Crimson was

the Dawn

by Jamal Arsalan

11 ARAMBAI you aren't

at me. I told him coldly he was

not being asked to lend a hand

or even a shovel. His reply was

that he was only interested in

shovelling food into his mouth. He looked at my wife, hovering

with a grim face over the

breakfast table, and pron-ounced, 'specially when the

food is so scrumptiously

delicious." She broke into a

helpless smile. Then ventilated

her grievance: when the roses:

pink, yellow and almost black-

ish-velvety-red blossomed to

be plucked by some of the

neighbouring girls, it was her

lot to shout and scream at

sibly for a drink of water but

actually to whisper requests.

into her uncle Selim's ear. I

warned that candy and toffee

were still on the banned list.

With a seraphic smile she ap-

peased me: "I'm not asking for

anything edible." I grunted that

considering she was always

chewing something from her

own fingers to pencils, rubber,

the toes of her doll and the

long laces on her frock -- she

is five years old - there was

hardly anything in the world

that could be excluded from

declared. Finishing her whis-

pers, she added in normal

tones that her mother was

'super' at chasing flower van-

dals. My wife's countenance,

tone of voice, sareasm and

above all the ability to turn the

raiders own words against

them made her the most

feared housewife among the

apartment dwellers. Most

naughty children fled merely

on sighting her wrathful face at

unfortunate exceptions. So I

am constantly running into

sudden shocks and surprises.

"This tea is too strong!!" the

words would be torn out of my

mouth in horror. She has strict

instructions to give me tea that

looks as golden as honey and

tastes just as summery, no

milk, only sugar. Yet when I

am practically dying for a cup

of tea that will pick my body

out of weariness and my mind

from being battered by con-

flicting ideas - she gives me a

jolt: a cup of tea only she can

minium pot and boiled for

hours. I have seen regular tea

drinkers like Selim splutter

and plaintively beg her to serve

something more moderate. Or

she might put milk in my

tea. Or no sugar knowing sug-

Her tea is placed in an alu-

I am, of course, one of the

"Chewing is not eating," she

her taste buds.

the window.

My daughter entered osten-

again?" Selim gaped

Gemini Creates a Sense of Journalistic Fraternity

More than 80 journalists from 20 countries have just met in Regina, Saskatchewan, for a seminar on Reporting the Developing World after the Cold War. It was the last of a series of events held in 1992 to mark the 25th anniversary of Gemini News Service.

Taking part were senior Canadian newspaper, Radio and TV journalists, editors from many developing countries, 14 Canadians who have worked at Gemini headquarters over the last ten years under followships, as well as students from the Regina University School of Journalism and Communication. The Regina School and Gemini News Service co-hosted the event, which was sponsored by the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA) and the International Development Research Centre (IDRC) in Ottawa, and the two main Saskatechewan daily newspapers, the Saskatoon Star-Phoneix and the Regina Leader-Post.

A book is to be produced based on the papers and seminar proceedings.

Participants widely praised the seminar. These are the reports of three of them.

The Need to Remember the Readers Back Home by Kuldip Nayar

Author and columnist from New Delhi

the end of an exciting three days of **L** sometimes quite heated debate, one point became clear: some of those who have reported on the Third World from the Western press have not always been objective even allowing for the constraints inherent in political systems in which the principles of democracy may be observed only in the breach.

The exchanges between the two groups - the Western press and journalists from the Third World - also highlighted a fact not generally accepted by those of the developing

This is that the Western press reports the Third World not for any lofty motives associated with the widening of understanding among the peoples of the world, but to have their readers know about the Third World in relation to themselves.

Foreign correspondents, it emerged, were sent out to report on developing countries in the context of how they related to the countries in which their newspapers were pub-

In other words, the correspondents had to remember always that they were writing for the readers back home. Their interest in the developing country being reported had to be kept in mind all the

On the other hand, the journalists from the developing countries felt that the preference of the foreign correspondent to report only wars,

OURNALISTS influence

politics, but politics also

influences journalists.

This hard truth was visible at

Regina beneath the bashing of

the West by the participants

from Third World countries

and the defence that the

climes, the media men and

women reflected the atmo-

sphere of poverty or plenty in

which they had grown up. At

times they talked at each

nalists and broadcasters from

Africa, Asia and the West

Indies, was this: Why didn't

their struggle, out in the cold,

to develop their areas make

news in the West, which still

received front page attention

from the West was brutally

The reply by the journalists

in their own world?

The question asked by jour-

Coming from different

Canadians journalists put up.

tragedies and other upheavals, tended to give a lopsided view to the readers in the developed country.

