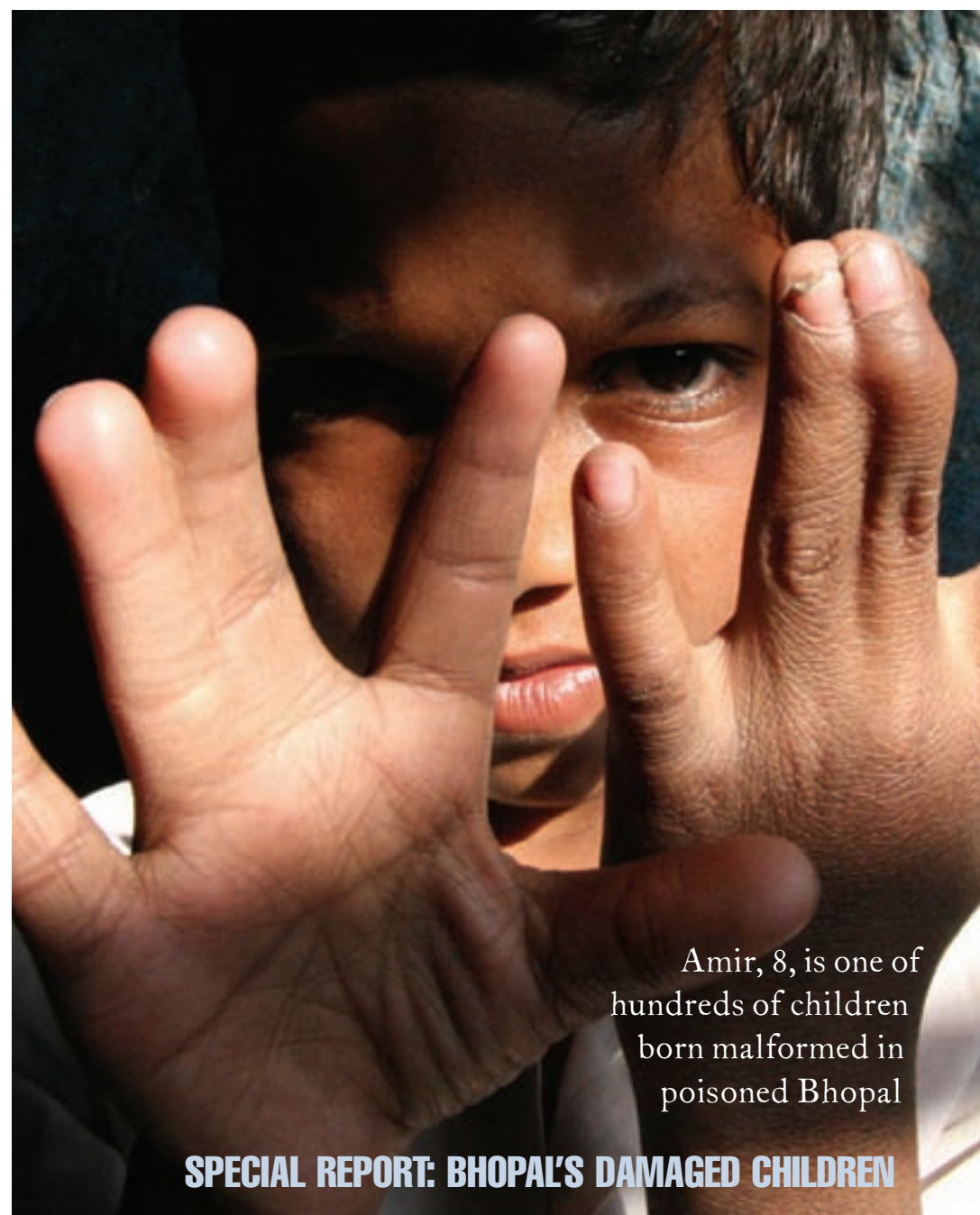


777

The newsletter of the Bhopal Medical Appeal, Autumn 2007



Amir, 8, is one of
hundreds of children
born malformed in
poisoned Bhopal

SPECIAL REPORT: BHOPAL'S DAMAGED CHILDREN

how many more?



Bhopal, a brief background

THIS FAMOUS, TERRIBLE & TENDER PICTURE was taken by MAGNUM photographer Raghu Rai on the morning after the night of horror in Bhopal, on December 3, 1984, when a huge cloud of poison 500 times more toxic than cyanide spewed from a factory belonging to Union Carbide Corporation.

Thousands died in the most hideous ways. As the sun rose on piles of corpses, Raghu found himself in a graveyard where a man was burying his young daughter. The father had covered the tiny body but then, unable to bear parting from her, brushed the earth away for one last look.

For Bhopalis this picture has come to symbolise more than two decades of unimaginable suffering, an injustice that has never been righted, crimes that continue to go unpunished, and a community that most of the world has forgotten.

Today in Bhopal, well over 100,000 people are still chronically sick from the gases of that night, while some 26,000 more are suffering from illnesses caused by poisoning of their wells and stand-pipes by chemicals leaking from the plant, which remains derelict and full of poisons. Union Carbide and its owner Dow Chemical continue to deny responsibility for the water poisoning and refuse to clean up the factory.

WHY IS THE NEWSLETTER CALLED 777?

777 in Hindi and Urdu is *saat saat saat* which with a slight twist of the tongue also means *together, together, together*. The Bhopal Medical Appeal is an effort of ordinary people round the world to bring free medical help to victims of the gas and water disasters. Who are we? We're survivors, Sambhavna and Chingari staff in Bhopal, donors, volunteers, supporters and organisers in the UK and elsewhere. We're all equal, all together, and all together we're the Bhopal Medical Appeal.

GIVING SOMETHING BACK

We have learned a great deal about treating chemically- and industrially-induced illnesses with therapies that do not add to the body's toxic load. We are looking to share knowledge with people and organisations all over the world who may benefit from it. Ideas welcome.

DONATIONS (NO STAMP NEEDED) CAN BE POSTED TO:

Freepost RRLG-EEXR-BSZK, The Bhopal Medical Appeal, Development House, 56-64 Leonard Street, London EC2A 4LT (To save us the cost of a stamp simply address your envelope as above, omitting the Freepost number.)

OR MADE DIRECT TO OUR ACCOUNT:

The Bhopal Medical Appeal Account No: 15501, CAFBank Ltd, 25 Kings Hill Avenue, Kings Hill, WestMalling, Kent ME19 4JQ. Sortcode 40-52-40

(Apologies if we don't respond to a donation made directly to our bank as your details are not forwarded to us.)

TO DONATE NOW WITH A CARD PLEASE CALL

FREEFONE 0800 316 5577

The Bhopal Medical Appeal

Bhopal's poisoned children: the cruellest injustice of all

WHEN THE BHOPAL MEDICAL Appeal was founded in 1994, on the 10th anniversary of the gas-disaster, we did not yet know the extent of the damage that had been inflicted on the people of Bhopal.

Five slow years passed before a 1999 Greenpeace report exposed the scale of the second catastrophe – the slow, systematic poisoning of the drinking water of local people by dangerous chemicals abandoned by Union Carbide in its factory.

For a decade, Union Carbide had known that the soil and water in its plant were lethal, for a decade it kept silent. Today the horrific effects of the chemicals are seen in the births of hundreds of malformed and brain-damaged children, often to people already sick from Union Carbide's gases.

This issue of 777 documents some of those stories. It has taken a year to collate, so is larger than usual. The newsletter raises vital funds for our medical work and we ask you to be open-hearted as ever in your support.

Our Sambhavna Clinic, which was founded and owes its existence

solely to your generosity, is the only medical facility in Bhopal offering free treatment to people who are ill from the water-borne poisons. Not officially recognised as victims of Union Carbide they have had no compensation whatsoever for the appalling illnesses that afflict them and their families.

WE ARE THRILLED to announce that Sambhavna has been joined in the vital work of caring for Bhopal's damaged children by the Chingari Trust, founded by two inspirational survivors' leaders, both old friends of ours. In 2004 Rashida Bee and Champa Devi Shukhla were jointly awarded the prestigious Goldman Environmental Prize, described by the *Guardian* as 'the Nobel Prize for the Environment'.

Despite themselves being poor, Rashida and Champa donated their entire prize money of \$125,000 to establishing a fund to treat children born damaged either to gas affected parents, or to families whose water is poisoned. Chingari is established in Sambhavna's old building and opened its doors in December 2005.

EARLIER THIS YEAR, the Bhopal Medical Appeal was registered as an independent charity. We'll have more on this, and our new trustees, in our Spring 2008 issue, when we'll also unveil plans to share the medical expertise we have gained in Bhopal – in particular of treating chemically-induced illnesses with non-drug therapies – to benefit poisoned people the world over.

