ago. Politicians are wringing their hands and wondering what to do to stop this slaughter. So I hope her death makes people sit up and realize what is happening in Syria. I hope it makes our leadership and executives around the world recommit

to the support of the profession of foreign correspondents who have to go there. But it's also very sobering, as I sit here, to know she did the right thing, and wonder when it's the right time for me to go in.

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-middle-east-17136427>

BBC News: Jim Muir's tribute to Marie Colvin

By: Jim Muir

February 22, 2012 7:49 pm ET

The BBC's Jim Muir in Beirut pays tribute to his close friend of 25 years Marie Colvin, an American reporter with the Sunday Times, who was killed when a shell hit a makeshift media centre in Syria's besieged city of Homs. French photographer Remi Ochlik also died and two other foreign journalists were wounded.

In the shoal of emails put out daily by activist groups in Syria, Marie and Remi were just two more digits in the grim statistics of death.

"58 martyrs in Homs, including the two journalists," said one opposition group. Another put the count for the day at 64, including two children and Marie and Remi.

Marie's vivid, heartrending reporting from Homs' Baba Amr, her description of watching a wounded child die, did much to humanise the statistics and bring to life the reality of a horrendous situation with which a helpless world has found it hard to engage, despite all the YouTube footage.

Now her and Remi's deaths and the wounding of their colleagues have focused even more attention on what is happening there.

That may raise even further the pressure for some kind of action to be taken to break the siege and allow relief in to the 28,000 civilians Marie said were trapped there in increasingly desperate conditions.

Quiet determination.

Would she have thought that worth giving her life for?

Continue reading the main story "Start QuoteThere was something of the anxious little girl about her as she set off into the unknown on that last fateful journey, knowing the dangers that lay ahead"

End Quote

The choice is never that stark. But she knew she was risking it.

She had an absolute compulsion to go to where bad things were happening, and tell the world about it.

I saw her many times during the four or five days she spent in Beirut before leaving for Homs, and sensed a vulnerability, a feeling of insecurity I hadn't seen in her before.

Friends urged her not to go, but for her that wasn't an option.

"They're doing terrible things there," she told me. "We have to be there."

And she was.

If there is a scale of courage, Marie was at the top of it. Because she knew the reality of war, and that there are no guardian angels.

She learned that her life was not charmed in 2001, when she lost an eye covering the war in Sri Lanka.

Since then, she wore an eyepatch that she managed to turn into an iconic fashion accessory by sporting a diamante version to parties.

But her injury was not something she shrugged off lightly. She later suffered post traumatic stress disorder so badly she had to be hospitalised.

So her courage was not the bravado of the foolhardy who imagine themselves invulnerable.

It was the quiet determination of someone who had to do what she believed she was for, knowing the risks and possible consequences. To tell the story and give a voice to the voiceless.

Last fateful journey

Despite her injury and the mental scars that went with it, she plunged back into the fray, covering countless wars and upheavals all over the Middle East and elsewhere.

Her former husband Patrick Bishop, who covered the Middle East with her for the Telegraph in the 1990s, said he had never seen her show fear at all.

One abiding memory I have is a visit they made to the village house I had in Cyprus in 1990.

Marie - who could be glamorous when she wanted to and was as at home in London high society as she was roughing it on warfronts - gave my daughter Shona a faux Coco Chanel handbag as an arrival present. It was treasured for years.

"It was a pretty awesome handbag for a four-year-old," says Shona, now 25, who doesn't rule out that it had a formative effect on her current career as a stylist for fashion magazines.

Like that other great American journalist the Syrian crisis has claimed in recent days, Anthony Shadid of the New York Times, Marie - despite all the awards and accomplishments and recognition - remained modest and self-deprecating.

At a wake held by colleagues in Beirut on Monday evening for Anthony, who was buried in his ancestral hometown in southern Lebanon the day Marie died, we agreed that our odd profession is a sort of transnational tribe which had lost one - now two - of its exemplary figures, the very best.

Like Anthony, she loved life despite her dedication to the job. She loved parties and dinners, and was an accomplished ocean-racing yachtswoman.

When she got horribly lost walking the simple 100m route from her hotel to my flat in Beirut last week, she laughed when I suggested cruelly that her monocular situation must have meant she was walking round in circles.

Yet there was something of the anxious little girl about her as she set off into the unknown on that last fateful journey, knowing the dangers that lay ahead.

She took only a small knapsack containing her satellite computer, some granola bars and a jar of instant coffee she said she couldn't live without.

We knew it would be freezing cold - it snowed in Homs while she was there - so I lent her a pair of ill-fitting, Y-fronted longjohns to keep her warm.

They seem to have worked.

"Have made it to the heart of Baba Amro," she wrote when she arrived.

"Warm legs but all else wet, muddy and cold. You would love it here. Working by candlelight. No Thuraya [satphone] but email and so we can communicate. Mx"

When the shelling of Homs resumed on Wednesday morning, I sent a message to Marie, who'd done a searing interview on the BBC the day before.

"Great stuff Colvin. You'll put me out of a job... More shelling today... hope you're keeping safe.

I hate to think what state my longjohns are in by now... come back soon!

KEEP SAFE YOU MAD PERSON

xxxxx"

There was no reply.

http://www.thenewage.co.za/44180-1020-53-British_PM_pays_tribute_to_journalist_slain_in_Syria

The New Age: British PM pays tribute to journalist slain in Syria

February 22, 2012 2:26 pm

British Prime Minister David Cameron paid tribute on Wednesday to Sunday Times reporter Marie Colvin, saying her death in Syria showed the risks journalists face to tell the truth.

"This is a desperately sad reminder of the risks that journalists take to inform the world of what is happening and the dreadful events in Syria and our thoughts should be with her family and with her friends," he told parliament.

Describing the US-born journalist as "talented and respected", Cameron took the unusual step of mentioning her at the start of his weekly parliamentary questions after the names of British service members killed in Afghanistan.

Foreign Secretary William Hague also paid tribute to Colvin and to French photojournalist Remi Ochlik, who died alongside her in city of Homs on Wednesday in shelling by the Syrian regime.

"Marie and Remi died bringing us the truth about what is happening to the people of Homs," said Hague, who has repeatedly called for Syrian President Bashar al-Assad to step down.

"Governments around the world have the responsibility to act upon that truth and to redouble our efforts to stop the Assad regime's despicable campaign of terror in Syria." He said Colvin "embodied the highest values of journalism".

"For years she shined a light on stories that others could not and placed herself in the most dangerous environments to do so, including suffering injuries while reporting in Sri Lanka," he added.

"Her tragic death is a terrible reminder of the risks that journalists take to report the truth." It is also a terrible reminder of the suffering of the Syrian people scores of whom are dying every day."

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/worldnews/middleeast/syria/9098275/Marie-Colvin-killed-in-Homs-tributes-to-Sunday-Times-journalist.html>

The Telegraph: Marie Colvin killed in Homs: tributes to Sunday Times journalist

By: Murray Wardrop

February 22, 2012 3:15 pm GMT

Colvin, an American reporter for the British newspaper, and photographer Remi Ochlik both died in the attack.

Shells hit the house in which the two veteran war correspondents were staying, then they were killed by a rocket as they tried to make their escape.

John Witherow, Editor of The Sunday Times:

Marie was an extraordinary figure in the life of The Sunday Times, driven by a passion to cover wars in the belief that what she did mattered. She believed profoundly that reporting could curtail the excesses of brutal regimes and make the international community take notice. Above all, as we saw in her powerful report last weekend, her thoughts were with the victims of violence.

Throughout her long career she took risks to fulfil this goal, including being badly injured in Sri Lanka. Nothing seemed to deter her. But she was much more than a war reporter. She was a woman with a tremendous joie de

vivre, full of humour and mischief and surrounded by a large circle of friends, all of whom feared the consequences of her bravery.

Rupert Murdoch, News Corporation founder, Chairman and CEO:

It is with great sadness that I have learned of the death of Marie Colvin, one of the most outstanding foreign correspondents of her generation, who was killed in Homs in Syria today while reporting for The Sunday Times.

She was a victim of a shell attack by the Syrian army on a building that had been turned into an impromptu press centre by the rebels. Our photographer, Paul Conroy, was with her and is believed to have been injured. We are doing all we can in the face of shelling and sniper fire to get him to safety and to recover Marie's body.

Marie had fearlessly covered wars across the Middle East and south Asia for 25 years for The Sunday Times. She put her life in danger on many occasions because she was driven by a determination that the misdeeds of tyrants and the suffering of the victims did not go unreported. This was at great personal cost, including the loss of the sight in one eye while covering the civil war in Sri Lanka. This injury did not stop her from returning to even more dangerous assignments.

David Cameron, the Prime Minister:

This is a desperately sad reminder of the risks that journalists take to inform the world of what is happening and the dreadful events in Syria and our thoughts should be with her family and with her friends.

David Cameron

William Hague, the Foreign Secretary:

Marie Colvin embodied the highest values of journalism throughout her long and distinguished career as a foreign correspondent for the Sunday Times. For years she shined a light on stories that others could not and placed herself in the most dangerous environments to do so, including suffering injuries while reporting in Sri Lanka. She was utterly dedicated to her work, admired by all of us who encountered her, and respected and revered by her peers. Her tragic death is a terrible reminder of the risks that journalists take to report the truth.

Nicolas Sarkozy, President of France:

This shows that enough is enough, this regime must go. There is no reason why Syrians should not have the right to live their lives, to freely choose their destiny.

Jon Snow, Channel 4 News anchorman :

Peter Bouckaert, emergencies director at Human Rights Watch:

She was one of the most fearless and dedicated reporters I have ever met in my 14 years covering war, and someone I looked up to as a hero and an inspiration.

For Marie, covering war wasn't about doing a few quick interviews and writing up a quick story: she experienced war alongside those who suffered in war, and her writings had a particular vividness because of what she had dared to see and experience. But despite everything she had seen and experienced, first and foremost she remained a wonderful human being, and it always put a smile on my face to run into her in one of the world's rough spots.

Bill Neely, ITV News international editor:

She took the deep breath over and over and plunged herself in, as deep as she could, to scoop out the nuggets we all need to know. And we were all, as a people, better for her. At a time when journalists are being examined

as never before, it's time to acknowledge someone who made a difference, a moral difference, to our country and our lives.

Ed Miliband, Labour Party leader:

The journalistic community have lost one of their finest and their most fearless. Marie Colvin was not only a brave and tireless reporter across many continents and in many difficult situations she was also an inspiration to women in her profession.

Ed Miliband

Helen Fielding, the author and a close friend of Ms Colvin's:

She said in a statement: "Marie Colvin was the bravest and best of women, the most fearless and committed of journalists, and the dearest, most loyal and wildest fun of friends. I am so sad and so proud of her. Marie's life's work was to expose the excesses and brutalities of war with accuracy, without prejudice and in the hope of curtailing those excesses. It's to be hoped that there will be action to end the Syrian brutality which has cost Marie's life and that of countless others.

Kate Allen, director of Amnesty International UK:

Marie Colvin was a truly brilliant journalist who fearlessly reported on terrible abuses of human rights around the world. We are shocked and saddened at her death, which is a terrible loss to journalism in this country.

<http://www.thedailybeast.com/articles/2012/02/22/marie-colvin-my-courageous-friend.html>

The Daily Beast: Marie Colvin, My Courageous Friend

By: T.D. Allman

Feb 22, 2012 7:09 AM EST

What caused me to turn on the TV in late afternoon in Bangkok, something I have never done before?

There was the news from Homs about Marie (</articles/2012/02/22/marie-colvin-u-s-journalist-killed-in-syria.html>) , my friend since 1988. We met at the Palestine National Congress in Algiers that year. Later in Baghdad four of us would play poker every night. The other three each had a private bottle of whiskey. I'd drink wine. Sometimes we'd drink second and third bottles, and then at dawn the next morning be heading to ... Once we had an actual appointment in Samara.

I don't know how she survived so long. I never met a person with more courage. As a war correspondent I was nothing compared with Marie Colvin, and you know something? I am grateful for that—grateful not to have that war adrenaline along with the alcohol and nicotine in me anymore, grateful not to want it, honored to be alive.

She was among the greatest human beings I have ever met because she was always on the side of truth. She was always on the side of the oppressed. She never once tired. She never once faltered. All that mattered to Marie was the truth.

All the rest was window dressing. Her shimmering goodness was what made Marie Colvin a great human being. Also, she was stronger than the rest of us combined.

I am thinking of the driver we shared in Iraq, Muhammad. He worshipped her. Everyone did.

No cheers today.

<http://www.newyorker.com/online/blogs/newsdesk/2012/02/postscript-marie-colvin-1957-2012.html>

The New Yorker: Postscript: Marie Colvin, 1956-2012

By: David Remnick

February 22, 2012

Last night, after a long day and before a late dinner, I sat down with my wife to watch the news on CNN. Anderson Cooper was broadcasting from a studio in New York, but his tape was from Syria. He rightly demanded that we watch a two-year-old child in the besieged city of Homs die of shrapnel wounds inflicted by the regime of Bashar al-Assad. The camera stayed on the child until the last breath was out of him. His father cradled him and kept asking what his poor son had ever done to anyone to deserve it.

Then Cooper spoke with a reporter—a very great and experienced reporter—who was on the scene, Marie Colvin, of the Sunday Times of London. The image of Colvin on the screen was instantly recognizable to anyone who has spent time reporting, as she had for a generation, from the Middle East, Africa, Chechnya, the Balkans, or South Asia; after losing an eye in the civil war in Sri Lanka, in 2001, she wore an eye patch. For decades, she has been a ubiquitous presence in the war zones of the world and her reports in the Times were admired in the close-knit world of foreign correspondents for their scrupulous and straightforward eloquence.

On the telephone from Homs, Colvin told Anderson that the death of the child was an emblem of the overall “reality” of what was happening in Homs:

These are twenty-eight thousand civilians, men, women and children, hiding, being shelled, defenseless. That little baby is one of two children who died today, one of the children being injured every day. That baby probably will move more people to think, “What is going on, and why is no one stopping this murder in Homs that is happening every day?”

Clearly, and without hype, Colvin described how every house in Homs had been hit, including the top floor of the house where she was taking refuge. There was cool but profound rage in her voice. Of Bashar al-Assad’s armed forces, Colvin said, “It’s a complete and utter lie they’re only going after terrorists. The Syrian Army is simply shelling a city of cold, starving civilians.”

Cooper remarked, admiringly, that it was rare to hear a journalist use the word “lie.”

Not long after, the sickening report from Syria ended. I mentioned to my wife that a decade ago, wandering with other journalists through Jenin, a West Bank city that had been ravaged during an Israeli military incursion, I’d met Colvin. She had taken up living in a small house, and when she saw me and a few more experienced colleagues walking down an empty street marked by tank tracks, shuttered shops, and spent ammunition, she recognized a fool at risk. She called me into the house—a strong, clear American voice—fed us, let me file from her miraculously still-working satellite phone, and gave good stern advice on how to get through town without getting detained. She’d made a life of this work; I was a relative rookie. She was generous and funny and knew precisely the risks she was running. When I came home and mentioned to more experienced reporters that I’d run into Marie Colvin, they all spoke of her as someone of genuine honesty, intelligence, and bravery.

After turning off the news and eating a late dinner, I read, watched a movie, and went to bed—but it was impossible to put that child, or Marie’s voice, out of my head.

This morning, we all woke to the news that Marie Colvin, as well as a French photographer, Rémi Ochlik, were dead. Just hours after that Syrian child, and so many others had died, she and Ochlik were killed by rocket fire in Homs. Colvin’s death comes less than a week after the death of Anthony Shadid, in Syria, near the Turkish border. (Jon Lee Anderson, who published his own remarkable report in this week’s New Yorker, was among the friends and family to celebrate Anthony at his funeral on Tuesday in Beirut.) And the news of their deaths comes at the same time as reports of a Syrian blogger, Rami al-Sayed, killed by rocket fire in Homs.

It is not yet clear if the Syrian government deliberately targeted the building in which Colvin and Ochlik, and a number of other journalists, were working. (The Times described it as a “makeshift media center.”) At least three other journalists were apparently injured in the same attack. All this suggests that the Assad regime may have begun a direct assault on the media, though that remains unclear. Many of the foreign reporters filing from Syria have done so after sneaking across the border.

Colvin would be the first to demand that we concentrate less on her own death than on the outrage of the Syrian Army, under the command of a tyrant too often described as a “mild-mannered” eye doctor, slaughtering its own people. And it is all being carried out with arms and diplomatic cover from Vladimir Putin.

Like Shadid, Colvin devoted her life—and gave her life—for the proposition that the truth of history demands witnesses. Her death, like Shadid's, like that of so many others, is yet another reminder, as if any more were needed, that experience in the field is no shelter from disaster. In November 2010, at St. Bride's Church in London, Colvin was one of the speakers at a service called Truth At All Costs to honor the hundreds of journalists who have died in war zones over the years. The Duchess of Cornwall was there. As ever, Colvin spoke best for herself as she described the essential place of war reporting and the inner calculus of risk. Here are a few paragraphs, but I would hope you will read it all:

Your Royal Highness, ladies and gentlemen, I am honored and humbled to be speaking to you at this service tonight to remember the journalists and their support staff who gave their lives to report from the war zones of the twenty-first century. I have been a war correspondent for most of my professional life. It has always been a hard calling. But the need for frontline, objective reporting has never been more compelling.

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. And yes, it means taking risks, not just for yourself but often for the people who work closely with you.

Despite all the videos you see from the Ministry of Defense or the Pentagon, and all the sanitized language describing smart bombs and pinpoint strikes, the scene on the ground has remained remarkably the same for hundreds of years. Craters. Burned houses. Mutilated bodies. Women weeping for children and husbands. Men for their wives, mothers children.

Our mission is to report these horrors of war with accuracy and without prejudice. We always have to ask ourselves whether the level of risk is worth the story. What is bravery, and what is bravado?

<http://search.proquest.com/docview/922743531?accountid=45340>

The Times: Marie Colvin: Resourceful and courageous foreign correspondent renowned for her intrepid forays into some of the most dangerous places on earth

February 23, 2012

In August last year, after a sweltering day covering the gunfire and chaos of the battle for Tripoli, Marie Colvin and a group of Western journalists found themselves outside the high walls of the mansion of Muatassim Gaddafi, son of the fleeing dictator. The other journalists, all much younger but worn out after a long day of intense reporting, said they could not be bothered to scale the wall and sneak inside.

But Colvin, who had been covering wars for more than a quarter of a century, and had lost an eye on the front line of Sri Lanka's civil conflict in 2001, jumped out of the van and threw herself at a ladder that some helpful locals had procured. Indefatigable, unafraid as ever, she was the first over the top, as the other reporters reluctantly clambered after her.

It was a shock then, but no surprise to colleagues, that Colvin, an American reporter for The Sunday Times who became a legend on Fleet Street, was killed yesterday in the terrible slaughter of Homs, a city that has been besieged and bombarded by the Syrian Government for more than two weeks. She had filed a moving report from the city just days before her death in the rebel-controlled enclave of Baba Amr, describing the plight of women and children huddling for elusive shelter in the so-called "widows' basement".

One of the most resourceful and courageous foreign correspondents of her generation, Marie Colvin had made her name for her intrepid forays into some of the most dangerous war torn regions of the world, and through the graphic copy which these perilous forays produced for The Sunday Times for which she had worked for the past 25 years. She was killed along with a French photojournalist Remi Ochlik when shells and rockets hit the house in Baba Amr where both were staying.

Since losing the sight in her left eye while covering the fighting between government troops and Tamil rebels in Sri Lanka in April 2001, Colvin had been instantly recognizable for her trademark eye-patch.

It was the result of what appeared to be a deliberate attempt to silence her. Lucky to escape with her life when Sri Lankan government soldiers fired on her and a grenade was lobbed in her direction, she sustained four shrapnel

wounds in shoulder, chest, thigh and eye, for which no medical treatment was tendered to her for ten hours after the incident. Given the hostility towards her from government quarters, colleagues took the decision to have her flown out of the country in spite of the seriousness of her injuries.

Colvin's reports were always redolent of the violent atmosphere of life in the front line where, as she was always candidly aware, the dangers that eventually claimed her life were part and parcel of the desperate existence of a population on the ground that simply had nowhere to flee from them. Only recently, while reporting she had not hesitated to confess herself "more awed than ever by the bravery of civilians who endure far more than I ever will. They must stay where they are. I can come home to London".

One of her last pieces of commentary from the conflict in Syria, whose bloodshed she described as "absolutely sickening", was of a piece with the immediacy she brought to her reporting. "I watched a little baby die today," she told BBC television by phone from Homs. "Absolutely horrific. His little tummy just kept heaving until he died."

The plight of children and women in wartime was among her particular preoccupations as a correspondent. During her career her coverage had ranged over the conflicts in such countries as Syria, where she died, Chechnya, Kosovo, Sri Lanka, and more recently the uprisings of the Arab Spring in Tunisia, Egypt and Libya. She had also covered the Iran-Iraq War, the 1991 Gulf War, and conflict in Sierra Leone and East Timor.

Marie Catherine Colvin was born in 1956 in Oyster Bay, New York State, a small town in Nassau County on Long Island Sound. She was educated at Oyster Bay High School from where she went to Yale University in 1974 and took her bachelor's degree. Beginning her journalistic career in the United States, she came to Europe in 1984 as bureau chief in Paris for the agency United Press International (UPI). In April 1986, just before President Reagan launched airstrikes on Libya and while working as a reporter for UPI, Colvin was awakened at 3am and escorted to her first of many interviews with Muammar Gaddafi at his Bab al-Aziziya compound in the centre of Tripoli. She recalled the Libyan leader as dressed in a red silk shirt, white silk pajama trousers and lizard skin slip-ons, obsessed with security and living in his bunker (which was garishly decorated) in isolation from world events. In 2011 she was to see the compound looted and in chaos while covering the uprising that overthrew him.

Later in 1986 she joined The Sunday Times, working as Middle East correspondent for nine years, after which she became Foreign Affairs correspondent. Her area of specialization was the politics and culture of the Arab and Persian worlds, but as time went on she came increasingly to be present in countries where conflict was destroying societies, particularly the lives of the weakest members of them.

The human misery left in the breakup of the Soviet Union and then Yugoslavia was a reporting imperative for her. She exposed herself to danger in Chechnya where she was attacked by Russian jets while reporting on the rebels. On one occasion she went missing for several days and there were fears for her safety. In the Balkans she went on patrol with the Kosovo Liberation Army as it took on Serb forces.

Colvin won many awards throughout her career, including Foreign Reporter of the Year in the British Press Awards (2001 and 2010); the International Women's Media Foundation award for Courage in Journalism, 2001; the Foreign Press Association's Journalist of the Year award, 2002; and Woman of the Year (Britain) 2002.

She set out her journalistic credo in a starkly moving address that she gave to the congregation during a service, "Truth at all Costs", which was held at St Bride's Church, London, "Fleet Street's church", in November 2010, to commemorate journalists and media workers who had died this century while on assignment.

To an audience containing many of the most distinguished journalists of the day she said: "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. And yes, it means taking risks, not just for yourself but often for the people who work closely with you.

"Despite all the videos you see from the Ministry of Defence or the Pentagon, and all the sanitised language describing smart bombs and pinpoint strikes ... the scene on the ground has remained remarkably the same for hundreds of years. Craters. Burnt houses. Mutilated bodies. Women weeping for children and husbands. Men for their wives, mothers, children."

She concluded: "We always have to ask ourselves whether the level of risk is worth the story. What is bravery, and what is bravado?" She provided the answer for herself and her audience. "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 ... The real difficulty is having enough faith in humanity to believe that enough people -- be they government, military or the man on the street -- will care when your file reaches the printed page, the website or the TV screen. We do have that faith because we believe we do make a difference."

It was the credo which led her to expose herself to danger in the pursuit of truth right to the end of her life.

In her periods of relaxation Colvin was a glamorous host at her London house, presiding in a black cocktail dress and a special eye-patch studded with rhinestones, over parties full of actors, politicians, writers and journalists. An expert yacht skipper, she also liked to take time off in the summer to go sailing.

Marie Colvin was three times married. She had no children.

Marie Colvin, journalist, was born on January 12, 1956. She died in an artillery bombardment in Syria on February 22, 2012, aged 56.

<http://www.theglobeandmail.com/news/world/slain-journalist-was-thorough-honest-fearless/article2346909/>

The Globe and Mail: Slain journalist was 'thorough, honest, fearless'

By: Danica Kirka

February 23, 2012 1:43 am EST

She was instantly recognizable for the eye patch that hid a shrapnel injury – a testament to Marie Colvin's courage, which took her behind the front lines of the world's deadliest conflicts to write about the suffering of individuals trapped in war.

After more than two decades of chronicling conflict, Ms. Colvin became a victim of it on Wednesday, killed by shelling in the besieged Syrian city of Homs.

Ms. Colvin, 56, from East Norwich, New York, had been a foreign correspondent for Britain's Sunday Times for more than 25 years, making a specialty of reporting from the world's most dangerous places.

The newspaper posted her final dispatch outside the website's paywall, so anyone could read her account from a basement offering refuge for women and children. The report chronicled the horrors that eventually took her own life.

"It is a city of the cold and hungry, echoing to exploding shells and bursts of gunfire," Ms. Colvin wrote. "There are no telephones and the electricity has been cut off. ... Freezing rain fills potholes and snow drifts in through windows empty of glass. No shops are open, so families are sharing what they have with relatives and neighbours. Many of the dead and injured are those who risked foraging for food.

"Fearing the snipers' merciless eyes, families resorted last week to throwing bread across rooftops, or breaking through communal walls to pass unseen."

In the 1990s, Ms. Colvin worked in the Balkans, Chechnya and Iraq. She covered the conflict in East Timor after its people voted for independence from Indonesia. She lost the sight in one eye after being hit by shrapnel during an ambush in Sri Lanka in 2001. But she promised not to "hang up my flak jacket" and kept reporting on the world's most troubled places.

She was one of the few reporters to interview ousted Libyan leader Moammar Gadhafi in the days before his death in October.

Her mother, Rosemarie Colvin, told The Associated Press that her daughter knew Colonel Gadhafi well, and described her daughter as a passionate about her work, even when it got very hard.

"She was supposed to leave [Syria] today," said her mother, adding that her daughter had spoken yesterday with her editor who ordered her to leave because it was so dangerous. "She had to stay. She wanted to finish one more story."

The eldest of five children, Ms. Colvin leaves her mother, two sisters and two brothers. Rosemarie Colvin invited reporters into her home, fighting back the tears.

"The reason I've been talking to all you guys is that I don't want my daughter's legacy to be 'no comment ... because she wasn't a 'no comment' person,'" she said. "Her legacy is: Be passionate and be involved in what you believe in. And do it as thoroughly and honestly and fearlessly as you can."

A graduate of Yale University, Ms. Colvin had never planned to be a journalist. She had studied anthropology, later taking the rigorous study of people and places and putting it to good use writing about individuals caught up in suffering to relay the horror of war.

<http://www.independent.co.uk/news/obituaries/marie-colvin-awardwinning-foreign-correspondent-hailed-for-her-courage-and-compassion-7321341.html>

The Independent: Marie Colvin Award-winning foreign correspondent hailed for her courage and compassion

By: Michael Leapman

February 23, 2012

At a ceremony at St Bride's Church in Fleet Street in 2010, in honour of reporters killed in war zones, Marie Colvin, the long-serving Sunday Times foreign correspondent, delivered a moving address. "We can and do make a difference in exposing the horrors of war and especially the atrocities that befall civilians," she said, but added: "We always have to ask ourselves whether the level of risk is worth the story. What is bravery and what is bravado?"

Those who worked alongside her affirm that she was demonstrably brave but in no sense reckless. But yesterday the American-born reporter was added to the roll of those who have died for the sake of the story when she and a photographer were killed by a rocket when trying to escape from a house in Homs, Syria, that was being used as a press centre for the rebels.

The previous day she had sent despatches by satellite telephone to the BBC, ITN and the news channel CNN. She reported: "There is just shells, rockets and tank fire pouring into civilian areas of this city and it is just unrelenting." Her reports accompanied harrowing footage of a baby killed in the shelling. She said it was important that such images should be broadcast to show the world what was happening in the city. "Why is no one stopping this murder?" she asked.

The question why journalists such as she put themselves in harm's way for the sake of exposing violence, hardship and injustice was one that she asked herself throughout her professional career. In 2001 she visited the Tamil-held area of Sri Lanka – the first Western journalist to do so for six years – and lost her sight in her left eye when it was struck by shrapnel from a grenade. (Her black eye patch subsequently became her badge of identity.)