A point made with some emphasis was that there was only limited space in any newspaper, and an editor had to remember how much space he had to devote to a story from a developing country in relation to a story about people "back home."

A point made with equal passion was that the developing countries had to look after themselves. They had to stop believing that the developed press would eventually abandon their own self-interests and report the Third World with objectivity or sympathy.

Some of the papers presented to the seminar catalogued instances of the Western press's inadequate and unbalanced reporting of the Third World. One cited was of Idi Amin of Uganda; the British press was virtually accused of having created this monster.

In the Pacific, the Western press was criticised for reporting lavishly on the Fiji coup of Sitiveni Rabuka while ignoring the historical events or causes leading up to it.

The preference by leading Third World figures to unburden themselves to leading Western journalists rather than to indigenous journalists, was explained by one Canadian editor who said that because the New York Times, for instance, was the best newspaper in the world and any leader would be foolish not to agree to an in-

The Hard Truth Visible Beneath the Tough Talk

by William Saudi

Editorial Director, Sunday Times of Zimbabwe

frank: the newspaper business

was not an altruistic venture.

Theirs was as hard and com-

petitive job as that of their

counterparts from the develo-

ping world and they had to sell

ander into a sterile debate on

what made news. The partici-

pants were too reasoned to get

lost in cliches and shibboleths.

They appreciated each other's

ments they faced.

was the mood.

point of view and the predica-

nalism: there is no black or

white. There is a grey area.

This, in essence, represented

the consensus in Regina. How

to accommodate each other

news from the Third World

As in the world, so in jour-

The discussion did not me-

what their readers wanted.

terview with a paper enjoying such on awesome international reputation.

There was some objection to the characterisation of the New York Times as "the best newspaper in the world," especially from an Asian dele-

There was much deserved praise for Gemini News Service as a pioneer in Western attempts to present balanced reports of events in the developing nations.

Much was made of the fact that Gemini recruited many correspondents from within the countries it wishes to report on. Other newspapers and news organisations were encouraged to follow this exam-

However, an argument against this was that the foreign correspondent was expected to report on the developing countries with the interests of their readers back home. A local journalist might not be able to present the same picture.

A striking point made at he end of the seminar was that the participants would henceforth look more closely at stories originating from the countries of fellow seminar participants.

To each story they would be able to put a face and a name. The seminar, if it achieved anything at all, expanded the participants' understanding of each other's special problems and would obviously lead them to portray these more sympathetically in their columns.

and preference for what em-

ever before, that what hap-

pened in one part of the world

affected the other as people

any, had the stamp of America,

but there were too many

chinks to characterise it as an

order. The participants were

worried over the rhetoric, but

they were confident that the

ultimate order which would

prevail in the world would be

. Just as the media men and

women from 20 countries be-

came one family in Regina

within three days, men and

women all over the world will

The new world order, if

live in a global village now.

It was realised, more than

anated in the West.

Moments in Regina...



Sharon Marshall (Barbados), with Gemini General Manager Bethel Njoku



Joseph Ealodona (Papua New Guinea) **National Broadcasting Commission**



Rajah Manamavah (Namibia) Editor-in-chief, New Era With Daniel Nelson, Editorial Director (News) Panos Institute



International Development Research Centre. Ottawa

The Special Moments I shall Remember

by Sharon Marshall News Co-ordinator Caribbean Broadcasting Union

II TEGINA? Never heard of it." That was the I reaction of a friend when I told him I was leaving soon to attend a journalism seminar in Regina. To most Caribbean people, going to Canada means going to

But Regina was the location of Gemini News Service's 25th anniversary seminar, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything in the world.

Toronto or may be Montreal.

It turned out to be three days of stimulating discussion around the theme of "Reporting the Developing World after the Cold War." The talk was frank and at times confrontational, but ultimately it helped to create better understanding between journalists from the Canadian media and those from the developing countries.

There were many special moments in Regina Joe Thioloe (South Africa) making an impassioned plea to foreign correspondents to make ordinary men and women the focus of their reports instead of merely relying on a shopping list of interviews with political leaders to tell the story of South Africa ... Zhu Yinguang (China) giving an inside account of how the Chinese media tried to cover the

Tienanmen Square incident ... and the positive and hopeful note of Elaine Shein (Canada) striking for a more open attitude to developing countries

by a new generation of

Canadian journalists ... Away from the University setting, the Saturday evening banquet at the Regina inn provided a thoughtful address on the so-called New World order from the respected Canadian Television journalist Knowlton Nash, and a mesmerising and provocative performance by Professor Rex Nettleford of Jamaica, who challenged us to recognise the value of our

the Americas. Then there was the trip to Saskatchewan farm, where we were warmly welcomed by a local family. As it turned out, they had spent some time in Africa and the furnishings in the farm house reflected this.