We are already exploring ways to share our knowledge with the chemically-devastated community of Halabja in Iraqi Kurdistan and with those treating banana workers poisoned by nemagon in central and south America. Nearer home, and thanks to our partnership with F.C. United of Manchester, children in Lancashire suffering from asthma and diabetes may soon benefit from yoga programmes developed and proven successful at Sambhavna.

NONE OF THESE THINGS would be possible without you. We – that is, those involved in Bhopal, in editing the newsletter and in the BMA office in London – urge you to become more closely involved in the good work we all do together: send in ideas, volunteer in London or Bhopal, do fundraising events.

Reading the stories in this issue of 777 it is unbearable that innocent children in Bhopal should have to pay the price of corporate greed and of realpolitik that values investment dollars more than justice or health.

Bhopal's sick children need us because miserably, unforgivably, no one else seems to give a damn.



Champa Devi (pale blue) and Rasheeda (in red) with Chingari trustees & staff

777

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Until ^{uuuuu} us a child is born

REPORT: FRANK CASTELLI

AS THESE WORDS ARE WRITTEN it's raining in the bastis of Bhopal. The rain comes as a relief, after the burning heat of summer. As the first drops hit, the air fills with the delicious scent of rain on dry ground, but for those who live here, the poorest of India's poor, in huts of sacks and planking, the rain will soon bring other smells.

The rain drips from trees and creepers in the grounds of Union Carbide's derelict and deserted factory. Gusts of rain blow into abandoned godowns and make a slurry of the powders that lie caked on the floors. White rivulets laden with poisons flow out of the open doors and soak into the earth.

Nine hundred yards to the east, Lilabai, her head covered against the rain, awaits her turn at the hand-pump, a tall cast-iron contraption painted a livid red. A notice warns that the water is toxic, not suitable for drinking, but there's no alternative.

Raising the pot onto her head for the long walk home, Ramsiya Bai passes the well which for years she and the other neighbourhood women had used. As their vessels plunged into the water dark rainbows would dance on the surface and up would come a smell like tar and drains and rot and things for which the women had no names. The water burned when they drank, but although it tasted bad. Unfortunately, the handpump water is just as unhealthy. Ramsiya drank it all the while she was expecting her son, Suraj, and while she was nursing him.

Ramsiya's house is like many others, a hovel built of whatever materials came to hand. In it you may detect the debris of a sub-civilisation, its walls include jute sacking, palm fronds, planks, beaten-flat cans, rubber tyres, frayed plastic sheets. It has but two rooms, one for sleeping in, whose plank walls have been desperately stuffed with cloth, paper, mud – anything that will keep out the weather. In the other room, lit by a single tiny window, is a clay hearth. Before this is a clean swept area of clay floor on which Ramsiya has made some designs in coloured powder. Other than for a few pots and tins, and a rail on which a few clothes are hanging, the room is empty.

She sets down the pot of water and looks for her son whom she'd left lying on a mat. A cry from outside finally leads her to Suraj, who is lying on his belly in the mud, clawing at a plant. Hearing his mother's exclamation he turns his head and rolls himself over

and over to her. He's soiled himself again.

Looking at Suraj's enormous, delighted grin, the mother's heart is filled with sadness. Her son is not a baby, or a toddler. He is ten years old. Other children his age go to school, play with their friends, but Suraj cannot stand or walk on paralysed legs that twist like twigs beneath him. He was born with brain damage. He cannot speak a word. All he can do is roll over and over and smile that brilliant smile.

IN DECEMBER 2006 the Chingari Trust, set up by Goldman Award winners Rashida Bee and Champa Devi Shukla brought a team of doctors from Delhi to assess the problems of children in the Bhopal bastis where water is poisoned by the factory. What they found amazed them: processions of parents bringing children with cerebral palsy, deafness, eye problems, tumours, cleft lips and palates. Many had withered or malformed limbs. Some of the children could not speak, but lay helplessly in their mother's arms.

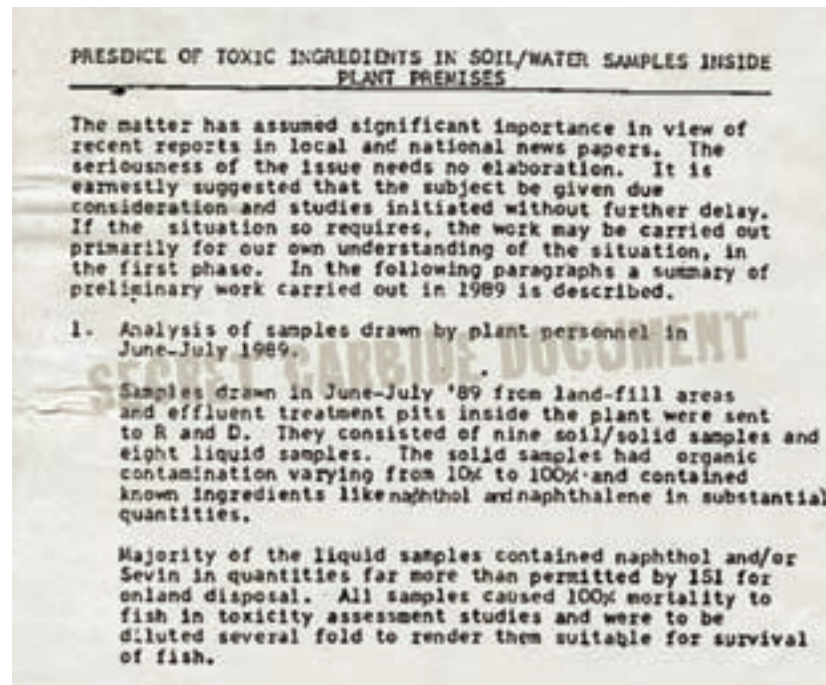
The children's parents had either been exposed to poison gas on the dreadful night of December 3, 1984, or else had drunk and washed in water poisoned by chemicals leaking from the factory. Some families had been poisoned first by the gases then again by the water.

BHAVESH, SAMBHAVNA'S DISPENSER, lives in Atal Ayub Nagar, a slim strip of housing sandwiched between Carbide's factory wall and the railway line. His family moved there when he was six. There were no hand-pumps and fetching water meant a trek to the well in Shakti Nagar, half a mile to the south.

To remedy this problem, the people of Atal Ayub Nagar clubbed together to install two handpumps – a decision that would soon return to haunt them.

At first the water seemed okay. Then oily globules began appearing in it – if allowed to settle they'd form a layer at the bottom of the glass. The water acquired a faint smell, which grew gradually worse. It tasted oilier too, but these changes happened very slowly.

Bhaves's family were startled when his grandmother, on a visit from her village, pronounced the water undrinkable. 'It stinks!' she said. The locals, who'd by now been drinking it for years, didn't find it so bad. They had bigger things to worry about, like the growing number of damaged children being born to distraught mothers in their small community.



What the people of Atul Ayub Nagar didn't know, because no one had told them, was that the ground on the other side of the factory wall, yards from their houses, was severely contaminated by toxins. A private Union Carbide memo (*above*) never meant for publication, reports that samples of water taken inside the factory proved instantly fatal to fish. Fish died too, in water to which dry soil samples had been added. The causes? Naphthol (abdominal pain, convulsions, diarrhoea and vomiting) and naphthalene (anaemia, cataracts, retinal damage, liver and brain damage, possible cancer).

Carbide had known of the danger since 1989, the year Bhavesh's family became its neighbours, but it issued no warnings. Its bosses in India and the US watched silently as families already ruined by Carbide's gases drank, and bathed their kids in, poisoned water.

Worried community workers asked questions, but Carbide denied there was a problem and wrote to the authorities suggesting they take action to quash these troublemakers.

Rehana, 10, (*left*) lives near Bhavesh in Atal Ayub Nagar. She was born without a left thumb, her growth is retarded, her mind is weak and she hasn't the strength to go to school. Rehana's vision is not okay, she's plagued by rashes and is constantly breathless. Her dad sadly asks, 'Why was fate so cruel to our poor child?'



BEYOND THE FACTORY SITE, the monsoon fills two large lakes in which buffaloes wallow and kids splash. Here and there brittle pieces of black plastic stick out of the soil. They look like bits of dustbin bag but are all that remain of the liner meant to contain thousands of tons of screamingly toxic chemical sludges dumped by Union Carbide in its Solar Evaporation Ponds, for that is what the lakes used to be.

The liner, installed in 1973, was meant to be renewed every two years, but was never renewed. It failed in its first year, when heavy rains sent poisoned water cascading through nearby fields and settlements. These places too have paid a terrible price for their proximity to Carbide's factory.

AMIR, THE BOY WHOSE FINGERS were fused, lives in Blue Moon Colony, on swampy ground between the toxic ponds and the railway line. In this place, many children are born with physical and mental defects and



*Suraj is ten years old.
He is unable to walk or speak.*

virtually everyone is ill. The pesticide residues are everywhere.

At times, when the wind gets up, whirlwinds of chemical dust play in the alleys alongside the children.