The same week she wrote a 3000-word article for The Sunday Times describing the incident and the operation in a New York hospital to save her eyesight. In it she said she had been told she was foolish to court such dangers, and concluded: "So, was I stupid? Stupid I would feel writing a column about the dinner party I went to last night. Equally, I'd rather be in that middle ground between a desk job and getting shot, no offence to desk jobs. For my part, the next war I cover, I'll be more awed than ever by the quiet bravery of civilians who endure far more than I ever will. They must stay where they are; I can come home to London."

In fact she had the reputation of staying in a zone of conflict longer than most of the "visiting firemen" who pay brief visits and leave as soon as the interest of their news desks begins to fade, even if the core situation remains unresolved. It was an important reason why her reports were notable for their insights and local knowledge.

In 1999, reporting the plight of refugees in East Timor, she insisted on staying until their evacuation was assured, although some aid officials had wanted to pull out earlier. Not long before her assignment to Syria she spent many weeks in Libya, and was one of the last journalists to interview Colonel Gaddafi.

The daughter of a schoolteacher, Marie Colvin was born in Oyster Bay, Long Island, in 1957 and educated at the local high school. She worked in Paris for United Press International before joining the Sunday Times in 1986 as

its Middle East correspondent. Among stories she covered were the war between Iran and Iraq, the conflict in Yemen and the two Gulf wars.

Broadening her area of operations, she reported on the wars in Indonesia, Kosovo and Chechnya, for which she won one of the several awards she attracted during her career. This one was for her description of how she escaped from approaching Russian troops. The only route open to her was a path across mountains, leading to a remote and virtually inaccessible spot from where, after four days, she was rescued by an American helicopter. The British Press Awards judges commented: "Her escape from Chechnya was a superb adventure, grippingly told. It was one of the great adventure stories of all time."

Other awards came from the Foreign Press Association and the International Women's Media Foundation (for courage). In 2009 she was honoured by the trustees of the Martha Gellhorn Prize for her "distinguished work over many years in the service of journalism". This gave her particular pleasure as Gellhorn, who reported the Spanish Civil War and the Second World War, was one of her heroines and an influential role model.

Colvin's peripatetic profession was not conducive to a stable private life and her three marriages ended unhappily. Her second husband was the journalist and author Patrick Bishop and her third Juan Carlos Gumucio, a Bolivian reporter who committed suicide in 2002. One of the few outside interests she made time for was sailing, at which she became highly proficient.

Her final report, in the Sunday Times four days ago, was characteristic in its combination of resourcefulness and compassion: "I entered Homs on a smugglers' route, which I promised not to reveal, climbing over walls in the dark and slipping into muddy trenches... The building I was staying in lost its upper floor to a rocket last Wednesday... No shops are open, so families are sharing what they have with relatives and neighbours. Many of the dead and injured are those who risked foraging for food.... The scale of human tragedy in the city is immense. The inhabitants are living in terror.... On the lips of everyone was the question: 'Why have we been abandoned by the world?'"

<http://motherjones.com/media/2012/02/rip-marie-colvin>

Mother Jones: RIP, Marie Colvin

By: Kurt Pitzer

February 24, 2012 1:39 pm PST

I met Marie Colvin in the Bar America in Kukes, Albania, in 1999. I'd just arrived on my first assignment in a real conflict zone, and I didn't know a soul. The café was thick with journalists, spies, and soldiers of fortune, all planning cross-border raids with the Kosovo Liberation Army (KLA) into what was left of Yugoslavia. Between the heavy cigarette smoke and the whispered conversations, it was hard for me to tell who was which. Marie stood out unmistakably. Tall and blonde with a husky voice and an easy laugh, she seemed to know everybody. I'd only heard about her as the legendary writer for the Sunday Times of London who'd covered conflicts in Libya and Beirut while I was still a school kid.

When she found out I was a newbie, she sat down at my table and offered me a briefing. "Put your notebook away," she said, urging me to be more discrete. "See those guys over there?" She indicated a burly threesome. "They're working for Sky News, but they're really mercenaries trying to get in and shoot somebody." She laughed but raised her eyebrows to show she wasn't kidding. I nodded and scribbled notes in my lap as she warned me about bandits on the road to Bajram Curri. She told me the names of KLA generals who might be trusted to keep their word and those who probably wouldn't. She wanted to know: Had I been to the checkpoint where ethnic Albanian refugees were streaming across the border? What did I think? She wanted details.

We talked for half an hour over coffee. Why a veteran like her took time to talk to me was a mystery. Maybe it was her intense curiosity about people. Or maybe, realizing that I'd be writing dispatches about a story for which she cared deeply, she wanted to make sure I had the right attitude. All I know is I was grateful, and she quickly became a friend and a hero to me.

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A few months later, after the fall of Pristina to NATO troops, I went to Istanbul to cover the devastating earthquake and then took a long vacation. Marie went to East Timor and then Chechnya, to write about the uprisings and brutal crackdowns. We met many times in the years to come, but there was no keeping up with her. It seemed that wherever people's lives were being torn apart by armed conflict, Marie was in the middle of the action, pen on paper.

Many friends and colleagues have written about her bravery since her death this week in Syria alongside French photographer Remi Ochlik. Marie crossed front lines more often than most other journalists, and it's true there was no writer with more guts. But Marie was not just a bang-bang reporter. "Being a war correspondent for me has never been, 'Is that a T-52 tank or a T-72 tank?'" she said a few years ago. "It's about people. It's about what people are going through."

She dropped to the ground and called out, "Journalist!" In response, the soldiers shot a grenade that punctured her chest with shrapnel and tore through her left eye. Marie was the natural enemy of propagandists, but despite this she managed to charm some of the world's most notorious dictators. Her guarded friendship with the late Libyan ruler Moammar Qaddafi led him to grant more interviews to her than to any other English-speaking writer. Time and again she came away from Libya with front-page material, as well as stories she didn't want to print. Marie kept her friends rolling with laughter when she'd recount, for example, the time Qaddafi suggestively asked her to put on a pair of green slippers, because green was his favorite color, and she had to claim her feet were too big in order to escape his overtures.

Other strongmen wanted Marie dead. In the spring of 2001, she illegally crossed into Tamil territory in Sri Lanka and became the first foreign journalist in eight years to write about that conflict from the rebels' point of view. When she tried to return to government-held land, soldiers fired on her with automatic weapons. She dropped to the ground and called out, "Journalist!" In response, the soldiers shot a grenade that punctured her chest with shrapnel and tore through her left eye.

"I felt a profound sadness that I was going to die," she wrote for the Sunday Times after finally reaching a hospital. She was still rehabilitating late that year when Kabul fell. The newspaper and its readers missed her reportage from Afghanistan. I know because I tried in vain to fill her shoes as a stringer for the paper in her absence.

By 2003, after the invasion of Iraq, Marie was in Baghdad with her now-famous black eye patch, running circles around younger reporters. My friend Marijana Wotton was following women war correspondents for a documentary called Bearing Witness. Find Marie Colvin, I suggested, and keep your camera on her.

Marie stole the show, because she could make you laugh and break your heart at the same time. "I have to keep a bit of femininity," she'd say, referring to the pink socks she wore beneath hiking boots crusted with the ashes of burned-out buildings. "Don't I?"

The film includes a scene—so typical of Marie—in which she's the first reporter to arrive at the excavation of a mass grave south of Baghdad. She tries to get details about the victims but is frustrated when a translator wants to impress upon her the number of body bags.

"I don't want to say, 'There are hundreds of people here'; I want to tell the stories of each person. These are not numbers, okay?" She turns to a man holding a plastic bag containing the bones of a family member. "What's your name?" She asks where the victim lived, what he did for a living, and who loved him, searching for details that will reach the hearts of readers thousands of miles away.

Marie was eloquent and clear-eyed about the work we did, although the question of the effectiveness of her reporting gnawed at her. As she told a British audience a couple of years ago, "The real difficulty is having enough faith in humanity to believe that enough people, be they government, military, or the man on the street, will care when your file reaches the printed page, the website, or the TV screen."

Marie never gave up that faith in humanity. "I probably do get too involved," she admitted in Baghdad. "And I tend to have nightmares. But it still matters to me, and when it stops mattering to me, I'll stop doing it."

Marie could make you laugh and break your heart at the same time. "I have to keep a bit of femininity," she'd say, referring to the pink socks she wore beneath hiking boots crusted with the ashes of burned-out buildings. "Don't I?" In 2005, I was with Marie in New York City after we got the terrible news that our friend, the young humanitarian worker Marla Ruzicka, had been killed by a car bomb near the Baghdad airport. The news hit Marie hard and brought back nightmares of the blast that had nearly taken her own life.

We organized a memorial in Brooklyn. Marla's mom flew out from the West Coast, but otherwise the gathering was pretty much a reunion of New York-based war reporters and aid workers. Marie was uncharacteristically quiet that night as everybody got drunk and cried. Marla had touched a lot of us in her short career, traveling repeatedly to Iraq and Afghanistan and successfully lobbying US legislators to compensate victims of the Washington-led wars.

After most of us had made tributes to Marla, Marie finally stood up. The crowd quieted. Marie held a glass of vodka and an unlit cigarette in one hand and used her free hand to chop the air between her words.

"We should all do better," she said simply, gazing around the room with her good eye. "None of us were as good as Marla."

They were surprising words from a woman who'd risked her life for more than 20 years to expose the effects of war. But I knew what she meant. Marie yearned for a way to not only document atrocities but to undo them. Although she chose to bear witness as her profession, she would have loved nothing more than to put herself out of business.

As shown by the tributes to her since her death, Marie's work provoked a response that went way beyond an appreciation for her bravery. Her last report from Syria was about watching a baby die from a shrapnel wound, broadcast on CNN hours before Marie was herself killed. Through Marie's words, we saw an infant's chest rise and fall, struggling to take a few last breaths, until it stopped. It brought the Syrian conflict home.

Marie dignified her readers with the pieces she wrote by always having faith that we would care. And she made those of us who worked beside her better and more thoughtful correspondents. Her death is a loss for us all.

Thank you, Marie. We will always miss you.

<http://www.newyorker.com/online/blogs/comment/2012/02/a-tribute-to-marie-colvin.html>

The New Yorker: A Tribute to Marie Colvin

Posted by John Cassidy

February 23, 2012

In May, 2003, I travelled around Iraq reporting on its oil industry. Before reaching Baghdad, I got in touch with Marie Colvin, who was there covering the war and its aftermath for the Sunday Times, where I worked from 1986 to 1993. She wrote back to say that she was staying at a hunt club in the neighborhood of Mansour: the temporary headquarters of Ahmad Chalabi, the controversial Iraqi exile, darling of the neocons.

I didn't know where Mansour was, and the idea of a hunt club in the middle of Baghdad struck me as a bit bizarre. But the news that Marie was staying there didn't shock me. If she'd said she was hiding out with Saddam Hussein and his son Uday, I wouldn't have been overly surprised.

It turned out that the hunt club was pretty well known. Before the war, which had only been finished a few weeks, Uday, or one of his brothers, had had some sort of connection with it. When I arrived, there was nobody about except a few of Chalabi's heavily armed guards. I told one of them that I had come to see Marie. He said she was in the garden and led me through the building and into a nicely maintained half acre, with flower beds, a patio, and a huge stone head of Saddam, which had been removed from a statue. We walked down a path to a small brick building, which looked a bit like an oversized garden shed, and knocked on the door. Marie opened it.

As I recall, it was one room with a cot in one corner and a sink in another. Along a wall, next to the window, there was a chair, a table, a laptop computer, and a bottle of Scotch. There might have been a small stove; I can't remember. Marie said cheerfully that until she moved in, Chalabi's guards had been using the space to interrogate former members of Saddam's regime about the whereabouts of W.M.D. and other matters. I said I hoped they'd finished, and she said they had; nobody bothered her here.

It was like a scene from a Graham Greene novel. Marie, except for the fact she was female, was very much a Greene character: wry, nicotine stained, almost ludicrously brave. By her standards this was a cushy assignment. Since before the war had started, she'd been travelling with Chalabi's party. The exact details escape my mind. I think they'd been in Kurdistan for a time, and then, once Saddam fell, they came down to Baghdad. How long was she staying? She said she didn't know. She never did. But it was sure to be a while.

As were many other reporters, Marie was on the trail of the W.M.D., which never turned up, and of Saddam, who did. By staying close to Chalabi, she was hoping to get a tipoff. She was also doing other stuff. The next day she was driving out to look at a mass grave, where some of Saddam's victims were said to be buried. She asked if I wanted to go with her. I said I had urgent business—at the oil ministry.

After a while, Chalabi returned, and we had drinks in the garden with a couple of other reporters who'd shown up. It was a bizarrely sedate scene. Apart from Chalabi's guards patrolling the garden perimeter with their AK-47s primed, and the calls to prayer from a nearby super-mosque that Saddam had built to appease his populace, we could have been virtually anywhere.

Marie was clearly on good terms with Chalabi and his honchos. She was never a press-office reporter. In the places she operated in—the Middle East, mainly—the only way to find out what was going on was to get to know the major players and win their confidence. Some whispered that she got too close to her sources. That was just jealous gossip. Working for nearly thirty years on a weekly paper that prides itself on making news, she was a one-woman scoop machine. And many of her biggest stories had nothing to do with playing the access game. From the besieged Burj el-Barajneh refugee camp in Lebanon during the late nineteen-eighties to the embattled streets of Homs, she somehow slipped into hellholes other journalists couldn't or wouldn't reach and told the world what was happening there.

She had scores of stories. Not that she volunteered them unless asked. This is one she told me. Years back in Tripoli, she got exclusive access to Qaddafi, who was then in his pomp. The night before the interview, some of the Libyan leader's security personnel awoke her in her hotel room. They ushered in some nurses, who said they wanted to examine her, presumably for signs of infectious diseases. She shooed them away. The next day she did the interview, which overran its allotted time in the usual Middle East fashion. That night, or maybe it was the next night, the security men and nurses returned. This time they wanted to take blood. Marie decided it was time to return to London.

Then there were the times she was running through fields in Chechnya being strafed by Russian warplanes, and, in Sri Lanka, getting caught up in firefights with Tamil Tigers. It was there that she lost her eye. She didn't talk about it much, but she hadn't really wanted to go. It wasn't her part of the world: she didn't know the topography, the history, or the local characters. But when the foreign editor asked her to fill in and cover the story, she went.

The last time I saw her, she was swinging through New York to see her folks out in Oyster Bay and pick up a journalism award. She won lots of them, and, even after all her years in London, she remained enough of an American to take them reasonably seriously. Despite her tough-cookie exterior, she had never succumbed to the Fleet Street disease: cynicism. As the editor of the Sunday Times, John Witherow, said in a statement yesterday, she was "driven by a passion to cover wars in the belief that what she did mattered. She believed profoundly that reporting could curtail the excesses of brutal regimes and make the international community take notice. Above all, as we saw in her powerful report last weekend, her thoughts were with the victims of violence."

Only Tuesday, in an interview with the BBC from Homs, she described the death of a young child from shrapnel wounds. I didn't hear the report; I had no idea she was there. But when I saw the tragic news yesterday morning, I can't honestly say I was surprised. Part of me believed Marie had nine lives and would die in her bed of old age. But that's just something you tell yourself about friends who repeatedly put themselves in peril. On any objective scale, Marie was living dangerously. Of course she was in Homs. Where else would she have been?

As I drove to the ice rink with my wife and kids up here in Vermont, where we are spending a few days' vacation, I thought about the choices we all make. Marie made hers many years ago, devoting her life to being a war correspondent. Everything else—her health, her family, her personal life—came second. Naturally, she sometimes thought of doing something else, something less crazy. At our last lunch, she spoke in her throaty-voiced way about the possibility of writing a book and dialing it back—maybe getting a gig at a think tank or a journalism school. I think we both knew she'd never do it. Many moons ago, she quit reporting for a while and spent a couple of years on the Sunday Times foreign desk, rewriting copy and managing other reporters. She nearly died of boredom.

Before very long, she was back on another plane, heading into another danger zone. "In an age of 24/7 rolling news, blogs and twitters, we are on constant call wherever we are," she said in a 2010 speech. "But war reporting

is still essentially the same—someone has to go there and see what is happening. You can't get that information without going to places where people are being shot at, and others are shooting at you.”

We all have to die sometime. Marie died doing what she loved, what made her feel most alive, what turns journalism from a job into something bigger and more noble: a mission. It's perhaps not much of a consolation to her many friends and her family, but it's what happened.

<http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/newsvideo/9108303/Lord-Leveson-pays-tribute-to-Marie-Colvin-work-as-the-best-in-journalism.html>

Telegraph: Lord Levenson pays tribute to Marie Colvin work as 'the best in journalism'

February 27, 2012 11:56 am GMT

(Video Embedded)

Lord Justice Leveson as he opened today's session of the inquiry into press standards, praised Sunday Times journalist Marie Colvin who was killed in Syria as an example of the "best in journalism".

"I have repeatedly emphasised the vital role that responsible journalism plays in our society and I have recognised that the overwhelming majority of journalists work to high standards day after day," he said.

"In that regard it is particularly appropriate to say that there is no better example of the very best in journalism than that provided by Marie Colvin whose determination to illuminate events in the most dangerous corners of the world, whose life, body of work and the ultimate sacrifice that she made in doing so, all serve to underline the need to preserve and protect free speech and a free press.

"To say that she was a fine reporter does not do justice to the tribute that she is owed and which I am very pleased to acknowledge.

Gerald Weaver: Tribute to Marie Colvin

By Gerald Weaver

February 25, 2012

*Note: This tribute was received via e-mail and is unpublished as of this date

Marie Colvin sat across the table from me in the kitchen of her Thames-side home in the Hammersmith neighborhood of London on October 18, 2011, as she looked me in the eye and gave me a completely unexpected answer to a question I had long planned to ask her. "So, Marie, do you have some kind of a death wish or something?" I had asked, waiting and watching her intently. I had expected that she maybe she would react a bit too defensively or that she might have otherwise partially admitted to the premise of the question. But I realized immediately that it had been the quintessential stupid question. The gist of her answer was that these were normal people who were being attacked, bombed, uprooted and murdered in the stories she was uncovering and reporting. The normal people who would read her reports should have a normal reaction to them, she said. And by that, she meant they should be appalled and horrified. So for Marie it was merely normal to pick up and go find the most terrible story that no other reporter would cover and then report it as a matter of fact. The danger simply did not occur to her. She neither feared nor courted it. As I listened to her, I heard the word "human" for the word "normal."

She also had no interest in romanticizing or aggrandizing what it was that she did in her work. She used to laugh it off when I would call her "the distaff Ernest Hemingway of Great Britain." I was in London those four months ago at her urging, because I had just written the first three chapters of a novel that I had only started and only because she had urged me to write it, and which I have only recently completed with her encouragement and through her help. She then started talking to me about us contacting literary agents in London that she knew and it occurred to me ask her when she was going to write her own book about her very interesting, exciting and inspiring life. I knew that the possibility of such a book would be why agents would have wanted to court her. She only laughed and suggested that maybe I should write her book. She was only interested in reporting, not in making herself the story. She was in her life and in her death utterly heroic, but she would have been the last person to think that or to want to even talk about it.

Marie also had that same good natured disinterest when it came to politics, or to her more difficult role as a woman in her profession, or to moving about in a part of the world that was not particularly easy for a woman. For the almost forty years that I knew her, she only ever addressed politics obliquely. I always assumed she was a liberal. But it was more than that and it was much different. She was, through her work and her life, a liberalizing force within the world. She hoped to speak to a better part within us all that she felt simply must empathize with the least fortunate, the terrorized, the forgotten and the innocents who are under attack. And when she called me on her satellite phone one night this past December, it was only in passing that she mentioned how she had been chased through Tahrir Square on the same night that many women had been assaulted there. And even then she only spoke of her gratitude to the Egyptians who had saved her and not of the special dangers to her as a woman.

She used to always apologize for often being out of touch, for answering with one phone call three or four weeks of daily emails, for disappearing for weeks or months on end. I have no doubt that for many of us who were even her closest friends that her columns in the Sunday Times were perhaps the most reliable way for us to hear her voice and know what was on her mind. It was almost as if she was expressing her worry that her relationships were like her politics or what she might say about her work or what it meant to her to be a woman war correspondent. They came after her need to tell the story. My best insight into this came the day after I had asked my stupid question, on October 19, 2011, the day it was reported that Muammar Gaddafi had been killed.

I watched her at her home in that morning as she accomplished what would have taken anyone else several days. She juggled several phones, gave an interview to National Public Radio, made calls in English and French to make arrangements for two separate clandestine border crossings, made flight arrangements, coordinated with other reporters, communicated with her office, dug up leads, tracked down reports. And that was all the while she was packing and gathering up several different phones and communications uplinks, taking deliveries at the front door, and pulling out her helmet, her flak jacket and all her other protective gear, which was all marked, "Marie Colvin, O +," for her blood type. She laughed about that too, and all the time she was apologizing for cutting our visit short. She was generous to a fault and she showed her idiosyncratic disinterest when it came to compliments. And when I pitched in and helped her prepare to leave in what limited ways I could, she was surprised by it and slightly embarrassed.

But what I noticed that morning has stuck with me now that she is gone. There can be no doubt of the magnitude of the loss that is encompassed by her death, personally to her family and friends, professionally in the realm of journalism, and even to the world in what has been lost in the reporting of stories that are the most harrowing and dangerous to reporters and perhaps the most important for the rest of us to know. When I read what has been written and what I write about her passing, and even when I read what has been reported about what Marie herself had said about the importance of reporting these stories, I realize that all of it is true but that all of it is necessarily a reduction of what she actually was. That morning she was incredibly alive with a passion to get to the story and to tell it. And she was filled with what can only be called joy. In all the moods and stages of her life in which I had witnessed her, at that moment of going to cover the story she was the most of who she really was, and she was at one with it.

She was a tirelessly brave and compassionate female war correspondent, true. But to me she really was what few people ever get the opportunity to be and what almost none of us have the will to be. She was a free artist of herself and of her life. Her commanding if almost sole interest was in being our eyes and ears in places where most people would be afraid to look or to go. I think the joy I saw in her was that she knew how rare such a life can be, and that she was fortunate to be living it. That is the small personal consolation that I draw from her death. It would be tremendous if something positive would come out of it in terms of expediting the end of the massacre in Syria, but I believe that is something even she would not have expected and would have been something for which she had only hoped. The possible larger consolation would be to the way in which her death might speak, in the same way that her life and her reporting had, to that part of us that should care for the world's innocent and obscure victims. And I also hope that it might speak to some others who might be inspired to go in her wake and report those same kinds of stories to the world, and do so regardless of the personal risk and do it heroically, as did my friend, Marie Colvin.

Katrina Heron: For Marie Colvin

By Katrina Heron

*Note: This tribute was received via e-mail and is unpublished as of this date

I've spent my adult life refusing to envision an obituary for Marie. I planned with all my conscious powers never to read one, and I promised myself that I would never have to write one. Along with her family and her great caravan of other friends, I celebrated Marie's determination to put herself in harm's way, to "bear witness" as a foreign correspondent in so many parts of the world – Lebanon, Libya, Israel, the Palestinian refugee camps in the West Bank, Chechnya, Sri Lanka, East Timor, Iraq – and waited each time she went out on assignment, fretting, for her to signal the all-clear. "Will call when I'm outta here," she would write as she filed her last story from the danger zone.

From our mid-20s until yesterday, that fragile insistence of mine mostly held. There were terrifying moments, and Marie was gravely wounded in 2001; caught in a firefight in Sri Lanka, she lost sight in one eye and nearly died from shrapnel wounds. But she survived, and when she arrived back in New York, we went together to interview ophthalmological surgeons (waving away, regretfully, the very handsome young doctor who eagerly auditioned with his grasp of geopolitics), shopped for eye patches and drank quite a lot of Champagne. I didn't stop worrying after that, but my hope swelled to a greater confidence. Marie took the greatest possible precautions in conflict areas, so far from rash or merely impulsive that other journalists often looked to her for guidance on the risk calculus of a given situation. She focused on bringing back the story and didn't dwell personally on the dire circumstances in which she found herself except insofar as they served her formidable powers of description and, often, hilarity.

I look back over the last year or so of scattered emails, sitting there innocently in the queue. She wrote last June: "I am STILL in Misrata, Libya, and the ever brutal Gadaffi is ruining any chance of a social life or indeed a life by selfishly refusing to Go. Despite all the graffiti on walls here giving excellent advice, "Just Go!" I had one of my best offers ever today. A rebel fighter on the front ambled over, on his break from firing, so to speak, and said, "Hey, do you want to shoot the mortar?" It is definitely a sign that I may have been here too long because I REALLY WANTED TO SHOOT THE MORTAR. I mean, when will I ever get a chance to shoot a mortar again?"

A couple of days later: "I am sitting in the gloaming on the stern of a Turkish boat in Misurata harbor, looking out over an ugly seascape of cranes and broken concrete and blasted buildings from months of bombing. I am finally homeward bound, a day's journey to Benghazi, a few days in the rebel capital for a story then an overnight drive to Cairo. It gives one respect for travel, having to run the spectrum of transport. It will be strange coming out of this world that, however mad, has a simplicity to it of sand and courage and bombs and sleep and canned tuna and a few shirts, washed out in a bowl when the dust threatens to take over."

A bit farther on, there's an invitation to connect with her on LinkedIn, which prompted some hazing about whether she was trying to beat the rap on her famously abysmal grasp of basic networking technology (she used a satellite phone but was flummoxed by her iPhone). In truth, she was a technical wizard of a different sort, a skilled sailor who had done a lot of deep-water racing and had recently, proudly, earned her yachtmaster qualification. She grew up sailing in Long Island Sound, and the loss of vision had slowed her down not a bit.

There's a quick back and forth toward fall on a subject we talked about often by phone and during our last couple of visits – me going to London, where she lived, or her coming to California, where I am. She kept saying she wanted to spend less time in the Middle East and more time at home – and on the ocean. She had briefly tried a desk job at her paper, the Times of London, but of course it drove her nuts. Still, the job was getting more perilous. Tim Hetherington, the photojournalist killed in Misrata in April 2011, had been very generously helping me on a book I was editing about Liberia, where he'd spent a good deal of time. Marie knew about the project and had written me: "Weirdly, I went by the place today where Tim and [photographer] Chris Hondros were killed. A shiver of mortality. The forecourt of the car repair shop still bears the mark of the mortar shell that killed them, and a starburst of chips in the concrete where the metal flew out as shrapnel."

Around Thanksgiving, the messages trail off for a bit, as they often did. But even when I didn't know exactly where she was, I didn't worry desperately. I was used to periods of silence, plus there was a group of us that always passed around bits of her itinerary. Sightings by other journalists would filter back or someone would see her on CNN or hear her on NPR. She knew she could call day or night, and I could always reach at least her voice – I was thinking tonight that her cell is probably still on, with its years-old, soft and slightly lilting greeting. But I couldn't bear to hear it now so I won't try. Christmas Day she there in my inbox, brief but joyful.

A couple of weeks ago, Marie wrote that she was going to Syria. I think her colleagues were uneasy, and I know now that several of our friends tried to talk her out of it. I felt fairly calm, which just goes to show you how great is

the power of willful optimism. In the last email I have from her, she wrote: "I am now in Beirut, negotiating with smugglers to get me across the border. After six weeks in Libya this year, under shelling and that low level of anxiety every day brings, I had said I'll do a bit less of the hot spots, but what is happening in Syria, especially Homs, is criminal, so I am once again, knapsack on back with my satellite phone and computer, clambering across a dark border."

I was fast asleep in my bed in Berkeley yesterday when Marie was killed in Homs. I woke up to what the world was learning – that the house she and several others were camping out in had been hit by rockets; that with Marie in the lead, the group had just run down the stairs to the front door when a blast obliterated the entryway; that a 28-year-old French photographer, Remi Ochlik, also died, and three others were wounded. Right now, all of us are panicked about the condition of the injured journalists, not knowing whether rescue workers will be allowed in to Homs to get them. It brings me back to those frantic, terrible hours in 2001 when all we knew was that Marie was wounded in Sri Lanka and had yet to be evacuated.

I have been walking around all day talking to her, asking her dumbly where she is. Ever since we first met and became roommates in college, we've been inseparable in one way or another. In that same last email she said we should charter a boat this summer – sail merrily to the ends of the earth: "More when I am back from Syria. I love you very much."

The phones and email and all the rest have been humming with misery, and with Marie's love. So many wonderful people adored her and she them that I've been swathed in stunned, overflowing warmth all day. At the same time, it's impossible to believe she's dead, but then I'm scared of the moment when it will be impossible not to.

<http://www.newsday.com/news/world/marie-colvin-mourned-by-family-colleagues-1.3550219>

Newsday: Marie Colvin mourned by family, colleagues

By: Bart Jones and Tania Lopez
February 23

Marie's dedication to "bearing witness" - trying to bring the world's attention, and outrage, to the suffering of the people of Syria (and elsewhere) - is being referenced over and over in the international media. Something else she often said was, "I go into these places by choice, but the people I am covering have no choice. They will still be in mortal danger when I get to come home." How I wish that were still the horribly unfair truth.