Creole culture and its contri-

bution to the development of

It also helped to explain why our colleague from Uganda, Wafula Ogutta, Editorin-Chief of the Monitor, was able to talk to the farmer so animatedly. It brought new meaning to the terms "small

world" and "global village." But the end during image of our visit to the farm was Joe Thiolog riding in the cab of the

farmer's truck when we left the farm house to drive out to the wheat fields. I thought: "Now there's a picture for South African newspapers." Joe brought to Regina

copies of his newspaper, The Sowetan of Johannesburg, of which he is Managing Editor, and it was the article as much as the advertisements that helped to convey to me a fuller picture of black South Africans as real people beyond the headlines. Something, no doubt, Joe would approve of.

As Joe said at the closing session of the seminar, because of the personal contact we made with other journalists from around the world, news copy reaching us after Regina won't be just impersonal information.

Now different countries and regions will have a face and a name because we've talked with each other and we understand more about each other surely this will influence how we write about each other.

If for no other reason than building a sense of fraternity among journalists from the developing world the days in Regina would have been well spent. But we have also heard from our Canadian friends that the seminar taught them to view the world in a new way.

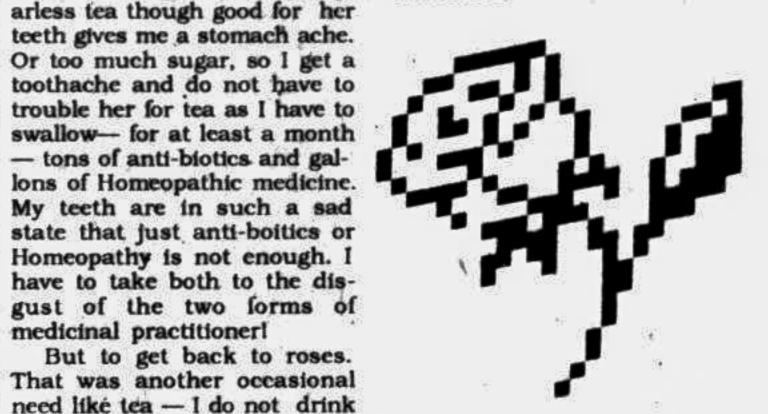
weather like my wife or Selim. Growing roses in winter allows me to meditate, cool my per-turbed soul and allow colour to be displayed or splashed across the front lawn of our ground floor apartment. I frowned at Selim. Why was he talking in that manner, after all, he dropped in whenever he needed a rose to be sported

on his coat front! "What's a suit without a rose?" he would declare when I would protest his hijacking of what was they only rose in bloom at that time. "Why you never come when there's more than one rose, I don't understand!" His grandioes explanation: "Now I'm the only one with such a rose." My roses for some mysterious gift from the Almighty seem to grow the most glowing and large whenever a single bud flowered. I used tea leaves, tea bags and other ingredients secret to any gardener. My wife's main objection

was that she had to keep one

ear and one eye constantly focussed on that window. "Listen, madam, that's no strain on you." She always sleeps with both eyes partly open and can hear anyone talking in the adjoining rooms even with the kitchen tap running like a waterfall. Me? I have to ask her to repeat literally every other word when she is in bed or her highly comfortable chair on the other side of the room and I am working at my table. At any time of the night I only have to call her to receive an answer to whatever I have to say. Me? If the buzzer sounds because some late night visitor has arrived, she has to yell in may ear and shake me by the shoulders. If anyone touches a rose twig, she snaps out of her afternoon nap or dawn sleep, to be at the window in a flash. Yes, she can move so fast that one moment my table is as bare as a windswept plateau and the next moment there is a cup of tea, with perhaps a couple of toast biscuits. If I am quick, I will be able to see the door closing in winter time- or the swirl of her sari's edge in warmer weather. Omar had joined us by this

time. He reckons he is very diplomatic. He regards my behaviour to be like an unknown creature - like the stan, and that of Selim like a Canadian moose- Omar has travelled extensively abroad, specially on vacations! His verdict was I could grow roses provided I did not charge my "partner in marriage" for even a single missing rose, "Not even a bud."



my caustic rejoinder. He waved my 'unsportmanship spirit' away, "anything for marital bliss." Selim, who can never eat 'enough' to satisfy his stomach, joined Omar in another round of breakfast, particularly paratha and moldar halua. My daughter offered to dance for their entertainment if her mother would sing. I went to get dressed. We three were going to meet a VIP for a big contract needed by our advertising firm. I could not find my shaving kit. Now where would an angry wife hide such a thing? Fortunately I have a knack for finding things -divinely blessed, so it only works when Providence is pleased with me, not when have messed up my life and

"Call yourself a friend? "was.