Amir didn't used to like playing, because he hated being different. He would go around with a heavy frown to make himself look fierce and would hold his hands up and stare through them like a magician, as if to work a spell on anyone who dared tease him.

The Chingari Trust, which like the Sambhavna clinic, is supported by the Bhopal Medical Appeal, was set up specifically to help children suffering from disabilities. It organised a simple operation and Amir's fingers are now

separated and healing well. There could hardly be a happier small boy on the planet.

Amir wants to thank all of you whose donations to the Bhopal Medical Appeal helped fund his operation. 'I've grown so used to practising dark looks,' he says. 'It's a habit. but now I am so happy to have good hands, I'll have to learn to smile.'



Amir is healed and says he will now start practising smiles

Goodbye to a small boy who never had a chance



son. For most of his life he had lived with his granny, his mother's mother, whose house was nearby.

Naani (as grannies are called in Hindi) did everything for him. She fed him, washed him, turned him over on his mattress and, most important of all, cuddled him and was always there when he woke and needed her.

For a long time Naani had been doing her best to get medical help for Rupesh. During the Chingari Trust health camp of December 2006, Rupesh was examined by doctors who recommended that Rupesh receive treatment from an osteopath to investigate whether he could be helped by an operation.

In the meanwhile, he needed a wheelchair and proper full time nursing care to give poor Naani a break. His carers could wheel Rupesh around the basti, so that his senses could be stimulated by its sights, sounds and smells.

As Naani was preparing to take Rupesh to the hospital, police came to her house and arrested her and Rupesh's grandfather. Despite her pleas about leaving the child, they were taken away and locked up in separate jails.

The problem was the marriage of Rupesh's uncle (his mother's brother). He'd been married a year but the marriage had not worked out and his wife had returned to her parents' house. The day before the arrests, Rupesh's aunt had gone to the police to complain that her in-laws were demanding a dowry. This is illegal in India and is taken very seriously with the police usually siding with the complainant and acting promptly. Unfortunately the law is also misused.

We do not know the details of what had happened in the family, or who had said what to whom and when, but what is clear is that after the arrest of his grandparents, the paralysed child was left in the house alone.

His mother, hearing of what had happened, rushed to the place and found Rupesh distraught. The poor child refused to be comforted or to accept food from anybody else but his beloved Naani.

We in the UK learned in a terrible phone call from Bhopal that Rupesh had 'burst his eyes' looking for his granny. After three days of refusing to eat or even to drink water, he gave up hope.

At ten o'clock on a bright spring morning, he closed those wide, startled eyes, and died.

WE THANK EVERYONE who gave so generously to provide a heart-operation for Mohammed Idris. The sad news is that since the money came pouring in, Idris has not been well enough to have the op.

At first he was simply too weak and we hoped that we could help him gain enough strength to undergo surgery. A major problem was his own depressed attitude towards his illness.

We had started to build up Idris' confidence when, last September, he caught a cough and became severely breathless with episodes of acute respiratory distress. He was treated with bronchodilators delivered via a nebuliser.

In October Idris developed a high fever which was successfully treated with antibiotics, but a month later he was coughing again, with a fever and joint pains. In December he seemed much better.

In January this year Idris came to the clinic with a high fever and tested positive for malaria, which is rife in the poorer neighbourhoods of the city. Anti-malarials helped but then he developed a lung infection. It responded at first to the antibiotic gatifloxacin but became resistant to every antibiotic we had, and we tried thirteen of them.

As if this were not bad enough, in February 2007 a chest x-ray that showed that old pulmonary TB lesions had become reactivated. Since then poor Idris has been on anti-TB drugs.

He has become too weak to shrug off infections, and as he is resistant to antibiotics we are using ayurveda to try to boost his immune system.

As Sathyu at the clinic explains: 'Idris is receiving treatment for vitiated *vaata* and *kapha doshas* that have

Mohammed Idris: thanks and update

affected his *rasavaha strotas* and *praanavaha strotas*. His ayurvedic medicines include powders of *abbra-ka bhasma*, *pravaal bhasma* and *giloy satwa*, capsules of *kaamdudhaa* and *sutasekhar rasa* plus a decoction of *amrutarishba*. These are expected to boost his immunity and his ability to cope with disease.' (www.bhopal.org has a pictorial guide to the ayurvedic medicines used at Sambhavna.)

Idris says he feels much better, but is still much too weak even to think of surgery.

IDRIS' PROBLEMS ARE made worse by the dreadful conditions in which he and his family live. They have one room in a congested slum next to the railway. People scavenge for coal beside the tracks and the air is full of thick smoke which makes breathing a nightmare.

Sambhavna staff have offered to

pay his rent if and when he moves to other accommodation. Meanwhile, the money you gave for his operation is still awaiting the right moment.

RATHER THAN LETTING the fund lie idle, we would like to use it to help others who need life-saving operations. We'll soon be contacting everyone who contributed for Idris to ask their permission to use their generous donations for this purpose.

Someone who urgently needs an operation is 21 year old Shabana, a highly intelligent girl from a poor family.

Born with a hole in the heart, she complains of bursts of pain in the left side of the chest and left arm. Shabana gets giddy, and sometimes blacks out – these frightening bouts can last up to an hour – the medical consensus is that she should have surgery as soon as possible.



Mohammed Idris has been too ill to have heart surgery.

RUPESH WAS BORN on the 'glorious 12th' of August and would have been ten this year.

His mother was gas-exposed. The family lived in the run down Prem Nagar neighbourhood south of the company's solar evaporation ponds. The water here is severely contaminated and for several years Rupesh's family drank and bathed in dilute poison.

A decade ago, Rupesh was born badly handicapped with cerebral palsy. His disability left this beautiful child utterly helpless. Frail, stiff and awkward, he was unable to walk – even when held upright he had no sense of balance – and was in fact hardly able to move. He spent most of his short life lying on a mattress in his family's dilapidated hut.

As in the case of Sanno, whose story we told in the last issue of this newsletter, Rupesh's mother was too ill from her own gas-exposure to be able to look after her

The source of the poisons...



Once a bicycle shed, now full of rusting drums of perilous Sevin, open to wind & rain



Sacks of poisons lie stacked in warehouses across the site, drifts of pesticide dust on the floor



Across the site, poison wastes lie in the open, in heaps, threadbare gunny bags and rusting drums.



The MIC control room. It had old fashioned valves, unlike its computerised US counterpart. The pressure gauge for tank E-610 was stuck on overload



In this plant casual day-labourers, without safety clothing, used bare hands to handle naphtha and mercury.



The under-designed flare tower was of no use whatever on the horrific night of terror



Mercury drops lie where they fell almost a quarter of a century ago beneath the Sevin plant



The vent gas scrubber is still charred from the hot gases of 'that night'. From its mouth the poisons flew to kill a city.



Where the company buried toxic waste, nothing will grow, these are the dead zones.



A rotted tank dumps its load of highly toxic carbaryl 'rocks' onto the bare soil, if set alight they would cause another catastrophe like 'that night'.



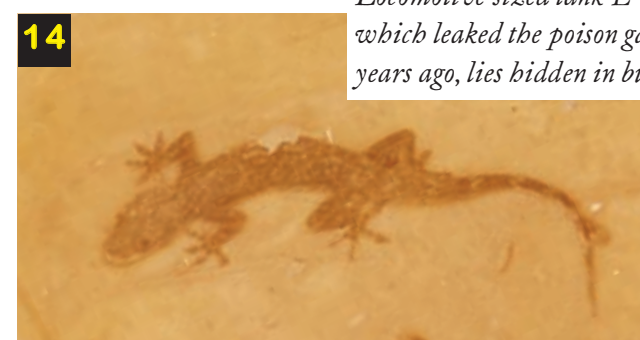
Highly toxic tars oozing from the 'rocks' & running down into the earth and the subsoil water



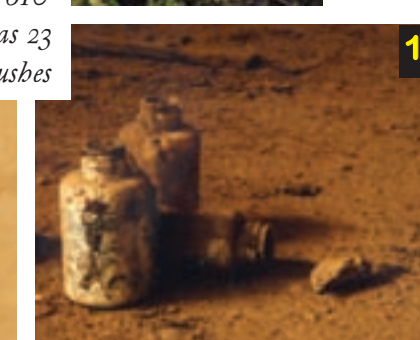
The ruined MIC unit, home to the invading jungle, and ghosts.



Locomotive sized tank E-610 which leaked the poison gas 23 years ago, lies hidden in bushes



The laboratory was abandoned full of chemicals. Some animals have found their way in. This gecko, born in a pottery sink, appears not to be in very good health.



The lab looks as if it has been sacked by vandals, bottles of poison lie on their sides, their contents drained.



This huge warehouse is so tainted that to be inside for more than a couple of minutes causes dizziness and chest pains. Yet someone has been in, and covered the walls with obscene graffiti.



Tarry liquids fester under a strong winter sun. Come the monsoon, they'll overflow.

