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The severed head of a West Pakistani Army officer makes a gruesome trophy for this band of East Pakistani guerrillas battling against West Pakistan's military offensive to crush an independence movement in the eastern sector of the country.

Pakistan:

'All Part Of a Game'—a Grim and Deadly One

NEW DELHI—"All of it's necessary, absolutely necessary," a West Pakistani stewardess lectured some expelled foreign newsmen about the Pakistani Army's offensive to crush the independence movement in East Pakistan. "If this happened in your country, you'd do the same thing. It's all part of the game."

A game? To foreign newsmen in Dacca, it looked like a surprise attack with tanks, artillery and heavy machine guns against a virtually unarmed population—a population using tactics of nonviolence, mostly strikes and other forms of noncooperation, to claim the political majority it had won in last December's elections. And by this weekend enough credible reports of indiscriminate killings had filtered out to leave little doubt, even in the minds of many dispassionate Indian officials and Western diplomats, that the Army of West Pakistan was under few restraints in putting down East Pakistani thoughts of autonomy.

The attack began on the night of March 25, after 10 days of political negotiations in which the army and the rest of the West Pakistani power establishment had lulled the East Pakistani nationalists into thinking their demands for greater self-rule would be granted.

It is clear now that the West Pakistanis never meant the talks to succeed, that they dragged them out only to buy time to get enough troop reinforcements over from West Pakistan to launch the attack. But while the talks went on, nearly every observer, from newsmen to diplomats, resisted the ugly thought that this might be true. The signs were all there—troops coming in by air and sea, the dismissal of a martial-law administrator who was too lenient and the uncharacteristic silence of the army while the East Pakistanis boycotted the military regime and followed instead the directives of their leader, Sheik Mujibur Rahman.

The newsmen reported these signs but when talk of "some progress" came out of the negotiations, they grasped upon that, because it was what should happen. They were wrong. Instead, the military mind prevailed.

But in turning to force, the West Pakistani leaders apparently misjudged both its limitations and the depth of feeling of 75 million East Pakistanis.

"They thought that a few bullets would scare the people off," said Ranjit Gupta, the police commissioner in Calcutta, just across the border in India. "It is silly—it shows you how little

the West Pakistanis know about East Pakistanis."

Instead of the first shooting spree terrorizing the population into submission, it now seems apparent that while the army may be able initially to establish a hold on the cities and major towns, it will face widespread guerrilla activity in the primitive riverine countryside. This could so undermine the supply lines and mobility of the West Pakistani troops that the independence movement would succeed.

In India, many sympathizers with the East Pakistani cause were quick to compare West Pakistan's military actions in East Pakistan with those of Hitler. "Pak Army's Inhuman Torture," was the headline in one Calcutta newspaper. "Butchery," said another, adding: "The vandalism unleashed by the occupying Pakistani army in Bangla Desh (Bengal Nation) is darker than even the darkest chapter of Nazi terror." The Indian Parliament has called it "a massacre of defenseless people, which amounts to genocide."

Governments Silent

Most of the other governments of the world have remained silent.

"Why doesn't your country condemn this outrage?" one official in Calcutta asked an American. "This is no tidal wave, this is no act of nature—it is people slaughtering people."

The United States, which supplied the Pakistani military with its basic weapons and training from 1955 to 1965, has refused to release to the press accounts of army killings it has received from its consulate in Dacca, the East Pakistani capital.

Britain has said she regrets the situation, but considers it an internal matter.

The Soviet Union has remained officially silent, although segments of the Soviet press have called the army's action "crude arbitrariness and violence."

Communist China, which has also been supplying Pakistan with arms in recent years, and has been wooing Pakistan hard, has said nothing.

U Thant, Secretary General of the United Nations, said after several days of trouble in East Pakistan that he was "very much concerned about the loss of life and human suffering" and would help if the Pakistani Government asked him to assist "in humanitarian efforts." Such a request seemed highly unlikely.

One country, Ceylon, has helped the West Pakistani military offensive by granting refueling rights to planes flying to and from East Pakistan. The two wings of Pakistan are divided by over 1,000 miles of India, which banned Pakistani overflights in February. Without this assistance from Ceylon, military reinforcements and supplies for East Pakistan would have to be brought in by sea, and Indian officials and Western diplomats here believe this would severely hamper, if not cripple, the West Pakistani Army's campaign.

Regardless of Ceylon's help to West Pakistan and the lack of help thus far to East Pakistan, there seems to be agreement here on two points—that the chances of East and West Pakistan remaining united appear nil, and that in the long run the West

Pakistani Army, attempting to impose its government's will on the East Pakistanis, has little chance of success.

The Bengalis, as the people of East Pakistan are called, have stepped across a crucial line—a line that separated grumbling about their exploitation to fighting against the exploiters. The line may have been crossed on March 25, the night of the attack. Or perhaps it was crossed earlier, on March 1, when President Yahya Khan, Army Commander in Chief, postponed a session of the National Assembly that was to have convened two days later to begin drafting a Constitution returning the nation to civilian rule. That Assembly, elected in December, was dominated by Sheik Mujib's Awami League party, which wanted a large measure of provincial autonomy—leaving the Central Government with power only over defense and foreign policy, but not foreign trade and foreign aid.

These terms were anathema to the West Pakistani power establishment—the army, the big-business interests and the politicians. In the political negotiations over the crisis, they started off by making conciliatory sounds and then brought in the monkey wrench, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, the dominant political leader of West Pakistan. When he objected that the Awami League wanted too much autonomy—"bordering on sovereignty"—the talks began to stall. Then, suddenly, came the army attack.

The morning after the attack, Mr. Bhutto and his aides, under heavy military protection, were flown back to friendly territory in West Pakistan, where the po-

litical leader promptly announced: "Pakistan has been saved by the grace of the Almighty."

But it will take more than religious oratory to save Pakistan as a united Moslem country. Religion was the social glue that was supposed to have held the two wings together, but it was never enough.

1947 Partition

Pakistan, carved out of the Indian subcontinent in 1947 as the child of Hindu-Moslem hostility, was intended as a homeland for the Moslem Bengalis of East Pakistan and the Moslem Punjabis, Sindhis and Pathans of West Pakistan. But the 55 million West Pakistanis held all the political, economic and military power, and East Pakistan, although the majority wing, quickly became what amounted almost to an exploited colony, a golden market for the manufactured products of the western wing. Prices were higher in the east, income lower.

A severe racial and cultural gap also festered. The two wings of Pakistan have always been further apart in most important respects than most independent countries. In that sense, the Bengalis are fighting to dislodge from their soil a foreign occupation army.

It may take a long time, but none of the witnesses to the recent upsurge of Bengali nationalism and to the barbarism of the army attack doubts that it will happen. In the meantime, as Sheik Mujib was fond of chanting with the adoring crowds that thronged to his now razed house: "Sangram, sangram. Cholbey, cholbey." "The fight will go on. The fight will go on."

—SYDNEY H. SCHANBERG