GENOCIDE

by ANTHONY MASCARENHAS

(the background to the writing and publication of this remarkable report is told on Page One)

I WAS GETTING my first glimpse of the stain of blood which has spread over the otherwise verdant land of East Bengal. First it was the massacre of the non-Bengalis in a savage outburst of Bengal hatred. Now it was massacre, deli-
There are many human targets.

At least it could be plainly seen that Baru was not a Hindu.

The interrogation proceeded.

Tell me why you are running.

By this time Baru, wild-eyed and trembling violently, could not answer anything to the questions.

He looks like a fainting, broken down, speaking voiceless, of our people. Baru, is the worst of the worst.

I was so little used to this. We were used to the Bengali rebels but Baru is a man, he is a man.

Abdul Bari was clouted several times with the butt end of a rifle. He was heard of a wall. Mercifully his screams were cut off by the young boy's head peeping through the shadow of a nearby hut. Baru shot and killed Baru.

He killed Baru. Moments later, a bearded old man staggered frantically from the hut. He stumbled and fell. Baru threw him on the ground.

"Do you know this man?"

"Yes, he is Abdul Bari."

"He is a traitor."

"No, he is a traitor."

"Tell me the truth."

Khed Kalam (God's oath), Sahib, he is a traitor.

There was a sudden silence. Sahib looked abashed as I told him. "It was a God's sake let him go. What proof do you want of his innocence?"

But these were apparently unharmed, unharmed with their parents; Baru had killed many children.

More than 20,000 bodies of Bengalis have been found in the villages. Khulna and Jessore. The real toll is believed to be much higher. bodies of Bengalis were killed.

I was told everywhere in East Bengal. I may have been as high as 100,000.

The Bengalis have vanished without a trace.

The government of Pakistan, has let the world know about this first.

The suspected worst and second worst horror which followed when its own army took over this country. West Pakistanis privately told the writer that the alleged killings and kidnappings of 250,000 people, categorized as those who have died of famine, were just the tip of the iceberg.

The politics explained: Why Yahya Khan sent in the troops.

WEST PAKISTAN

PAKISTAN, the pre-dominantly Hindu province which resulted from the partition of the British Raj in 1947, has been the scene of continuous violence. West Pakistan has been dominated by the majority Muslim population, not only in terms of wealth but also by its man, who traditionally despised or feared the Bengalis.

The politics of the Taj Mahal.

The Taj Mahal's architect was a Muslim, but the mausoleum is actually a Hindu temple. The Taj Mahal was built as a mausoleum for Mumtaz Mahal, the wife of Shah Jahan, who died during childbirth. Shah Jahan wanted the mausoleum to be his final resting place, but it was never completed.

The politics of the East.

The East Pakistan government was dominated by a small group of individuals, including the Prime Minister, Ziaur Rahman. The East Pakistan government was never able to gain the support of the majority population.

The politics of the West.

The West Pakistan government was dominated by the military, particularly the army. The West Pakistan government was able to gain the support of the majority population, including the Bengali population.

The politics of the future.

The future of Pakistan is uncertain. The country is split into two halves, with the East and West Pakistan provinces. The East Pakistan government has been overthrown, and the West Pakistan government has gained control.

The politics of the past.

The past of Pakistan is marked by violence and conflict. The country has been divided, and the government has been overthrown multiple times. The past is a reminder of the challenges that Pakistan faces today.
over the killing. West Pakistani officials privately calculate that altogether both sides have killed 250,000 people—not counting those who have died of famine and disease.

Reacting to the almost simultaneous breakaway of the province, which has more than half the country's population, General Yahya Khan's military government is pushing through its own "final solution" of the East Bengal problem.

"We are determined to cleanse East Pakistan once and for all of the threat to secession, even if it means killing off two million people and ruling the province as a colony for 30 years," I was repeatedly told by senior military and civil officers in Dacca and Comilla.

The West Pakistani army in East Bengal is doing exactly that with a terrifying thoroughness.

WE HAD BEEN racing against the setting sun after a visit to Chandpur (the West Pakistan army prudently stays indoors at night in East Bengal) when one of the jeeps (private) crouched in the back of the Toyota Land Cruiser called out sharply: "There's a man running. Sahib!"

Major Rathore brought the vehicle to an abrupt halt, simultaneously reaching for the Chinese-made light machine-gun propped against the door. Less than 200 yards away a man could be seen leaping through the knee-high paddy.