COMMUNITIES STILL BEING POISONED
BY UNION CARBIDE / DOW CHEMICAL



...and where they end up



9 SURAJ, 10 yrs
Paralysed legs, can't walk, rolls about, can't speak, grins



9 AKSHAY, 11 yrs
Mentally retarded, & sickly, cannot fold his deformed legs



10 VINEETA, 15 yrs
Mentally retarded, unable to speak or walk by herself



11 RUPESH, 10 yrs
Weak limbs, fits, paralysis, can't speak, no control of body



12 YASHWANI, 8 yrs
Left hand malformed, eye problem & swellings on back



13 KARTIK, 8 yrs
Weakness of right leg, hand & eye, walks with difficulty



14 HRIDESH, 3 yrs
Born with a split lip, has fits when extremities turn blue



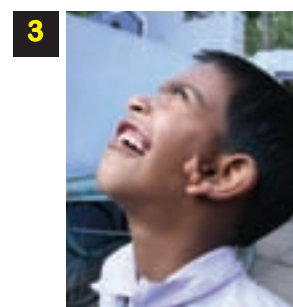
15 SAMRIN, 8 yrs
Born with twisted feet, falls if she tries to walk, can't balance



1 REHANA, 9 yrs
Mentally & physically weak, born without a left thumb



2 SHANU
Eyeball destroyed by horrific growth, in constant pain



3 SAMEER, 8 yrs
Face malformed, matter leaks from eye, cleft palate, pain



4 HASSAN, 11 yrs
Weak from birth, only learned to walk aged 9, can't balance



16 SALMAN, 11 yrs
Born blind, unable to do much for himself, parents both ill



17 MAMTA, 18 yrs
Growth retarded, no menarche, doesn't go out for fear of teasing



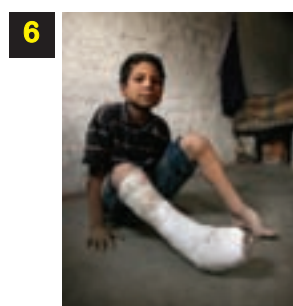
18 SURESH, 13 yrs
Leg swells when he tries to walk, mentally undeveloped



19 SHYAM BABU, 8 yrs
Stunted growth, very weak, can't walk properly



5 FAUJIA, 19 yrs
Stunted growth, anaemia, in pain, compulsively eats dirt



6 SAZID 12 yrs
Born with twisted feet, unable to walk or play, incontinent



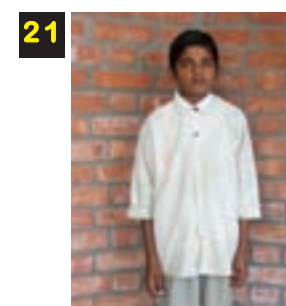
7 DEEPIKA, 8 yrs
Suffers from night-blindness and deafness, can't go to school



8 SAPNA, 7 yrs
Cleft palate, can't talk well but insists on going to school



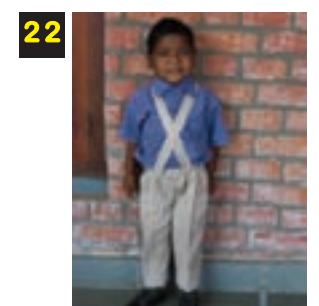
20 SACHIN, 12 yrs
Twisted leg and foot, has only attended a few days of school



21 DIPESH, 18 yrs
Retarded growth, took part in Sambhavna research study



22 VIKAS 8 yrs
Severely retarded growth like many others in his community



22 DEEPU 9 yrs
Defect in bones of hands & legs, unable to walk properly



‘Oh,
it’s
so
good
to
be
back
on
my
feet’

MEGHA’S
STORY

HOW I WISH WE STILL lived in Mahamayi ka Baug near the railway station. We came to Blue Moon Colony five years ago because my parents found a cheap house to buy. Like everyone else we used the water from the community hand pump for drinking, bathing, cooking.

Two years after we came here I started having awful problems on my feet. On the soles there were calluses and painful cracks. My mother put turmeric paste on them but that made no difference.

Over a month the soles of my feet became blacker and blacker and the cracks started bleeding. I was in pain and my parents were very worried. They took me to a private doctor in the neighbourhood and he gave me injections and ointment. This went on two months but my feet just got worse.

Next my parents took me to a skin specialist, an expensive doctor – his clinic is behind Hamidia hospital. He’d prescribe medicines – ointments, three lots of pills and capsules – that cost 100 rupees a day. For one year I took his treatment but had no relief. By the end I could no longer walk. Stepping on the foot was too painful. People in my family had to lift me and take me to the bathroom or wherever else I needed to go.

Everyone knew I had a problem with my feet. In our neighbourhood there is a man called Mithilesh. He said, ‘Go to Sambhavna. There you’ll get treated with ayurvedic herbs and roots. Many with skin problems

have been healed there.’

So I came to Sambhavna. They gave me a powder made from herbs that had to be mixed in honey and licked. They gave the honey too! There was also a herbal ointment. I went regularly



Megha’s sister had the same problem



... and is now getting better



Megha’s feet almost healed



Megha’s feet completely healed

for three months and my feet are getting so much better.

But now my little sister Nikki is getting it. Her feet are becoming just like mine, but she is already going to Sambhavna. So she won’t suffer as I have. She will soon get better like me. I now move freely, my sores are going fast. It’s amazing to have my feet back.

DR JAI WRITES:

We gave Megha *tripbala* powder and *barad* in equal proportions weightwise.

This was boiled in water and her soles were washed with the decoction when it was lukewarm. 1 part of *tripbala* was boiled in 8 parts of water and brought down to half in volume to prepare the decoction.

Megha’s mother used to make it twice a day. After washing with this decoction and drying, a medicinal oil *jaatyaadi tailam* (ingredients: *neem* bark, *chameli* leaves, *patol patra*, beeswax, *karanj mulethi*, *darubaridra*, *kutki*, *manjistha*, *baladi*, *padmakaasth*, *lodbra*, *kusth*, *haritaki*, *neelkamal*, *saarivaa*, seeds of *karanj*, *neela thotbaa*) was to be applied. She was also given a *giloy* (*tinnea cordifolia*) extract prepared by grinding *giloy* vines. The powder was taken with honey on an empty stomach twice daily, morning and evening.

The results, you can see in the pictures on the left. An index of medicinal plants used in ayurveda will soon be available complete with pictures on www.bhopal.org, which also has other stories of healing.

SHAHRAZADE KHAN

discover a cure for severe pain

SANDEEP SAHU & RAJESH SAHU came to the clinic with their parents. The family live in Prem Nagar and for the last 15 years have drunk, cooked with and washed in water poisoned by chemicals leaking from the Union Carbide/Dow Chemical factory. Ironically they were paying 100 rupees a month for this foul water to a neighbour who had dug a bore well. It was only after the sit-in and fast by survivors and their friends in March this year that water tankers started delivering clean water to their community.

SANDEEP (14) IS ALMOST 5 feet tall but weighs just 5.5 stone. He came to us with problems with vision, a constant headache in one side of his skull and chronic body aches. Our medical team assessed the level of pain in his head as so severe that a person can’t function normally, and his body ache as severe enough to interfere with work or school.

Rajesh (12) also had body pains and constant headache and had lost his appetite. He weighed barely five stone. Both brothers said that their problems had grown worse gradually over a long period and had just recently become acute.

The team advised seven days of yoga practice for each boy.

Sandeep knew nothing of yoga. He had not even seen it on TV. He came to us for yoga lessons then continued to practise his exercises at home. On the fifth day he

reported that his pains were half gone.

Rajesh came to us for six days at the end of which he too reported the same lessening of pain.

THE BROTHERS WERE taught the following yoga *aasanas* or postures.

Parvanamukt-aasana

Ardha paschimott-aasana

Bajr-aasan

Manduk-aasana

Vakr-aasana

Sarvaang-aasana

Hal-aasana

Bhujang-asana

and the breathing techniques of *Anulom-vilom* and *Bhraamarjee*.

Details of all the *aasanas* and practices taught at Sambhavna can be found on www.bhopal.org.

SANDEEP & RAJESH and their mother and father Mrs Rekha and

Mr Ramchandra Sahu practice their yoga *asanas* on their terrace every day together. Rajesh and his father start their yoga practice at 7 am. By the time Rajesh stirs it’s usually nearer 8, so he and his mum do their yoga together.

BOTH BOYS REPORT a complete recovery from headache and body aches. They say they have a feeling of wellness and energy all day long.

When they were first referred to yoga by the paediatrician at the clinic they did not have any notion of how this could cure diseases, but saw so many people doing yoga that they went home convinced that there must be some thing to it.

The Sahu family recommends yoga as a treatment because it is totally drug free and costs nothing.

The boys learn yoga from Dr Keswani



the poisoned flood

THE COLOSSAL DOWNPOUR began at 8.30 pm on the night of Sunday 13th August, 2006. Rain fell in sheets for 12 hours. By morning more than a foot of water had fallen on Bhopal and much of the city was underwater.