The regular columns "MY WORLD" and "Write to Mita" are held over for next week under unavoidable circumstances.

that of others!!

come to belong to each other Probably this was not the first meeting to realise that, before long and this impressed me in Regina more than an anbut it was another effort to demolish prejudice against the gry voice here or a retort

there.

that of togetherness.

was six feet tall. He was young-only 21. He A exuded vitality. His radiant smile and irrepressible enthusiasm was infectious. Life for him was a great cup of fun, even when it was deadly serious, and he drank deep

from it. This was Lt Abu Moyeen Mohammad Ashfagus Samad who died on this day in 1971, fighting for the liberation of his country. His friends lovingly called him Nishrat and his father had a special name for him - Tani. But by whatever name he was called all loved him. It is difficult to believe that he is dead, gone for-

For those who knew him it is little solace that people have renamed Joymonirhat in Dinapur district as Samadnagar after him: that they laid him to eternal rest with a 21 gun salute. The only solace is he laid down his life for the liberation of his motherland. A greater satisfaction probably is that he fell after liberating six hundred square miles of Bangladesh from the dastardly Pakistani occupation army. He breathed free air before he died. He lies in a free territory and he laid down his life while still engaged in routing enemy.

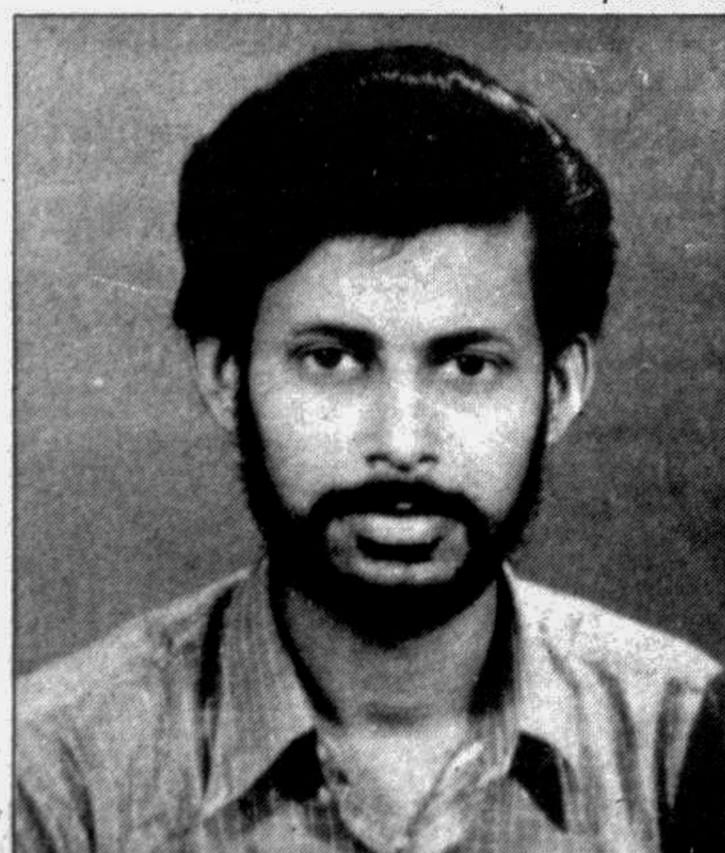
He had about finished his honours examination (in Statistics) when the Pakistan army launched their campaign of murder, loot, rape and arson. The child-like smile was still on his face when Lt Ashfagus Samad left home on March 28, 1971. At that moment it was only he who knew that he was going to return shortly and he was not fleeing. On April 4 Lt Samad and three friends made their way into Dhaka City with a sack each on their back. They had gone to

a Freedom Fighter . by Ataus Samad

Major Nurul Islam, received a crash course in use of arms and were now back with six 303 rifles, several hundred rounds of ammunition and half-a-dozen grenades. That was the time when most oth-

Munshinganj for selecting a site for training camp. But once again he found out that the idea was not feasible at that moment.

Now he was impatient. He



ers were making their way out

of Dhaka to safety. But it didn't take very long for them to understand that they could do' little with their arsenal. Samad and his friends thought of forming the nucleus of a guerilla group. He made trip to the interior of

did not want to lose a moment more. While trying to establish contact with a training camp near the eastern border he kept up his activities. He engaged himself in smuggling out Bengalee army officers who wanted to get out of Dhaka cantonment and reach the Mukti Fauj headquarters. Finally, he himself establish contact with the headquarters and decided to leave home.