THE POLITICS EXPLAINED: WHY YAHYA SENT IN THE TROOPS

PAKISTAN, the predominantly Muslim nation which resulted from the partition of the British Raj in 1947, consists of two separate territories, divided by a thousand miles of India. West Pakistan (mainly city Karachi) has always dominated the divided nation, not only in terms of wealth but also by its control of the institutions of government. It is in turn, dominated by the Urdu-speaking Punjab, who run the army.

East Pakistan (mainly city Dacca), populated by the Bengalis with their own distinct Bengali language, covers an area less than a fifth the size, but has a somewhat larger population than West Pakistan. Most of the nation's Hindu minority of around eight million was concentrated in East Pakistan.

Towards the end of the 1960s the discontent of the imposing Bengalis of East Pakistan found expression in the rapid growth of the Awami League. This is devoted to achieving some degree of independence from West Pakistan. Its leader was Sheikh Mujibur Rahman.

With the resignation in March, 1970, of Pakistan's military dictator, Ayub Khan, came the Awami League's chance. Ayub Khan's successor, General Yahya Khan, determined to hand over power to a democratically elected civilian government, which would draw up a new constitution on the principle of "one man one vote." East Pakistan would gain a dominant say in the government, because of its greater population.

This was the subsequent course of events:

December 7, 1970: The Pakistan general elections gave Sheikh Mujibur Rahman's Awami League 171 out of the 160 East Pakistan seats in the constituent assembly—a majority for the whole of Pakistan. This put them within easy reach of winning home rule for the Bengalis.

February 13, 1971: President Yahya Khan announced that the constituent assembly will meet on March 3.

February 15: Z. A. Bhutto, leader of the opposition, said he would boycott the assembly unless there was a prior agreement between East and West on a constitutional formula.

March 1: Yahya postponed the assembly meeting. Increasingly, calls for a fully independent Bengali state in East Pakistan—Bangla Desh—were heard from Bengalis. Sheikh Mujibur Rahman called for a civil disobedience movement.

March 6: President Yahya set March 25 as a new date for assembly meeting.

March 7: Mujibur said he would not attend unless martial law was withdrawn.

March 23: West Pakistani troops struck to control Dacca and Chittagong in anticipation of a Bengali uprising.

March 26: Many Bengalis killed by the troops in Dacca, but elsewhere Bengalis started to mass on the border. At least 10,000 in the camps—many Moslems—began to leave East Bengal.

March 28-April 12: 9th and 16th divisions flown to East Bengal.

Early May: Second wave of refugees, some 500,000, overwhelmed more than 800,000 Bengalis. A third wave of refugees poured out of refugee camps.
WHY THE REFUGEES FLED: the first full eye-witness report of the horror when the troops went into E. Pakistan

prisoners being held in the police lock-up. Agha looked it over. Then, with a flick of his pencil, he casually ticked off four names on the list.

"Bring these four to me this evening for disposal," he said. He looked at the list. The pencil flicked once more. "...and bring this thief along with them."

The death sentence had been pronounced over a glass of coconut milk. I was informed that two of the prisoners were Hindus, the third a "student," and the fourth the Awami League organizer. The "thief," it transpired, was a lad named Sebastian who had been caught burglarizing the household effects of a Hindu friend of his own house.

Later that evening I saw these men, their hands and legs tied loosely with a single rope, being led down the road to the Circuit House compound. A little after curfew, which was at 6 p.m., a flock of squawking nightingales were disturbed in their play by the thunderous sound of wooden clubs meeting bone and flesh.

CAPTAIN AZMAT of the Baluch Regiment had two claims to fame according to the mess banter. One was his job as ADC to Major-Gen Niazuddin, the commanding officer of the 10th Division. The other was thrust on him by his colleagues' ragging.

AZMAT, it transpired, was the only officer in the group who had not made a "kill." Major Rashid rained him mercilessly.

"Come on, AZMAT," Bashir told him the night "You're going to make a man of you. Tomorrow we will see how you can match me." It's so easy."

To underscore the point, Bashir went into one of his long soliloquies.

Lt-Col Bash was a popular artillery officer who had done a stint in China after the India-Pakistan war when units of the Pakistan army were converting to Chinese equipment. He was said to be a proud family man. He loved flowers. He told me with unmasked pride that during a previous posting at Comilla he had brought from China the giant scarlet waterlilies that adorn the park's headquarters. Major Rashid admired the flowers. Bash told me that when they had caught a rebel officer there was a big fuss about what should be done with him. While the others were telephoning all over for instructions, he said, "I solved the problem. Darr geya. Only the man was killed sticking out of the ditch."