At least 13 people died, many others, including our neighbours were marooned and were taken off in boats, often at great risk to the rescuers as the streets turned into rushing torrents. Sambhavna staff rescued two children who were in danger of being swept away.

A poisonous tide poured through Union Carbide's factory, contaminating houses and belongings.

People could not afford to lose their meagre stores of food, so despite our warnings poisoned grain was spread out to dry. We sent medical teams into the *bastis* and organised free meals for those who were homeless.

For the full story of what happened and how we helped, see <http://www.bhopal.net/cwc/> (for the earliest stories please scroll down to the foot of the page).



Main picture, left:

A view of the flooded garden with the main clinic main buildings in the background, in the foreground the pond has disappeared. Luckily water from the factory did not come in this direction so we just had to clear up sludge and litter.

Clockwise from top:

Heavy rains batter the clinic, but our cisterns were filled.

Driving rain did not let up for twelve hours by which time much of Bhopal was flooded

The clinic garden wall collapsed under the rush of water. It has now been completely rebuilt to withstand any future flooding

Our neighbours and their goats are rescued in perilously overloaded boats.

Grain stores soaked in toxically contaminated water are put out to dry in a desperate effort to save them. One man told our medical team, 'Poisons kill us slowly, hunger kills faster.'



TERRY
ALLAN

Healing the healing garden

THIS TIME LAST SUMMER a once-in-a-hundred-year flood inundated the Sambhavna clinic herb garden and left surrounding communities underwater. Much of the garden infrastructure and many perennial plantings were damaged or lost. But thanks to the spirit of gardeners Ratna, Mukesh and Manmohan – and your generous response to our emergency funding appeal – the garden has been rebuilt better than before and is looking forward to a productive season.

Anyone who has been a long term gardener or farmer knows that you have to have to work with nature to be successful. There are good years and bad years, times you can finesse the weather, and times when you're given demonstrations of the awesome power of nature's forces. We gardeners do not need empirical research to convince us that global warming is real, we see first hand the subtle changes in the plants and not-so-subtle impacts of extreme weather and climate change.

I was back home in the United States when I heard about the flood, and my heart sank when I saw the photographs. It had taken three years to build the garden to the point where we had more than 100 species of medicinal plants growing for use in the clinic. It wasn't easy accumulating so many different plants. A few common species are available from local plant nurseries, but many of the medicinal plants are not. Some are considered weeds. We were working on a very limited budget, so we collected seeds when we went out walking in the forest, and people we met gave us seeds and cuttings. Thus slowly, in the traditional way of sharing between

gardeners and farmers, hunters and gatherers, we began our collection of living medicines. All washed away in one day.

But deep in my heart I knew that it wasn't all lost. I knew some of the plants would survive. And I knew that Mukesh, Manmohan and Ratna were there to see it through. While the wall was being rebuilt they planted things that cows and goats wouldn't eat so they didn't lose a whole production season. They rebuilt the little tea house in the corner of the garden using clay roof tiles left over from the clinic and flooring slates for benches. They began replanting herbs round the clinic buildings, especially by the cantina where the cooks can now pick fresh herbs for healthy seasonal foods and herbal teas. They built a wonderful protected shade house to propagate the plants that were lost and to expand the collection. There was enough left over to buy a small 'walk-behind' rotovator to help with the heavier work around the garden. I am so proud of them.

And so, like gardeners everywhere, they till the soil again, and plant their seeds, and hope. Thanks to their hard work and dedication, and all of the wonderful, supportive staff at the Sambhavna Clinic, the garden grows again to give hope to the people of Bhopal.

Lots of love,

Terry

Terry returned to the United States last summer after 3 years of volunteering at Sambhavna in Bhopal. She now works part time for an organic seed company and is looking for a place to grow herbs.



MELANIE
HADIDA

‘They turned the clinic into a magical playground’

OVER THE LAST FEW WEEKS I have spent my mornings playing with Bhopali children and loving every minute.

I am from Montreal, Canada, and am completing a BA at McGill University in International Development Studies, with a minor in Women's Studies and a focus on South Asian Studies. I was introduced to Sambhavna through Dr. Shree Mulay, a prof at my uni whose research over the last few years has been on Bhopal. It was her idea that I should come and work with the children here. I found the idea extremely exciting as it combined my academic work with practical work experience and my love for children.

MY LITTLE GROUP INCLUDED children of Sambhavna patients, of staff members and of our neighbours from Qazi Camp, directly across from the clinic.

I spent my first day here getting to know the kids. We did sticker art which they loved. This was Saturday. By Monday many many more children were showing up under the beautiful gazebo which I was using as my workspace. From the moment I woke many kids were already waiting under the gazebo for me and the moment I emerged from my room they were all down there yelling "Didi! Baith jao!" Sister, come and sit!

The enthusiasm of the children turned the clinic into a magical playground. As many as thirty kids would come at a time which meant unfortunately that my activities with them were often limited to colouring and drawing. I asked the children to draw pictures of their families, which they proudly displayed to me afterwards pointing out their loved ones. Some of these kids are extremely bright and wonderfully talented artists. I tried to encourage their talents as much as possible.

I put up a giant map of the world in the gazebo and was able to do a few geography lessons with them, asking them to point out India and Canada on the map as well as locate other major geographical regions. We have



drawn pictures of plants and animals and cut them out and pasted them onto the map! We've made crowns (which they adorably wore around the clinic for the next few days!), we've made puppets and some of the older kids organised some short comical dramatic skits which they performed for the other children.

With the help of a local 17 year old girl whose father is a Sambhavna patient, I was able to have a Hindi translator working with me regularly. We played many fun circle games. One day in a bazaar I found some cheap portable speakers which I attached to my ipod and played Western music for them as well as Indian music. We made a lot of games with the music! The kids are learning more English from me than I am Hindi from them!

After a while I noticed that many of the children's mothers, patients of Sambhavna, chose to wait sitting under the gazebo with me and the kids as opposed to the clinic hallways where they normally wait. Some took the books I brought out and read with their children. A few of the mums even got down on the floor with me and the kids and coloured with us!

In the afternoons when there were fewer children around the clinic I was able to do more complicated crafts. I taught some of the kids how to make their own dolls from fabric scraps, newspapers and rubber bands. We used markers to draw a 'chehra' or face on the dolls and old string for hair! The children loved making their own toys from recycled materials. Such playthings cost nothing but are far more precious than any that can be bought.

The kids are so vibrant, they made my time in Bhopal very enjoyable. I have grown extremely close to many of them, especially the children from Qazi Camp who have not missed one day here with me. I had eight wonderful weeks playing with the children and was so sad when this enchanted time all too quickly passed. I'll be back.





RACHNA DHINGRA

A class of their own

WHEN PAINTER JEFF STRIDE visited Bhopal two years ago (a second exhibition of his work is due to be held in Provence early in 2008), he found himself mobbed by children wherever he went. They would surround him, stand in front of his easel to watch and, often, demand to be included in the pictures.

They were fascinated by his pastels and would pick them up and look longingly at them. Some these children had never seen paints before, and were transfixed by the way a blank space would suddenly take on form and colour and become something they could recognise.

At Sambhavna, we have a long tradition of encouraging children to paint. It's a way to keep them busy while their parents are waiting to be seen, or undergoing treatment. It's also good for them to have the chance to express themselves.

Here's a strange thing. Elsewhere in the pages of this newsletter you can see and read about the awful suffering that many of Bhopal's children have to endure. Their lives are full of hunger and sickness, yet when these children pick up crayons or poster paints and show us what is inside them, the most beautiful and hopeful things emerge.

These paintings were done by children of our neighbours opposite the clinic. It's a very poor community, yet in these paintings there is no poverty, and all the riches of the imagination.

From Hotam's magical depiction of houses (*left*) to Sayma's painting of Bhopal's Taj ul Masjid (*below right*) the pictures simply glow. (The horse-drawn carriage is one of those fine gharries used in the city for weddings.)

Pooja gives us a gaily striped crocodile, or perhaps it's a friendly dog just emerged from a puddle of mud. In her inner world, crocs have bright blue feet, and behind properly jagged mountains the sun is rising.

Subhama's vibrant rainbow (*top right*) jumps off the page, full of the joy that is in every child, until injustice and poverty drive it out.

We are planning soon to host an exhibition of Bhopali children's paintings at www.bhopal.org. The pictures will be for sale, with the proceeds going to the Bhopal Medical Appeal to fund our work with sick children.



A TRIBUTE BY
INDRA SINHA

Life *and* death of a mad Bhopali child

SUNIL, FOR MUCH of your short life, you believed that people were coming to murder you.

‘Nonsense,’ we, your friends, would try to reassure you. ‘The sky’s blue. We are all here. You have done no harm to a soul, why should anyone want to harm you?’