Marie Colvin's editor urged her to leave Syria immediately because it had become too dangerous, but the veteran foreign correspondent from Long Island insisted on staying one more day -- to file yet another battlefield dispatch.

That story would not be told. Colvin, who courageously covered war zones for a quarter century, was killed Wednesday in a rocket attack in the embattled city of Homs.

"She was totally, totally committed to what she did," her mother, Rosemarie Colvin, said at her home in East Norwich. In the living room, a photography book -- "Modern Muses" by Bryan Adams -- was opened to a portrait of her daughter.

Recounting the story of her daughter's refusal to leave Syria, she added: "She died doing what was really important to her."

Marie Colvin, 56, a 1974 graduate of Oyster Bay High School, earned international acclaim as a fearless reporter for The Sunday Times of London. From the West Bank, Sri Lanka, Kosovo, Zimbabwe and East Timor, to the recent Arab uprisings in the Middle East, Colvin made it her mission to expose injustice and human suffering, colleagues said.

In 2001, when she was in Sri Lanka, an exploding hand grenade destroyed her left eye. Ruling out a prosthetic, she chose to wear a black eye patch -- making her a striking figure in the field.

"I never met a person with more courage," journalist T.D. Allman of The Daily Beast wrote. "She was always on the side of truth. She was always on the side of the oppressed. She never once tired. She never once faltered."

John Witherow, editor of The Sunday Times, said Colvin was "driven by a passion to cover wars in the belief that what she did mattered. She believed profoundly that reporting could curtail the excesses of brutal regimes and make the international community take notice."

Her numerous awards include the 2000 Courage in Journalism Award from the International Women's Media Foundation. In 2010, the Foreign Press Association named her Woman Journalist of the Year.

Colvin, a Yale University graduate who lived in London for years, idolized Martha Gelhorn, the famous war correspondent who once partnered with Ernest Hemingway, her family said.

"She grew up in a time when a lot of things were happening with women, with Vietnam and the civil rights movement," her mother said, noting that Colvin marched in Washington, D.C., to protest the Vietnam War when she was in high school. "Everything she did, she did with determination and passion."

"She was always after the truth," said Jerelyn Hanrahan, 55, of Oyster Bay, who counted Colvin as her best friend in high school. "In a way, it kept her grounded because she really believed in everything she was doing."

Colvin went to Yale planning to be an anthropologist, then took a seminar with "Hiroshima" author John Hersey and "just got hooked on writing," her mother said.

Joe McDermott, who now leads the Consortium for Worker Education, said he hired Colvin in 1978 to write for Teamsters Local 237's News and Views newspaper. She worked there until 1980, when she became a reporter for United Press International.

"It was glorious," he said. "She was full of life."

He said she had an amazing presence. "She caught on fast and she wrote fast," he said.

Colvin, who joined The Sunday Times about 25 years ago, was the oldest of five children. She had been previously married twice.

Survivors include her brothers, William of East Meadow and Michael of South Norwalk, Conn.; and her sisters, Cathleen Colvin of Oyster Bay and Aileen Horton of Alpharetta, Ga.

Funeral arrangements are pending the family's efforts to get Colvin's body out of Syria.

<http://www.fulhamchronicle.co.uk/fulham-and-hammersmith-news/local-fulham-and-hammersmith-news/2012/02/28/crew-mates-pay-tribute-to-hammersmith-journalist-marie-colvin-82029-30425709/>

Fulham & Hammersmith Chronicle: Crewmates pay tribute to Hammersmith journalist Marie Colvin

By: Rupert Basham
February 28

THE crew mates of Marie Colvin have paid tribute to their fearless and 'wickedly funny' friend who was tragically killed after a building she was staying in was hit by a rocket in the Syrian city of Homs last week.

The Sunday Times reporter who lived at Weltje Road, was one of two journalists killed in a government strike in the war-torn country hours after appearing on Channel 4 and ITN.

An avid sailor, Ms Colvin, 56, joined the London Corinthian Sailing Club, based in Upper Mall, in 2004, and would often get herself down to the water as soon as she was home from an assignment.

Club president Beverley Lawrence Beech, 66, said: "We had lots of fun out on the river, she was terribly fun, a real wacky sense of humour and was game for anything."

"Sailing 14ft long Enterprises aren't that easy, so getting it right caused a great deal of hilarity.

"Because of the nature of her work, she often just disappeared.

"We were trying to sail together off the Greek Islands and she was meant to join us, but she was busy chasing Gaddafi and never got to us.

"She didn't find us, but she found Gaddafi. We always knew she would be right in amongst it.

"My heart sank when she went off to Homs, but off she went.

"She hated injustice, she felt that the appalling behaviour of these dictators should be publicized - that was her job."

New York born Colvin dedicated her life to covering conflicts across the world including the Middle East, Chechnya, Sierra Leone and Sri Lanka where she was blinded in one eye in 2001 by Tamil Tigers soldiers.

Not one to shy away from adventure she competed in numerous offshore competitions, including the Middle Sea Race - a 600 mile course around the coast of Sicily.

"She loved the thrill and the calamity of it all," said team mate Hilary Cook, 53, "As a team of sailors all aged 50-something, on a 14ft boat racing against professionals, we had to work as a team.

"I think she really enjoyed the switch off nature of it all - you forget about the stress of your day to day job, which for her was excessive.

"She was a great teammate, wickedly funny and she would regale us with stories about her life and it was just 'Wow'.

"She would never get scared - to her it was all normal, which was very infectious.

"She didn't live life by normal rules, she had this belief that you could do anything.

Speaking to the BBC Radio 4 Today Programme this week, Ms Colvin's mother Rosemarie spoke of her agony and vowed not to rest until her daughter's body was returned home.

The news of her death has shocked the sailing club and plans are already underway to commemorate her life.

Ms Colvin was married three times but never had any children.

<http://www.jpost.com/International/Article.aspx?ID=259201&R=R1>

Jerusalem Post: Friends mourn US journalist killed in Syria as 'fearless'

By: Oren Kessler

February 24

Tributes poured in on Thursday for Marie Colvin, the US journalist for Britain's *Sunday Times* killed a day earlier in the besieged Syrian city of Homs, a center of opposition to the government of President Bashar Assad.

Colvin and French photojournalist Remi Ochlik were killed by Syrian army shelling of a makeshift media center in a residential building in the city's Baba Amr district. Unconfirmed witness statements said government forces knew foreign journalists were being sheltered in the building.

Wednesday's deaths bring to seven the number of journalists who have died in the country since November, including New York Times reporter Anthony Shadid, who died in northern Syria last week of an allergy-induced asthma attack.

Colvin, 56, was a veteran war reporter whose 26-year career with the *Times* took her through conflict zones from Chechnya to East Timor to Iraq. Her trademark eyepatch – she lost an eye in 2001 to a Tamil Tiger grenade in Sri Lanka – symbolized her courage under fire and a commitment to relaying stories from the world’s danger zones no matter the personal risk.

“She was a phenomenal person, very warm and loving and funny – enormously funny,” said Judith Miller, a journalist and longtime friend.

Miller – a former *New York Times* investigative reporter now writing for *City Journal* magazine – said her late friend took the dangers of her profession in stride.

“She almost had a Middle Eastern attitude toward it. She’d say, ‘If something happens, it happens,’” Miller recalled. “I thought her close brush with death in Sri Lanka, her long recovery and getting the glass eye might sober her up and lead her to be more cautious, but it didn’t – she just went back into the fray. That’s who she was.”

Miller said Colvin’s most valuable asset was her decades of experience reporting from the world’s war zones.

“There is often no substitute for experience and a sense of history,” she said. “She had that kind of breadth of knowledge that let her put the pieces together the way younger reporters can’t always do. That’s why the term ‘veteran correspondent’ was just as applicable to her as words like ‘brave,’ ‘audacious’ and ‘legendary.’”

“You meet many people in your life, and certain people stand out,” said Harold Rhode, a former Middle East analyst at the office of the US Secretary of Defense. “She was kind and decent, but fearless – she’d go anywhere in the world where people were fighting for freedom.”

“There was nothing that could hold this woman down,” said Rhode, who first met Colvin in Iraq after the 2003 US invasion. “She genuinely believed in freedom – she wanted to write about people trying to liberate themselves from the yoke of tyranny.”

Colvin, who lived in London when not on assignment, was married three times but had no children.

Born and raised in Long Island, New York, she studied anthropology at Yale and worked at United Press International before joining *The Sunday Times* in 1985. A year later she became the weekly’s Middle East correspondent. Reporting from the West Bank shortly thereafter, Colvin suffered a broken nose when a stone was hurled through the window of a car in which she was riding.

On Wednesday, her mother Rosemarie told reporters her daughter had planned to leave Syria shortly before she was killed, but had stayed to finish a story.

“My daughter was murdered by these people,” the reporter’s mother said, referring to the Syrian regime.

Colvin’s fearlessness won her a clutch of awards, including the Woman Journalist of the Year prize at the 2010 Foreign Press Association in London and the British Press Award for foreign correspondent of the year, which she won twice.

She laid out her reporting philosophy in a 2010 tribute to journalists killed in conflict zones.

“Craters. Burned houses. Mutilated bodies. Women weeping for children and husbands. Our mission is to report these horrors of war with accuracy and without prejudice,” Colvin said. “We always have to ask ourselves whether the level of risk is worth the story... What is bravery, and what is bravado?”

“In an age of 24/7 rolling news, blogs and Twitter, we are on constant call wherever we are,” she continued. “But war reporting is still essentially the same – someone has to go there and see what is happening. You can’t get that information without going to places where people are being shot at, and others are shooting at you.”

Before entering Syria to write what would be her last story, Colvin told a friend she had an “ominous feeling” about the assignment. In one of her last Facebook posts, she wrote, “I think reports of my survival may be

exaggerated... In Baba Amr. Sickening, cannot understand how the world can stand by and I should be hardened by now."

In her last dispatch – a television interview with CNN – Colvin dismissed the Syrian regime's insistence that it is only targeting "armed terrorists."

"The top floor of the building I'm in has been hit, in fact totally destroyed," she told the network's Anderson Cooper. "There are no military targets here... It's a complete and utter lie that they are only going after terrorists."

The Syrian army, she concluded, "is shelling a city of cold, starving civilians."

<http://www.thisislondon.co.uk/lifestyle/article-24037903-in-the-club-that-she-loved-maries-inner-circle-grieved-for-the-friend-theyd-lost.do>

London Evening Standard In the club that she loved, Marie's inner circle grieved for the friend they'd lost

By: Joshi Herrmann

February 23

The friends and colleagues of Marie Colvin who gathered at the Frontline Club to remember her last night didn't watch the report of her death on Channel 4 News at 7pm - not because it was too hard to bear but because the club's founder Vaughan Smith was struggling to get the TV working.

"Marie would have found this hilarious," remarked one attendee, peering up at the screen in the hope that it might be coaxed into life for a closing tribute from Jon Snow, scheduled for 7.45pm.

Just in time, a female member of staff plugged in the right cable and the famous oak-paneled club room fell silent, listening only to Snow's voice. "She was a one-off and one of the most courageous of our age," he said, "all of us who have ever reported in war encountered her somewhere."

Those in the room - including her ex-husband Patrick Bishop and some of her closest friends - knew Colvin's virtues better than anyone, not to mention her traumas and weaknesses. They formed the network that she returned to after bruising stints abroad, "her London life", as one of them described it - a world of veteran journalists, aristocrats, authors and even a Bond girl. Many of them wanted to tell the Standard why they "adored and respected" her as they did.

Colvin was a founding member of the Frontline when it was opened by Smith in 2003, and supported its aim of recreating "the sort of camaraderie that you find in the field", he said. Huddling together in small groups reminiscing - some crying, many laughing - Colvin's inner circle spoke of how much they missed their extraordinary friend.

Emma Duncan, who met Colvin as a foreign correspondent in the 1980s and is now deputy editor of The Economist, said she "lived life very, very intensely". Colvin "adored parties" and at the evenings they spent together in friends' houses or in the Groucho Club "she always lit up the room".

"Some people radiate warmth and energy and excitement - that's why people liked being with her," said Duncan.

Television executive Charles Brand, 57, who met Colvin through his wife Virginia Bonham Carter, added: "When you went to her parties you never quite knew who you'd bump into. Whatever situation she found herself in, she would become part of it and the best part of it."

Smith said she could "drink you down to the ground if she wanted to". Her London network gave her "stability" and "light relief" away from the horrors she witnessed in the field. "She wanted to know how you were, how your daughter was, what the gossip was," said Smith.

Bonham Carter, 49, who knew Colvin for more than 30 years, said her friend managed to combine being "brave and serious" with an "incredible joie de vivre and energy for fun". The pair spent many holidays together in a house owned by Bonham Carter's family in southern Italy, often with her sister Jane and the poet Alan Jenkins. Bonham Carter wasn't surprised yesterday when she received an email from the Italian housekeeper expressing her sorrow at Colvin's death - "Marie connected with virtually every person she met".

ONE friend, the writer and film director Hannah Rothschild told of a visit to Colonsay last New Year's Eve. The star correspondent spent an hour chatting to "a gnarled, rather ancient Scotsman" in a pub only to realize that she had been engaging with him on a comical misunderstanding that his occupation was "tractor sailing" rather than his real job of "tractor selling". Colvin "loved to speak to anyone", agreed Bonham Carter.

Duncan, who was a bridesmaid at Colvin's wedding to Patrick Bishop in August 1989, remembers that when she didn't have enough money to celebrate her 30th birthday "Marie just threw a party for me at Kensington Place restaurant."

The woman who some describe as Colvin's closest friend is Lady Jane Wellesley, the historian and daughter of the Duke of Wellington. In a tearful remembrance as she left the club - the first time she has commented on the news from Syria - Wellesley said she valued Colvin's loyalty above all else.

"The great thing about my friend Marie was that she was always there for me, even if she was in East Timor or somewhere else on the front line. She would call me from there and would be willing to talk about my life, when I needed her. My father adored her and would talk to her about the wars she saw.

"She cared about people so much. She was my greatest friend and she has been killed. She has gone. And we will miss her".

Maryam d'Abo, 51, the actress best known for playing a Bond girl in *The Living Daylights*, echoes Wellesley's grief. "She was always there," she said. "She was totally straightforward - there was no manipulation with Marie, she was a real woman's woman. I call her a hippy - meaning she had no ulterior motivations."

D'Abo took Colvin to lunch at the Sidney Arms pub five weeks ago, but hadn't heard from her since. "I texted her and I emailed her. I knew she was in Syria and I was terrified. I said 'Be careful, be safe', what can you say? In Libya she replied to me a lot, but she didn't in Syria."

Behind the commanding professional image and reputation for being the heart of every party, Colvin's personal life saw moments of great sadness and difficulty. Her marriage to Bishop ended - the "toll" she paid for her itinerant lifestyle, said Smith. "She had a tough time. You cannot live a normal life with her job."

Stephen Gray, a fellow foreign correspondent at the *Sunday Times*, said her life in Notting Hill was "complicated" and that she "had been through a lot", including a year she took off work suffering from post traumatic stress disorder - a result of covering the civil war in Sri Lanka during which she lost her left eye.

On duty abroad, Colvin was a magnificent operator, not least because of the command she wielded over male contacts, according to a colleague who worked with her in Iran in the early 1990s. Pooreh Ghodoosi, 40, now a presenter on BBC World who acted as Colvin's fixer in Tehran from 1991, said she showed the "glamorous" correspondent how to manipulate Islamic dress in the service of journalism.

"I taught her how to tie the hijab around her neck properly, and she told me she wanted a little bit open on the neck because she always got better interviews if she showed a bit of cleavage. She used it to her advantage when she was interviewing people like Gaddafi or Ahmadinejad. It was very conscious. She flirted with dictators. There's a fine line between sleazy and tough cookie and she knew it very well."

When Ghodoosi was reunited with Colvin many years later at the Frontline Club, her former boss still combined her familiar sense of fun, cigarettes and gallows humour. After a panel discussion, the pair of them went downstairs for a cigarette break, standing out on Norfolk Place. "Some guy who was a huge fan of Marie came downstairs," recalled Ghodoosi, "and said: 'Oh my god, you smoke, it's so bad for you, you beautiful ladies, you shouldn't be smoking'. And Marie stood there and said to him: 'I promise you, that's not how I'm going to die'. And it wasn't."

<http://www.bbc.co.uk/news/world-africa-17134284>

BBC News / Africa: Remembering Marie Colvin: Your Thoughts and Memories

By: Various
February 22

Sunday Times reporter Marie Colvin, an American, and award-winning French photographer Remi Ochlik have been killed in the Syrian city of Homs in the latest violence there.

BBC news website readers have been sharing their memories and thoughts.

"Marie Colvin was a close friend for over 10 years - one of the most intrepid, fearless, brilliant, passionate and amusing people I ever met. A raconteur with a never ending list of hair-raising stories from around the world. Yet beneath the carapace lay a vulnerable soul, just like the rest of us. She will be sorely missed and was much loved by many around the world, especially in East Timor.

But, as the Editor of the Sunday Times said today, all those who knew and loved her lived with the fear that a terrible tragic day such as this was always a possibility. We shall miss her greatly.

When she was injured and lost an eye in Sri Lanka, she said the British Embassy was useless, but the American ambassador turned up, presented his credentials and just informed the guerrillas he was taking her away with him, and did so. Rupert Murdoch personally found the world's leading ophthalmologist to treat her and, knowing her fondness for cocktails, arranged for a whole trolley or drinks - with a cocktail maker - to be delivered to her hospital room. She was wonderful fun, a truly remarkable friend and a brilliant journalist." Nick Pisani, London

"Now surely the world community has to do something. I agree with a principle of finding peace, but not appeasement. The Syrian regime has to change and we all need to support that change." Steve Bray, Melbourne

"I am sorry I did not know either of the two reporters but I have been horrified by their death. Thinking that most journalists had been called back from Syria, it had to have been a warning to the others. But Marie Colvin stayed. She has shown by her word and death that it takes the brave and dedicated to carry on in war regions. I think of her as a hero distanced from the world. Thank you." Marija Liudvika Rutkauskaitė, Vilnius, Lithuania

"In 1987 Marie Colvin with photographer Tom Stoddart entered Bourj al Brajneh camp then besieged by pro Syrian forces and tanks.

As in Homs snipers, indiscriminate shelling and starvation were a feature of the daily death toll. Taking monumental risks with their lives they arrived unannounced and stayed a day and a night taking as much testimony back out with them.

Friends put Marie and I up in their home and she interviewed us through the night. She left with pleas to the international community and a letter from myself to HM Queen asking for assistance in ending the 6 month long siege. We only found out they had made it out alive and safely from Lebanon when we heard reports of her story breaking in the Sunday Times.

I and many others owe her an enormous debt of gratitude for drawing international attention to the plight of the Palestinians in the besieged camps, and ultimately for saving our lives. It was an honour to have met her and she did not think twice about carrying out messages to the outside world which would have had her killed immediately if she had been caught.

In terms of legacy, and she will not have the opportunity to see this, but having covered our story, I published the diaries of the sieges with Marie and Tom's surprise and completely fearless entry to a besieged camp recorded. Twenty years later I got an email from a Palestinian writer Nader Rizq in Florida, who having read the story of the camps developed a screenplay for a film (Zaytoun).

This and many other outcomes, such as most of the family she stayed with surviving the siege and now living safely in Denmark, are the untold ripples of Marie's work as a war correspondent. The word passionate is overused but that described her exactly- passionate and intelligent with resounding integrity. " Susan Wighton, Brechin, Scotland

"I only got to know the two journalists through their courageous reporting. We trusted them to give us a true and fair view of events. In discharging this duty they were the guardians of our humanity and conscience. They

reported the awful truth coming out of Syria and they paid the ultimate price for this. Let us make their sacrifice count by at last doing something about what they reported." Yiannis Telonis, Moscow, Russia

"Marie was in the class ahead of me at Oyster Bay High School. Her brothers were classmates of mine as well. My memory of her is that of a beautiful, caring, thoughtful young woman who would make a great impact in her future endeavors. Clearly, she has done that with distinction and honour. My thoughts and prayers are with her loved ones. May she rest in peace." Jane Passarelli Dye, Huntington, NY, USA

"I sadly knew neither of the journalists who were killed, though feel compelled to write since Marie Colvin's televised report from Homs on Wednesday night (on Channel 4) was one of the most distressing and powerful I have ever watched.

The images shot back into our living room, the contrasts between the lives of these poor people and our own, framed by Colvin's powerful, eloquent yet raw report, brought home to my partner and I the extent of the suffering and size of the crime being perpetrated by the Syrian state on its people and it brought us to tears - the first time I can recall us ever having been so moved by a single story. It made us want to act - what can we do?

We both reflected, later, that whilst it was the sight of dead and dying children, and of children sitting next to their dead or dying parents that, for us, pierced the shell of distance and, sadly, of familiarity, it was the bare and obvious courage of the reporter and her crew in bringing the story into the spotlight that reminded us how important a job real journalists do in 'bearing witness' to the events of our times.

At a time when the ethics of the journalistic profession are clearly (and rightly) under scrutiny, let the reports by Marie Colvin and the many other correspondents who risk the most important thing they have to bring us truth from all over the world remind us what a vital role they play in a civilised and free society." Richard Venters, South Yorks

"She was booked in to stay in my chalet for a holiday a few years ago. She arrived a day late because she stayed in London to get an article finished for the Sunday papers, and then left a few days later to go and cover issues that were erupting in Israel at the time. Barely met her but she seemed lovely. And that was her week's holiday." Adam, London, UK

<http://www.nysun.com/foreign/farewell-to-an-american-princess-murdered-in-syria/87718/>

New York Sun: Farewell to an American 'Princess' Murdered in Syria

By: Youssef Ibrahim
February 23

This is a personal tribute to a dear friend and highly respected colleague, Marie Colvin, the Middle East correspondent whose eye patch photos are all over the front pages today after being murdered by the Syrian regime yesterday at Homs.

Marie lost an eye covering the Sri Lanka revolt led by the Liberation Tigers of Tamil many years ago. She was traveling with the rebels in their jungle hideouts when the Sri Lankan army troops shot her. It took her three months of surgery and rehabilitation, all paid for by Rupert Murdoch who flew her out in his personal jet. She went right back to work, covering victims of wars. Yesterday Syrian army troops shot, and, this time, killed her. May she rest in peace.

Marie was from Long Island. She remained a New Yorker even though she lived in London for more than 35 years. War correspondents are a small tribe, and many of us know each other well, having served in the same trenches and drunk at the hotel bars to which we retired after the chaos of the day. She was always there when it mattered in the trenches and at the bar.

The British press considered her an American princess and a beauty, which she was indeed. I was best man at her wedding to one of my dearest friends, Juan Carlos Gumucio, a Bolivian and master reporter who became the former Middle East Correspondent of *El Pais*. We all congregated for months at the American Colony Hotel at Jerusalem, and that is where their love story unfolded.

They were married to other people but this was a memorable love story. In 2002, it ended when we mourned JC, as we called Juan Carlos. He too died from a bullet, although in his case a self-inflicted one — testament to the stresses that the life he chose can impress on a person.

Marie covered wars and civil conflicts better than any man or woman I know in our business. Many of us took comfort going to war zones from Iraq-Iran, to Lebanon, to Bethlehem with her in the pack. She laughed, joked, drank and wrote beautifully. She was a princess with the gorgeous look of a pirate. The eye patch and her blue eye really made her stand out as an exotic beauty. But when they read the story dictators felt the sharp end of a surgeon's knife, as she wrote the whole truth. Think Ava Gardner as a journalist.

I recommend looking up her last story from Syria in this past week's London Sunday Times. When she was killed she was taking care of one of JC's daughters and lived in a townhouse in London they had both purchased together. She was 56, and the lines on her beautiful face testified to her unbelievable voyage.

There will be a memorial service sometime here in New York for Marie. No doubt it will be attended by scores of reporters and editors on the East Coast. People like Marie remind us of the high principles of foreign corresponding, and also the high cost on marriages, relationships, and life itself.

<http://www.independent.co.uk/news/world/middle-east/marie-colvin-had-no-death-wish-she-was-in-love-with-life-7440952.html>

The Independent: Marie Colvin had no death wish. She was in love with life

By: Patrick Cockburn
February 26

I used to have an uneasy feeling when Marie went off to report on another war, but I had felt these qualms for so long that I had stopped paying much attention to them. She had survived so many dangers in the past, though often by a hair's breadth only, that it seemed probable she would do so in the future.

I saw her at a party in London last July, just before I went off on holiday to Ireland with my family. I asked Marie what she was doing in the next couple of months and she said she was going back to Libya. It seemed a miserable way to spend the summer, and I said, "Don't do that. Why don't come to stay with us in Ireland instead?" She had been to stay before, but I did not really expect her to say yes, and was not surprised when she said that, nice though the idea of Ireland was, she was determined to return to Libya to report the rebellion.

I thought the war was stalemated for the moment and going nowhere, but Marie turned out to be right. By the end of August I was breaking off my holiday, as were bevy of other foreign journalists, to rush to Tripoli rather late in the day after it had fallen to the rebels. I had lunch with Marie for the last time in the restaurant of the Radisson Hotel where we were staying. She was in an ebullient, happy mood, unaffected by spending uncomfortable dangerous weeks under shellfire during the siege of Misrata, though she said it was one of the more dangerous things she had ever done.

I first met Marie in the late 1980s and, in the coming years, there were months when I saw her almost every day when we happened to be in the same place. I found her exceptionally warm, intelligent, enthusiastic and funny, a person instantly likeable, who made friends wherever she went. She had great physical presence with her good looks and animated features, so when I recall her features now, five days after her death, it is her smiles and laughter that come first to mind.

Much of the time she was happy and made others happy with her great, almost uncontrollable appetite for living. Instinctively, she spent less time looking before she leapt than most people, both as a war reporter and in her personal life. It was an approach with obvious dangers in each case and meant that many of her friends led almost equally adventurous but unstable lives. I met her originally through David Blundy, my best friend during the 1980s, who had introduced her to The Sunday Times where she eventually took over his job as Middle East correspondent. He had joined another paper and was covering a civil war in El Salvador in 1989 when he was shot dead by a rebel sniper.

Marie was intrepid, determined and strong-willed. At the end of the first Gulf War in 1991, I drove with her from Baghdad to Basra where Saddam Hussein's tanks had just crushed a Shia uprising in the city. We were in her

car, with her driver, who was called, so far as I remember, Abed. We drove into Basra down an ominously empty road on a raised earth embankment past wrecked and smouldering buildings. Abed, whom I had never seen react much to danger, began to tremble, then got out of the car to be sick behind a wall. I remember Marie expressing impatience and perplexity as to why he and I thought it might be time to turn back.

At that time, we shared a suite in the al-Rashid Hotel in Baghdad where the lifts had failed and there was only a couple of hours' water a day. We filled the bathtub with water in case supply ceased entirely, and bought a rather lethal Primus stove to cook on, as well as a small bird in a cage whose health we worried about.

There are dangers in reporting wars other than the obvious ones of being killed or wounded. Most people can screw up their courage for a day or two in the face of being shelled or bombed, but it is far more difficult to do this for weeks on end. (Of course, local inhabitants are invariably in a worse condition because they have to watch their children endangered as well as themselves and they do not have the visas or the money to escape.) Marie got credit for doing dangerous things, but not enough for doing them for long periods. Again, this is sustainable, but the price is often a blunting of one's sensitivity, of simply not responding emotionally to misery and carnage. Marie, for all the violence she had seen, retained up to the end in Homs a sense of outrage at the sufferings of others.

I was in Jerusalem for over four years from 1995, where Marie had also moved. She was writing a biography of Yasser Arafat, with whom she got on extremely well, and living with Juan Carlos Gumucio, a Bolivian journalist of great talent working for the Spanish daily El Pais. I knew him from Beirut, where he had stayed during the terrifying years, when the few journalists who had not fled were being kidnapped and held hostage for years at a time by Hezbollah. He was the greatest fun to be with, so much fun, in fact, that it was easy to underestimate the fact that he was a man of excesses; a heavy drinker verging on alcoholism who suffered from bouts of emotional instability that he was unable, and did not try very hard, to control.

When Marie and Juan Carlos told me they were going to get married, I naively thought this was an excellent idea. I mentioned this to Val Vester, the owner of the American Colony Hotel, who said firmly that it was a disastrous plan, since they were too much alike and unlikely to be a restraining influence on each other. Her prediction turned out to be all too true. They moved to London where Juan Carlos subsided into alcoholism, parted from Marie, lost his job, returned to Bolivia and shot himself.