In the meantime his younger brother had left home and started participating in the resistance struggle that was going on in the northern areas. Ashfy as he was popularly known, and his parents at that stage did not even know that his brother had been injured in a fight with the Pakistan army at Roumari in Rangpur. When Ashfy was leaving home he told his mother, "We are four brothers, Mother, why don't you dedicate at least two of them for the motherland." With tears in their eyes his parents let him go. Very soon the third brother Ishtiaque Aziz Ulfat was also to leave home and to become a guerilla. Ulfat was among the first batch of trained guerillas who initiated sabotage operations in the Comilla sector. The fourth brother also, in course of time, was to associate himself with a guerilla cell which Lt Samad organised just before his departure from Dhaka. Ulfat worked with this cell during the Crack Platoon's actions in Dhaka which resulted in explosions at hotel Inter-continental, blowing up of the power substations in

Dhaka and attack on the military police camp at Farm Gate. Lt Samad after his departure form Dhaka came home only once in the month of June. That was the last that his parents and near and dear

once saw of him. Soon after his return to camp from Dhaka Ashfaque Samad was selected for training as commissioned officer. He successfully completed his

training and was sent to liberate areas in the north of Bangladesh. He became a company commander.

After his company, along with others had liberated more than 600 square miles Lt Samad reached a place called Rajganj. The Pakistan Army had set up a strategic stronghold there. If they could be routed from this bastion the occupation army's next line of defence would recede to Kurigram. Lt Samad and his fellow officers were planning to launch an attack on this strong hold when he received orders transferring him to sector headquarter.

His reaction was typical of him. He sent a message through courier that he would report to duty in four days' time. He did not want to miss the big assault. After all he had been planning it. The date of the assault was

fixed on November 19, 1971. It was the same day that his parents, being hounded by the Pakistan army, left Dhaka for a sanctuary either in a liberated area or in India. They had also hoped to meet their eldest

The occupation army's position was strong indeed. Over the bridge on the rive Dudhkumar they had placed six medium machine guns. Across the river they held fortified positions in several buildings where there were at least three more medium machine guns with them. The enemy had a good sight over the plain area on the west of the

The Mukti-bahini and the allied forces decided to launch a five company strong attack two of the companies were of the Mukti Bahini commanded by Lt Samad, one was a Rajput company commanded by Major

Opel of the Indian army and two companies were of the Border Security Force. They would advance in the dark of the night, dig in their positions on the bank of the river and take on the enemy.

The advance was smooth. Digging in was about to begin. Then there was an explosion. A mine had exploded somewhere near the position of the Rajput company. The occupation hordes opened up with everything they had.

Lt Samad's reaction, who was in one flank, was instantaneous. He ordered his troops to retreat a few hundred yards and take cover. He then ordered his faithful JCO to leave his wireless set behind and go back to join his troops. He himself would call in artillery support. He would not budge from his own position. The JCO knew it was suicide for Lt Samad. He did not want to leave his commander but the young Lieutenant would not listen and ordered the JCO to get back to the troops.

Meanwhile, the situation had become precarious. The Mukti Bahini companies as well as those of the allied forces were finding it difficult to even take cover. Firing from the enemy was intense. Lt Samad took his second and last decision.

He shifted his position a little and moved his own light machine gun with him. Then he opened up with his weapon to give cover to his troops. The enemy immediately concentrated all its fire on the young soldier. The unequal fight lasted for twenty minutes but valuable twenty minutes in which time the Mukti Bahini troops had reached safety. Suddenly after those breath taking twenty minutes the soldiers of the liberation army

could not see any more spitting of fire from Lt Samad's machine gun. The faithful JCO made a

tea in perspiring warm

medicinal practitioner!

daring trip, back to his commander's position. There he found the commander lying motionless. A bullet has pierced through his forehead. But there was no sign of agony on his face. He was lying in peace. Only his fingers were clenched, those long thin fingers' which people say is a mark of artistic inclination, those fingers which Lt Samad's father and mother so lovingly caressed and kissed even after he had grown up. Gone was the darling of Mr Azizus Samad, a businessman who had suffered indescribable misery and torture in the hands of the Pakistan army who were looking for his guerilla son. Gone was the darling of Mrs Sadeqa Samad a prize-winning headmistress whose emission in life was to love other's children and educate them. Gone was a valiant freedom fighter.

How's that

by Gazi Sadeq

Human body is designed so that we cannot pat our own back even if we like doing so.

It is interesting to know that neither can we kick ourselves too easily when we feel that way to go.