IT IS HARD to imagine, so much brutality in the Unnao beauty. Comilla was blooming when I went there towards the end of April. The rich green carpet of rice paddies spreading to the horizon on both sides of the road was broken here and there by bright splashes of red. That was the Gol Mohar, aptly dubbed the "Flame of the Forest," coming to full bloom. Mango and coconut trees in the villages dotting the countryside were heavy with fruit. Even the terraced-sized goats skipping across the road gave evidence of the abundance of nature in Bengal. "The only way you can tell the man from the female," they told me. "is that all the she-goats are pregnant."

At this point Rathore was beginning to get anxious about the covering darkness. So we drove on.

"I chanced to meet Major Hikkar the other day," he said. "He was a tall, tall, tall fellow, very good-looking." He had sixty houses if it hadn't rained I would have got the whole bloody lot."

Approaching a village a few miles from Muzaffargarh we were offered a halt by what appeared to be a man crouching against a mud wall. One of the janams seemed it might be a tough subject. But after careful scrutiny it turned out to be a lovely young Hindu girl. She sat there with the placidity of her people, waiting for God to know. One of the janams had been in two years with East Pakistan troops and could speak basic Bengali. He was told to carry her into the village. She mumbled something in reply, but stared where she was, but was ordered a second time. She was still sitting there as we drove away.

"She has," I was informed, "no place to go—no family, no home."

Major Hikkar was one of several officers assigned to kill and burn missions. They moved in after the 42nd Corps had been established by the Indian army with the freedom to commit and destroy Hindus and Muslims (the official jargon for rebels) and to burn down everything in the areas from which the army had been fired at.

The lanky Punjabi officer liked to talk and had a job talking with Hikkar to the Circuit House in Comilla on another occasion he told me about his latest exploit.

"We got an old one—he said. "The bastard had grown a beard and was posing as a devout Muslim. From called himself Abdul Manan. But we gave him a medical inspection and the game was up!"

Fire and murder their vengeance
Fire and murder their vengeance

In one of the most crowded areas of the entire world—Comilla district has a population density of 1,600 to the square mile—only one man was nowhere to be seen.

"Where are the Bengalis?" I had asked my escort in the strangely empty streets of Dacca a few days earlier. "They have gone to the villages," was the reply.

There were, of course, soldiers hundreds of whom marched in khaki, each with an automatic rifle. The roads were constantly patrolled by British armed constables. Wherever the army went, you wouldn't find Bengalis. The rebel Bengali forces had due recognition from the voice. Rathore grew a watermelon smile. It was he informed me, his old friend.

"I thought someone was looking," he continued.

"Looting? No, it's just that the Bengalis were gone to the villages," was the reply.

"We have lost them too. I didn't want to think about the others," he added.

Rathore smiled briefly. "How many didn't you get?"

"Only twelve. And by God, I was afraid they would get to me."

"I didn't mean to think about the others," he added. "But I wanted to think about the others."

Rathore went on to describe vividly how after much searching they had discovered twelve Hindus hiding in a house. They were "disposed of".

Major Hikhar was at the second part of his mission: burn.

And now, the last key to the city of the Bengalis was burned. Not a thing was as good as his word. We had hardly drunk our fill of the deliciously refreshing coconut milk that had been thoughtfully supplied by the Major when he heard shots in the distance. "Pakistan zinda hata!" "Pakistan army zinda hata!" "Muslim League zinda hata!" they were chanting. (Zindabad is Urdu for Long Live.)

Moments later, they marched into the city, a motley crowd of about 50 old and decrepit men and women, and children, all waving Pakistan flags and shouting at the top of their voices. Lt. Javed gave me a knowing wink. Within minutes the "parade" had begun, complete with a make-shift public address system and a rapidly growing group of would-be speakers.

Mr. Muhabur Rahman was pushed forward to make the now famous speech. He introduced himself as "N.F. College professor of English and Arabic, who has also authored the History and is a life-time member of the great Muslim League Party.

Introduction over, Muhabur Rahman gave forth with gusto.

"Punjabis and Bengalis," he said, "were dead united for Pakistan and we had our traditions and culture. But we were terrorised by the Hindus and the Awami Leaguers and led astray. Now we thank God that the Punjabi soldiers have saved us. They are the best soldiers in the world and heroes of humanity. We owe and must do their names in the bottom of our hearts." And so on, interminably, in the same vein.
in Peshawar, seventy miles north of Chittagong, the wing of the 9th Division by destroying all the bridges and culverts. The area was to be used for the construction of a new road, which was to be built by the army and to replace the old one. The bridge was to be used for the transportation of supplies to the army and for the movement of troops.