Marie received more well-meant advice, politely received and almost invariably ignored, than anybody I know. She did so because she had an extraordinarily wide range of friends who felt strongly about her well-being. They ranged from Kurdish warlords to London socialites to Baghdad taxi drivers. The advice, whatever its source, was almost invariably to the effect that Marie should not go to some violent place where she had every intention of going. There was no great mystery as to why she did. She was fulfilled when reporting wars, felt it was important to do so, and was very good at it.

She had no death wish – in fact, I have seldom met any body more in love with life – but, with her high intelligence, she must have known that death was a price that at any moment she might have to pay.

OBITUARIES

<http://www.legacy.com/ns/obituary.aspx?n=marie-colvin&pid=156044929>

Legacy: Marie Colvin

By Danica Kirka

February 24, 2012

She was instantly recognizable for the eye patch that hid a shrapnel injury - a testament to Marie Colvin's courage, which took her behind the front lines of the world's deadliest conflicts to write about the suffering of individuals trapped in war.

After more than two decades of chronicling conflict, Colvin became a victim of it Wednesday, killed by shelling in the besieged Syrian city of Homs.

Colvin, 56, died alongside French photojournalist Remi Ochlik, the French government announced. Freelance photographer Paul Conroy and journalist Edith Bouvier of Le Figaro were wounded.

Colvin, from East Norwich, New York, had been a foreign correspondent for Britain's Sunday Times for more than 25 years, making a specialty of reporting from the world's most dangerous places. The newspaper posted her final dispatch outside the website's paywall, so anyone could read her account from a cellar offering refuge for women and children. The report chronicled the horrors that eventually took her own life.

"It is a city of the cold and hungry, echoing to exploding shells and bursts of gunfire," Colvin wrote. "There are no telephones and the electricity has been cut off.... Freezing rain fills potholes and snow drifts in through windows empty of glass. No shops are open, so families are sharing what they have with relatives and neighbors. Many of the dead and injured are those who risked foraging for food.

"Fearing the snipers' merciless eyes, families resorted last week to throwing bread across rooftops, or breaking through communal walls to pass unseen."

Colvin often focused on the plight of women and children in wartime, and Syria was no different. She gave interviews to major British broadcasters on the eve of her death, appealing for the world to notice the slaughter taking place.

"I watched a little baby die today," she told the BBC on Tuesday. "Absolutely horrific, a 2-year old child had been hit. They stripped it and found the shrapnel had gone into the left chest and the doctor said 'I can't do anything.' His little tummy just kept heaving until he died."

In the 1990s, Colvin worked in the Balkans, where she went on patrol with the Kosovo Liberation Army as it engaged Serb military forces. She worked in Chechnya, where she came under fire from Russian jets while reporting on Chechen rebels seeking independence for their region. She also covered the conflict in East Timor after its people voted for independence in Southeast Asia.

She was one of the few reporters to interview ousted Libyan leader Moammar Gadhafi in his final days before his death in October. Her mother, Rosemarie Colvin, of East Norwich, N.Y., told The Associated Press that her daughter knew Gadhafi well, and described her daughter as a passionate about her work, even when it got very hard.

"She was supposed to leave (Syria) today," Rosemarie Colvin said, adding that her daughter had spoken yesterday with her editor who ordered her to leave because it was so dangerous. "She had to stay. She wanted to finish one more story."

The eldest of five children, Colvin is survived by her mother, two sisters and two brothers. Rosemarie Colvin invited reporters into her home, fighting back the tears.

"The reason I've been talking to all you guys is that I don't want my daughter's legacy to be 'no comment ... because she wasn't a 'no comment' person,'" she said. "Her legacy is: Be passionate and be involved in what you believe in. And do it as thoroughly and honestly and fearlessly as you can."

A graduate of Yale University, Colvin had never planned to be a journalist. She had studied anthropology, later taking the rigorous study of people and places and putting it to good use writing about individuals caught up in suffering to relay the horror of war.

"Our mission is to speak the truth to power," she said during a tribute service for slain journalists at Fleet Street's St. Bride's Church in November 2010. "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."

Colvin's death comes only days after two other respected journalists died while reporting on the uprising against Syria's president, Bashar Assad. Two-time Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Anthony Shadid, a correspondent for The New York Times, died last week of an apparent asthma attack while slipping out of Syria.

Award-winning French TV reporter Gilles Jacquier was killed in an explosion in Homs on Jan. 11, becoming the first Western journalist to die since the uprising began. His colleagues believe he was murdered in an elaborate trap set up by Syrian authorities - a claim that Assad's government has denied.

Colvin lost the sight in one eye during an ambush in Sri Lanka in 2001 but promised not to "hang up my flak jacket" and kept reporting on the world's most troubled places. She was matter of fact about the injury during the tribute at St. Bride's, as she described how authorities will try to keep the truth out of the headlines.

"I had gone to the northern Tamil area from which journalists were banned and found an unreported humanitarian disaster," she said. "As I was smuggled back across the internal border, a soldier launched a grenade at me and the shrapnel sliced into my face and chest. He knew what he was doing."

British Prime Minister David Cameron led the tributes to Colvin, telling lawmakers in the House of Commons that the death of the "talented and respected foreign correspondent" was "a desperately sad reminder of the risks journalists take to inform the world of what is happening and the dreadful events in Syria."

Author Salman Rushdie, who spent years in hiding from death threats, sent a message to his followers on Twitter, noting that it was "dreadful news. A great reporter, fine writer and fearless woman is gone. Her many friends are devastated."

Colvin's boss, media mogul Rupert Murdoch, described her as "one of the most outstanding foreign correspondents of her generation."

But the tributes also described a woman intent on living life to the full. She was often compared to pioneering war correspondent Martha Gellhorn - gutsy and glamorous, taking each day as it came.

"She lived life passionately," said BBC correspondent Lyse Doucet. "Great shoes, great journalism."

<http://www.canada.com/news/OBIT+MARIE+COLVIN/6198869/story.html>

The Daily Telegraph: Obit: Marie Colvin

February 23, 2012

Marie Colvin, who has been killed by shellfire in Homs aged 56 while covering the uprising in Syria, was a fearless, passionate and ebullient foreign correspondent regarded by many as a latter-day Martha Gellhorn.

The two women became friends before Gellhorn's death in 1998, and shared an extraordinary bravery that put them in a position to deliver the wartime stories of rebels, underdogs and ordinary citizens. In recent times this ensured Marie Colvin an array of prizes and awards.

But she did not put her life on the line to win acclaim. Instead it was by being in the line of fire, by sharing the risks of those she was writing about, that she was able to produce her immensely powerful coverage of conflict's human toll.

She was doing precisely this when she was killed, telling the world of indiscriminate government shelling of "a city of cold, starving civilians". Her eyewitness accounts were broadcast on CNN or the BBC because, though a staff reporter of more than 20 years' standing for The Sunday Times, she was - as usual - the last journalist not to have fled.

Such dedication and proximity infused her coverage with emotion. In Syria, she said government forces were committing "murder" and she described how she had witnessed a baby die from shrapnel wounds. She was never mawkish, but nor was she minded to stand idly by and witness massacres.

In East Timor in 1999, for example, as Indonesian troops closed in on a United Nations compound in Dili where 1,500 people had taken shelter, the UN wanted to pull out and leave the refugees to their fate. Marie Colvin and two other female journalists remained in place, defying the UN, and the world, to do nothing. Eventually, shamed by the courage of the reporters, Indonesian forces allowed the refugees to leave and the international community stepped in. Marie Colvin's presence had undoubtedly helped save many hundreds of lives.

Marie Catherine Colvin was born on January 12 1956 in Oyster Bay, New York, to William and Rosemarie Colvin, both schoolteachers. Her father was a former U.S. marine who had served in Korea, and he eventually gave up teaching to become a political activist for the Kennedy Democrats.

Marie, who attended Oyster Bay High School and had an idyllic childhood on the Long Island seaside, soon demonstrated a campaigning nature too. To the disgruntlement of many conservative locals, she organized an anti-Vietnam demonstration in the streets of Oyster Bay, then created minor mayhem by designating her family home's front yard an ecological recycling zone.

She studied American Literature at Yale, where she got her first taste of journalism by working for a university newspaper. After graduating she began her career in unorthodox fashion by taking a job on the in-house magazine of the Teamsters union. Named "acting editor", she eventually asked when the permanent incumbent would be coming back. Taken aside, she was gently informed that he would be away for five years, less with good behaviour.

Moving to the press agency UPI, she was appointed to its bureau in Trenton, New Jersey. Finding it desperately drab, she based herself in the West Village of Manhattan and commuted to work, demonstrating a commitment to enjoying herself that endured as long as her compulsion to report.

Her urge above all, however, was to become a foreign correspondent. She swiftly convinced UPI to promote her to the Paris bureau, where her dash, good looks and dark curls soon won her a host of admirers.

Her break came in 1986, when she was in the Libyan capital, Tripoli, as America launched its biggest aerial attack since Vietnam. Filing copy while scrambling to avoid the explosions, she set a pattern that would last the rest of her career.

It was while there she was summoned to meet the Libyan dictator, Moammar Gadhafi, and over the next quarter of a century she frequently met him, as well many other political leaders and despots. But a peculiar effect of her beguiling character and her journalistic talent was that tyrants were charmed by her and sought her out, even as she eviscerated them in print. Last year she published an account of her encounters with the late Libyan leader over 25 years. It was entitled *Mad Dog and Me*.

While in Libya in 1986 she began freelancing for *The Sunday Times*, which soon lured her over full-time to become its Middle East correspondent. Her exploits quickly attracted the attention and envy of less bold colleagues - a broad category. During the Iran-Iraq war, for instance, she smuggled herself in disguise into Basra, a city then completely closed off. In 1987 she reported from Bourj el Barajneh, the Palestinian refugee camp in Lebanon, which was under fire from the Syrian-backed Amal militia. There she met Pauline Cutting, a British surgeon who was a lone medical hero amid the carnage. The story was typical of Marie Colvin - illustrating a fearsomely complex conflict by finding the most dramatic, personal story at its heart.

At the same time she met and married *The Daily Telegraph's* Middle East correspondent, Patrick Bishop, and they lived together in Jerusalem from the early 1990s. It was not a union based on typical domesticated bliss. While Marie Colvin might be reporting from Baghdad on the aftermath of the first Gulf War, Bishop might be covering the wars that erupted in the Balkans (where he was himself wounded).

Marie Colvin herself reported from Kosovo, and freely admitted that she constantly weighed "bravery against bravado". Around the turn of the century that balancing act took her closer to the edge than ever. First, in 1999, she scored her dramatic triumph in East Timor. Then, while the world was celebrating the new millennium, she appeared to have pushed things too far in Chechnya.

Based with Chechen rebels as Russian troops cut off all escape, she found that the only route out was a 12,000ft mountain pass to Georgia. During an eight-day midwinter journey she waded through chest-high snow and braved altitude sickness, hunger and exposure. Bishop set off from Paris to the Georgian capital, Tbilisi, where, together with her *Sunday Times* colleague Jon Swain, he helped organize a helicopter from the U.S. embassy to pluck her off the mountainside to safety. As Marie Colvin wrote: "I was never happier to have an American passport.

She did not often require such assistance. And her time in Chechnya did not make her change her ways. Instead she was soon in Sri Lanka, as ever heading into rebel - this time Tamil Tiger - territory. As she tried to cross the front line back into government-held ground, she was hit by shrapnel in four places. Despite specialist surgery, she lost the use of her left eye and afterwards wore a patch.

She promised that she would take things easier. But that was always unlikely. And as the U.S.-led invasion of Iraq triggered the most dramatic events in the Middle East for decades, remaining on the sidelines became impossible. Soon she was back in the thick of things in Baghdad. There, as ever, she frayed editors' nerves not only with her derring-do but by filing her stories up to and far beyond deadline. Her copy was well worth waiting for, but the price to pay could be high. On one occasion in Iraq, her satellite phone link was not properly shut down and remained open overnight. It was never quite clear who was to blame, but to the amusement of other journalists, if not her paper, the bill ran to more than \$20,000.

Like many journalists who covered the Middle East, Marie Colvin welcomed the optimism of the Arab Spring. Though she knew that it would not effect an overnight transformation, she was compelled to see it through; where cynicism had blunted the determination of so many of her contemporaries, she remained unwearied. Agonisingly for those who knew and loved her, however, that meant the nature of her death had a certain inevitability about it.

Marie Colvin, of course, did not see it that way. She loved life, and brought an American exuberance to the countless parties she graced over many years. From the Gandamak Lodge in Kabul to Harry's Bar in Paris, she could be found at the heart of the conversation, cigarette and brimming vodka martini in hand. Sitting under the date palm in the garden of the American Colony in East Jerusalem, she would preside over the chatter and laughter as the balmy nights stretched on.

Apart from reporting, she loved sailing. As a young woman she had worked at the local yacht club to save enough to buy her first boat and in recent years had revived her passion for the sport, buying a new craft and gaining a skipper's licence between assignments. Those assignments no doubt contributed to her eventual separation from Bishop, and from Juan Carlos Gumucio, her second husband, who predeceased her. But all who knew her remained devoted to her.

She is survived by Patrick Bishop and by her partner of recent years, Richard Flaye, whom she met while sailing.

Marie Colvin, born January 12, 1956, died February 22, 2012.

<http://www.guardian.co.uk/media/2012/feb/22/marie-colvin>

The Guardian: Marie Colvin obituary

By: Roy Greenslade

February 22, 2012 12:58 pm EST

Marie Colvin, who has been killed by a shell in Syria aged 56, was a fearless but never foolhardy war correspondent who believed passionately in the need to report on conflicts from the frontline. In a career spanning 30 years, she covered wars from around the world for the Sunday Times and was renowned for her compassionate, clear writing.

She was committed to reporting on the realities of war, especially the effects on civilians. That was exactly what she was doing in the beleaguered city of Homs at the time of her death. She had broadcast the day before and written movingly in her newspaper a few days earlier of the slaughter she observed as Syrian government forces continued to bombard the city.

In Sri Lanka in 2001, while covering the conflict between government forces and the rebel Tamil Tigers, Marie was struck by shrapnel. Undaunted by the loss of her left eye, she wore a black eye-patch from then on, which became something of a trademark. When I interviewed her shortly afterwards, she told me how she had walked 30 miles through jungle with her Tamil guides to evade government troops, an example of the effort she put into her work.

It was after the loss of her eye that she spelled out her reason for covering wars. She wrote of the importance of telling people what really happens and about "humanity in extremis, pushed to the unendurable". She continued: "My job is to bear witness. I have never been interested in knowing what make of plane had just bombed a village or whether the artillery that fired at it was 120mm or 155mm." She wrote about people so that others might understand the truth.

Marie sometimes did more than merely write. In 1999, in East Timor, she was credited with saving the lives of 1,500 women and children who were besieged in a compound by Indonesian-backed forces. She refused to leave them, waving goodbye to 22 journalist colleagues as she stayed on with an unarmed UN force in order to help

highlight their plight by reporting to the world, in her paper and on global television. The publicity was rewarded when they were evacuated to safety after four tense days.

This was the essence of Marie's approach to reporting. She was not interested in the politics, strategy or weaponry; only the effects on the people she regarded as innocents. "These are people who have no voice," she said. "I feel I have a moral responsibility towards them, that it would be cowardly to ignore them. If journalists have a chance to save their lives, they should do so."

The people of East Timor did not forget their saviour. At the end of her Sunday Times report about her Sri Lankan experience, she wrote: "What I want most, as soon as I get out of hospital, is a vodka martini and a cigarette." Later that week, having moved briefly to a New York hotel, she was woken by a room-service waiter bearing a tray with a huge bottle of vodka and all the ingredients for her drink of choice. She discovered it had been "fixed, God knows how, by the East Timor crowd, the people in the compound".

Marie covered conflicts wherever they broke out – in the Balkans, notably, and in Chechnya and Zimbabwe – but she was particularly knowledgeable about the Arab countries. She was therefore on hand to witness the 2011 revolutions in Tunisia, Egypt and Libya. In fact, the Libyan dictator, Muammar Gaddafi, had taken something of a shine to Marie during her first visit to Tripoli in the 1980s and she was obliged to shake off his unwelcome attention.

One of my earliest tasks when I joined the Sunday Times in 1987 was to contact Marie in Libya using a telex machine, because no telephone worked. She skilfully managed to write a coded piece that avoided the censor's pencil. It was my first glimpse of the dedication and determination that was the hallmark of her work. These were characteristics that, in the following years, saw her acknowledged by her peers as Britain's foremost war correspondent.

Marie was from an Irish background, born and raised in Oyster Bay, New York. She studied marine biology at Yale before switching to major in English literature while working on the university's paper. From that moment on, she told me, she was hooked on journalism.

After a year on a trade paper, she was hired by the international news agency UPI, working in New York and Washington before being transferred to France to become the Paris bureau chief. "It was a grand name for a one-woman band," she later recalled. But it provided her with the opportunity to cover the Middle East, and she soon became fascinated by the region's culture, politics and conflicts.

While there, she acted as a stringer for the Sunday Times and, in 1986, when the paper lost its renowned Middle East correspondent David Blundy to the Sunday Telegraph, Marie took his job. Blundy was to die two years later when caught in crossfire in San Salvador. Marie worked for the Sunday Times ever after, becoming the paper's foreign affairs correspondent in 1995, an acknowledgment of her wider role.

She was twice named foreign reporter of the year (2001 and 2010) in the British Press Awards. She was given an International Women's Media Foundation award for courage in journalism for her coverage of Kosovo and Chechnya. And the Foreign Press Association named her as journalist of the year in 2000.

She wrote and produced documentaries, including Arafat: Behind the Myth for the BBC in 1990, and she featured in the 2005 documentary film Bearing Witness with four other female war reporters.

Marie was married twice to the writer and journalist Patrick Bishop. Both marriages ended in divorce. She was also married to the Bolivian journalist and writer Juan Carlos Gumucio, who killed himself in 2002.

Maggie O'Kane writes: On the night of 21 February, the ITV news report from Homs had the voice of a calm, even-paced American journalist. It was a brief clip of Marie Colvin, maybe 30 seconds, in the middle of the world's most dangerous live war zone: "The Syrians are not allowing civilians to leave ... anyone who gets on the street is hit by a shell. If they are not hit by a shell they are hit by snipers. There are snipers all around on the high buildings. I think the sickening thing is the complete merciless nature. They are hitting the civilian buildings absolutely mercilessly and without caring and the scale of it is just shocking."

The following morning I listened for her voice again on BBC Radio 4's Today programme, but she was not there. By then her body was in the rubble of a house that had suffered a direct hit from a Syrian government shell.

The first time I saw Marie, more than 20 years ago, she was walking through the lobby of the Al Rashid hotel in Baghdad, all curly hair and poise. She was 34 and the Sunday Times Middle East correspondent. She was also at the top of her career, where she would stay on and off for the rest of her life. She was never outshone by the others.

In Baghdad in 1991, in the days before the first Iraq war, there was the usual evacuation of journalists urged by their embassies to leave; controlled panic as the silver boxes of camera equipment were piled up in the lobby in preparation for that last flight out; low-intensity psychological warfare as journalists tried to scare each other: "You're not thinking of staying are you?" – translated as, "don't stay behind when I'm too scared".

But Marie seemed to be above it all, bustling back and forward, gathering bottled water, dried biscuits, tins of fruit and packs of Marlboro cigarettes and always some good whiskey. She came back with a canary for her room in the almost empty hotel. There had been some talk of biological weapons being used, but Marie's canary was her joke and her way of coping.

It was also Marie who stayed behind during the exodus of journalists from East Timor in 1999, refusing to leave the UN compound in Dili and reporting the terror, almost hourly, of the women and children inside. She flew back to Darwin, Australia, and I remember trying to say something profound to her about her bravery. "What about some lunch?" she said, brushing it all aside. She was the bravest woman I have ever known.

- Marie Catherine Colvin, journalist, born 12 January 1956; died 22 February 2012

<http://www.yaledailynews.com/news/2012/feb/23/archives-colvin-78-reflects-yale-career/>

The Yale Daily News: From the Archives: Colvin '78 reflects on Yale career

By Marie Colvin

February 23, 2012 10:20 pm

The piece below, titled "Running out of time," was written by Marie Colvin '78 for the special issue of the News handed out at Commencement 1978. Colvin, a seasoned war correspondent, was killed by a mortar strike on Wednesday while covering the escalating violence in the city of Homs.

The most memorable event of my Yale career occurred in the dining hall. At Silliman lunch last week, I was eating and commiserating with a group of fellow seniors, slaphappy at the thought of all the work to be done in the last week of term. Everyone had a how-to story, the kind that only circulates at finals time, like the one about the student who handed in a bluebook with "IV" written on the cover, inscribed with one sentence on the first page: "and that's the way it was in seventeenth century England," and received a final grade of "B" from some T.A.; talk about surefire dean's excuses and where to catch a quick 24-hour bug, always good for a night at DUH.

At a pause in the conversation, during which I flashed on the twelve pages per day I'd have to write for the next week, a friend next to me sighed and said profoundly, "There's just not enough time." It came out of the blue, but it was the most relevant non-sequitur ever uttered.

It sums up my Yale career. I've spent the last weeks of every semester holed up in the Sillibrary, coffeepot by my side, moving from one stack of books and clutter of papers to the next like a guest at the Mad Hatter's Tea Party. The last week of my senior year I was there again, drinking coffee by the pot, sleeping two hours nightly, marshaling enough credits to graduate.

That's why I wasn't a varsity athlete, or an editor of the Oldest College Daily, why every room I've ever lived in has been almost furnished. It's why my papers come back marked "good potential, inadequately realized." And it's why I can't tell you what it feels like to be finished with Yale, whether it's euphoric or just anti-climatic, because I'm not, and by the time I am everyone will have left and I won't even be able to ask anyone.

It takes everybody but the football team four years to realize that there is no way to do the work expected of you, that teachers and deans don't really expect you to do it all and that the real test of intelligence is to do the minimum amount of work for the maximum reward. The football team somehow learns freshman year what it takes everyone else three years (it took me four). The most important things to look for when choosing a course are not relevancy to future career, interesting subject, or something you should know. Number of papers and

pages per paper, number of exams, and Course Critique grade point spread are all you need to look for. And if the football team shows up for the first lecture, you've chosen correctly.

The finer points of course selection involve arranging enough of a workload so that when you do go out to Rudy's, Mory's, or the Elizabethan Club for tea you can feel a twinge of guilt. And so that you can participate in end-of-semester-conversations.

The worst thing about graduating is that I can't remember what I did all semester. I thought I was working, but that seems impossible. I've started promoting the theory that Yale is centered in a time warp. Time doesn't just seem to pass twice as fast, it does. We have only one week to the universal two.

I haven't accepted the fact that I am not going to do everything I kept putting off. I am not graduating Phi Beta Kappa, I don't have 48 credits and 47 A's, I will never read the bookcase of course books diligently bought in the Co-op, lined up neatly with their binders unwrinkled. I will not paint the fourth wall in my bedroom. I will probably never even find out the name of that curly-haired boy in my English seminar I've been flirting with all year.

It's hard to say even what I've learned here. I don't think I've finished adjusting yet. I have nothing striking to say about anything and it seems like I should. I've changed from a regular science major to a science major who only takes English courses (there was no time to change majors), learned about weenies, jocks, and turned-up collars, learned how to run, not fast but far enough to enjoy the sweat, learned how to do footnotes. Unlearned a lot too — like weenies and jocks don't exist and that turned-up collar means zilch. And I've learned how ridiculous it is to try to convince people that you are serious about something, that you have a direction. Best of all, I missed all the deadlines — LSAT, GRE, scholarships, grants, and fellowships — not enough time— so I guess I'll wake up Tuesday morning and start thinking about it. Or else just buy a plane ticket.

The one realization I have come to after four years is that I can still make all the mistakes I want and it doesn't matter. I remind myself of this often, whenever I feel the "let's get serious mood" coming on, or I lunch with law-business-medical school prospectives, or read an article about shopping bag ladies in the New York subway system. Not that there's anything at all wrong with going to law-business-medical school, but enough people stick up for it, and that's not the point anyway.

The point is that it doesn't matter if you mess up, choose the wrong road, flop in Vegas. What's important is to throw yourself in head first, to "go for the gusto." And if you blow it, you blow it. What we have to worry about now is success. Once you're successful, it becomes embarrassing to make mistakes, and more difficult to grab onto the nearest straw and hold on. You can always be a star, so what's the rush?

<http://www.ft.com/intl/cms/s/0/d1358c26-5e23-11e1-8c87-00144feabdc0.html#axzz1nclvCGpc>

Financial Times: The bravest war journalist of her generation

By Lindsey Hilsum

February 24, 2012 7:26 pm

Marie Colvin went further and stayed longer than other war reporters – it was what gave her journalism the intimacy and authenticity that set it aside, and what led to her death last Wednesday.

The previous week, over dinner in Beirut, I told her that sneaking across the border into Syria and the besieged Homs suburb of Bab Amr was beyond my danger threshold. She felt compelled to go nonetheless. "Anyway, it's what we do," she said. Once there, she sent me an email: "Well, not sure it was my smartest move but I have made it to Baba Amro. Nightmare here, but so anger-making it is worth it."

That anger came through in her final dispatch for The Sunday Times, in which she described the "widows' basement", where civilians sheltered from constant bombardment by Syrian government forces. "The international community has not come to the aid of the innocent caught in this hell," she wrote.

While driven by a determination to "make a difference", she was no polemicist but an old-fashioned reporter who believed that being an eye-witness was the most important thing. Writing for a Sunday paper, she had more time than those of us doing daily journalism – but that exposed her to greater danger. While we would go in and out as quickly as possible, she stayed. Last year she spent nine weeks in Misurata under siege by Gaddafi's forces. In 1999, when almost all other journalists fled East Timor, she stayed in the UN compound with the terrified Timorese, hiding from rampaging Indonesian troops and paramilitaries.

She was the best company you could wish for on the road and also in London, where she threw great parties inviting politicians, journalists, aristocrats, actors and poets. She wore a tight black cocktail dress, mixed a mean vodka martini, smoked excessively and took lovers. Her personal life was turbulent: she married three times, twice to the same man. In recent years, she liked to go ocean sailing with her partner Richard Flaye. On her last trip into Homs she described “climbing over walls in the dark and slipping into muddy trenches”, but under her jeans and the thermals she borrowed from a fellow correspondent she was probably wearing lacy underwear – she always did. Marie had no interest in any debate about female war correspondents – she knew she was braver and better than most of the men. But she was hugely supportive to other reporters, especially those younger and less experienced.

Born and brought up in Long Island, she studied anthropology at Yale in the 1970s where a fellow student remembers her as a “character”, wearing “a lot of all-black outfits, high heels, scarves, [and] smoking thousands of cigarettes a day”. She became a reporter in New York and was then posted to Paris by United Press International. She joined The Sunday Times in 1986. Such was her charm and skill, she got more than others out of tricky interviewees such as Gaddafi and Yassir Arafat. There was, however, a limit. When Gaddafi asked her to put on a pair of little green slippers – green being his favourite colour – before an interview, she refused, saying that her feet were too big. On another occasion, he sent a Bulgarian nurse to her hotel room to take her blood because he was worried she was looking weak. Having staved off the hypodermic needle, she tried to check out but the hotel refused to relinquish her passport. Luckily Arafat’s security detail were in the lobby. They secured the passport and drove her to the airport.

After his death, her observations on Arafat’s complex character revealed how well she knew him – he once told her how many minutes a year he saved by shaving only every five days, he put hot tea on his cornflakes and pressure invigorated him. “One of the greatest problems with Arafat was that he really was ready to die,” she wrote. “That was when he was happiest.”

Yet the people who mattered most to Marie were not famous. I remember calling her before she had an operation on her left eye, which she had lost when a Sri Lankan soldier threw a grenade at her as she crossed from Tamil Tiger-held territory. It was, she told me, hard to cry and she needed to because she was so moved after receiving dozens of letters from Tamils asking if they could donate her their eye. (After the injury, she always wore an eye-patch – she had one studded with rhinestones for parties.)

On Tuesday, when we spoke on Skype from the Homs’ makeshift media centre, she was desperate about the wounded around her, including a baby who had died before her eyes. “This is the worst we’ve ever seen,” she said. “And they’re getting away with it.” A few hours later the media centre was hit, and she was killed by a rocket as she tried to escape. She was 56.

<http://www.vanityfair.com/online/daily/2012/02/marie-colvin-war-correspondent-obituary>

Vanity Fair: Correspondent Marie Colvin: 1957-2012

By Henry Porter

February 22, 2012 7:30 pm

Last year, I sent an e-mail to Marie Colvin, the London Sunday Times journalist who was killed by government forces in the Syrian town of Homs earlier today. I was hoping to hook up with her somewhere in North Africa, where we were both covering the Arab Spring.

I asked her to be careful because things looked complicated and scary in Libya. On February 22—a year ago today—she replied, “I am in Tripoli, any chance you coming this way? Need any help? I’m staying a while, but not sure how long. I don’t plan to die a martyr!”