‘I guess I’m mad,’ you would say, who could see nightmares in sunlight and hear voices bellowing in his head.

Mad? Maybe you were. If so was it surprising?

When you are 13 years old, safely asleep in your house with your parents and five brothers and sisters, you don’t expect to be woken by screams. You don’t expect your eyes and lungs to be on fire, nor to discover that the screaming is coming from your mum, or that your dad’s yelling ‘Quick, everyone, we must get out! Union Carbide’s factory has exploded!’

Nothing in your life has prepared you for what you now experience. Your family bundles out into darkness thickened by something that blinds and burns. All around, frightened people are running. A woman lies convulsing where yesterday you played marbles. In the panic to escape you are wrenched from your parents and swept away to fall into blackness. You wake on a truck piled with corpses, bundling you off to a funeral pyre because the people who found you thought you were dead.

When you learn of the awful, unbelievable thing that has happened, you return to Bhopal to find your family. Alone, too numb to cry, you wander the streets. Posters show the faces of bodies as yet unidentified. On each brow is a numbered scrap of paper. This is how you learn that your mum and dad and three of your brothers and sisters are dead. What of the others?

You keep searching, and by a miracle find them, your baby brother of eighteen months and your sister of nine, alive. You bring them to the only home you have, the house across the road from Union Carbide’s factory.

So at 13, mad Sunil, you are the man of the family, the breadwinner. You find work as a day labourer and at night wash glasses at a tea stall. You keep your little



family going and somehow get yourself to school often enough to pass the 10th standard.

Mad, are you? For the sake of your little brother and sister you refuse to be defeated. You’re kind to other children. Your house becomes a refuge for kids whose parents beat them. You ask, ‘Is it better to have parents who beat you, or no parents at all?’

You learn all you can, dear crazy friend, about the disaster that took away your family. You join with other survivors. You are young but you take the lead. When neither Union Carbide nor the authorities give medical help, it’s you who lays the foundation stone at the pole-and-thatch health centre the survivors themselves erect, which will soon be ripped down by the police.

You march each anniversary. Your voice is heard. Then, dear madman, you are sent to the US to testify in

the Indian government’s case against Union Carbide. You’ve never flown before and don’t like the food. The government lawyers tell you, ‘be brave and honest, just tell your story’. But they don’t consult you or the other survivors before they do a deal with Union Carbide that makes its share price jump for joy.

You are outraged. Off you go on another world tour, another month of telling your story to whoever will listen in Ireland, Holland and the UK, which you tour with Bianca Jagger. You’re mixing with famous people, but you, poor mad bugger, just want to be home in Bhopal. Instead you find yourself at the Union Carbide AGM in Houston. In the hotel lobby you’re handing out copies of an environmental report when you’re arrested. Union Carbide, whose gases entered your house and killed your family, charges you with criminal trespass. You’re thrown in jail. It takes hundreds of phone calls to the mayor of Houston before you’re released without charge. At last you can go home.

The voices in your head grow louder. They taunt and torment. You know your mind is playing tricks. You can’t sleep, and talk of taking your life. Your friends try to joke you out of it, but privately we’re worried.

Then, mad Sunil, you find another way to escape this cruel world. You run off into the jungle to live like an animal. ‘I lay on my belly and drank from a ditch like a dog,’ you say when we finally find you. You can’t get work, but when we open the free Sambhavna Clinic in Bhopal you instantly volunteer. You’re penniless, but refuse to be paid. You have a phenomenal memory. Every day you scan the papers for gas disaster stories and later recall the smallest details. You work in the clinic garden, for a time your voices abate. One day you piss in a cobra’s hole calling, ‘Come out, cobra maharaj!’ The enraged reptile erupts from its defiled home, head raised and hood spread. You sprint 400 yards to the tamarind tree and never piss in a snake’s hole again.

The cool and beauty of the herb garden were not enough to quell the demons. Again you tried to take your life. You drank rat poison and after we’d had your stomach pumped you rang the bastard who through his tears is writing this and said, ‘Guess what, it tasted sweet!’

Dear Sunil, we did our best to get help for you, but there was little help to be had. Although some 60,000 Bhopal survivors suffer from depression, anxiety, loss of memory, panic attacks, insomnia and a host of other afflictions, the government refuses to accept mental

health problems as a consequence of the gas. People with mental problems get neither compensation nor treatment, instead they are ridiculed and dismissed. Today, in all Bhopal’s hospitals, there is only one part-time psychiatric consultant.

Sunil, when still a child, you told a journalist that those responsible for the carnage in Bhopal should be hanged. They have never even been brought to trial and in the end the person who was hanged was you. We found you in your flat, dangling from the ceiling fan. You left a note saying that you were fully in your senses when you decided to take your life. You, who rarely wore t-shirts, chose one specially for this final farewell. It said NO MORE BHOPALS.

Ah, Sunil brother, you thought you were mad, but a world without justice is madder. At least you are now safe. We scattered your ashes in the flooded Narmada river, and for your funeral feast followed your precise instructions: quarter bottle of Goa brand whisky, mutton curry from Dulare’s hotel near the bus stand, betel nut, tobacco and all. Were you there with us? If not, who was it that in the darkness chuckled, ‘I am no longer afraid of being killed – I am already dead and fearless.’



EVERYONE IN THE BHOPAL survivors’ movement knew and loved Sunil. Indra Sinha’s Man Booker nominated novel *Animal’s People* was dedicated to him but Sunil never lived to see it finished. His death made headlines around the world. Trees were planted in his memory in four continents.

We, his friends, although we run a successful clinic that has given free medical care to more nearly 30,000 people, could do little for Sunil, but we are determined that no one else will ever again have as little help as he had.

Although we had no budget for it, we have retained mental health professionals and opened a free mental health department at the Sambhavna clinic. It’s the only place in Bhopal where poor people with mental problems can go for free care. Please help us to fund this long overdue, much-needed resource.

A glimpse behind the masks of Dow's *Human Element* ads

PAUL
PHARE

TELLING A LIE BEAUTIFULLY does not make it true. Dow Chemical's *Human Element* advertising is a series of beautiful masks, designed to hide a world of sickness, pain and horror.

Dow's ads and PR are full of extravagant statements it does not believe itself. The front page of its website speaks of 'a spirit of fearless accountability'.

On July 26th 2006, Dow's CEO Andrew Liveris made a speech at the United Nations and promised to deliver clean water to every human being on earth.

He declared, ‘Water is the single biggest cause of disease in the world. More than 4,500 children die every day because of it... We are determined to win a victory over the problem of access to clean water for every person on earth... we need to bring to the fight the kind of things companies like Dow do best.

But when asked to provide clean water to people in Bhopal whose drinking water is being poisoned by the

factory of his subsidiary Union Carbide, Liveris replied, 'We don't think it's our responsibility'.

In a further effort to win positive publicity Dow has sponsored the Blue Planet Run. The launch of the event in San Francisco was marked by huge protests from crowds shouting, 'You can run, but you can't hide.'

Dow spent more than \$30 million on the Human Element advertising campaign. It spends hundreds of millions each year on lawyers, PR men and lobbyists. It funds politicians who then vote the way it wants. It pays writers, photographers and filmmakers a fortune to make beautiful lies. It buys its way into our minds. We call this advertising, we call it lobbying, but it is bribery, corruption and brainwashing – this company that has poisoned millions of people around the world is now trying to poison our minds.

Printable versions at <http://www.bhopal.net/masks.html>

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

H. Death among the almost homeless

Almost every state continues to face the problem of housing the homeless. Deaths in the sheltered population are still high. In New York City, for example, the sheltered population was 14,000 in March 1988. The gross value of the sheltered population was \$1.2 billion. The gross value of the sheltered population was \$1.2 billion. The gross value of the sheltered population was \$1.2 billion.

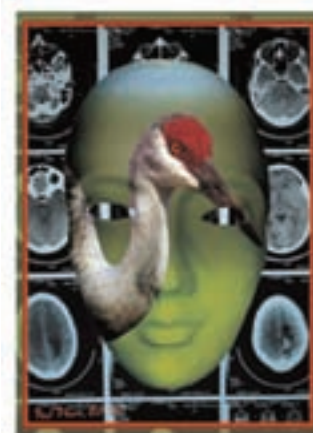
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11. How and the PR of climate change

Nonetheless, upper limits for climate change in case of 100 years time horizon are not exactly given. We did not approximate zero as asymptote (i.e.)

First, while we did not use a very long age for the horizon in the Group Climate Change, the estimated life group would not be so relevant to critical scenarios for future of climate change. And while it is possible to adjust the horizon, asymptote, and the age of the group, these would not be the best choice. Second, while we did not use a very long age for the horizon in the Group Climate Change, the estimated life group would not be so relevant to critical scenarios for future of climate change. And while it is possible to adjust the horizon, asymptote, and the age of the group, these would not be the best choice.

After these limitations, we can conclude that the estimated life group would not be so relevant to critical scenarios for future of climate change. And while it is possible to adjust the horizon, asymptote, and the age of the group, these would not be the best choice.