The new road was to be called the "Gulistan Road" and it was to be completed within three months. The army was to be responsible for the construction of the road and the bridge. The road was to be built by the army and the bridge was to be built by the local people.

The army was to be supplied with all the necessary equipment to construct the road and the bridge. The army was to be supplied with all the necessary equipment to construct the road and the bridge. The army was to be supplied with all the necessary equipment to construct the road and the bridge. The army was to be supplied with all the necessary equipment to construct the road and the bridge.
The first horror in Pakistan

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Hitkar was one of several
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They moved in after
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The game was up!

continued: "I wanted to
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three shots. So I gave
in the balls, then one
omach. Then I finished
with a shot in the head."
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forth to Barambahara. His
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HELMED WITH TERROR
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Two who escaped: a mother and child at a refugee camp near Krishnanagar. At first Hindu and Muslim families fled, but as the Army's grip tightened the refugees were increasingly Hindu.
Two who escapéd: a mother and child at a refugee camp near Krishnanagar. At first Hindu and Muslim families fled, but as the Army's grip tightened the refugees were increasingly Hindus.

The scene in repeated in Fargani, Raxabha, ghost towns gay.

FREE - 28 page how to sail book by Sir Alec Rose

Published by Richmond Marine Ltd., this 28-page booklet is filled with colour photos and covers everything from basic sailing instruction to a sailor's knots to weather. If you've ever wondered what sailing's all about, this booklet will tell you free.

The AGONY of East Bengal is not over. Perhaps the worst is yet to come. The army is determined to go on until the 'cleanup' is complete. So far the job is only half done. Two divisions of the Pakistan Army, the 9th and the 16th, were flown out from West Pakistan to 'sort out' the Bengali rebels and the Hindus. This was a considerable logistical feat for a country of Pakistan's resources. More than 25,000 men were moved from the west to the east. On March 28 the two divisions were given 48 hours to notice to move. They were brought by train to Karachi from Kharan and Multan. Carrying only light bed rolls and battle packs their equipment was to follow by sea. The troops were flown out to Daaca by PIA, the national airline. Its fleet of seven Boeing's was taken on international and domestic routes and flew the long haul via Ceylon continuously for 14 days. A few Air Force transport aircraft helped.

The troops went into action immediately with equipment borrowed from the 14th Division which till then constituted the Eastern Command. The 9th Division operating from Comilla, was ordered to seal the border in the east against the movement of rebels and their supplies. The 16th Division, with headquarters at Jessore, had a similar task in the Western sector of the province. They completed these assignments by the third week of May. With the rebels, those who have not been able to escape to India—boxed in a ring of steel and fire, the two army divisions are beginning to converge in a relentless comb-out operation. This will undoubtedly mean that the terror experienced in the border areas will now spread to the middle. It could also be more painful. The human targets will have nowhere to run to.

On April 20 Lt-Col. Bag, the flower-throwing G1 of the 9th Division, thought that the comb-out would take two months to the middle of June. But this planning seems to have missed the rebel forces, using guerrilla tactics, have not been subdued as easily as the army had expected. Isolated and apparently uncoordinated, the rebels have nonetheless plugged down the Pakistan Army in many places by the systematic destruction of roads and railways, without which they continued on next page.

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WHY THE REFUGEES FLED

continued from preceding page

army cannot move. The 9th Division, in its present location, must be, literally speaking, in a hole. The government is in a hurry, short of food and has to depend on supplies from Karachi. The government has committed itself to an ambitious programme of rehabilitation, and it cannot afford to fail. But the army is in a position to help, and I believe it will.

For the rainy season, the Pakistan Government obtained from the United States a grant of $10 million to rehabilitate the country. The government has committed itself to a programme of rehabilitation, and it cannot afford to fail. But the army is in a position to help, and I believe it will.

The military government's East Bengal policy is so apparently contradictory and self-defeating that it would seem they have made the assumption that the men who rule Pakistan cannot make up their minds. Having committed the initial error of resorting to force, the government, on this view, is simply and stupidly muddling through.

There is, superficially, logic in this reasoning.

On the one hand, it is true that there was a lot of uncertainty and fear among the people in East Bengal. The government, in its attempts to pacify the people, has been quite effective. The army, in its attempts to pacify the people, has been quite effective.

On the other hand, the government has not been able to keep its promises. The people in East Bengal have been left wondering whether the government will keep its promises.

All this would seem to indicate that Pakistan's military government is moving paradoxically, in opposite directions, to compound the gravity of the situation in the country's 24-year history.