That e-mail says a lot about Marie, particularly regarding her warmth as a friend and colleague. Thinking about the last sentence today, I realized the dreadful truth: Marie had indeed died as a martyr. She meant it ironically at the time, of course, but Marie, among all the foreign correspondents I’ve met, had a precisely defined, lifelong mission to report on the suffering she witnessed in countless conflicts and dirty wars.

Along with the French photographer Remi Ochlik, she was killed in the most dangerous place on the planet for journalists right now. She died because she wanted the world to know the full extent of the barbarism practiced by

President Bashar al-Assad's forces against his own people. Her editor had ordered her out of the country, but she stayed.

So, yes, "martyr" is the right word—a martyr for truth and the standards of civilization.

The following comes from her final dispatches yesterday, from what she called the "ground zero" of the Syrian massacres:

"The Syrians are not allowing civilians to leave. Anyone who gets on the street, if they are not hit by a shell, they are sniped. There are snipers all around ... I think the sickening thing is the complete merciless nature ... The scale of it is just shocking."

That's all you need to know about what is going on in Syria, which is why the house where she and the other journalists sheltered was targeted by Assad's forces today. She conveyed the terror she witnessed in the calmest possible manner, and at the heart of her report was her concern for the ordinary civilian victims—as it so often was.

There is a good reason why Marie was held to be a cut above the average foreign correspondent, brave though they all are. It was her astonishingly brave behavior in East Timor in 1999, when she alone among 23 journalists refused to leave a compound where some 1,500 women and children had sought refuge from Indonesian forces. Because the soldiers knew she was still there with the unarmed U.N. force—and would tell the world if the compound was attacked—those women and children lived to be evacuated a few days later.

I often talked to her about that decision, and she said there had been absolutely no question in her mind about what she should do. It didn't occur to her to leave with all her colleagues, though she felt a little sick in the stomach as she watched the trucks disappear.

A few years earlier, I sat next to her at lecture given by the New York Times journalist David Rohde, who, when working for The Christian Science Monitor in 1995, discovered incontestable evidence of the massacres in the Bosnian enclave of Srebrenica, where Bosnian Serbs murdered 9,000 men and boys. There was only one other journalist I knew who was capable of Rohde's courage and persistence, and I was sitting next to her.

But she paid for this dedication with the loss of an eye in Sri Lanka to a hand-grenade explosion, an injury that was followed by a serious bout of post-traumatic stress disorder. It is worth mentioning that she received the unstinting support of the head of News International, Rupert Murdoch, through both. He flew her to New York to see if her eye could be saved, and during what was essentially a nervous breakdown, The Sunday Times paid for all her treatment.

What was striking about that period was her complete absence of self-pity. I never heard Marie complain about the hardships she endured or the effects of witnessing so much pain. When she was suffering from PTSD, she used to be let out of the clinic and would come round to dinner with her friend Jane Wellesley. My teenage daughters were open-mouthed at the sight of this astonishing woman with an eye patch, listening to her describe what she had done in the previous 20 years. The point, she emphasized with a tipsy flourish of cigarette and wine glass, was that women could do anything they chose. She had no children of her own, but she was wonderful at talking to kids because she treated them as equals.

Colvin was born in East Norwich, New York, near the swishy Gold Coast of Long Island (where the book *The Great Gatsby* is set). She carried with her, even into war zones, a little bit of that glamour. Somehow the eye patch only added to her graceful poise. But no matter how much time she spent abroad, she always remained honestly and sensibly an American.

I first met her in the mid-80s when we sat opposite each other at The Sunday Times. With a tangle of brown hair and a ready smile, she looked like a college student, but she had already covered the massacres at the Shatila and Sabra camps in Lebanon and she was by then one of the few journalists that Yasser Arafat and Colonel Gaddafi would talk to.

She lived in a flat that was let to her by our colleague David Blundy, who was later killed by a sniper's bullet in El Salvador. They shared integrity but also a rare form of glamour that stayed with Marie until she died. At parties

she was always among the most dramatically dressed, and she shone with good humor and the love of her friends, of which there were hundreds.

But she was no Amazon warrior: she could love and be hurt as easily as the next person. She made me cry with laughter with the story of her late arrival to cover Kosovo and being billeted with two journalists, whose possessions she recognized in the room. Suddenly the dangers of Kosovo receded as she considered how to handle an ex-boyfriend and former husband in the same bedroom.

This evening the news from Homs has been silenced. We don't know how many people have been killed or what areas of the town are under bombardment—and that is because one of the bravest people ever to file a story is dead, and can no longer be there to bear witness.

<http://www.thedailynewsegypt.com/marie-colvin-reporter-who-knew-risks-of-war-all-too-well-obit.html>

Daily News Egypt: Agence France-Press: Marie Colvin: reporter who knew risks of war all too well

By: Danny Kemp

February 23

LONDON: Marie Colvin, who was killed in Syria on Wednesday aged 56, was a renowned war reporter for Britain's Sunday Times whose distinctive black eye-patch symbolized her bravery and commitment.

Born in the United States but based in London for decades, her long career saw her cover some of the world's bloodiest conflicts, while most recently she reported on the Arab Spring uprisings from Tunisia, Egypt and Libya.

In her final powerful reports from the Syrian city of Homs, filed just hours before she died along with young freelance French photojournalist Remi Ochlik, she described a two-year-old boy dying of a shrapnel wound.

"I watched a little baby die today. Absolutely horrific," she told BBC television by telephone from Homs.

"His little tummy just kept heaving until he died."

The Sunday Times, the paper she had worked for for 25 years, put her final dispatch from the Babr Amr area of Homs so that everyone could read it.

"It is a city of the cold and hungry, echoing to exploding shells and bursts of gunfire," Colvin wrote in the piece, originally published on Sunday.

"On the lips of everyone was the question: 'Why have we been abandoned by the world?'"

One of her most poignant comments from her last hours came on her Facebook page, where she responded to comments from colleagues wishing her well.

"A nightmare here. Mx", she wrote to one.

Colvin's determination to tell the stories of people caught in conflict had long led her deep into the heart of danger.

The eye patch she wore was the result of a shrapnel wound she sustained from a grenade explosion covering the civil war in Sri Lanka in 2001, depriving her of sight in one eye.

Born in Long Island, she majored in English at Yale University and her first job was as a night-shift police beat reporter for the United Press International news agency in New York City.

She then did a two-year stint as Paris bureau chief for UPI before joining The Sunday Times as a Middle East correspondent in 1986.

During her 25 years with the broadsheet she reported on almost every major conflict, from the Lebanese civil war to the first Gulf War, from Chechnya to East Timor.

Her injuries in Sri Lanka led to the onset of post-traumatic stress disorder but she overcame it by taking up competitive sailing, according to a biography issued by her employers.

Tributes poured in from colleagues hailing her bravery and describing her as an inspiration.

At St Bride's Church in London's Fleet Street, the so-called "journalists' church", a photograph and short account of both Colvin and Ochlik had already been added to the "shrine" of journalists killed on the job.

Their names now sit alongside others such as Wall Street Journal reporter Daniel Pearl, who was abducted and killed by militants in Pakistan in 2002, and photographer Tim Hetherington, who died in Libya in 2011.

Rupert Murdoch, the Australian-born owner of The Sunday Times, said she was "one of the most outstanding foreign correspondents of her generation."

Sunday Times editor John Witherow painted a picture of the woman behind the work, saying she was "much more than a war reporter".

"She was a woman with a tremendous joie de vivre, full of humor and mischief and surrounded by a large circle of friends, all of whom feared the consequences of her bravery," he said.

In an address at St Bride's in November 2010, quoted on Wednesday by The Times, Colvin herself showed she was well aware of the risks of her trade.

"Our mission is to report these horrors of war with accuracy and without prejudice," she added. "We always have to ask ourselves whether the level of risk is worth the story. What is bravery, and what is bravado?"

"Journalists covering combat shoulder great responsibilities and face difficult choices. Sometimes they pay the ultimate price."

<http://wvgazette.com/News/politico/201202230030>

Charleston Gazette: Marie Colvin—the natural

By: Allison Silver

February 23

I have been reading all day about Marie Colvin, the terrific London Sunday Times foreign correspondent who was killed Wednesday in Syria. David Remnick wrote a lovely piece about her. It captures her coolness and professionalism.

Marie was a remarkable writer — and person. Talented and persistent: An unbeatable combo.

I knew her back at Yale, and she often cited me as the person who started her writing. And I think I was. Her mother, Rosemarie Colvin, described Wednesday how her daughter had decided to be a journalist back when she was writing for The Yale Daily News.

I was an editor on the Yale Daily when Marie was in a seminar with me. She was funny and savvy and amazing looking. Tall and slim, with a baby face surrounded by masses of black corkscrew curls. Her best friend was equally tall — and they stood out on campus.

She hung out with all the campus "writers" — who took prestigious writing classes but wouldn't deign to take part in the hurly-burly of daily campus journalism. They were serious writers — and serious partiers. I knew most of them — but her least of all. She was not quite regarded as a "writer," like they were.

In that class, I realized Marie had a clear, clean talent for writing. So I kept on her to write for me at the News. She starting doing longer reported feature pieces — and thrived.

I could see she was jazzed by the process of reporting. She had started off insisting that she was not the writer of the group. And I kept saying to her you can do this. So do it! And she did. She was a natural.

With all that persistence, of course she pursued it and went on to serious international reporting. I remember, back in the 90s I think, she was one of the elite Middle East reporters who attained an interview with Qadhafi – a feat she pulled off again recently.

Meanwhile, I'm still a desk jockey. As my career took me to Los Angeles, New York and DC, she was reporting from hot spots around the globe. I rarely saw her, which is something I will always regret. But whenever I ran into her, we talked about Yale and our varied paths from there.

She lived the life she wanted to. And that is to be admired.

<http://www.independent.ie/obituaries/marie-colvin-3031906.html>

Independent (Ireland): Marie Colvin: Foreign correspondent of great courage and charm, who delivered the wartime stories of rebels, underdogs and victims

By: Staff

February 26

MARIE Colvin, who was killed by shellfire in Homs last Wednesday aged 56 while covering the uprising in Syria, was a fearless, passionate and ebullient foreign correspondent regarded by many as a latter-day Martha Gellhorn.

The two women became friends before Gellhorn's death in 1998, and shared an extraordinary bravery that put them in a position to deliver the wartime stories of rebels, underdogs and ordinary citizens. In recent times, this ensured Marie Colvin an array of prizes and awards.

But she did not put her life on the line to win acclaim. Instead, it was by being in the line of fire, by sharing the risks of those she was writing about, that she was able to produce her immensely powerful coverage of conflict's human toll. She was doing precisely this when she was killed, telling the world of indiscriminate government shelling of "a city of cold, starving civilians".

Her eyewitness accounts were broadcast on CNN and the BBC because, though a staff reporter of more than 20 years' standing for The Sunday Times, she was -- as usual -- the last journalist not to have fled. Such dedication and proximity infused her coverage with emotion. In Syria, she said government forces were committing "murder" and she described how she had witnessed a baby die from shrapnel wounds. She was never mawkish, but nor was she minded to stand idly by and witness massacres.

In East Timor in 1999, for example, as Indonesian troops closed in on a United Nations compound in Dili where 1,500 people had taken shelter, the UN wanted to pull out and leave the refugees to their fate. Colvin and two other female journalists remained in place, defying the UN, and the world, to do nothing. Eventually, shamed by the courage of the reporters, Indonesian forces allowed the refugees to leave and the international community stepped in. Colvin's presence had undoubtedly helped save many hundreds of lives.

Marie Catherine Colvin was born on January 12, 1956 in Oyster Bay, New York, to William and Rosemarie Colvin, both schoolteachers. Her father was a former US Marine who had served in Korea, and he eventually gave up teaching to become a political activist for the Kennedy Democrats.

Colvin, who had an idyllic childhood on the Long Island seaside, soon demonstrated a campaigning nature, too. To the disgruntlement of many conservative locals, she organised an anti-Vietnam demonstration in the streets of Oyster Bay, then created minor mayhem by designating her family home's frontyard an ecological recycling zone.

She studied American Literature at Yale, where she got her first taste of journalism by working for a university newspaper. After graduating, she began her career by taking a job on the in-house magazine of the Teamsters

union. Named "acting editor", she asked when the permanent incumbent would be coming back. Taken aside, she was gently informed that he would be away for five years, less with good behaviour.

Moving to the press agency UPI, she was appointed to its bureau in Trenton, New Jersey. Finding it desperately drab, she based herself in the West Village of Manhattan and commuted, demonstrating a commitment to enjoying herself that endured as long as her compulsion to report.

Her urge above all, however, was to become a foreign correspondent. She swiftly convinced UPI to promote her to the Paris bureau, where her dash and good looks soon won her a host of admirers. Her break came in 1986, when she was in the Libyan capital, Tripoli, as America launched its biggest aerial attack since Vietnam. Filing copy while scrambling to avoid the explosions, she set a pattern that would last the rest of her career.

It was while there that she was summoned to meet the Libyan dictator, Muammar Gaddafi; and over the next quarter of a century she frequently met him, as well as many other political leaders and despots. A peculiar effect of her beguiling character and her journalistic talent was that tyrants were charmed by her and sought her out, even as she eviscerated them in print.

Last year, she published an account of her encounters with the late Libyan leader over 25 years. It was entitled *Mad Dog and Me*.

While in Libya in 1986, she began freelancing for *The Sunday Times*, which soon lured her over full-time to become its Middle East correspondent. Her exploits quickly attracted the attention and envy of less bold colleagues -- a broad category. During the Iran-Iraq war, for instance, she smuggled herself in disguise into Basra, a city then completely closed off. In 1987, she reported from Bourj el Barajneh, the Palestinian refugee camp in Lebanon, which was under fire from the Syrian-backed Amal militia. There she met Pauline Cutting, a British surgeon who was a lone medical hero amid the carnage. The story was typical of Colvin -- illustrating a fearsomely complex conflict by finding the most dramatic, personal story at its heart.

At the same time she met and married *The Daily Telegraph's* Middle East correspondent, Patrick Bishop, and they lived in Jerusalem from the early Nineties. It was not a union based on typical domesticated bliss. While Colvin might be reporting from Baghdad on the aftermath of the first Gulf War, Bishop might be covering the wars in the Balkans (where he was wounded).

Colvin herself reported from Kosovo, and admitted that she constantly weighed "bravery against bravado". Around the turn of the century, that balancing act took her closer to the edge than ever. First, in 1999, she scored her dramatic triumph in East Timor. Then, while the world was celebrating the new millennium, she appeared to have pushed things too far in Chechnya.

Based with Chechen rebels as Russian troops cut off all escape, she found that the only route out was a 12,000ft mountain pass to Georgia. During an eight-day midwinter journey she waded through chest-high snow and braved altitude sickness, hunger and exposure. Bishop set off from Paris to the Georgian capital, Tbilisi, where, together with her *Sunday Times* colleague Jon Swain, he helped organise a helicopter from the US embassy to pluck her off the mountainside to safety.

Her time in Chechnya did not make her change her ways. Instead she was soon in Sri Lanka, as ever heading into rebel terrotpru -- this time Tamil Tigers. As she tried to cross the frontline back into government-held ground, she was hit by shrapnel in four places. Despite specialist surgery, she lost the use of her left eye and from then on wore a patch.

Soon she was back in the thick of things in Baghdad. There, as ever, she frayed editors' nerves not only with her derring-do but by filing her stories up to and beyond deadline. Her copy was well worth waiting for, but the price to pay could be high. On one occasion in Iraq, her satellite phone link was not properly shut down. It was never quite clear who was to blame, but the bill ran to more than \$20,000.

Like many journalists who covered the Middle East, Colvin welcomed the optimism of the Arab Spring. Though she knew that it would not effect an overnight transformation, she was compelled to see it through. Agonisingly for those who knew and loved her, however, that meant the nature of her death had a certain inevitability about it.

Colvin, of course, did not see it that way. She loved life, and brought an American exuberance to the countless parties she graced over many years. From the Gandamak Lodge in Kabul to Harry's Bar in Paris, she could be found at the heart of the conversation, cigarette and vodka martini in hand.

Apart from reporting, she loved sailing, gaining a skipper's licence between assignments. Those assignments no doubt contributed to her eventual separation from Bishop, and from Juan Carlos Gumucio, her second husband, who predeceased her. But all who knew her remained devoted to her.

She is survived by Patrick Bishop and by her partner of recent years, Richard Flaye, whom she met while sailing.

REACTIONS/ARTICLES

<http://www.nytimes.com/2012/02/23/world/middleeast/ghastly-images-flow-from-shattered-city-of-homs-syria.html?ref=todayspaper>

The New York Times: Ghastly Images Flow From Shattered Syrian City

By Rod Nordland
February 22, 2012

When the barrage stopped, the surviving occupants stampeded down the building's narrow concrete staircase, hoping to escape to the street. Then suddenly the bombardment resumed. More rockets splattered masonry and scattered shrapnel, blowing holes in walls and staircases, and leaving a trail of the dead and the dying from the fifth floor on down.

At least 22 bodies, including that of 6-year-old Mohammad Yahia al-Wees, were recovered from the scene, according to accounts and videos compiled by activists. And on the stairwell of the ground floor, 10 yards from the door and possible safety, amid the rubble, lay two foreign journalists, Marie Colvin, a veteran war correspondent, and Rémi Ochlik, a noted photojournalist. Both had been killed. They were among the few outsiders able to reach Homs, taking great personal risks and defying a government determined to hide its repression from the world. In the end, they died trying to reveal what was happening there.

As hundreds of homemade videos pouring out of Homs have made clear, the bombardment of the apartment building was just one episode in the Syrian Army's daily and sustained assault on the city. Heavy weaponry has been used to devastating effect against civilian neighborhoods that have virtually no defense, beyond a few army defectors and lightly armed activists.

One video distributed Wednesday shows a group of men laid out on blankets, their grisly wounds as visible as the anguish on the faces of onlookers. Another captures doctors lamenting their lack of supplies as they treat the wounded. Buildings are so pockmarked that they seem to be on the verge of collapse. The scenes are accompanied by eerie audio with cries of despair, explosions and activists' commentary about the scenes before them.

"This is the first YouTube war," said Rami Jarrah, co-director of the Activists News Association, a Cairo-based group that collects information from inside Syria and distributes it.

Ms. Colvin's last article, published in The Sunday Times of London just days before her death, began by describing what the rebels called "a widows' basement," a cramped room under a factory where women and children huddled while the men went out to forage or fight — and often did not return.

"The scale of human tragedy in the city is immense," Ms. Colvin wrote. "The inhabitants are living in terror. Almost every family seems to have suffered the death or injury of a loved one."

Activists inside Syria described how the wounded had fewer places to go. Al Hikma Hospital was destroyed by shelling in the first days of the government siege of Homs, said Sami Ibrahim of the Syrian Network of Human Rights, contacted by Skype from Homs. Two field clinics hidden in homes were destroyed as well, he said.

With everyday life suspended, schools and businesses were said to be closed, and water and electricity were off more than on. People rarely ventured out unless absolutely necessary, activists said, and the bombardment made it too dangerous to hunt thoroughly for the dead.

The deaths of the foreign journalists became yet another subject of videotaped missives to the world. "This is the American journalist Marie Colvin and this is the French journalist Rémi Ochlik," said Khaled Abu Salah, the

spokesman for the Revolution Leadership Council of Homs, as he addressed a cellphone camera while pointing at their bodies.

Three days earlier, Ms. Colvin had quoted Mr. Salah in an article in her newspaper. Now, he had turned citizen journalist and was reporting her death. Within an hour, his video report would be posted on YouTube, and then picked up by networks around the world. "They were killed because of the random shelling of the Baba Amr neighborhood," Mr. Salah said, angrily shaking the forefinger of his one good hand at the camera; his other hand, wounded by shrapnel, was bandaged. "This is a call for rescue to save the remaining residents while they are still alive."

He finished his report in 51 seconds, and then fled, lest the bombardment resume.

The crackdown by the government of President Bashar al-Assad has succeeded in keeping most foreign journalists out of Syria since protests began last March 15, but a raw version of events is still finding its way out. The United Nations said it had documented 5,400 deaths as of January, when it was no longer able to safely gather information. Unofficial tallies indicate that hundreds more have died in Homs over the past three weeks. While unconfirmed, the activists' accounts are often the only window into events inside Syria.

"Bashar al-Assad shut off the Internet and cut us off from the world," said Abu Jaffar, a Homs activist, who helped dig out bodies from the apartment building, and then videotaped the effort and posted the results. "So he has made every Syrian into a journalist."

Mr. Jaffar and several of his fellow activists were interviewed by means of Skype, over a computer they powered with a car battery, using a portable Inmarsat satellite transmitter set up to provide a WiFi hotspot in the corner of the city where they were hiding. Activists said they were raising money overseas to pay for the transmitters and the satellite time.

The apartment building where Ms. Colvin died was targeted, Mr. Jaffar and other activists asserted, because it housed the activists' media center. The satellite transmitters on the roof had probably been spotted by Syrian reconnaissance aircraft, they said.

The dead were found in and around that center, and the activists were uploading videos of every body and disseminating details about the victims.

In Cairo, the Activists News Association said that according to unconfirmed reports, 60 bodies had been found in the building by late Wednesday. Many wounded people were taken to a clandestine clinic, they said.

The day before, the association documented 104 deaths around Syria, at least 46 of them in Homs, mostly in that one neighborhood. "That was a bad day," said Mr. Jarrah, the association's co-director. "But there have been worse days."

The group is one of several helping Syria's volunteer journalists get the word out, organizing their video postings, compiling videos of the dead and spreading that information by Twitter and Facebook, but also to mainstream journalists. Mr. Jarrah estimated that 80 percent of the videos of violence inside Syria that were broadcast on mainstream news organizations like Al Jazeera and the BBC originated from amateur videographers.

The result has been a stunningly vivid picture, delivered sometimes on live feeds or at least in real time, of life inside Homs, which has emerged as the fractured epicenter of the uprising against the government.

Since February 4, government forces have fired shells daily at three Sunni Arab neighborhoods, particularly Baba Amr. By Wednesday, videographers were showing images of armored personnel carriers on the edge of the city, and they were warning that a ground invasion was likely to follow the rocket and artillery barrages of recent weeks.

Ms. Colvin, 56, a decorated correspondent who wore an eye patch after being hit by shrapnel in 2001 in Sri Lanka, and Mr. Ochlik, 28, a French freelancer who won a World Press Photo award for his work in Libya last year, were not the first journalists to die covering the carnage in Homs. Only the day before, a well-known Homs-based video blogger, Rami al-Sayyed, was killed, and his body, apparently riddled by shrapnel, was displayed in videos posted quickly online, with friends kissing his face fervently to show their respect.

Since November, four other foreign journalists have died covering Homs. Less than a week ago, a New York Times correspondent, Anthony Shadid, died, apparently from an asthma attack, while on a clandestine trip inside northern Syria.

All those documenting the conflict face risks. "On calls with Rami I often heard shells whizzing by," said Shakeeb al-Jabri, writing on the Syrian activists' Web site Al Ayyam.

On Tuesday, Mr. Sayyed had a live feed running of the shelling of Homs, then in its 18th straight day. At 11 a.m., it suddenly went dead. Later, videos of Mr. Sayyed's body were posted, too.

By Wednesday, 104 YouTube videos of deaths from Tuesday's violence had been posted, their links cataloged by Mr. Jarrah's activists. Many of the more telling ones were quickly rebroadcast on satellite television networks, including images of a wounded father who crawled over to his son on the floor of a makeshift clinic, hugging him and crying, "Why did they kill you?"

And then he turns to the camera and says, "Oh humans, oh world, look, what could he have done?"

Mr. Ibrahim said that activists had the names of 22 people killed in and around the media center on Wednesday, and were filming videos of those whose bodies had been recovered, but they feared many more were still in the rubble of the five-story building. "It is too dangerous now," he said. "If you want to lose your life just try to go there."

Some of the videos from Homs are too painful or graphic to watch, like one from the city's National Hospital, where activists came across a victim bearing evidence of torture. On his body, written in Arabic with a marker pen, is "Anonymous, Number 348." The narrator reads that and adds, "This means there are at least 348 anonymous persons in the hospital."

Numerous citizen videos made at the remaining field clinic in Baba Amr show the two doctors delivering a running commentary about their victims, and particularly the lack of medical supplies. "She needs to be transported to a hospital immediately," says one, identified only as Dr. Ali. He points to the makeshift cast on his patient's leg, which is in traction with a water bottle and string as the counterweight. "This was done in a primitive way, but it was all we had."

By Thursday, the road Ms. Colvin and Mr. Ochlik had used to reach Homs had been closed off by the Syrian Army, Omar Shakir, an activist, said from Homs. "There is no way to transfer their bodies," he said. "We don't have morgues to keep the bodies, or ice, no electricity. After 24 hours, we will be obliged to bury them in Homs."

http://www.nypost.com/p/news/international/syria_slays_ny_journo_legend_zgOQoT4dOc5ED3Jaol81nN

The New York Post: Syria slays NY journo legend who returned to document tragedy

By: Kieran Crowley and Andy Soltis
February 23, 2012 1:09am

Syrian forces have resumed shelling an opposition stronghold in Homs today, one day after courageous war correspondent Marie Colvin, a Long Island native, was killed when Syrian government loyalists intentionally shelled her makeshift press center in the blood-soaked city — apparently to silence her reporting on the slaughter of civilians.

She was 56.

The award-winning reporter for London's Sunday Times died along with a French photographer after 11 shells made a direct hit on the building, burying both.

Two other foreign reporters were wounded and are still trapped in Homs Wednesday, witnesses said.

The regime of Syrian despot Bashar al-Assad was able to pinpoint the press center by locking in on reporters' cellphones.

Jean-Pierre Perrin, a reporter for France's Liberation newspaper, who was with Colvin last week, said they were told the building would be deliberately targeted and that the army would be issued orders to "kill any journalist that sets foot in Syria."

Direct orders, intercepted by Lebanese intelligence, to destroy the building were issued by the Syrian army, according to Britain's Telegraph newspaper.

Eight hours before her death, Colvin gave her last interview — from the press center where she was killed — telling CNN's Anderson Cooper that this assignment was the "worst" in her two decades-plus as a war reporter.

"There's nowhere to run," she said. "You can sort of figure out where a sniper is. But you can't figure out where a shell is going to land."

Tragically, Colvin left Homs over the weekend but returned Monday because she heard the army was planning a major offensive and wanted to get one last eyewitness account.

"I think reports of my survival may be exaggerated," she wrote on Tuesday in response to an erroneous report that she had safely escaped the city.

Colvin had planned to leave Homs on Tuesday, but decided to stay until yesterday.

"That's really bad because it was just one day," her mother, Rosemarie Colvin, said tearfully in the living room of her East Norwich, LI, home.

"She was murdered. I'm very proud of her. But I'm going to miss her.

"I'm hoping to have her back. I want to bring her home one last time," she said about whether she will receive her daughter's body.

Marie Colvin exchanged e-mails with a friend, Katrina Heron, in which Colvin said she suspected that she would be targeted. "I do have the feeling that in the last hours of her life, she knew," Heron told The Post.

Born and raised on Long Island, Marie Colvin graduated from Oyster Bay HS in 1974, then Yale, and began a fearless career covering war for The Sunday Times.

She went on patrol with the Kosovo Liberation Army in the Balkan war, covered East Timor rebels, and came under fire from Russian jets in Chechnya.

Last August, when she and other reporters were outside the Tripoli mansion of Moammar Khadafy's son Muatassim during the dictator's final days, she clambered up the outer wall — while her much younger colleagues held back until they were embarrassed into following her. Later, she got one of the last interviews with Moammar Khadafy.

While covering the Tamil rebels in Sri Lanka in 2001, she was badly wounded by a government grenade.

"She nearly died," her mother recalled, and for the rest of her life carried "shrapnel in her brain and in her chest."

But the only outward sign was the black patch that she wore over her lost left eye.

Her mother said Yale classmate and Kennedy heir Robert Sargent "Bobby" Shriver, helped get her out of Sri Lanka. "They actually sent the Marines in from the embassy," she said.

Shriver told The Post how moved he was by Colvin's final interview, in which she described seeing a wounded 2-year-old baby die in a makeshift medical center in Homs.

"We just watched the little boy, his little tummy heaving and heaving as he tried to breathe. It was horrific," she told CNN's Cooper early yesterday morning.

"She gave her life to show that image," Shriver said.

Rupert Murdoch, chairman of News Corp., which owns The Sunday Times and the New York Post, called Colvin "one of the most outstanding foreign correspondents of her generation."

"She put her life in danger on many occasions because she was driven by a determination that the misdeeds of tyrants and the suffering of the victims did not go unreported," he said.