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I wanted to help David against

WHAT MADE ME DECIDE TO VOLUNTEER?

Well, why not? I was in India, it was a good cause, a very good cause: David's righteous slingshot against a chemical Goliath backed by the US government ('the business of America is business') and a craven Indian government which has little loyalty or compassion for the people of Bhopal. But despite an ongoing and at times seemingly hopeless struggle, Sambhavna has not failed to make a difference to the lives of the victims of the gas disaster and their families. The clinic's work of treating its patients with a range of therapies: ayurveda, panchakarma, allopathy, yoga, and counselling, seemed well worth supporting in any way I could.

How long could I spare? A month maybe, especially if it meant sharing a dormitory. I'm a lot older than most volunteers and find the prospect of no private space a daunting one. Fortunately volunteering during the heat of the Indian summer guaranteed a room to myself.

Reading through the volunteer website I was slightly unnerved by what seemed a laid-back attitude to what volunteers might do – I could come up with a project of my own! I didn't have time to put together a project, but I could teach English – I taught EFL in the Middle-East and UK – plus garden and do anything else needed.

I started at the clinic on May 1st after six weeks of travel in India and Bangladesh. The two volunteers already in place were helpful and welcoming. They had each been there eight months, making my four weeks, of which I was self-righteously proud, seem rather pathetic.

I booked myself in to teach English each day when the clinic closed at 3pm. I also helped in the library and watered the nursery plants in the early evening or early morning – these are times of day when India's light is at its loveliest and most benign, and it was a pleasure to be in the garden; the smell of water running through soil, the calls and cries of koels, parrots, bulbuls, doves and extraordinary chirruping of squirrels managed to dim the invasive sounds of kids, auto-rickshaws, filmi music and yapping dogs that form the usual Sambhavna senssurround. I enjoyed amateur(ish) bird watching, camera in one hand, hosepipe in the other. Sunsets over half-built homes and wasteground perhaps lack poetry, but evening skies were often rather fine.

I enjoyed teaching. My class was a group of clinic staff. Not as many as I'd have hoped, but people may have felt that the one month I could offer wouldn't be long enough to achieve much. However it was useful for people who wanted to refresh their English and practise reading, listening and, above all, speaking.

Like their counterparts in the Middle East, Indian students are preoccupied with grammar. It is hard to convince them that, say, the passive in some of its more labyrinthine constructions is just not that important.

The classes were fun, we got along well, and at the end many gallantly insisted that their English had improved. I hope we can put together a syllabus and timetable for future EFL classes at the clinic covering a period of at least eight months. It would be excellent if several qualified teachers would consider volunteering in an overlapping relay. My students were a pleasure to work with and all were people from whom one could



Susan has a wicked sense of humour. Asked to send a picture, she visited a Delhi photo salon and gleefully posed clutching a bunch of plastic flowers

Goliath

SUSAN READMAN

learn a lot in return. Isn't this one of the pleasures of teaching? the chance to ask questions, personal, social, political, in the name of practising the language?

Sambhavna looked after its volunteers pretty well. Our rooms were cleaned, a meal – a very good meal – was prepared for us and some of the staff on six evenings a week and for a small sum you could have the canteen lunch, which was wholesome organic veggie cooking.

The clinic is in the heart of the area worst-affected by the gas disaster. It's a poor neighbourhood of rubbish drifting along streets and piling up in corners, potholes, sewage, goats, cows, water buffaloes, lots and lots of traffic, noise and people. A rat-tat-tat of hi's greeted you every time you left the clinic, followed by an enfilade of yelps, whoops, cries, sniggers, giggles, hi mams as you shopped on Berasia Road for mangoes and water melon. Sometimes I found it necessary to seek the discreet air-conditioned shelter of a 5 star hotel. This did seem really very wicked. But on cloud-free, moonlit nights, with the light reflecting off the pewter hides of water buffalos and poolets of sewage, lights burning in houses, and fires burning, even the waste ground took on a vaguely end-of-days apocalyptic beauty.

Cycle Bhopal, a ride for life

1 - 11 November 2008

JOIN US ON A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME journey by bicycle on back roads through stunning, little-known parts of Rajasthan and Madhya Pradesh to raise money for the Sambhavna Clinic.

You will sleep in hotels and tented camps, take tea by the lakes of Bundi, spot leopards and antelopes in the wildlife sanctuaries of Narsingarh and Darrah, and see little-visited forts and temples. Along the way, you'll also have plenty of opportunity to meet ordinary people, swap stories and do things most foreign visitors never get a chance to experience.

The ride ends in Bhopal at the clinic, where you'll be warmly welcomed and invited to learn how the money you've so enjoyably earned will be spent.

Tour the clinic, talk to patients and staff, enjoy the herb-scented garden and join us for a friendly lunch in the organic canteen. You'll be able to see for yourself how successfully we combine modern medicine with ayurvedic herbal treatments, panchakarma and yoga. Take a soothing oil massage, perhaps, and be sure to learn a few asanas, to help you relax after your long ride.



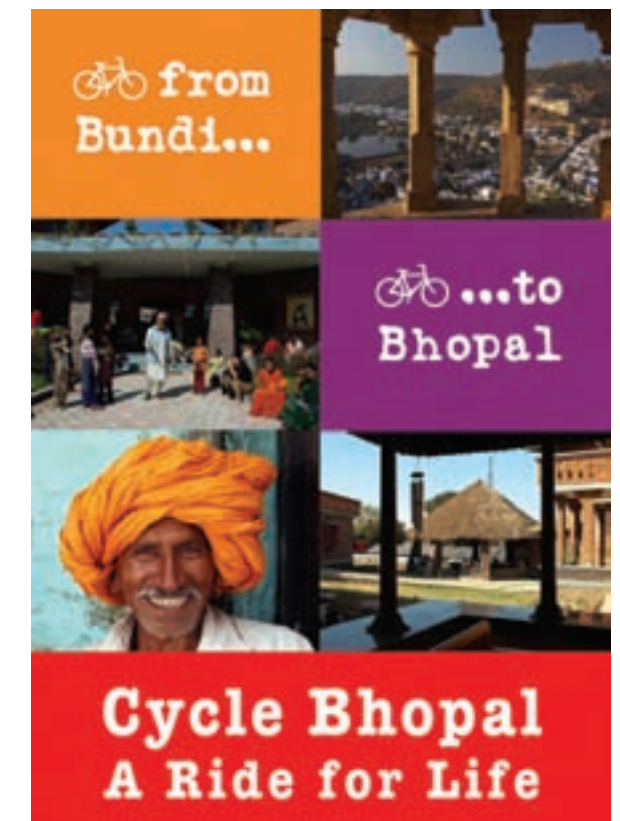
You may meet amazing people like these. A group of our friends walked 500 miles to Delhi last year to ask the Prime Minister to obey the Supreme Court and pipe safe water to communities with poisoned wells.

This unforgettable eleven-day adventure costs £229 non-refundable deposit and minimum sponsorship of £2,680. The money you raise will pay a doctor's salary for more than a year, or could provide the clinic with all the medicine it needs for six weeks.

Few holidays could either be so enjoyable or so worthwhile in terms of helping other people.

You will need to be physically fit, prepared to raise the sponsorship required, and up for a challenge.

For more information email info@cyclebhopal.org.uk, or visit www.cyclebhopal.org.uk. If you'd rather just talk to someone, please call 020 7065 0909 and ask for Kate.



Huge thanks to all our friends

THANK YOU TO EVERY one of our donors, with special mentions to:

Reed's School in Cobham, who are sponsoring the salary of Dr Mali, our ayurvedic physician, through non-uniform days and a worldcup sweepstake (apologies for misprinting your name last time); Haberdashers' Monmouth School for Girls who raised £100 at a non-uniform day; Linacre College Common Room who donated the proceeds from their 2006 charity calendar.

Gilly Wyatt-Smith who runs the beautiful Yew Tree Gallery in Morvah, Cornwall and donated her commission from *The Land Around Us* exhibition to the Appeal, plus visitors and clients of the gallery and *Uprising* exhibition.



The Land Around Us exhibition: 'The paintings brought home to us the beauty and fruitfulness of Cornwall in contrast to the contaminated soil of Bhopal, with the humble realisation of how fortunate we are to live in such a place.'

Artist Edward Lewis, who so generously gave the takings from a retrospective exhibition of his paintings and drawings spanning 50 years; Artist Fran Crowe, who used her work at Ely Market and St Albans' Margaret Harvey Gallery to raise funds.



Judith & Barry Hyman (*above*) who asked for donations not gifts at their 40th wedding anniversary and joint-birthday party and raised a significant sum – we were touched that they should think of the Appeal on such an occasion.

Big thanks to all who asked for donations to the Appeal instead of birthday presents: P. G. Brunton (another FCUM supporter); Mrs Sidney Haigh; Davida Higgin of Shotesham, Paul Sweeney and Mr P. Bode (celebrating his 84th).