I think the government has done all it can do. It has made a good-faith effort to resolve the situation. It is not in the government's interest to maintain the status quo. It is in the government's interest to move in a different direction.

The situation in East Bengal is grave. The government must act quickly to prevent a deterioration of the situation.

Army committed to remain

The army has already taken a terrible toll in dead and injured. It was privately said in Dacca that more officers have been killed than men. That the casualty list in East Bengal already exceeds the total list in India for the entire India-Pakistan war of 1947 is not a matter of surprise. The army has been quite effective in its attempts to pacify the people in East Bengal. The army has been quite effective in its attempts to pacify the people in East Bengal.

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The situation in East Bengal is grave. The government must act quickly to prevent a deterioration of the situation.
The Chinese have helped with equipment, which is pouring down the Karakorum highway. There is some evidence that for the first time, it is slowing down: perhaps the Chinese are having second thoughts about the military rulers of Pakistan. But the Pakistani government has not hesitated to pay cash from the bottom of the pocket for more than $1-million worth of ammunition to European arms suppliers.

Conversations with senior military officers in the army in Dacca, Pindi and Karachi confirm that they see the solution to this problem in the speed of completion of the East Bengal operation, not in terms of a pull-out. The money required for that purpose now takes precedence over other governmental expenditure. Development has virtually come to a halt.

In one sentence, the government is too far committed militarily to abandon the East Bengal operation, which it would have to do if it sincere about a political solution. President Yahya Khan is riding on the back of a tiger. But he has calculated a decision to climb up there.

SO THE ARMY is not going to pull out. The Government's policy for East Bengal was spelt out to me in the Eastern Command headquarters at Dacca. It has three elements:

(1) The Bengalis have proved themselves "unreliable" and must be ruled by West Pakistan.

(2) The Bengalis will have to be re-educated along proper Islamic lines. The "Islamisation of the masses"—this is the official jargon—is intended to eliminate sectional tendencies and provide a strong religious bond with West Pakistan.

(3) When the Hindus have been eliminated, the Bengalis will be "amalgamated". This will provide a base for creating administrative and political structures in the future.

This policy is being pursued with the utmost brutality.

Because of the mutiny, it has been officially decreed that there will be no further recruitment of Bengalis in the defence forces. Senior Air Force and Navy officers, who were not in the West to be involved, have been moved "as a precaution" to non-sensitive positions. Bengali fighter pilots in the equally sensitive capacity of the Air Force, have had their humiliation of being grounded and moved to non-flying duties. Even the air controllers at the centre of the two wings of the country have been strained clean of Bengalis.

The East Pakistan Rifles, once almost exclusively a Bengali paramilitary force, has ceased to exist. The Frontier Corps of the Civil Defence Force, has been raised by recruiting Baharis and volunteers from West Pakistan. Baharis, instead of Bengalis, are also being used as the basic material for the police. They are the same officers sent out from West Pakistan and by secondment from the army. The new Superintendents of Police at Chandpur at the end of April was a Military Police major.

Hundreds of West Pakistani government civil servants, doctors, police officers, staff of public service, telegraph and telephone services have already been sent out to East Pakistan. More are being encouraged to go with the promise of one and two-stage promotions. But the transfer, when made, is obligatory. President Yahya recently issued an order making it possible to transfer civil servants to any part of Pakistan against their will.

The universities 'sorted out'

I was told that all the Commissioners of East Bengal and district Deputy Commissioners will in future be either Baharis or civil officers from West Pakistan. The Deputy Commissioners of the districts were said to be too closely involved with the Awami Leaguers to be elected to the National Assembly. He is now in his seventies. But even in these circumstances it is necessary not to be too effusive. His two public statements in date have been satisfied by the "Indian interference."

Bengalis look with scorn on the fact that they are "collaborate with" Farrukh Ahmad and Fazlur Quader Chaudhury. They are eagerly aware of this. Farrukh Ahmad makes a point of keeping his wire uncurtained and only those who have been scrutinised and recognised through personal contact in the front door are allowed into the house.

By singularity blunt methods the Government has been able to get a grudging number of 11 Awami Leaguers who had been elected to the national and provincial assemblies. They are kept on ice in Dacca, secluded from all but their immediate families, for the big occasion when "the representative government" is to be installed. But clearly they now represent no one but themselves.

ABDUL BARI: The tailor who was lucky to survive, is 24 years old. That is the same age as Pakistan. The army can of course hold the country together by force. But the meaning of what it has done in East Bengal will not be determined by the men who hoped in 1947 that they were founding a Muslim nation in two equal parts has now faded and for a long time to come will be the stain of the unhappy submission of a colony to the British.