Colvin knew the risks she was taking.

"Journalists covering combat shoulder great responsibilities and face difficult choices," she said in a 2010 speech. "Sometimes, they pay the ultimate price. It has never been more dangerous to be a war correspondent, because the journalist in the combat zone has become a prime target."

<http://www.time.com/time/world/article/0,8599,2107394,00.html>

TIME: War Reporter Marie Colvin and Photographer Rémi Ochlik Are Killed

By: Vivienne Walt
February 22, 2012

A celebrated American-born war reporter and a young French photographer were killed on Wednesday morning when Syrian forces bombed a makeshift media center in the besieged city of Homs. The tragedy shook the disparate community of conflict journalists gathered there, not least in highlighting the degree to which risks are intensifying for those covering Syria's march to civil war.

Marie Colvin, an American who was one of Britain's most honored combat journalists, and Rémi Ochlik, an award-winning photojournalist who was just 29, died when the regime's military hit the building where a growing number of foreign journalists were covering the Homs battle. British photographer Paul Conroy, whose work illustrated Colvin's chilling dispatch from Homs in the London Sunday Times last weekend, was reported severely injured, along with an unnamed American woman journalist. Those details have not yet been confirmed.

Within seconds of the news breaking on the BBC and Syrian Twitter feeds, the closed Facebook group for conflict journalists lit up with frenzied messages, many of them unable to believe that their colleagues were gone. And Colvin's own Facebook site was jammed with messages from friends, one saying, "Please God not Marie! Marie are you OK?"

She was not. Just one day before, Colvin had posted a message to the war-reporters' Facebook group, urging colleagues to break her newspaper's firewall and post her extraordinary report from inside Homs. With her characteristic passion and wry self-deprecating humor, she offered to "face the firing squad" for whoever illicitly reposted her work, while not forgetting to praise Conroy's "amazing photos" which accompanied it. "I don't often do this but it is sickening what is happening here," she wrote.

At 56, Colvin was no novice in witnessing sickening events. She was a victim of violence herself, having lost her left eye after coming under government fire in Sri Lanka in 2001. While many might long since have sought a prosthetic eye, Colvin chose instead to wear a black eye patch, something of a badge of honor for conflict journalism, instantly making her the most distinctive journalist in any combat zone.

She was also surely one of the more dedicated, rarely missing a conflict — and believing to the end that the perils were simply a journalist's duty. "Our mission is to speak the truth to power. We send home that first rough draft of history," she said in 2010, in an address at a packed ceremony for fallen war reporters at St. Bride's Church in London. "In an age of 24/7 rolling news, blogs and twitters, we are on constant call wherever we are. But war reporting is still essentially the same — someone has to go there and see what is happening," she told the audience. "You can't get that information without going to places where people are being shot at, and others are shooting at you."

For Ochlik that horror came as he was just beginning his career. He was with his friend Lucas Dolego, the French photographer, on the streets of Tunis during the revolution there last January when Dolego was hit and killed by a

police teargas canister. "We had come to work, so I kept on working," he said in a recent interview, after being honored for his Arab Spring photos. "As a little boy I always wanted to become an archeologist, for the travels, the adventures," he continued. That changed when his grandfather gave him his first camera. He began photographing his friends, and later traveled to Haiti, to Tunisia, Egypt and Libya last year — and last week, to Syria.

Colvin's last dispatch from Homs was a video, which aired on the BBC on Tuesday, describing the appalling conditions and deep terror felt by residents who have been encircled by Syrian forces for weeks. Later, she called Peter Bouckaert, Human Rights Watch's Emergency Director, to discuss what she'd seen. "She contacted me not because she wanted to boast about reaching Homs, but because she wanted to reach out to people she thought could make a difference to the people of Homs," Bouckaert said in a Facebook post on Wednesday. "I could just imagine her happily chatting away with me as the shells fell around her building, and being totally in her element. She was one of the most fearless and dedicated reporters I have ever met."

After months of being shut out of the conflict, journalists have increasingly sneaked into Syria through smuggling routes from Lebanon and Turkey, coordinating their life-threatening journeys with local activists. As the coverage of the Homs siege filtered out of Syria, the small corps of journalists in the city has appeared ever more a target of attacks, from a government that has been intent on keeping journalists away from rebel territory. The shock among journalists on Wednesday came while many were still absorbing the loss of Anthony Shadid, the celebrated New York Times correspondent, who died in Syria last Thursday of an apparent asthma attack after sneaking into the country illegally; many colleagues and friends were still gathered in Beirut for Shadid's memorial service, which took place there on Tuesday, when news hit of Colvin and Ochlik's deaths.

Born in Oyster Bay, New York, Colvin graduated from Yale University, and became renowned in Britain largely through her gripping coverage of the 1990s Balkans War, and the war in Chechnya. But Colvin was not all about work. With her crackling wit, and her knack for great story-telling, she was an excellent companion for lengthy dinners after a day's reporting, not least during the past year's revolutions in Tunisia, Libya, and Egypt. Over dinner in each of those places, Colvin — despite being in the thick of a compelling revolution — spoke about where she might go next, and how to get there ahead of the press pack, which was increasingly more young and nimble than herself.

In her address at St. Bride's Church in 2010, Colvin touched on the issue of whether war reporters perhaps risked their lives for professional ambitions, rather than a humanitarian drive to expose injustices. The answer, apparently, was not entirely clear to her. "We always have to ask ourselves whether the level of risk is worth the story," she said. "What is bravery, and what is bravado?" Shaken by the losses, many journalists will be wrestling with that question in the days and weeks ahead.

<http://www.reuters.com/article/2012/02/22/syria-colvin-profile-idUSL5E8DM2D120120222>

Reuters: PROFILE-Marie Colvin, intrepid and fearless war correspondent

By: Andrew Osborn

February 22, 2012 1:59pm EST

LONDON Feb 22 (Reuters) - Marie Colvin's final dispatch, published just three days before she and a French photographer were killed by shell and rocket fire, came from a bleak cellar packed with women and children cowering in the besieged Syrian city of Homs.

Relating the stories of those sheltering in what she called 'the widows' basement', Colvin explained how she had made her way to the pulverised city by crossing into Syria from Lebanon via a secret smugglers' route. The forces of President Bashar al-Assad had opened fire twice with machine guns and rocket propelled grenades on the car she used to get there, she said.

But the focus of her final article in Britain's Sunday Times newspaper was not her own fate but that of the Syrian people.

"The scale of the human tragedy in the city is immense," she wrote. "Everyone in the cellar has a similar story of hardship or death." On all the Syrian civilians' lips around her, she added, was the searing question: "Why have we been abandoned by the world?"

Born in Long Island, New York, in the mid 1950s, Colvin, was famous among her peers for her determination. A graduate of Yale University, she made it her cause to try to cover every war zone in the world during the last quarter of a century and, if possible, to get there first. She also had a reputation for exceptional bravery and for taking calculated risks.

Colvin began working for Britain's Sunday Times newspaper in 1985 and went on to brave conflicts from the Middle East to Chechnya, taking big risks to expose the often hard-to-get stories of atrocities, injustice, and human suffering that some of the world's bloodiest dictators would have preferred remained untold.

BLACK EYE PATCH

It was physically and psychologically bruising.

She was injured while reporting in the West Bank during the 1980s when a stone thrown through the window of a car hit her in the face and broke her nose. In Sri Lanka more than a decade later, a hand grenade that went off nearby left her without the use of her left eye.

Rather than get a prosthetic eye, she wore a piratical black eye patch over it. It was a decision that made her instantly recognisable in the world's war zones and the patch became a symbol of her courage.

Her friends say she was always superb company despite constant exposure to trauma around the world. She revelled in mischievous humour and reeling off incredible anecdotes.

"As the tributes to Marie pour in, you'll hear many amazing things about her," Mark Franchetti, a Sunday Times colleague who has known her since 1995, told Reuters. "They're all true. Not only was she truly the best and most fearless war reporter in British journalism of her generation, hands down, she was also a deeply special human being."

Colvin set out her philosophy of war reporting in a memorial service for journalists killed in conflict zones in 2010.

"Craters. Burned houses. Mutilated bodies. Women weeping for children and husbands. Our mission is to report these horrors of war with accuracy and without prejudice," she said.

She made it clear she knew the risks.

"We always have to ask ourselves whether the level of risk is worth the story," she told the audience at St Bride's, the journalists' church on London's Fleet Street. "What is bravery, and what is bravado?"

"In an age of 24-7 rolling news, blogs and twitter, we are on constant call wherever we are. But war reporting is still essentially the same - someone has to go there and see what is happening," she said.

A resident of West London, Colvin cut a glamorous and life-affirming figure, equally at ease mingling in London high society as she was hunkering down among refugees. Blessed with a rich contacts book that she often exploited to devastating journalistic effect, she was a doyenne of the small international war reporters' fraternity.

Her fearless approach won her a clutch of awards.

Among them was the Woman Journalist of the Year prize at the 2010 Foreign Press Association in London, which she won for a story headlined "Swift and Bloody: the Taliban's revenge".

She also won the Courage in Journalism award from the International Women's Media Foundation in 2000 for her behind-the-lines work in Chechnya and Kosovo.

In one notable incident in Chechnya, she and a photographer found themselves trapped by Russian forces and pulled off a daring escape over the mountains to neighbouring Georgia.

Before she entered Syria to write what would turn out to be her last story, she told a friend that she had an "ominous feeling" about the dangerous assignment.

A chorus of tributes honouring her poured in from around the world on Wednesday. British Prime Minister David Cameron said her death was a sad reminder of the risks journalists take, Sunday Times editor John Witherow recalled that nothing ever seemed to deter Colvin, and Rupert Murdoch, her newspaper's proprietor, called her "one of the most outstanding foreign correspondents of her generation."

<http://www.miamiherald.com/2012/02/22/2654352/marie-colvin-war-reporter-dies.html>

Miami Herald: American war reporter Marie Colvin killed in Syria

By: Danica Kirka

February 22, 2012

LONDON -- She was instantly recognizable for the eye patch that hid a shrapnel injury - a testament to Marie Colvin's courage, which took her behind the front lines of the world's deadliest conflicts to write about the suffering of individuals trapped in war.

After more than two decades of chronicling conflict, Colvin became a victim of it Wednesday, killed by shelling in the besieged Syrian city of Homs.

Colvin, 56, died alongside French photojournalist Remi Ochlik, the French government announced. Freelance photographer Paul Conroy and journalist Edith Bouvier of Le Figaro were wounded.

Colvin, from East Norwich, New York, had been a foreign correspondent for Britain's Sunday Times for more than 25 years, making a specialty of reporting from the world's most dangerous places. The newspaper posted her final dispatch outside the website's paywall, so anyone could read her account from a cellar offering refuge for women and children. The report chronicled the horrors that eventually took her own life.

"It is a city of the cold and hungry, echoing to exploding shells and bursts of gunfire," Colvin wrote. "There are no telephones and the electricity has been cut off. ... Freezing rain fills potholes and snow drifts in through windows empty of glass. No shops are open, so families are sharing what they have with relatives and neighbors. Many of the dead and injured are those who risked foraging for food.

"Fearing the snipers' merciless eyes, families resorted last week to throwing bread across rooftops, or breaking through communal walls to pass unseen."

Colvin often focused on the plight of women and children in wartime, and Syria was no different. She gave interviews to major British broadcasters on the eve of her death, appealing for the world to notice the slaughter taking place.

"I watched a little baby die today," she told the BBC on Tuesday. "Absolutely horrific, a 2-year old child had been hit. They stripped it and found the shrapnel had gone into the left chest and the doctor said 'I can't do anything.' His little tummy just kept heaving until he died."

In the 1990s, Colvin worked in the Balkans, where she went on patrol with the Kosovo Liberation Army as it engaged Serb military forces. She worked in Chechnya, where she came under fire from Russian jets while reporting on Chechen rebels seeking independence for their region. She also covered the conflict in East Timor after its people voted for independence in Southeast Asia.

She was one of the few reporters to interview ousted Libyan leader Moammar Gadhafi in his final days before his death in October. Her mother, Rosemarie Colvin, of East Norwich, N.Y., told The Associated Press that her daughter knew Gadhafi well, and described her daughter as a passionate about her work, even when it got very hard.

"She was supposed to leave (Syria) today," Rosemarie Colvin said, adding that her daughter had spoken yesterday with her editor who ordered her to leave because it was so dangerous. "She had to stay. She wanted to finish one more story."

The eldest of five children, Colvin is survived by her mother, two sisters and two brothers. Rosemarie Colvin invited reporters into her home, fighting back the tears.

"The reason I've been talking to all you guys is that I don't want my daughter's legacy to be 'no comment ... because she wasn't a 'no comment' person,'" she said. "Her legacy is: Be passionate and be involved in what you believe in. And do it as thoroughly and honestly and fearlessly as you can."

A graduate of Yale University, Colvin had never planned to be a journalist. She had studied anthropology, later taking the rigorous study of people and places and putting it to good use writing about individuals caught up in suffering to relay the horror of war.

"Our mission is to speak the truth to power," she said during a tribute service for slain journalists at Fleet Street's St. Bride's Church in November 2010. "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."

Colvin's death comes only days after two other respected journalists died while reporting on the uprising against Syria's president, Bashar Assad. Two-time Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Anthony Shadid, a correspondent for The New York Times, died last week of an apparent asthma attack while slipping out of Syria.

Award-winning French TV reporter Gilles Jacquier was killed in an explosion in Homs on Jan. 11, becoming the first Western journalist to die since the uprising began. His colleagues believe he was murdered in an elaborate trap set up by Syrian authorities - a claim that Assad's government has denied.

Colvin lost the sight in one eye during an ambush in Sri Lanka in 2001 but promised not to "hang up my flak jacket" and kept reporting on the world's most troubled places. She was matter of fact about the injury during the tribute at St. Bride's, as she described how authorities will try to keep the truth out of the headlines.

"I had gone to the northern Tamil area from which journalists were banned and found an unreported humanitarian disaster," she said. "As I was smuggled back across the internal border, a soldier launched a grenade at me and the shrapnel sliced into my face and chest. He knew what he was doing."

British Prime Minister David Cameron led the tributes to Colvin, telling lawmakers in the House of Commons that the death of the "talented and respected foreign correspondent" was "a desperately sad reminder of the risks journalists take to inform the world of what is happening and the dreadful events in Syria."

Author Salman Rushdie, who spent years in hiding from death threats, sent a message to his followers on Twitter, noting that it was "dreadful news. A great reporter, fine writer and fearless woman is gone. Her many friends are devastated."

Colvin's boss, media mogul Rupert Murdoch, described her as "one of the most outstanding foreign correspondents of her generation."

But the tributes also described a woman intent on living life to the full. She was often compared to pioneering war correspondent Martha Gellhorn - gutsy and glamorous, taking each day as it came.

"She lived life passionately," said BBC correspondent Lyse Doucet. "Great shoes, great journalism."

<http://www.npr.org/blogs/thetwo-way/2012/02/22/147253839/marie-colvin-died-in-syria-while-exposing-the-horrors-of-war>

NPR: Marie Colvin Died In Syria While Exposing 'The Horrors Of War'

By: Lourdes Garcia-Navarro
February 22, 2012 10:35 am

We were exhausted after a long hot day of reporting. Tripoli had just fallen, and it was almost sunset. We pulled up to the house of Muatassim Gadhafi, one of Moammar Gadhafi's most feared and loathed sons. Even though we were all much younger than Marie Colvin, we were discussing calling it a day without venturing inside, as night was falling and, frankly, we were tired. But Marie quickly clambered up the ladder helpfully provided by local residents to scale the massive wall encircling the property. We reluctantly followed.

— From Marie Colvin's last conversation with the BBC, posted on Tuesday: "I watched a little baby die today. Absolutely horrific."

— From her last conversation with CNN, also on Tuesday: "This is the worst ... for many reasons. ... There's no where to run."

The second journalist killed today in Homs, Syria, was French photographer Remi Ochlik. Several other journalists were reportedly injured.

While Marie — an American from Oyster Bay, N.Y. — was largely unknown in her home country, she was a legend in the United Kingdom. Her reports for the British Sunday Times from war zones across the world illuminated the tragedies and perils that ordinary people caught in extraordinary events face. Like that day last August, she was often the first person in somewhere, and frequently the last one to leave.

Marie lost her left eye covering the fighting in Sri Lanka in 2001. She never deigned to get a prosthetic, rather proudly and raffishly sporting a black eye patch. As a woman in a male-dominated field, she went where many feared to go and wrote lengthy pieces detailing the terrible atrocities she witnessed. She was also a supportive comrade and a friend to many of us who work in the Middle East and beyond.

She lost her life in Homs doing what she believed in. Marie, in her mid-50s, confessed to colleagues in recent email messages that the carnage she was witnessing in Syria was some of the worst she'd ever seen, and for over 25 years she covered some of the most terrible things humans can do to one another. She wrote on Facebook in one of her last messages that "getting this story out is what we got into journalism for." Her last story in The Sunday Times was headlined "We Live In Fear Of A Massacre" and described Baba Amr, Syria, as "a city of the cold and hungry, echoing to exploding shells and bursts of gunfire" where frightened women and children gathered in a "widows' basement."

Some will argue, as they always do after a terrible loss, that journalists should not put themselves in harm's way; that the price of bearing witness is too high. Marie already answered that question.

In a memorial to fallen colleagues in the U.K. in 2010 she had this to say:

"Covering a war means going to places torn by chaos, destruction, and death. ... It means trying to find the truth in a sandstorm of propaganda when armies, tribes or terrorists clash. ...

"Many of you here must have asked yourselves — or be asking yourselves now — is it worth the cost in lives, heartbreak, loss? Can we really make a difference?

"I faced that question when I was injured. In fact one paper ran a headline saying, 'has Marie Colvin gone too far this time?' My answer then, and now, was that it is worth it. ...

"We 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."

Her legacy is in the words she left behind, the lives she changed and in the example she set for us all.

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-2104711/Marie-Colvin-Sunday-Times-reporter-leave-Syria-day-died-says-mother.html>

The Daily Mail: Mother of veteran war reporter Marie Colvin said her daughter was due to leave Syria on same day she was killed in rocket attack

By Charles: Walford and Nabila Ramdani
February, 23 2012 9:22 am

The mother of journalist Marie Colvin, who died in a rocket attack in Syria, said her daughter was on the verge of leaving the city because it was so dangerous.

Rosemarie Colvin described her daughter as passionate about her work, even when it got extremely hard. The 55-year-old Sunday Times reporter died alongside French photographer Remi Ochlik, 28, in a rocket attack on the besieged city of Homs this morning.

Speaking from her home in East Norwich, New York, Mrs. Colvin said: 'She was supposed to leave (Syria) today,' adding that her daughter had spoken yesterday with her editor at the Sunday Times who ordered her to leave because it was so dangerous.

Mrs Colvin said: 'She had to stay. She wanted to finish one more story.'

The award-winning journalist was the eldest of five children and is survived by her mother, two sisters and two brothers.

Her mother told reporters: 'The reason I've been talking to all you guys is that I don't want my daughter's legacy to be "no comment" ... because she wasn't a "no comment" person.'

'Her legacy is: Be passionate and be involved in what you believe in.

'And do it as thoroughly and honestly and fearlessly as you can.'

It was claimed that Syrian forces may have murdered Marie Colvin after pledging to kill 'any journalist who set foot on Syrian soil'.

Communication between Syrian Army officers intercepted by Lebanese intelligence staff has revealed that direct orders were issued to target the makeshift press centre in which Colvin had been broadcasting.

If journalists were successfully killed, then the Syrians were told to make out that they had died accidentally in fire fights with terrorist groups, the radio traffic revealed.

Just before she died, American-born Colvin had appeared on numerous international broadcast networks including the BBC and CNN to accuse Syrian dictator Bashar Assad's forces of 'murder'.

In her final dispatches she sought to alert the world to the tragedy unfolding in Homs telling the BBC yesterday: 'I watched a little baby die today - absolutely horrific, just a two-year-old been hit, they stripped it and found the shrapnel had gone into the left chest.

'The doctor just said "I can't do anything". His little tummy just kept heaving until he died. That is happening over and over and over.'

Jean-Pierre Perrin, a journalist for the Paris-based Liberation newspaper who was with Colvin in Homs last week, said they had been told that the Syrian Army was 'deliberately' going to shell their centre.

Mr. Perrin said: 'A few days ago we were advised to leave the city urgently and we were told: 'If they (the Syrian Army) find you they will kill you'.

'I then left the city with the journalist from the Sunday Times but then she wanted to go back when she saw that the major offensive had not yet taken place.'

Mr. Perrin, who headed to Beirut from Homs, said the Syrians were 'fully aware' that the press centre was broadcasting direct evidence of crimes against humanity, including the murdering of women and children.

It was in Beirut, the capital of Lebanon, that he received news of the intercepted Syrian Army radio traffic. 'The Syrians knew that if they destroyed the press centre, then there would be 'no more information coming out of Homs', he said.

He added that the centre had a limited electricity supply and internet access, thanks to a generator. This made it a 'privileged location' compared to the rest of the decimated city.

In her broadcasts on Tuesday night, Colvin had accused the Syrian Army of perpetrating the 'complete and utter lie that they are only targeting terrorists.'

Describing what was happening as 'absolutely sickening', Colvin said:

'The Syrian army is simply shelling a city of cold, starving civilians.'

Other sources in Damascus confirmed that Syrians, including senior Army officers and Al-Assad himself, would have been able to watch Colvin's broadcasts.

Frederic Mitterrand, the French culture minister, said Colvin and Ochlik had been 'targeted and tried to flee the bombardment', and eyewitnesses in Homs said were killed as they fled the centre.

Reporters working in Homs feared the Army had 'locked on' to their satellite phone signals and targeted the buildings they were coming from.

Abdu al-Homsi, an opposition activist, confirmed that the Army had cut phone lines into the city and were bombing any buildings where they detected mobile phone signals.

The news of Colvin's death came just hours after she had reported on 'sickening' scenes in the city on Channel 4 and ITN's News at Ten.

Reports say she and Mr Ochlik were escaping from the building when they were hit by a rocket. Much of the building is said to have collapsed, opposition supporters said.

Abu Bakr, who witnessed the attack, said: 'I left the house after it got struck and headed to a house across the street. The shelling continues and the bodies of the journalists are still on the ground.'

'We can't get them out because of the intensity of the shelling even though we're only a few metres away from them.'

Sunday Times editor John Witherow paid tribute to Ms Colvin as an 'extraordinary figure' who was 'driven by a passion to cover wars in the belief that what she did mattered'.

He added: 'Marie believed profoundly that reporting could curtail the excesses of brutal regimes and make the international community take notice.'

Prime Minister David Cameron said: 'This is a desperately sad reminder of the risks that journalists take to inform the world of what is happening and the dreadful events in Syria, and our thoughts should be with her family and her friends.'

Foreign Secretary William Hague said: 'For years she shone a light on stories that others could not and placed herself in the most dangerous environments to do so, including suffering injuries while reporting in Sri Lanka.'

'She was utterly dedicated to her work, admired by all of us who encountered her, and respected and revered by her peers.'

The U.S. State Department has also condemned the 'shameless brutality of Assad's regime'.

Spokeswoman Victoria Nuland said: 'This tragic incident is another example of the shameless brutality of the Assad regime.'

Ms Colvin was the only UK newspaper reporter in Homs. The Foreign and Commonwealth Office said it was investigating reports that a British photographer was also injured in the attack.

Channel 4 News anchor Jon Snow called her 'the most courageous journalist I ever knew and a wonderful reporter and writer'.

Up to 45 people were killed this morning by the Syrian army in attacks on the Baba Amr district of Homs, which has been under siege from President Bashar al-Assad's forces since February 4.

Intense shelling began at 6.30am and was still continuing hours later, it was reported. A witness said the building in which the journalists were based was hit around 10am (local time).

The building was a well-known temporary press centre in Homs, next door to a hospital.

The Syrian military has redoubled its attacks on the city in the past few days, aiming to retake neighborhoods that have come under control of the opposition and armed rebels - many of them military defectors.

The seizure of territory and nearly daily clashes between the rebels and regime forces have pushed Syria to the brink of all-out civil war.

France's Foreign Minister, Alain Juppe, said the attacks show the 'increasingly intolerable repression' by Syrian forces.

There have been claims that journalists have been deliberately targeted after a French TV cameraman was killed last month by mortar shells.

Correspondents fear that satellite telephones have been locked onto by Assad security forces, who then target the buildings from which the signals are coming.

Few buildings in Homs have basements, so residents and correspondents have been seeking shelter in the stairwells during the relentless bombardments.

The Damascus regime has tried to stop international journalists reaching opposition strongholds such as Homs to report on the crackdown.

Several journalists caught being smuggled into the country from Lebanon have seen their local fixers and drivers subjected to fierce beatings.

Those journalists allowed into Syria officially have had their movements limited and have been accompanied by government minders for much of their time.

In a piece for the Sunday Times this weekend, Ms Colvin spoke of the citizens of the city 'waiting for a massacre'.

She wrote: 'The scale of human tragedy in the city is immense. The inhabitants are living in terror. Almost every family seems to have suffered the death or injury of a loved one.'

Rupert Murdoch, chief of News International, which owns the Sunday Times, said in an email to staff: 'Marie had fearlessly covered wars across the Middle East and south Asia for 25 years for The Sunday Times.'

'She put her life in danger on many occasions because she was driven by a determination that the misdeeds of tyrants and the suffering of the victims did not go unreported.'

Throughout her career Ms Colvin covered many conflicts around the globe, most recently Tunisia, Egypt and Libya during the Arab spring. She was known to go into the world's trouble spots and remain there for several weeks at a time.

In 2010 Ms Colvin spoke about the dangers of reporting from warzones at a ceremony honouring journalists killed in the line of duty.

'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,' she said at the event in St Bride's Church, Fleet Street.

'And yes, it means taking risks, not just for yourself but often for the people who work closely with you.'

'Despite all the videos you see from the Ministry of Defence or the Pentagon, and all the sanitised language describing smart bombs and pinpoint strikes... the scene on the ground has remained remarkably the same for hundreds of years.'

'Craters. Burned houses. Mutilated bodies. Women weeping for children and husbands. Men for their wives, mothers children.'

'Our mission is to report these horrors of war with accuracy and without prejudice. We always have to ask ourselves whether the level of risk is worth the story. What is bravery, and what is bravado?'

'Journalists covering combat shoulder great responsibilities and face difficult choices. Sometimes they pay the ultimate price.'

Although her area of speciality was the Arab and Persian world, she also worked in Chechnya, Kosovo, Sierra Leone and Sri Lanka, where she was injured and lost her eye when she was ambushed by government soldiers for her work with the Tamil Tigers.

Speaking in 2010 about losing her eye she said: 'Many of you here must have asked yourselves - or be asking yourselves now - "Is it worth the cost in lives, heartbreak, loss? Can we really make a difference?"

'I faced that question when I was injured. In fact one paper ran a headline saying, "has Marie Colvin gone too far this time?" My answer then, and now, was that it is worth it.'

Ms Colvin won the British press award for 'Best Foreign Correspondent' twice, for her work in reporting the conflict in Yugoslavia, Iran, Sri Lanka and Zimbabwe; the International Women's Media Foundation award for 'Courage in Journalism' for her coverage of Kosovo and Chechnya, and the Foreign Press Association's Journalist of the Year award.

Colvin, who was married three times, wrote and produced the BBC documentary Arafat: Behind the Myth and presented a documentary on Martha Gellhorn, the war correspondent who covered the Spanish Civil War. Just a few weeks ago photographer Mr Ochlik won a World Press Photo Award for his work in Libya last year. In 2005 he received the Prix des Espoirs.

It was also reported that Rami al-Sayed, a citizen journalist who provided media outlets with live footage from Homs, was killed in the shelling, while British photojournalist Paul Conroy, who has worked closely with Ms Colvin in the past, was also injured.

Just yesterday activists warned of a new round of fierce and bloody urban combat being unleashed.

A flood of military reinforcements has been a prelude to previous offensives by Assad's regime, which has tried to use its overwhelming firepower to crush an opposition that has been bolstered by defecting soldiers and hardened by 11 months of street battles.

Shells reportedly rained down yesterday on rebellious districts at a rate of 10 per minute at one point. The Red Cross called for a daily two-hour ceasefire so that it can deliver emergency aid to the wounded and sick.

It has also been reported that food and water are running dangerously low in the city.

'If they don't die in the shelling, they will die of hunger,' activist and resident Omar Shaker told The Associated Press after hours of intense shelling on Baba Amr.

'They bombed all the water tanks on the roofs of buildings. There's no water. Some people have gone without bread for days,' said Shaker.

More than 200 people were wounded, he said, adding that two children were among the dead.

Phone lines with Homs have been cut, making it difficult to get firsthand accounts from residents.