Those who held special events: John Hargraves and everyone at the Day of Yoga in Pembrokeshire who raised £160 for the Appeal; Emma Laughton & St Andrew's Colyton Green Issues Group who gave £200 from a coffee morning (*right*) last summer; Fiona and Mike Case and friends in Pilton whose jumble sale raised funds to rebuild the herb garden (which was damaged by floods), and Usha Shah who came to our rescue yet again.

Nick Robins who is donating royalties from his book *The Corporation that Changed the World: How the East India Company Shaped*

the Modern Multinational.

Our thanks to the following Trusts for supporting our work: Avenal Charitable Trust; Balsams Charities; Jane Durell Charitable Trust; The Brillig Charitable Trust; The Calpe Trust; The Kenneth John Lee Trust; The Lewis Family Charity Settlement; The Paget Trust, The ED Charitable Trust; The Portobello Fund; The Tolkien Trust; The Rossmore Trust.

To the Religious Society of Friends (Quakers) for their valued support and donations: Bewdley, Milford Haven; Hereford; Calder Bridge; Ealing; Tunbridge Wells; Welwyn Garden City (who raised £150 at a concert); Wincanton and Colchester.

Church groups and religious orders who as ever have been so generous to us: Community of the Transfiguration in Roslin and Loanhead; St Peters Church, Warnsworth, Doncaster; The Church Council of the Parish of Bargoed with Deri and BIRTHDIR; Sisters of Charity of our Lady Mother of Mercy, Preston; Saint Pancras Parish Church; St Mary's Church, Falmouth, Cornwall; Pilton Methodist Church who raised £100 at their sale of harvest goods; Elland Team Parish; Parochial

Martin and Helena at the St Andrews coffee morning



Church Council of St Andrews, North Weald; Society of the Precious Blood, Burnham Abbey, Taplow; Churches Together in Chislehurst; Clarice and Terry Wightman, and friends from St Joseph's Catholic Church, Newton Abbott who raised funds guessing the number of baubles on their Christmas Tree; St Peter's Church, Chailey.

Simon Duffin of *Westminster Explained*; Shipton Mill (organic millers); Vittoria Healthcare; Basic Wholefood, Camberwell; Ayrshire International Concern Group; Julia Brotherton & Croudace Homes; Adastra Software; Manex UK Ltd; Robert Leacroft Systems.

Michael Sherrard and all at F.C. United of Manchester for their support and fundraising, including our thanks to the fans' magazine *Under the Boardwalk* for a generous contribution. A special thank you to Hannah Roselle (9) who ran the Chorlton Fun Run and raised £38.

In memoriam. We would like to remember the following people who supported the Appeal, and to friends and family who kindly gave further gifts: Samuel Doctors; Arthur Midgley Clay; Patience O'Leary; Clare Brennan-Myers.

Everyone who so generously donated to provide Mohammed Idris with a heart operation and to start a fund to help others needing life-saving surgery. A huge thank you to Josephine Bhore, and to N Jordan, H. & M. Mulgray, Ann Levick, John Allaway, John Davies, Linda Wilkinson, Denise Brennan, B. Sharma, J. Sheppard, Mr and Mrs Dennis Ottaway, M. Pretty, and to Fiona Sanders and her son.

Erika Myall & Denise Brennan who asked for donations to go to Laccho after the story in our last issue – this money is providing her with cooked meals while her husband is away finding work.



John Adams (*above*) finished the Snowdonia Marathon in 4 hours 43 minutes, 4 seconds, raising £348 for the Appeal; Denise Fletcher who supports us every Christmas, raised £250 in this year's Christmas Pudding 10 kilometer run and from giving reflexology treatments.



Raj Soni (*above*) who ran, swam and cycled the Iron Man Half Triathlon last year raising £522 for the Appeal. This year he did it again, completing the Full Iron Man Triathlon in temperatures of 30 degrees and upwards!

Thank you also to Halo Meditation Group from Bradford; The Wildfire Women's Choir who raised £130 during a singing evening; Dr Ouvry and Dr Clark who collected donations at a private concert; to Mike and Polly Mansell who support the Appeal and visited Bhopal this January. "It turned out to be one of the most memorable places we experienced. Everywhere

we were greeted even more warmly than usual by people who had been through and were no doubt still suffering from the horrors of the past and injustices of the present".

To Fiona Case at Glastonbury Festival Network Recycling and to all the volunteers who braved the traditional seas of mud and rubbish to be part of this year's Bhopal Litterpicking Team – the funds raised will provide much-needed further equipment for the medicine production unit. A massive thank you to Layla Hazeldon, Jane Sarre, Phil Stubbs, Paige Powell, Harriet and Matthew Kopinski, Rosie Scourti, Camilla West, Yvan Costes, Dominique Abramson, Helen Coram, Darren Hart, Rachid Boumnijel, Shamila Adam, Colin Pearce, Myles Joynt, Becky Richings, Kiran Balendra, Lee Jones, Ursula Brown, Sarah Speakman, Bruce McClure and Rachel Pearce.

Finally, big thank yous to Rico Coelho who volunteered in our London office, and to our stalwart helper Judy Daniel for all your help. To anyone we have omitted to mention, heartfelt thanks – without your support and donations the day-to-day running of the Clinic would not be possible.

KATE BOOTLE



A mud-spattered Myles, Becky & Kiran at the Glastonbury Festival

Animals' People

REVIEWS:
BRIDGET HANNA, SATHYU SARANGI

An unmissable, unforgettable journey

A book with the power to change things

INDRA SINHA'S DELIRIOUS NEW novel *Animal's People* is set in Khaufpur, a city decimated twenty years ago by the gases of a foreign company. 'Most people round here don't know their age,' says Animal. 'I do, because I was born a few days before that night, which no one in Khaufpur wants to remember, but nobody can forget.'

In this lively and fascinating book, Animal, a gas orphan, narrates his own remarkable life and the story of a community irrevocably altered by chemicals, into a tape recorder left behind by a foreign journalist. His tale is a raucous, biting, hilarious mix of languages, obscenities and real revelations delivered at a cheerful pace.

Animal's world is tough, unforgiving & unforgettable and his perspective is nothing if not different. Bent in half by an infection at a young age, Animal walks on all fours and grapples as he cranes upward to participate with questions large and small of humanity, cruelty, love and adolescence. Journalists, activists, government-walli doctors, small time con artists, and regular people who have lost their voice or their livelihood, come alive in Animal's tale. In a complex and flawed world, marred by poison and poverty, Animal tries to understand his own humanity. Animal's name in Hindi is *Jaanvar*, or 'one who lives.' What does it mean to be alive, intelligent, aroused and deeply curious, despite having no family, money, or manifest hope?

What the relationship is between Sinha's Khaufpur and Bhopal, marred by a similar disaster in a similar location at a similar time, is not clear. Probably, Bhopal is at most an inspiration, but clearly a deeply textured one. But Sinha helps us to know Khaufpur, its troubles, textures and triumphs, more intimately and more humanely than we could ever hope to know those in Bhopal. Through Sinha's fiction, then, we may yet get a glimpse into the difficult but always dynamic lives of those who do live in Bhopal. His tale is an unmissable and unforgettable journey. — BRIDGET HANNA



Author's original cover idea for Animal's People

MANY OF YOU HAVE READ Indra's pieces on *bbopal.net*, the 777 newsletters and scores of campaign material he has produced in the last fourteen years. Imagine all that anger, sadness, laughter, bawdiness, absurdity, flights of power defying imagination in one book – that's *Animal's People*. Its intimately gripping story is told by 'Animal' – a young survivor of the *apokalis* in the city of Khaufpur. Everybody calls him Animal because he lopes on his feet and hands due to a bent spine – damage caused by the gases of the apokalis. Animal lies, cheats, peeps at bathing women, thinks unprintable thoughts, dreams wet dreams, and verges on betraying the cause for justice but throughout remains starkly real and immensely lovable.

The people around Animal are fellow survivors, activists, do-gooders, street chaff, musicians, government officials, lumpens and lust objects: it is the story of the have-nothings fighting the have-alls and winning.

Khaufpur is as close or far from Bhopal as you want it to be but I'm sure you will all recognise the intricacies of wickedness and resistance in a gassed city. This novel, which at the time of writing is long-listed for the 2007 Man Booker Prize, has the power to make a new set of people curious and potentially sympathetic to the ongoing struggle of Bhopal. *Animal's People* is published in England and is available on Amazon UK. Please spread the word and encourage friends to buy this brilliant book.

— SATHYU SARANGI

Paperback 352 pages • Simon & Schuster • ISBN 074322034X • £11.57 • More details and excerpts at www.indrasinha.com • If ordered from Amazon UK via links on Indra's own website, www.indrasinha.com, each copy sold earns 60p, equal to €1 or \$1.20, for the Bhopal Medical Appeal.

