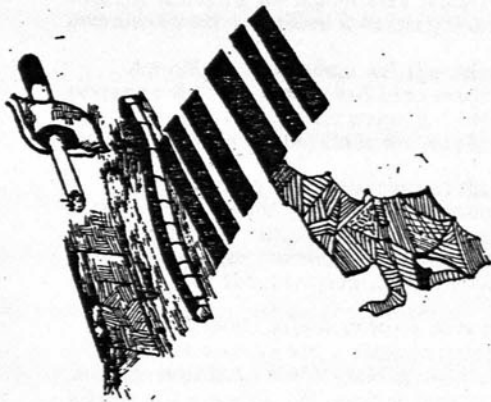


## OUT OF DUSTY MENTAL SEDIMENTS

At the cross-road I was in pursuance of my belief in zebra-crossing. On stepping a few, it again proved to be futile. 'On the road Decoration', I cursed the mental constitution which throws the guidance. Yet that day too, my constitutional mental set-up was open to question. After bearing day long deserted look earth seemed dull and evening was caving in. Stored human voices outcry as their manoeuvring begins. I made those crowds fade away with their silent longing voices as I stepped back to a lonely lane. I assimilated my secluded self as I reduced my pace to lit a fag and to fag with my only beloved. Yes, I had a chance to dissyllable the word 'beloved'—beleavable the loved one : or I should enjoin ...to-be-loved. That is obvious part of mystery. And arguments can be surfaced in accordance with relativity of truth but I decline to do so because my cigarette is onto its fag-end. Next



moment I stumble to lit another. My loud thinking voiced 'Damnd Road'. I desist from moving any further on finding a lonely bus stand at Mandir Marg. Yes, this road was yesterday known as Reading Lane, must be because of a bunch of benches and piled up books in stores must have encouraged people naming them Library. For age old culture and the deep rooted fear soaked in superstition perhaps voted for Mandirs. Suddenly my

nostalgia came afresh I received the voice of my Goddess... I know you are not soluble social creature you are not like any other animates, you are something special and very precious to me. You have to unfold yourself... you have to explore thyself to form a reyme or quartete." I picked up her last word, yes I am not of Elizabethan age nor I believe in Duke Dance. Sordidly kinghthood spirit had blowed itself to the blue and showered the space age solar-resistive metallic robe which does not suit my tailor's tape. Perhaps I was untimely born, at least couple of a century late. Because my morals are of renaissance era and certainly roughed by reformation spirit. Thus spiriting my morale was not a straight affair for me.

Suddenly I got awakened of my dusty densed thought as I heard a feminine voice—"How is the time like with you? Instinctly I followed my reflex to know the answer, the 'small hand just has come in the clutches of big brother yes, it was ten minutes to ten. But parameter of my curiosity rose in alarming height...How (about) a lady at the dead end of evening. On looking at her minutely I felt—here is the night Goddess of Lust on quest of her deity. I picked and packed up myself out of her prologue. Perhaps the thought which was trucked on me had stormed the home sweet home. I found my memory to be nearer my conscious stage. Suddenly I was attracted to a piece of paper which has eased out of a dummy book. This dummy was presented a decade ago when I promised to fill them but I never did. She gave it with fervour of unforeseen sayings of tomorrow. But those tomorros of past never cherished its shape as she was taken to lone grave yard before long. I remember, when the gate of yesterday opened with a cracking sound, voiced as if saying 'Another animate meets its mortality'. Then I buried all my feelings where she was untimely but ultimately housed. Since, then, I had cultured many a things and tastes but erased them from my life one after another without breaking the sequence.

Crossing few more lines of the Zebra-crossing I realized I should develop nonchalance as my

nature and alienation as habit. The idea fell short of me, I became more affixed to social situation than before. I took every situation on my plain palm and girls and guys mixed alike exchanging their views as if cock-a-doodle-do at midnight of their Knight-hood youth. I took them with zeal. Coursing my syllabi I felt another female has something to say but on my approach it turned out to be otherwise. But

during this short time my floating raft was on its verge of giving-up service. Then I had to capitulate for the cause of today. But again I started pumping my imagination—what will be...? Answer is obviously not Que Sera Sera: whatever will be, will be. I crossed the road. Now no more ZEBRA-CROSSINGS:

—GAUTAM CHATTOPADHYAYA

---

## INDIA, THIS INDIA

### **The arrest fiasco**

Warren Anderson, chairman of Union Carbide Corporation, was allowed to leave the country on Friday night according to high-placed sources. He was arrested on Friday morning in Bhopal with Keshub Mahindra, chairman of the Indian subsidiary of the US Conglomerate, and V.P. Gokhale, managing director. Anderson was charged under Section 304 IPC (culpable homicide not amounting to murder). His virtual deportation has come as a surprise. Normally persons against whom serious criminal charges are not allowed to leave the country.

In Bhopal Anderson was earlier released on a bail of Rs. 25,000. The bail surety was given by one of the employees of Union Carbide. He reached Delhi on a Bhopal-Delhi flight. While no official comment is forthcoming, sources told THE WEEK that a decision to allow Anderson to leave the country had already been taken in the highest government quarters.

It is learnt that there was considerable diplomatic activity, with the US Embassy strongly lobbying for Anderson's release. The US government is said to have brought pressure to get a decision favouring the chairman of Union Carbide.

An official spokesman of the Madhya Pradesh government, Sudip Banerjee, told pressmen that the arrests had been made for "constructive criminal liability for the events that had led to the great tragedy." He said that the arrests had been made under several sections of Indian Penal Code for causing death by rash and negligent act.

Commenting on the arrests of the top officials of the company, Chief Minister Arjun Singh said. "This government cannot remain a helpless spectator to the tragedy and knows its duty towards thousands of innocent citizens." He added that the life of the citizens had been "so rudely and traumatically affected by the cruel and wanton negligence on the part of the management of the Union Carbide."

The Union Carbide officials were arrested under seven sections of the Indian Penal Code. The sections are : 120B (criminal conspiracy), 304 (culpable homicide not amounting to murder), 304 A (causing death by negligence), 426 (mischief), 429 (mischief in the killing of livestock), 278 (making atmosphere noxious to health), and 284 (negligent conduct in respect to poisonous substances). Most of the offences are non-bailable.

The offences under Sections 120B, 304 and 304A are punishable with life-term imprisonment or terms of imprisonment ranging from five years to ten years. The other offences were minor in nature, punishable with three to six months' imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 500 to 1,000 or both.

*The Week, Dec. 16-22, 1984*