One amateur video posted on the Internet showed thick smoke and shells slamming behind a building in Baba Amr. Another showed a shop on the ground floor of a building on fire as a narrator cries: 'We are dying. Where are the Arabs?'

Another 33 people were killed in northern Syria's mountainous Jabal al-Zawiya region when government forces raided a town in pursuit of rebels.

The Local Coordination Committees, an opposition group, said more than 100 were killed overall yesterday, but the report could not immediately be confirmed.

The UN estimates that 5,400 people have been killed by the regime since the uprising began 11 months ago. Syrian activists, however, put the death toll at more than 7,300.

Russia, one of Assad's remaining allies, urged the United Nations to send a special envoy to Syria to help coordinate security issues and delivery of humanitarian assistance.

The defiance in Homs, Syria's third-largest city, has become an embarrassment to the regime which insists that the opposition is mostly armed factions with limited public support.

The rebel defences in Homs are believed to be bolstered by hundreds of military defectors, which has possibly complicated attempts by Syrian troops to stage an offensive.

A Syrian opposition leader who managed to get into Homs appealed for international help.

'The sound of bombardment and sniper fire are echoing across the city,' Moulham al-Jundi, a member of the Syrian National Council, told Reuters from Homs.

'The army prevents first aid or medical supplies from going in and electricity is cut off 15 hours a day. There has been no mobile phone service for three weeks,' said Jundi, who lives in exile in Saudi Arabia and was smuggled into Homs.

'Civilians need safe zones and a way has to be found to ensure that medicine and basic supplies reach Homs. There are no hospitals, no schools, no work, no government departments open and most shops are shut.'

One Homs resident, communicating with the AP over the internet, said many people are unable or too scared to go to the hospital for treatment. Some are bleeding to death at home.

'My cousin is a doctor and he said they've given up on treating serious wounds. The numbers are too many to cope with especially with so little supplies,' said the resident, who has provided reliable information in the past. The resident spoke on condition of anonymity because of the fear of reprisal.

The resident, who lives just outside Baba Amr, said people in the neighborhood were surviving mostly on stocks of rice and canned corn and tuna, but those supplies also were running out fast after several weeks of attacks.

Some people go without bread for days, and when grocery stores and bakeries reopen during a lull in the shelling, long lines form quickly, the resident said, adding that shortages exist of all kinds of foodstuffs and vegetables.

A delegation from the Syrian National Council, the main Syrian opposition grouping, is due to meet Red Cross officials in Geneva today.

<http://www.guardian.co.uk/world/2012/feb/22/marie-colvin-war-correspondent-tributes>

The Guardian: Marie Colvin experienced war alongside those who suffered in war

By: Peter Beaumont

February 22, 2012 07:43 am EST

Marie Colvin in Tahrir Square in Cairo. 'Imagine a real life Katharine Hepburn heroine but braver and funnier,' says BBC Middle East editor Paul Danahar. Photograph: Ivor Prickett/AP

Marie Colvin had a knack of finding her way to places where other journalists had not been, getting there first and staying when others had long gone. Colleagues would arrive in conflict zones to find Colvin already in situ, usually hunched over her laptop or talking urgently into her mobile phone to one of her sources from her vast contacts book.

When Muammar Gaddafi's regime issued visas to journalists to visit Tripoli last year, she was in the first party and secured the first print interview with the Libyan leader, whom she had interviewed perhaps more times than any other journalist working for a British newspaper.

Colvin, who won several awards for her foreign reporting, died in the Syrian city of Homs after the house she was staying in was hit by a number of rockets that also killed the French photographer Rémi Ochlik, and injured the photographer Paul Conroy, another US journalist and seven activists. She was apparently trying to escape when she was fatally injured.

When colleagues were discussing last week whether it was possible to reach the centre of Homs, it was in the knowledge that Colvin was already there and trying to go further.

Perhaps the finest correspondent of her generation working in the British media, she married a fierce passion for her work with remarkable courage and persistence. Above all, she wanted to tell the stories of the victims of war.

The BBC journalist Allan Little – one of her many friends and admirers – went further on Wednesday describing her as "the best eyewitness reporter not just of her generation but of our age ... a good and generous soul".

On Wednesday her mother, Rosemarie Colvin, welcomed reporters into her home to talk to them about her daughter's legacy. "She was supposed to leave [Syria] today," she said, adding that her daughter had spoken to her editor on Tuesday, who told her to leave Homs because it was so dangerous. "She had to stay. She wanted to finish one more story."

"The reason I've been talking to all you guys is that I don't want my daughter's legacy to be 'no comment' ... because she wasn't a no comment person," she said. "Her legacy is: be passionate and be involved in what you believe in. And do it as thoroughly and honestly and fearlessly as you can."

Two years ago I saw for myself what Colvin could be like when I arrived on a US forward operating base in Afghanistan during the battle of Kandahar to be informed by a smug and controlling American colonel that he had just thrown her off the base. Her crime – in his view – was that she had done her job: reporting what was happening.

In that sense she was an equal to Martha Gellhorn, another American journalist who relocated to Britain and whom Colvin admired. Both women suffered neither fools nor authority gladly.

Born in 1956, Colvin worked first as a police reporter in the US before forging a career as an outstanding foreign correspondent, joining the Sunday Times in 1985. From the Balkans and Chechnya to the second intifada, Iraq and Afghanistan and more recently the Arab spring, Colvin was an almost permanent presence for those of us who followed the same path as her over the last two decades.

"Nothing seemed to deter her," John Witherow, her editor at the Sunday Times, said. "But she was much more than a war reporter. She was a woman with a tremendous joie de vivre, full of humour and mischief and surrounded by a large circle of friends, all of whom feared the consequences of her bravery."

The paper's proprietor Rupert Murdoch also paid his own tribute describing her as "one of the most outstanding foreign correspondents of her generation".

In recent years she sported a black eyepatch after she lost an eye in a mortar attack in Sri Lanka.

News of her death came on the day that many who knew her were gathered in Beirut for the funeral and memorial service for the New York Times's Anthony Shadid, who died in Syria last week after collapsing following an asthma attack.

Colvin's colleague on the New York Times, Neil MacFarquhar, had dinner with her in Beirut before she went into Syria, and recalled that she had said she could not "remember any story where the security situation was potentially this bad, except maybe Chechnya".

Once in Homs she told colleagues, including Channel 4's Lindsey Hilsum, the situation was the "worst she had ever seen".

Also among of those who spoke to Colvin in her last few days was Peter Bouckaert of Human Rights Watch, who also moderates a message board for foreign correspondents and aid workers. "Just yesterday, after she filed her news story, one of the first things Marie Colvin did was get in touch to tell me just how horrible the situation was in Homs ... She was one of the most fearless and dedicated reporters I have ever met in my 14 years covering war, and someone I looked up to as a hero and an inspiration.

"For Marie, covering war wasn't about doing a few quick interviews and writing up a quick story: she experienced war alongside those who suffered in war, and her writings had a particular vividness because of what she had dared to see and experience.

"But despite everything she had seen and experienced, first and foremost she remained a wonderful human being, and it always put a smile on my face to run into her in one of the world's rough spots ... She contacted me yesterday not because she wanted to boast about reaching Homs, but because she wanted to reach out to people she thought could make a difference to the people of Homs."

News of her death was greeted by an outpouring of tributes and appreciations by the many colleagues who had worked with her, including the BBC Middle East editor, Paul Danahar. "Imagine a real life Katharine Hepburn heroine but braver and funnier," he said. "Marie Colvin was everywhere I was in Libya, only she always got there first."

Her former editor at the Sunday Times, Andrew Neil, described her as "brave, magnificent and tenacious".

Witherow added: "Marie was an extraordinary figure in the life of the Sunday Times, driven by a passion to cover wars in the belief that what she did mattered."

Her last piece for the newspaper was a typical testimony to her courageous and humane reporting describing the terrible casualties from shell-fire in Homs. "They call it the widows' basement," she wrote from a field hospital in the city.

"Crammed amid makeshift beds and scattered belongings are frightened women and children trapped in the horror of Homs."

The day before her death she described watching a baby die in front of her to the BBC and CNN.

Two years ago, speaking at a ceremony to honour journalists who had been killed doing their job, Colvin asked the question many will be asking today – over the terrible cost of reporting conflict.

"Craters. Burned houses. Mutilated bodies. Women weeping for children and husbands. Men for their wives, mothers, children. Our mission is to report these horrors of war with accuracy and without prejudice.

"We always have to ask ourselves whether the level of risk is worth the story. What is bravery, and what is bravado? Journalists covering combat shoulder great responsibilities and face difficult choices.

"Sometimes they pay the ultimate price."

http://www.nytimes.com/2012/02/23/nyregion/marie-colvin-mother-recalls-determined-journalist-killed-in-syria.html?_r=1

The New York Times: Recalling Her Determined Daughter, a Journalist Killed in Syria

By: James Barron
February 22, 2012

After spending a year in Brazil on a student exchange program, from January of her junior year at Oyster Bay High School to January of her senior year, 1974, her mother recalled, Ms. Colvin returned home to find that her classmates had narrowed down their college choices.

"Everyone else was already admitted to college," her mother, Rosemarie Colvin, said on Wednesday from the family home in East Norwich, N.Y. "So she took our car and drove up to Yale and said, 'You have to let me in.'"

Impressed — she was a National Merit finalist who had picked up Portuguese in Brazil — Yale did, admitting her to the class of 1978. She was an anthropology major but took a course with the Pulitzer Prize-winning writer John Hersey. She also started writing for The Yale Daily News "and decided to be a journalist," her mother said.

On Wednesday, Marie Colvin, 56, a veteran correspondent for The Sunday Times of London, was killed as Syrian forces shelled the city of Homs. She was working in a makeshift media center that was destroyed in the assault. A French photographer, Rémi Ochlik, was also killed.

At her family's split-level home on Long Island, the telephone rang at 5 a.m. It was so early, her mother said, that "I knew it was something terrible."

"She was supposed to leave Syria" on Wednesday, Ms. Colvin said. "Her editor told me he called her yesterday and said it was getting too dangerous and they wanted to take her out. She said she was doing a story and she wanted to finish it and it was important and she would come out" on Wednesday.

Ms. Colvin said she had tried to reach her daughter last week. "Usually you can get her" on the satellite phone, Ms. Colvin said, "but for some reason, she didn't return the messages." The last time she heard her daughter's voice was on television, when she was interviewed on CNN on Tuesday, hours before her death.

Ms. Colvin talked of the leaders her daughter had interviewed, among them Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi of Libya. She also recalled how her daughter had been wounded in a grenade attack in Sri Lanka in 2001 as she tried to leave rebel-controlled territory. She lost an eye and, at first, her hearing.

"She got her hearing back," her mother said. "She still had shrapnel in her brain they couldn't remove."

Ms. Colvin said it was pointless to try to dissuade her daughter from going to conflict zones.

"If you knew my daughter," she said, "it would have been such a waste of words. It just wasn't something that would even be on the plate at all. She was determined, she was passionate about what she did, it was her life. There was no saying 'Don't do this.' This is who she was, absolutely who she was and what she believed in: cover the story, not just have pictures of it, but bring it to life in the deepest way you could."

"We were involved in the things of the '60s and '70s, antiwar things, women's protests," Ms. Colvin said. "She grew up that way. She was always involved in issues of the time." So it was not a surprise when she took an interest in journalism, she said.

Ms. Colvin said that her daughter worked briefly for a labor union in Manhattan after Yale, before she was hired by United Press International in New Jersey. U.P.I. sent her to Washington and later to Paris before she was hired by The Sunday Times of London.

"She always got out," one of her two brothers, William Colvin, 55, said, "so we always expected her to get out."

http://articles.nydailynews.com/2012-02-22/news/31088689_1_war-reporter-war-zones-british-journalist

Daily News (UK): Marie Colvin, American-born journalist killed in Syria, remembered as fearless

By Nina Mandell
February 22, 2012

Marie Colvin, an American war reporter killed in a mortar strike in Syria Tuesday, is being remembered by colleagues as one of the bravest foreign correspondents of the current generation.

Raised in the Oyster Bay area of Long Island, Colvin attended Yale University before starting her career as an overnight crime reporter for the United Press Agency in New York City.

She later moved overseas to work as a foreign correspondent for Britain's Sunday Times, where she reported for the past two decades.

"Marie was an extraordinary figure in the life of The Sunday Times, driven by a passion to cover wars in the belief that what she did mattered," Sunday Times editor John Witherow said in a statement.

"But she was much more than a war reporter. She was a woman with a tremendous joie de vivre, full of humour and mischief and surrounded by a large circle of friends, all of whom feared the consequences of her bravery."

Colvin, 57, was renowned for her fearless reporting from notorious war zones including Afghanistan, the Balkans, Baghdad, Beirut, Chechnya, East Timor, Libya and Sri Lanka, where she lost an eye after being hit with shrapnel in a 2001 attack.

"So, was I stupid? Stupid I would feel writing a column about the dinner party I went to last night," she wrote in the Sunday Times after the attack in Sri Lanka. "Equally, I'd rather be in that middle ground between a desk job and getting shot, no offense to desk jobs.

"For my part, the next war I cover, I'll be more awed than ever by the quiet bravery of civilians who endure far more than I ever will. They must stay where they are; I can come home to London."

Colvin married and divorced twice. She had no children.

Colleagues said she spent her life defending and reporting on the plight of women and children in insufferable war zones.

"She was among the greatest human beings I have ever met because she was always on the side of truth. She was always on the side of the oppressed. She never once tired. She never once faltered. All that mattered to Marie was the truth," American journalist T.D. Allman wrote in the Daily Beast on Wednesday.

<http://www.guardian.co.uk/media/blog/2012/feb/23/marie-colvin-victims-important-story>

The Guardian Blog: For Marie Colvin the victims were the story, not the reporter

February 23, 2012

I usually get nervous when I see journalists making news on front pages and at the top of the news bulletins. It is not just because lately it's often meant that more of them have been arrested in the hydra-headed phone-hacking affair. The Sunday Times war correspondent, Marie Colvin, killed in Syria on Wednesday, belonged to the heroic end of the trade, not its sleazy underbelly. But the unease remains.

Why so? Lots of reasons. Let's start with the easy one. The hacks are probably no worse than bus drivers or accountants in being preoccupied with their own line of work, its challenges and perils. As in "there's a really tricky double bend coming up, folks". "Or just look at this lovely tax dodge, sheer craftsmanship." Unlike them, the hacks are better placed to impose their own self-fascination on the paying customers.

It's a temptation the trade should resist and has resisted less and less in my working life. Thus when the late Louis Heren wrote two slim volumes of memoirs – a working-class Cockney who started his working life at 14 as a messenger boy on the Times and ended up deputy editor – he had plenty to tell; he recalled how he had offered his paper a piece explaining how he had walked the Himalayan range to get a scoop on the Anglo-New Zealand conquest of Everest in 1953.

As I recall the passage, a lofty telegram came back from the foreign desk along the lines of "Readers of the Times are not interested in the adventures of its correspondents". Austere but admirable in its way. As recounted in Heren's memoirs, the readers missed a good story of enterprise and physical endurance. What he had in abundance was what a star of a later generation, Nicholas Tomalin, famously called the essential qualities of journalistic success — "rat-like cunning, a plausible manner and a little literary ability".

I remember seeing the "Fleet St man killed" Evening Standard billboards in EC4 when Tomalin (then husband of Claire Tomalin, the great biographer) was killed – like Colvin by a Syrian shell – during the battle between Syria and Israel for the Golan Heights in the Yom Kippur War of 1973. Newspaper billboards were an art form in those innocent pre-internet days and that one must have sold plenty of papers locally. I doubt if it was used in the suburbs.

Times readers might have enjoyed Heren on Everest, but surely there's a better balance to be struck. Nick Tomalin got a good send-off in less-uptight 1973, but there wasn't the kind of wall-to-wall coverage we relentlessly endure now from 24/7 media. At PMQs on Wednesday, even David Cameron joined in. Surely, the actors are always the focus of the story – the soldiers and civilians killed – not us.

It's obvious from today's obituaries that Colvin, 56 at the time of her death, was one of that rare breed of war correspondents who keep going back for more, to bear witness to horrors and savagery which most of us are lucky enough never to have to see except on TV footage, which is often cleaned up to protect the squeamish from too much unpleasantness in their own homes.

"Courageous" is a better label than the widely used "fearless". All sensible people are sometimes afraid (holders of the VC often stress this) and Colvin's speech in the Fleet St church, St Bride's sums up her credo impressively. Her last dispatch from Homs suggests she knew all too well how much trouble she might be in as the city came under renewed attack from the Assad regime. She'd been wounded before, in Sri Lanka. As elsewhere in recent years, both attacks may have been targeted at foreign journalists.

In one of Thursday's tributes it is noted, too, that Colvin always stressed that the victims were the important people in any story, not the reporter or – she thanked them in St Bride's – the drivers, fixers and translators who make a foreign correspondent's work possible (and are often more at risk). So would she have been alarmed by the scale and focus on her own death in media coverage over the past 24 hours, rather less space given to Remi Ochlik, just 28, the French photojournalist who died with her? (Incidentally, Colvin gets top billing in Le Monde too this morning).

Perhaps. Embarrassment would certainly be an understandable response to such laudatory coverage, though she might have thought – and might be right – that the coverage may help press the international community into taking more robust action to halt the Syrian government's ultimately doomed assault on its own people. On Radio 4's Today programme, William Hague stressed how much more complex the situation is than in Libya (Libya had few friends) and how much bigger is the Syrian army than that of Muammar Gaddafi, whom Colvin interviewed before his death.

In reality, eccentric Libya had long been an easy whipping boy for all sides, whereas Syria has often escaped blame or punishment because it is a pivotal Middle East state with powerful friends in Russia – which enjoys Syrian port facilities on the Med and sells it weapons – and Shia Iran, which plays a major role in its politics and that of neighbouring Lebanon. Any action to stop the bloodshed has always been tricky and will remain so.

Here's one point where I part company with what Colvin said in St Bride's, where she spoke of the need for "objective reporting". She was an American and it's a phrase – popular in journalism school over there – that comes more easily to American reporters than more world-weary Europeans, who no longer kid themselves that what our side does is basically right most of the time. Over the years I've become more comfortable with the word "fair" – as in "hostile but fair" which is (so I was once told) how I stood in Tory HQ press files. That'll do.

The fact is that foreign correspondents, like all reporters, go where their news desks send them and will pay for, as long as it's reasonably safe and the readers/viewers will be interested to learn more. The proprietor's interests (or lack of them) may also have a role.

That understandable formula means that our own values and interests come into play. As has been not-so-widely noted, there was less coverage of last year's suppression by Saudi Arabian forces of the Arab spring revolt in the neighbouring pocket kingdom of Bahrain than there was of the Libyan civil war or the current, well-covered conflict now under way in Syria.

A Bahraini commission of inquiry in November confirmed the brutality. But Bahrain is host to the US fifth fleet, vital to keeping Gulf oil flowing our way during the current standoff with Iran and also for dealing with those Somali pirates whom the London conference is supposed to be addressing on Thursday. As for Saudi Arabia, well, we all know the score there. It's even more difficult, dangerous and expensive to cover the sustained bloodshed in, say, the Congo, where vital interests of outside powers are less pressing.

Which is not to say that Colvin did not fight life's battles pretty magnificently from what we can read; only that we should stand back from our own loyalties and prejudices as citizens and reporters. I am also pretty sure that Marie Colvin might have wrinkled her nose to see her sacrifice yoked to the self-interest of newspapers busy resisting accountability over the sordid side of her profession, as evidenced by the Leveson inquiry and much else.

There is plenty of evidence of that today, ringing phrases about the importance of brave and honest journalism which brings the truth of what is going on out there into people's homes. Some of it comes from newspapers

which feel free to bash foreign countries that they wouldn't dream of sending a reporter to report in – the foreign country of Europe is a prime example – let alone picking up the bill.

Yes, Marie Colvin worked for Rupert Murdoch's Sunday Times, a paper with a pretty distinguished record (Nick Tomalin did, too) in all sorts of ways. No one ever said Murdoch is not a great newspaperman whose papers don't do good things as well as unforgivable ones. But it seems pretty shabby to hide behind Colvin's death – as some papers do now – to renew their attack on "lawyers and their publicity-hungry clients" who want to curb media intrusion and illegality.

Cynical stuff, it sullies what should simply have been a tribute to a brave spirit.

<http://thelede.blogs.nytimes.com/2012/02/22/american-reporter-marie-colvins-final-dispatches-from-homs/?emc=eta1>

The New York Times blog: The Lede: American Reporter Marie Colvin's Final Dispatches From Homs

By: Robert Mackey
February22

As my colleagues Rod Nordland and Alan Cowell report, Marie Colvin, an American writer working for The Sunday Times of London, and Rémi Ochlik, a French photographer, were killed early Wednesday in Homs, a Syrian city under assault by forces loyal to President Bashar al-Assad.

Just hours before her death, Ms. Colvin, a veteran war correspondent, described the death of a young boy she had witnessed on Tuesday in telephone interviews with the BBC, CNN and Britain's Channel 4 News.

Accompanying Ms. Colvin's description of the young boy's death in a makeshift clinic in the besieged Homs neighborhood of Baba Amr, the BBC also showed footage from the clinic recorded by Paul Conroy, an Irish photographer who traveled to Homs with her.

Ms. Colvin's interview with CNN, in which she discussed the boy's death and the importance of bringing such disturbing images to the world's attention, was illustrated with video from the YouTube channel of a Syrian activist, Rami al-Sayed, who was reportedly killed just hours later.

As David Remnick, the editor of The New Yorker, noted in a blog post on Ms. Colvin's death, in the interview with Anderson Cooper of CNN:

Clearly, and without hype, Colvin described how every house in Homs had been hit, including the top floor of the house where she was taking refuge. There was cool but profound rage in her voice. Of Bashar al-Assad's armed forces, Colvin said, "It's a complete and utter lie they're only going after terrorists. The Syrian Army is simply shelling a city of cold, starving civilians."

Cooper remarked, admiringly, that it was rare to hear a journalist use the word "lie."

On Wednesday, activists in Homs posted graphic video online that was said to show the bodies of Ms. Colvin and Mr. Ochlik, buried beneath rubble. A new video clip from the makeshift clinic showed the Irish photographer, Mr. Conroy, and a French journalist, Edith Bouvier, who was reporting for Le Figaro, apparently receiving treatment for wounds sustained in the same attack.

Channel 4 News reports that Ms. Colvin's death was announced to her colleagues at London's Sunday Times in an e-mail from the publication's owner, Rupert Murdoch. He wrote:

It is with great sadness that I have learned of the death of Marie Colvin, one of the most outstanding foreign correspondents of her generation, who was killed in Homs in Syria today while reporting for The Sunday Times.

She was a victim of a shell attack by the Syrian army on a building that had been turned into an impromptu press centre by the rebels.

Our photographer, Paul Conroy, was with her and is believed to have been injured. We are doing all we can in the face of shelling and sniper fire to get him to safety and to recover Marie's body.

Marie had fearlessly covered wars across the Middle East and south Asia for 25 years for The Sunday Times. She put her life in danger on many occasions because she was driven by a determination that the misdeeds of tyrants and the suffering of the victims did not go unreported. This was at great personal cost, including the loss of the sight in one eye while covering the civil war in Sri Lanka. This injury did not stop her from returning to even more dangerous assignments.

In her final report from Homs for The Sunday Times of London, Ms. Colvin wrote:

Snipers on the rooftops of al-Ba'ath University and other high buildings surrounding Baba Amr shoot any civilian who comes into their sights. Residents were felled in droves in the first days of the siege but have now learnt where the snipers are and run across junctions where they know they can be seen. Few cars are left on the streets.

Almost every building is pock-marked after tank rounds punched through concrete walls or rockets blasted gaping holes in upper floors. The building I was staying in lost its upper floor to a rocket last Wednesday. On some streets whole buildings have collapsed — all there is to see are shredded clothes, broken pots and the shattered furniture of families destroyed.

My colleague Neil MacFarquhar had dinner with Ms. Colvin and Mr. Conroy in Beirut last week, the night before they left for Syria. In a post on our At War blog, he writes:

Over dinner, Ms. Colvin reminisced about the time when we had both been stuck in the Intercontinental Hotel in Amman, Jordan, under similar circumstances in September 1996, waiting for official visas to get into Iraq. While waiting, Ms. Colvin had interviewed some Iraqi refugees who went into gory detail about how the sons of President Saddam Hussein slayed their two brothers-in-law when the two men unexpectedly returned to Baghdad after seeking asylum in Jordan.

When official visas for the press corps came through to Baghdad several days later, with Ms. Colvin one of the few reporters denied one. "I remember people griping that the story was much too bloody, but it turned out that was barely the half of it," Ms. Colvin said over dinner in Beirut.

Ms. Colvin was no stranger to risk, wearing a distinctive black eye patch ever since she lost an eye while crossing between enemy lines in Sri Lanka in 2001.

Her photographer, Paul Conroy, showed up late for the dinner. They talked briefly about their plans and about the coming danger. They recalled living under shellfire for some six weeks last year in the besieged city Libyan city of Misrata. Mr. Conroy had just received a Facebook message from one of the Libyan doctors who had helped them find a place to shelter in the hospital — the doctor grousing that it had taken him forever to work through all the Irish Paul Conroys on Facebook before finding the right one.

But Ms. Colvin told me that she had an new appointment with the smugglers in the morning, and this time she had a telephone number to call, giving her the sense that the trip to Homs on Tuesday, February 14, would happen.

"Before I was apprehensive, but now I'm restless," she said, as we walked up the stairs back into the hotel for the night. "I just want to get in there and get it over with and get out."

Journalists who worked alongside Ms. Colvin during her long career have been posting tributes to her online. Writing for The Guardian, Maggie O'Kane, a fellow correspondent, called her "the bravest woman I have ever known," and Roy Greenslade, a former editor, observed that "the essence of Marie's approach to reporting" meant that she "was not interested in the politics, strategy or weaponry; only the effects on the people she regarded as innocents." Lindsey Hilsum of Channel 4 News reported, "Yesterday, a few hours before she was killed, I asked whether she had an 'exit strategy.' 'We're working on that now,' she said. Her interest in her own safety was dwarfed by her commitment to the story."

My colleague Steven Erlanger sent these thoughts to The Lede:

Marie Colvin would always turn up in the most gruesome places and make them brighter. I remember her in Northern Ireland, Chechnya, Kosovo and Gaza, a big smile somehow dissipating the dust and sadness. Everywhere she saw her task as bringing war home to readers, as she saw it expressed in the broken lives of those who suffered or even those who prosecuted the violence. But she always did so in a clear, clean way, with little horn-blowing, narcissism or bias. She was brave before she lost an eye to shrapnel in Sri Lanka; somehow, though it cost her more, she managed to be as brave afterwards. She had trouble with her prosthesis, so wore a patch, which gave her a kind of piratical distinction. It made her more famous, and she became a role model for many younger journalists, especially women, for whom she helped mightily to clear the path. I admired her terribly.

To lose Anthony Shadid and Marie Colvin in a week is a wretched blow for us, their colleagues, and for readers everywhere.

Like Ms. Colvin, Mr. Ochlik covered the war in Libya last year, and his vivid images of that conflict won him a World Press Photo award. According to a note on his Web site, Mr. Ochlik's work appeared in many publications, including Le Monde, Paris Match, Time and The Wall Street Journal.

In a post on our Lens blog about Mr. Ochlik, my colleagues Kerri MacDonald James Estrin and David Furst report that he was "the second photographer in a close group of friends to die covering conflicts in the Middle East in just over a year."

Mr. Ochlik covered the 2010 cholera epidemic and presidential elections in Haiti, where he first traveled as a photographer in 2004. Last year he worked in Tunisia, Egypt and Libya, where he shot "Battle for Libya," a photo story that won him first prize in the general news category from World Press Photo earlier this month.

While Mr. Ochlik was in Tunisia, Lucas Mebrouk Dolega, a photographer for the European Pressphoto Agency, died from an injury suffered while covering violent street protests. The two were close friends. Mr. Ochlik helped create the Lucas Dolega Award — which was given to Emilio Morenatti — in his friend's memory.

<http://www.newsday.com/opinion/journalists-killed-trying-to-find-the-truth-1.3550176>

Newsday: Journalists killed trying to find the truth

By: Editorial
February 22

Syria's regime wants desperately to keep the world from knowing of the terrible violence it is inflicting on its people. Marie Colvin, an extraordinarily courageous foreign correspondent, was in Syria precisely because it was so important to tell the world what was going on.

Colvin's death yesterday, and that of French photographer Rémi Ochlik, thus are doubly tragic, since their elimination can only make it easier for Syrian President Bashar Assad to pursue his bloody campaign against Syria's pro-democracy uprising.

Colvin, 56, who grew up in Oyster Bay, had had brushes with death before in her years covering violent conflicts overseas. In 2001 in Sri Lanka, she lost an eye to shrapnel. Yet in Syria, as elsewhere, she never lost sight of the human tragedy she was covering.

Sadly, the killing of Colvin and Ochlik wasn't an isolated incident. At least 900 journalists have been killed in the line of duty in the past two decades, nearly three-quarters of them murdered, according to the Committee to Protect Journalists. It's unclear if Syrian forces targeted the house near Homs where Colvin and Ochlik were working. But if they did, it only underscores Assad's shameless brutality.

With the opposition putting the death toll close to 9,000, there is ample loss of life to lament in Syria. But Colvin and Ochlik, like correspondent Anthony Shadid of The New York Times, who died of asthma in Syria several days earlier, deserve special admiration. They didn't have to be there. For Syrians, it's tragic that now they're not.

<https://www.eff.org/deeplinks/2012/02/satphones-syria-and-surveillance>

Electronic Frontier Foundation/ Deeplinks Blog: Satphones, Syria and Surveillance

By: Jillian York & Trevor Timm

February 23

Yesterday morning, journalist Marie Colvin of the *Sunday Times of London* was killed, along with French photographer Rémi Ochlik, in the besieged city of Homs, Syria, where more than 400 people have been reported dead in recent weeks.

Disturbingly, the *Telegraph*, the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, and the *Associated Press* all reported that Colvin and Ochlik were likely deliberately killed by the Syrian army and their location may have been tracked down through their satellite phones.

On Monday night, Colvin appeared on CNN, telling Anderson Cooper that “the Syrian army is shelling a city of cold, starving civilians.” Responding to Syrian president Bashar Al Assad’s statement that he was not targeting civilians in the barrage of rocketfire raining on Homs, Colvin accused the regime of “murder” and said: “There are no military targets here...It’s a complete and utter lie that they are only going after terrorists.” A few hours later, she was dead.

The *Telegraph* quoted Jean-Pierre Perrin, a journalist for the Paris-based *Liberation* newspaper who was with Colvin in Homs last week, as saying: “The Syrian army issued orders to ‘kill any journalist that set foot on Syrian soil’” and that the Syrian authorities were likely watching the CNN broadcast. The *Telegraph* then described how “[r]eporters working in Homs, which has been under siege since February 4, had become concerned in recent days that Syrian forces had ‘locked on’ to their satellite phone signals and attacked the buildings from which they were coming” (emphasis ours).

How could this happen?

At this point, we don’t know how Colvin and Ochlik were located, but based on the various reports, it is possible that they were located using surveillance technology that tracked their satellite phones.

There are a few different ways by which satellite phones can be tracked. The first—and easiest for a government actor—would be to simply ask or pressure a company to hand over user data. This is not beyond the realm of possibility (readers might recall an incident in which Yahoo handed over information about a Chinese dissident to his government, resulting in a ten year prison term), but is just one of several methods.

Satellite phones can also be tracked by technical means and there is ample technology already on the market for doing so. For example, this portable Thuraya monitoring system by Polish company TS2, which also counts several US government agencies as clients; these systems for monitoring Thuraya and Iridium phones, created by Singaporean company Toplink Pacific; or this satellite phone tracking technology from UK based Delma MMS.

Authorities can find the position of a satellite phone using manual triangulation, but in order to track a phone in this manner, the individual would need to be relatively close by. Nowadays, however, most satellite phones utilize GPS, making them even easier to track using products widely available on the market such as those mentioned above. Some of these products allow not only for GPS tracking, but also for interception of voice and text communications and other information.

Security researcher and Tor developer Jacob Appelbaum says that satellite communications systems do not respect user location privacy needs, and aside from surveillance without the cooperation of a satellite phone provider, “such a company may betray a user’s location on purpose or by accident.” Research published last year by the German Horst-Goertz Institute for IT Security, found that satellite phones use weak cryptographic ciphers that could easily be broken by sophisticated attacks. The research identified serious security flaws in the encryption systems used by the two competing satellite phone standards, GMR-1 and GMR-2.1

Appelbaum added via email:

Satellite phone systems and satellite networks are unsafe to use if location privacy or privacy for the content of communications is desired. These phone protocols are intentionally insecure and tracking people is sometimes considered a feature. Some high security users are given special access that merely send the spot beam ID, rather than the full GPS into space and thus to the satellite network. This privacy option should be available to everyone today without any action on their part - it would partially improve the location privacy needs of users. Sadly, direction finding would be entirely unaffected. Also sadly, it will not make the communications secure but it would probably save lives. It's too bad that journalists have had to die for this discussion to happen.

A Growing Problem

The news of this potentially deliberate attack on journalists, possibly using surveillance gear sold to them by Western companies, follows a report by CNN on Sunday which claimed that dozens of opposition activists in Syria have found their computers infected with malware that can spy on their every move. The virus, according to CNN, "passes information it robs from computers to a server at a government-owned telecommunications company." And just today, the *New Scientist* quoted several Syrian activists fearful of the regime's technological capabilities.

Earlier this week, EFF profiled Italian mass surveillance company Area SpA, which in 2011 was rushing to install mass surveillance gear for Syrian intelligence agents just as the Syrian government was ramping up its violent crackdown on peaceful democratic protesters. As *Bloomberg* originally reported, Area SpA was to install "monitoring centers" that would give the Syrian government the ability "to intercept, scan and catalog virtually every e-mail that flows through the country" as well as "follow targets on flat-screen workstations that display communications and Web use in near-real time alongside graphics that map citizens' networks of electronic contacts." After a barrage of media attention and local protests at its Italian headquarters, Area SpA announced in late November that it would not complete the project as planned.

Previously, Syria was found to be using technology made by US company Blue Coat Systems to censor and surveil Internet users, despite initial denials from the company.

Colvin has put a human face on a problem that has plagued citizens of the Middle East for years now: surveillance equipment being used by despotic governments to track down journalists and activists, provided to them by Western technology companies. Now it's possible this equipment directly led the murder of an American journalist. The White House acknowledged Colvin's death, saying, "It's a reminder of the incredible risks that journalists take...in order to bring the truth about what's happening in a country like Syria to those of us at home and in countries around the world." It is time the President and Congress get serious about stopping these companies from selling this dangerous technology to authoritarian government who violate human rights.

To that end, EFF has proposed a "know your customer" framework, based on already existing legal frameworks in the U.S. and E.U. that can be implemented without significant overhead cost to government or businesses. Simply put, companies selling surveillance technologies to governments or government providers need to affirmatively investigate and "know their customer" before and during a sale. EFF has already detailed extensive framework for such regulations including questions, definitions, and procedures for how to accomplish it.

<http://www.dailystar.com.lb/News/Middle-East/2012/Feb-24/164437-france-uk-work-to-bring-bodies-home.ashx#axzz1ni5UVmNX>

The Daily Star (Lebanon): France, U.K., work to bring bodies home

By: Lauren Williams

February 24

BEIRUT: Intensive efforts were under way Thursday to evacuate three reporters and repatriate the remains of two killed a day earlier in the besieged Baba Amro neighborhood of Syria's central city of Homs.

Britain's Foreign Office said it was doing "all the necessary work" to retrieve the body of journalist Marie Colvin from Syria and to help a wounded British photographer Paul Conroy reach safety.

France, meanwhile, was understood to be making efforts to send a team to Homs to recover the bodies, after French President Nicolas Sarkozy Wednesday accused Syria of "murder."

Award-winning American war correspondent Marie Colvin of Britain's Sunday Times and freelance French photojournalist Remi Ochlik were killed Wednesday when a residential building operating as a makeshift media center came under heavy missile attack by Syrian forces.

Sunday Times photographer Paul Conroy, 47, and French reporter Edith Bouvier, from France's daily Le Figaro, were also wounded, while another French reporter, William Daniels, was trapped but uninjured.

"All the necessary work is being done on repatriating Marie Colvin's body and ensuring Paul Conroy gets to safety. We can't give you any more detail of that at the moment," a Foreign Office spokeswoman said.

Earlier the Foreign Office said Conroy was on his way out of Homs but a government source said the situation had changed.

Peter Bouckaert, emergencies director at Human Rights Watch, said the group was making arrangements to get the injured out to safety and the bodies returned.

But with no refrigeration facilities, "it is a race against time," he said, voicing concern that the two may have to be buried in Homs.

"The plan is still to get the bodies out," he told The Daily Star by telephone. "The roads out of Homs are effectively blocked. There are no refrigeration facilities or electricity, so we really do have a small window of opportunity to get them out."

Describing the situation as "extremely sensitive," the organization is understood to be working with groups on the ground in Homs to negotiate safe passage. Any medical evacuation would require medical assistance and an ambulance, HRW said.

London summoned Syria's ambassador to Britain Wednesday to demand that Syrian authorities facilitate "immediate arrangements for the repatriation of the journalists' bodies," as well as medical treatment for Conroy.

In a video posted on YouTube, Conroy issued a plea for government help for his evacuation from what appeared to be a makeshift hospital inside Homs.

"I'm currently being looked after by the Free Syrian Army medical staff, who are treating me with the best medical treatment available. It's important to add that I am here as a guest and have not been captured.

"Obviously any assistance I can be given by government agencies would be welcome."

Bouvier and Daniels also made please for a cease-fire to facilitate their evacuation. "I need to be operated on as soon as possible," Bouvier said.

Damascus had said it was not responsible for the deaths of the two journalists, who "infiltrated Syria at their own risk," but offered condolences to Colvin's family.

But the information minister said Thursday he had instructed the governor of Homs to try to evacuate Western journalists killed or wounded in the city. "For humanitarian reasons, and although they entered the country without a permit to go to an area controlled by terrorists, the governor of Homs has been told to exert every effort possible to evacuate the journalists," Adnan Mahmud told AFP.

According to reports pieced together by Human Rights Watch and activist groups on the ground, the attack happened at 8:30 a.m. Wednesday.

"It involved a number of shells and missiles hitting the second and then the third floor of the building," said HRW's Bouckaert.

He said the journalists were killed when they suffered massive injuries as they tried to run from the building.

Bouckaert described the shelling as an "intense and focused ... certainly sustained" attack, adding that questions had been raised as to whether satellite tracking devices could have been used to identify the journalists' communications equipment.

"The [tracking] technology is readily available ... on the commercial market," he said. "It would certainly be within the capabilities of the Syrians."

Rupert Murdoch, whose U.S.-based News Corporation owns the Sunday Times, emailed staff Wednesday, saying: "We are doing all we can in the face of shelling and sniper fire to get him [Conroy] to safety and to recover Marie's body."

Tributes poured in worldwide for the two killed Thursday. Journalists in Libya's Tripoli, where Colvin had interviewed Moammar Gadhafi before his capture and death, and in London, held wakes.

Colvin, a highly regarded and intrepid reporter for 25 years with the Sunday Times, had described the conflict in Syria a night earlier as one of the worst she had ever seen.

Posting on a journalists' forum Tuesday, she offered to break the Sunday Times paywall to circulate her final dispatch, describing harrowing scenes inside Homs.

"If anyone can figure out how to climb over Sunday Times paywall (I can barely do it myself) please post ... my Baba Amr, Homs story in February 19 issue. I will face the firing squad for you. I'm still in Baba Amr, technically challenged. I don't often do this but it is sickening what is happening here," she wrote.

The Sunday Times lifted the paywall on Colvin's final story in her honor Wednesday.

<http://www.abc.net.au/unleashed/3850566.html>

ABC News blog: Dangers of the "journalism of attachment"

By: Brendan O'Neill

February 24

The death of the Sunday Times war correspondent Marie Colvin in Homs, Syria, is a terrible loss to British journalism.

Ms Colvin, along with the young French photographer Remi Ochlik, was killed by a missile fired by forces loyal to Bashar al-Assad's increasingly desperate regime.

I only met her once, when we both took part in a TV panel debate about international affairs, and I found her to be both knowledgeable and passionate.

At a time when too many British hacks mainly do "churnalism" (that is, churning out glorified PR copy) or else rely on leaked documents from a certain Australian troublemaker, we could do with more Colvin-style reporters, more people who are willing actually to leave their air-conditioned offices and take risks to get a story.

Yet at the same time, I can't help wondering if Marie Colvin's death points to inherent dangers in the sort of journalism she pursued. No, not war reporting, which will always be a risky business, but the "journalism of attachment".

Ms Colvin was a key proponent of that style of foreign reporting, which first came to prominence during the Bosnian War in the 1990s.

The "journalism of attachment" was described by its kind-of founder Martin Bell, the BBC's veteran, white-suited war correspondent, as journalism which "cares as well as knows".

Journalists, said Bell in the mid-1990s, had a new "moral obligation" to distinguish between "good" and "evil" in conflict zones, and if necessary to take sides. That is, they should ditch the pretence of neutrality and express an emotional "attachment" to the good guys in any given conflict.

The thing is, however, if journalists allow themselves to become moral combatants, crusaders against "evil" rather than mere reporters of fact, is there not a danger that they will be treated as combatants?

The obituaries for Ms Colvin are full of praise for the fact that she was more than a reporter. She did "more than merely write", says Roy Greenslade in the Guardian.

Apparently she was not simply an observer of war, but a player in it. We are told, for example, that she was a sort of saviour in East Timor in 1999, helping to rescue "1,500 women and children who were besieged in a compound by Indonesian-backed forces".

Also in the 1990s, she embedded herself with that highly dubious military outfit the Kosovo Liberation Army, then believed to be "good", accompanying it on its military missions against the Serbs, then universally judged to be "evil".

Frequently in the 1990s and 2000s, the kind of post-objective, attached journalism practised by Bell, Colvin and many others in the post-Bosnia generation of war reporters was used, both by journalists themselves and also by politicians, to try to coax Western forces, usually NATO or the UN, to intervene in bloody civil conflicts.

Indeed, in his obit of Colvin, published in The Times, Bell said that journalists like her and him were keen to make it "harder for governments to remain inactive or indifferent". For example, he says, without the journalism of attachment that emanated from Libya last year, "the English and French would not have done what they did" - launch a bombing campaign in Libya.

In other words, there is a direct line, in Bell's view, between the new attached, emotional journalism and actual Western military interventions. So this really is "more than reporting" - it is frequently a rallying cry for external military support for those judged to be "good", against those considered "evil".

The journalism of attachment represented a not uncontroversial turning point in the history of war reporting.

In emphasising attachment over neutrality, and emotionalism over objectivity, the new breed of attached reporter became more like an activist, an international campaigner, rather than a dispassionate recorder of fact and truth.

They became moral players in, rather than simply observers of, foreign wars. In his piece on Colvin, Bell criticises the "bystander journalism" of the past - what was once known as being objective - and praises those new journalists who have self-consciously made themselves into "players" in conflict zones.

Yet some British journalists are uncomfortable with the idea of the journalism of attachment, believing that reporters who go looking for "good" and "evil" in foreign fields run the risk of overlooking complexities and political nuances, and of substituting morality tales for tough reporting.

More to the point, is it also possible that in making themselves attached, in turning themselves into "players" in a conflict, these journalists risk making themselves into targets?

It is widely claimed that the Assad regime purposely targeted the makeshift media building in Homs that Colvin and other Western reporters were working in, which is just the kind of thing those bloody tyrants would do - set out to kill not only their opponents but also foreign reporters who dared to photograph and talk about the massacres in that city.

Yet is it possible that Assad, like other ruthless rulers, now targets foreign reporters because they are actually "more than reporters"? Because, in their own words, their aim is sometimes to shift the course of wars and invite Western invasions?

Certainly at the same time as we condemn Assad and mourn Ms Colvin, we should also seriously discuss what the role of war reporters has become, and what we think it ought to be.

<http://www.journallive.co.uk/north-east-news/todays-news/2012/02/24/northumberland-photographer-tells-of-working-in-war-zone-with-marie-colvin-61634-30399703/>

The Journal: Northumberland photographer tells of working in war zone with Marie Colvin

By: Brian Daniel
February 24

A NORTHUMBERLAND photojournalist who worked in a war zone with a reporter killed in Syria has recalled the times they risked their lives together.

Tom Stoddart, who spent his early years in the Berwick area, worked with Marie Colvin in Beirut, Lebanon.

Ms Colvin, a US citizen who worked for The Sunday Times, was killed during shelling in the city of Homs on Wednesday.

Mr Stoddart, who now lives in Darras Hall, Ponteland, last night paid tribute to her, and recollected the dangers they encountered together in 1987.

Ms Colvin was then a staff reporter with the London newspaper while Mr Stoddart was employed on a short-term contract.

At the time, during Lebanon's civil war, a Palestinian camp called Bourj al Brajneh was being besieged by pro-Syrian forces and tanks.

Doctor Pauline Cutting and Scottish nurse Susie Wighton had been held there for five months. No journalists had managed to gain entry.

Mr Stoddart, now 58, recalls: "Marie and I decided we had to get inside the camp and we negotiated with a Syrian commander, to guarantee that these men would not shoot us, but we had no idea whether they would keep their word.

"We held hands and ran across this no-man's land between the fighters on the outside and the Palestinian fighters on the inside.

"We could not warn the fighters on the inside we were coming. The chances were if one side did not shoot us, the other side would. We made the run and got into the camp."

Mr Stoddart and Ms Colvin covered the story of people dying in horrific conditions, with him photographing a woman who had been shot while trying to get food and her picking up "amazing" stories. The duo fled the same way they got in. Ms Colvin smuggled out, in her underwear, a letter from those inside to the Queen appealing for international help, as well as Mr Stoddart's film.

The duo's world exclusive work made international headlines and weeks later the Syrian government lifted the siege on the camp.

Ms Colvin was killed on Wednesday alongside French photojournalist Remi Ochlik, who Mr Stoddart described as "brilliant", after shells reportedly hit a makeshift media centre.

A French journalist also wounded in the shelling yesterday pleaded with her government to evacuate her so she can have an operation.

In a video on YouTube, Edith Bouvier said her leg was broken in two places and that she has received some medical treatment but needs an operation.

She was calm throughout the six-and-a-half minute video, even smiling. Explosions can be heard in the background.

She and a colleague appear to be with a doctor and Syrian rebels, who ask the journalists to say they are being treated well but need to leave since they can no longer be cared for.

Prime Minister David Cameron described Ms Colvin as an “absolute giant” of a journalist yesterday and blamed her death directly on the regime of Syria’s president Bashar Assad.

“It’s absolutely vital that the international community comes together, does this work, sends this message and I hope that the foreign ministers meeting in Tunis tomorrow will back that up as strongly as they can,” he said in London.

Foreign Secretary William Hague will join representatives of more than 70 nations in Tunisia’s capital today to discuss how to end the violence.

Mr Stoddart described Ms Colvin as a “great human being” and “simply the best” in journalism, with a reputation for telling the truth.

He was born at Beadnell, went to school at Seahouses and later worked as a photographer for the Berwick Advertiser, before going freelance. He now works with Getty Images.

<http://www.heraldscotland.com/comment/columnists/syria-is-not-libya-but-is-it-bosnia-in-the-making.16842353>

The Herald (Scotland): Syria is not Libya but is it Bosnia in the making?

By: Columnist
February 24

I’VE been watching a lot of television news bulletins from Syria of late, each one more disturbing than the last.

Some have detailed the killing of Marie Colvin, a fine and fearless war correspondent alongside whom I have worked on many occasions. Before the shellfire that took her life on Wednesday in the city of Homs, she went to great lengths to reveal to the world the fate of countless innocent civilians caught up in the carnage being wrought there and in other parts of Syria.

Reading her dispatches I was struck by the similarity of the story she was covering to the one we were reporting when we first met in the early 1990’s. Back then, too, we were in a city where civilian neighbourhoods were indiscriminately pulverised by rockets and shellfire.

Like Homs, it was a place where snipers sickeningly picked off those who ran for their lives in the streets. Men, women, children or the elderly, it made no difference to the gunmen. In that city too there were makeshift triage centres in people’s homes, blood seeping into the carpets and limbs amputated by torchlight.

Survival was all that mattered in this hell-hole where food, clean water and medical supplies were scarce, while bombs and bullets flew around in devastating abundance. That city was Sarajevo.

UK Foreign Secretary William Hague, in response to the vexed question of international intervention, yesterday said the Syria situation was “not like Libya”.

Purely on the geopolitical level I'd probably agree on that one. To begin with there is the obvious problem of Syria's geography and the pressing issue of its neighbouring states.

In Libya's case, most of the regime targets for Nato airstrikes were close to the Mediterranean coast and within easy reach of air bases in Italy. Yet even then it took some 21,000 missions over nearly six months to enforce the no-fly zone and suppress Gaddafi's tanks, artillery and command centres.

The Syrians are an altogether different proposition – being better equipped, trained and co-ordinated than anything Gaddafi could muster.

Then there is the question of Syria's neighbours, many of whom have their own volatile sectarian mixes and external political tensions.

Take Lebanon, where the Hezbollah militia – strongly allied with Syria – remains a force to be reckoned with.

Syria's other neighbours would also be less than enthusiastic to be used as jumping-off points for foreign troops. For Jordan's monarchy there could be domestic political repercussions.

Turkey – a Nato member whose foreign minister compared President Bashar al-Assad with former Serbian leader Slobodan Milosevic – would risk a deluge of Syrian refugees and possible revenge and mischief-making on its own soil by Damascus.

Perhaps more crucially, when it comes to intervention in Syria there is nothing like the international pressure or support from the Arab League that existed at the outset of the Libya crisis.

Yes, Mr Hague, the Syria situation is not like Libya, but perhaps a more apt comparison would be how Syria's crisis is beginning to bear a marked similarity to the terrible events that unfolded in Bosnia in the early 1990's. Like the carnage in the Balkans 20 years ago, what is happening in places like Homs is relayed to our mobile phones, computers and televisions daily.

For correspondents like Marie Colvin and others who covered the plight of civilians in Bosnian cities and towns such as Sarajevo and Srebrenica all those years ago, there is a terrible sense of deja vu about all the diplomatic hand-wringing and talk of humanitarian corridors and safe havens being suggested as a response to the killing in Syria.

I remember how we watched, waited - and waited some more.

When intervention did come to Bosnia it did so in a sluggish, tortuous, bureaucratic process that took four years – during which tens of thousands died and millions lost their homes.

Bosnia was a small republic of Yugoslavia, a European crisis on Nato's doorstep. Syria is a major Arab republic situated on a strategic crossroads with powerful friends in Russia, China and Iran.

In Sarajevo last week, Hollywood star and human rights campaigner Angelina Jolie screened her new film about the Bosnian war, *In the Land of Blood and Honey*. Jolie says she hopes it will be as "a wake-up call" to the world to stop Syrian atrocities.

A few days ago in Homs, correspondent, Marie Colvin, gave her life to serve up a wake-up call of her own.

"They're doing terrible things there," she told a colleague who asked why she wanted to undertake such a hazardous assignment. "We have to be there."

The question now is just who, if anyone, will heed such wake-up calls and be there in the months ahead for those innocent Syrian civilians caught in the crossfire.

<http://www.stuff.co.nz/the-press/opinion/perspective/6472492/Risking-your-life-to-tell-the-world>

Fairfax NZ News: Risking your life to tell the world

By: Editorial

February 24

The world would know a lot less about the brutality of war or the horrors inflicted by secretive regimes against their own people without the work of foreign correspondents.

That is why journalists like Marie Colvin chose to put their life in harm's way and venture into the most dangerous of places to reveal what is going on.

It is not a risk that is taken lightly and every reporter and news editor understands that no story, no matter how important, should be worth dying for. But being on the front line is inherently dangerous, and growing increasingly more so as journalists lose their neutrality and become targets for attack.

Every time a correspondent is sent on assignment he or she will pit the potential dangers of the mission against the reward. Some people are willing to push the boundaries farther than others, but few behave recklessly.

No-one wants to find themselves in trouble, or worse, and then to require other people to put themselves in danger to get them out. However, leaving the safety of your home and the love of your family, stepping on to a plane and venturing into an unfriendly country, always comes with the risk that you might not return or you might suffer injury.

It is not foremost in your mind. If that were the case then you would never walk beyond your front gate. But it is a risk that you are willing to take because you believe that the scenes you will witness and the stories you will hear need to be conveyed to the outside world.

This desire to give people who do not have a voice the chance to speak and be heard is the driving force that compels correspondents to go to places when everyone else who can is heading in the opposite direction; that enables them to set aside the concerns of family and friends who worry every moment they are away.

Foreign correspondents play a vital role, a precious role, and one that, without prejudice, informs public opinion around the world. This valuable independent channel of information also increases pressure on governments when they are trying to decide what should or should not be done to help to protect people under attack, or to bring a ruthless dictatorship to justice.

The final dramatic dispatches by Colvin from Homs exposed how shelling by Syrian government troops was responsible for the deaths of women and children - a far cry from the armed militants whom President Assad claims to be targeting.

It remains to be seen whether her words will inspire the international community to take action.

Colvin's death, however, drives home the extent of the danger that correspondents confront to do their job. Most reporters on the front line experience near misses, but no-one is guaranteed safe passage and, every so often, luck runs out.

<http://www.economist.com/node/21548215?fsrc=rss%7Cint>

The Economist: Firing Lines

By: Editorial

February 25

MARIE COLVIN, an American-born journalist for Britain's *Sunday Times*, was one of the world's best-known foreign correspondents. She died in an artillery attack by the Syrian army against the rebel-held town of Homs on February 22nd. She was 55. It also killed a French war photographer, Rémi Ochlik, aged 28, and wounded two other journalists, one seriously. They were in a makeshift media centre next to a hospital. Syrian casualties in the

siege are in the hundreds. Ms Colvin's last report was of 300 terrified women and children, huddled in a basement for two weeks. She described how a wounded two-year-old died before her eyes.

A veteran Middle East specialist, Ms Colvin covered many other conflicts too: in Chechnya, Kosovo, Sierra Leone and Libya (pictured above). She lost an eye in 2001 in the Sri Lankan civil war when a soldier fired a grenade at her; thereafter she wore a piratical eye-patch in public.

Several local journalists and one foreigner had already been killed in Syria. In addition, Anthony Shadid, a senior reporter at the *New York Times*, suffered a fatal asthma attack on February 16th while crossing the Turkish-Syrian border. He was allergic to horses, which his guides were riding. Last year, with three other journalists, he was taken hostage during the war in Libya.

That was an especially dangerous conflict for reporters. The Committee to Protect Journalists, a New York-based group that has been keeping count since 1992, reckons that eight journalists died in armed conflicts in 2011, mostly in Libya. They were among a total of 46 whose work cost them their lives (the 2010 tally was 44). Freelancers are at greatest risk.

In 2010 Ms Colvin spoke at a service in St Bride's Church, Fleet Street, in London (once the home of Britain's newspaper industry) to mark the deaths of 49 British journalists and support staff in the past decade. She said: "We send home that first rough draft of history... We always have to ask ourselves whether the level of risk is worth the story. What is bravery, and what is bravado? Journalists covering combat shoulder great responsibilities and face difficult choices. Sometimes they pay the ultimate price."

<http://aviationanecdotes.blog.tdg.ch/archive/2012/02/23/death-of-a-reporter.html>

Tribune de Geneve blog: Marie Colvin: death of a reporter

By: Mike Gerard

February 23

This blog is not about aviation, even though war and aviation go together and Marie Colvin's death came down from the air. Instead, it is about how we react to her death: do we say that it is her fault for going to a dangerous place or do we laud her for her courage in reporting back to us what is actually happening?

War reporting has its origins in the dispatches sent back to the Times newspaper from the Crimea by William Howard Russell. Then, as now, military commanders did not like the true horrors of war getting known to the world at large: it is said that the British Commander, Lord Raglan, told his officers not to speak to Russell.

The news that did get back is supposed to have inspired Alfred, Lord Tennyson, to write one of the most famous English poems "The charge of the light brigade". It also inspired that most famous nurse, Florence Nightingale (the lady with the lamp), to train a group of volunteer nurses and then go out to the region. She was so shocked by the poor facilities and lack of treatment for wounded soldiers that she wrote to the Times asking for help.

One result of this plea was that the British Government asked Isambard Kingdom Brunel, famous for his building of bridges and railways, to build a prefabricated hospital that could be sent out in pieces and reassembled there: it became known as the Renkioi Hospital. (in those long gone days Britain was famous for manufacturing goods, not for making fortunes in stocks, shares and money changing!).

In my opinion, Marie Colvin was of the ilk of Florence Nightingale: she wanted people to know what was really happening. Already, when in Afghanistan, she met a reporter who later stepped on a mine and lost two legs to the knees. She also famously rejected the advances of Colonel Gaddafi, who rather fancied her (that was probably as dangerous as being in a war zone). She later lost an eye in Sri Lanka in a grenade attack, but she still continued her work, despite knowing that reporters are becoming prime targets for oppressive regimes who do not want the truth to be known. She did this because, as she said in an address that she gave during a service to commemorate war reporters who have died since 2000

